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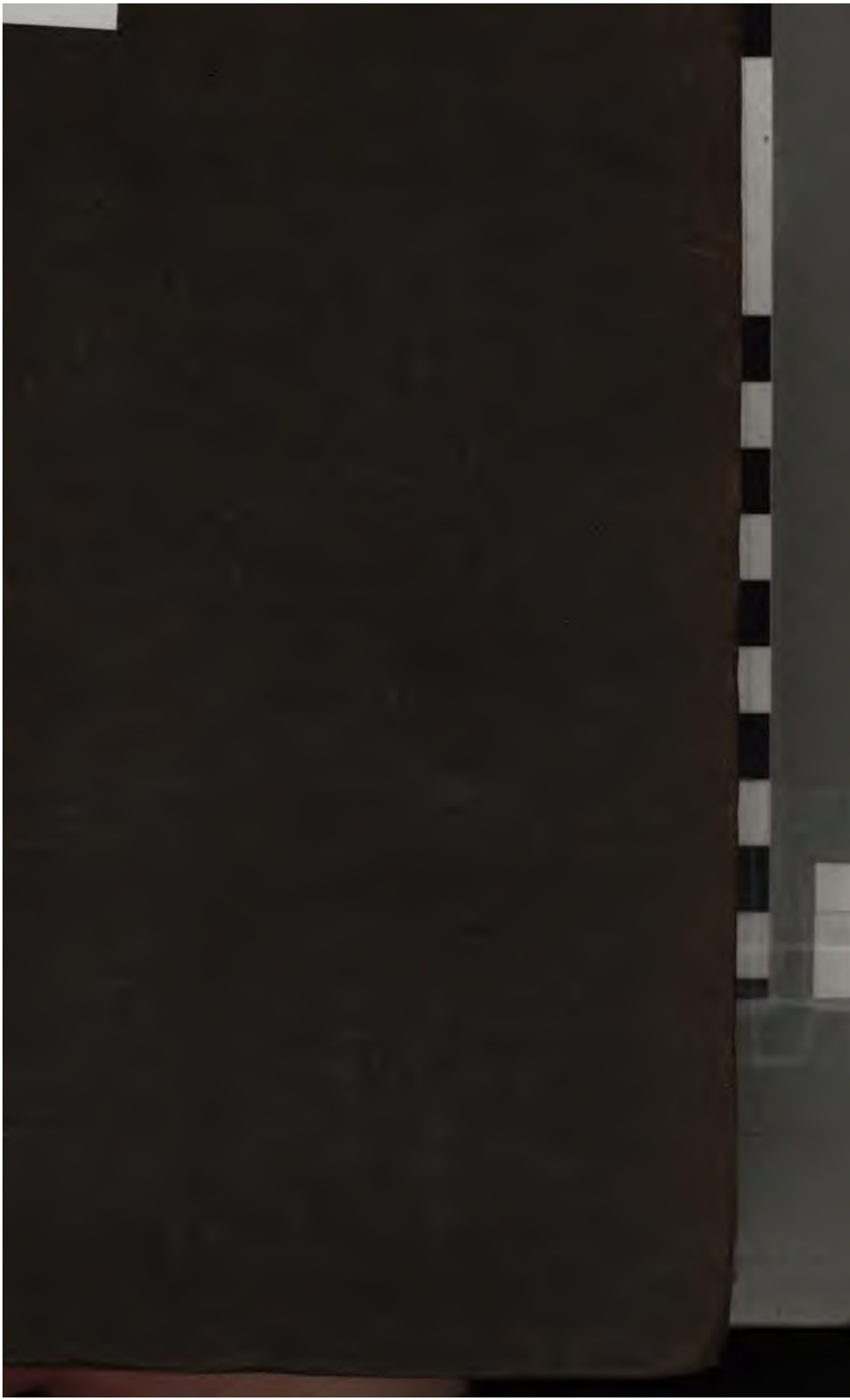

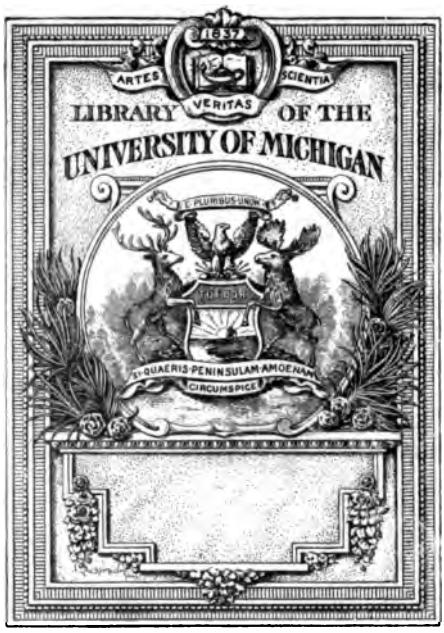
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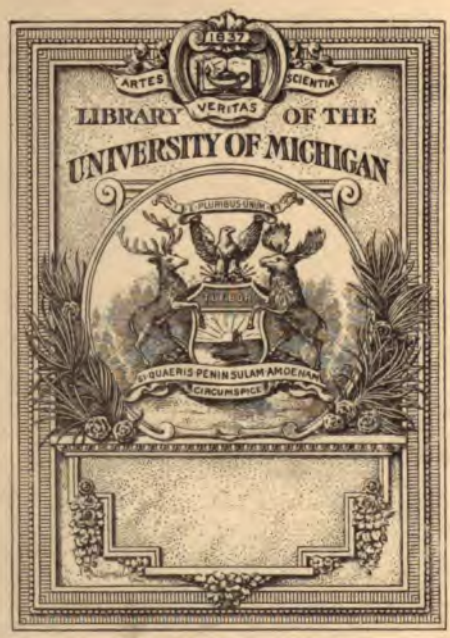
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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

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ART. I.—1. *Ordericus Vitalis.* Vols. 1—4. 1853—1856. London: Henry G. Bohn, York Street, Covent Garden.

2. *Henry of Huntingdon.* 1853.—*Id.*

3. *William of Malmesbury.* 1847.—*Id.*

4. *Roger of Wendover.* Vols. 1—2. 1849.—*Id.*

THE publication of the old English Chronicles in a popular form is an epoch in the annals of historical literature. They have never been forgotten or obsolete. The plots of dramas and the heroes of poems have been hewn out of this rich mine. They have been hidden and overwhelmed beneath the tinsel of historical novels, and their impracticable roughness and picturesque minuteness have been ground down and filtered through the thin sand of theoretical history. All our literature is impregnated with them in one form or another. Of all works they have best earned a title to be reckoned of the essence of our national classics, on that soundest of all grounds, the acknowledged closeness of the relation between them and all other compositions of the same order, as originals and copies. But the sources and groundworks of a people's literature are not always the most resorted to; their very relation to the rest of this literature as its fountain-head stands in the way, perhaps, of their direct popularity. So much has been founded on them; so inrooted in common opinion are the notions of their real bearing and significance, as interpreted by others, that it is with a certain reluctance men retrace their own footsteps to reconsider a foregone conclusion; and the original authorities stand almost in danger of being regarded as pretenders and counterfeits in their own domain. Again, after having supplied so long the demands of compilers and hunters after the picturesque, a kind of coal-damp rises from the open shaft; or, to pursue the same metaphor, the whole contents of the mine have been so broken up and confused in the search

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for some more precious metal, that they are left outside, and no one cares to examine them, on the chance of discovering hidden among them some more common but yet precious deposit. For much that is valuable is still to be found in these ancient mines of history; much, also, of too subtile and fugitive an essence to be discoverable, unless by exploring on the very spot; much which in itself seems useless, but, in its relation to other things, which it illustrates and utilizes, is most valuable. Whatever the cause, these chronicles have experienced the most absolute neglect from the ordinary reader, unless he have happened to stray from his way in their direction, in hopes of some quaint saying or doing. This is not the sort of attention which is at all complimentary to authors of the pretensions and purpose of the monks. Quaintness is no characteristic of any branch of literature; it is no natural and original peculiarity, but merely the accident of a change of circumstances, or the inevitable operation of the lapse of time. These old writers, slumbering in antique libraries, many of them yet chained down to the shelf, lest, in the heat and furor of their popularity, they should have been snatched away by the covetous student, must have indeed thought the golden year of Plato had come round, when their volumes rose like a phœnix out of their torpid atmosphere of death in life, transformed into duodecimos.

In their pristine condition, they remind us of the Arabian Nights' story of the Efreet imprisoned in the leaden phial, and meditating on the reward he should confer on his possible human deliverer. As century after century passed away, and hope deferred had irremediably soured his temper and affections, he began to execrate and devise vengeance against him who should happen to rescue him, as if, from having appeared so late, he were a negative cause, as it were, of his detention. So, the bringing to light, and the popular dispersion of these early records (we speak more particularly of those compiled in the *Anglo-Norman* period, respecting Anglo-Saxon as well as Norman acts and sufferings), does not at once suffuse the expanse of early English history with a flood of brilliancy; it is no unmixed good; it has its proportion of attendant evil. Formerly the mind did not accept the theory and exposition of history of the day as undoubtedly true and sure. It received it as something which was, after all, but an interpretation of or deduction from the original authorities, and therefore liable to give way on being confronted with them, even to yield to some future and profounder summing up of conclusions from the same. Lyttelton, and Hume, and Hallam, were allowed, without any violence to our instincts, to supersede the one the other in turn. When the authorities are themselves before us, it seems that we are expected to acknow-

ledge them for infallible guides, and to rest satisfied with their affirmations.

But it is a hard thing to adapt ourselves to the new scene. There is strangeness and novelty where we expected to meet old acquaintances; the tables of contents are the same, the details answering to them are altogether different. A superficial and general resemblance of course there is; the names are the same—so are the actions; but, while the popular idea of the times is of a state of society in its own way highly artificial, with rules very different from those of moderns, yet forming a complete system, the view given by the authorities themselves is startling, from the anarchy and disorganized rudeness of society, in all its relations, which it freely displays. Ordinary readers must have collected, from the highly-coloured descriptions even of Scott, a conception of these times, whether true or false, very remote from that which the monks formed of them. Froissart, and the era of Edward III., with its tournaments and knightly courtesy, have been the models and the storehouse for modern portraitures of early England. On the contrary, the hard, stern realities of war, or the more mystical aspects of religion, absorb wholly the attention of the chroniclers. That same class of readers may have contemplated the periods under another phase, in their constitutional tendencies and developments; they may have learned from Hume and from Brodie, even from Hallam, to watch in it the shootings and germ of a regular limited monarchy, and the systematic control exercised by a legitimate aristocracy and recognised trading interest. Few and far between, in these contemporary writers themselves, are the traces of a fixed conception of any constitution whatever. 'The good old rule, the simple plan' of Rob Roy appears, from their accounts, to have been its natural substitute, and a state of lawless violence to have raged throughout the island, so outrageous that the notices of it almost confute themselves. In fact, the contents of the volumes are especially astounding from their almost unnatural contrast to the state of feeling and principles of action of our own day, while, at the same time, there is a genuine earnestness and apparent candour about the statements, a tone of positive prosaic atrocity and barbarism about the heroes, which prevent our classing them with Geoffrey of Monmouth's tales of King Arthur, or Spenserian imaginations of chivalry.

It has been said that between us and the old English lies a gulf of mystery, that there is no general resemblance, and but few points of contact between the reign of Queen Victoria and that of Henry VIII. Yet the latter is regarded as the commencement of modern history; and we boldly appeal to the same canons of criticism in judging and deciphering those times and our own.

How great must be the difference between these days and those of King Alfred, and Rufus, and Stephen, as depicted in strong lines by Henry of Huntingdon, and in the glowing colours of William of Malmesbury? The names are genuine English ones, the achievements related are even now our boast, and yet the general elements of the characters of the men who performed them would seem about as strange and grotesque, could we look at them in another setting than the history of the land in which we dwell, as those of the Magyar or the Russian. The histories themselves, while professing to be sober narratives, are, as to their details, rather of the nature of poems. They are full, from beginning to end, from the stories of their writers' forefathers, which might have pleaded for their marvellousness the impenetrable mists of an intervening century of barbarism and conquest, down to accounts of the doings of which they might have been themselves witnesses, of oozing of blood from the soil, and from the walls of abbeys sacrilegiously converted into fortresses; of omens of pestilence and war, discovered in the battles of birds, and meteors trailing through the skies; of the plundering of churches, universal pillage of cities, martyrdoms, interdicts, and incestuous adulteries. From beginning to end, they are as rich in the struggles of warriors, and kings, and archbishops, as a book of the Iliad. Lawlessness is the rule, and not the exception; and the minority never seem to have accepted the principle of our race,—the duty of obedience to the will of the majority.

As the Anglo-Saxon period seems given up to national depravity and national disasters, so the Norman is abandoned to the riotings of individual despotism, and the capricious workings of tyrannic will. The whole picture is certainly grand, for all the features are of heaven or hell; the knights are monsters of wickedness, the monks and bishops furnish an ideal of saintly purity. There is something fascinating, no doubt, in the theory which makes us inheritors of such a period. The magnanimous ferocity of the Norman conqueror, and the indomitable obstinacy and fixed tenacity of liberty in the subjugated Anglo-Saxon, which gradually surmounted and absorbed the torrent of Danish and Norman valour, form an historical antithesis which the fancy is glad to admit as real. The influence on the mind of names and their associations, is powerful enough to blind us to the difference in their connotation. It is hard to think of a William or a Henry as otherwise than an Englishman—a fellow-countryman, and not only ὁμόφυλος but ὁμοιοπαθής. The whole land shows traces of their glory and grandeur; their memories are built up into the most stately specimens of English architecture, and have descended to us as an inheritance along with their works. But of themselves no relics are left in the manners of modern times;

there is a line between us and them, as deep and strongly marked as between the style of William of Malmesbury and that of Hume. What they were we can hardly discover. It is not so much the deficiency of records and facts which obstructs our view, as of the instinct of relationship, and the community of thought and feeling. The position of a modern clergyman is not more alien from that of Dunstan or Lanfranc than a peer of Parliament differs from a baron of King Stephen's council.

The manner in which their chroniclers ignore the existence of anything like a system of government, or a constitution, is equally remarkable. We take up Hume, and contemplate ages remote indeed from our own in refinement and cultivation, and most remote in *régime;* but yet we see that the country described is England. The same principles of criticism are applied to everything there as to modern affairs. The relations, it is true, of king, nobles, and commons, are very different; but relations there are between the different estates fixed and determined in a way. We explain the contrast between them and ourselves there indicated, by the tendency of the author's theory to supply non-existent links to connect actual facts. If we hope to rectify that fault by examining the original authorities, we find ourselves directly involved in far deeper perplexities. The monarchical authority we recognise as practically far from arbitrary, as subject to continual aggression on the part of the barons; but that is only a casual coincidence between ourselves and them, a state of things deducible from a condition of general confusion, rather than from a nicely-balanced scheme, and, we may say, the constitution's suspicion of the sovereign's ambition. We discover no reference anywhere to the sway over all ranks, in their several relations, of order and government, and scarce a trace even of the conception of a community obeying and protected by law. But the shadows are too deep and clustering, and the lights too sudden and fitful, to allow us to accept the narrative as absolutely true. As no nation could have retained a possibility of future order under such a storm of confusion, or any race preserved, in such a state of things, so far the essentials of its nature, as to emerge eventually as the Saxon did, so the transition from the first four kings of the Norman House to the legal government of Henry II., and the influence of the burgesses in the following reigns, even though the one were an age of conquest, and the other of the new system then inaugurated, is too abrupt and violent to be real. A sort of truth there is in the narrative. Not a single atrocity or act of desperate courage, or self-abnegation, need we reject as fictitious An age of barbarism furnishes abundance of such particulars; an age of barbarism, with the relations of victor and defeated conjoined, furnishes even more. The very legends of sorcery we need

not obliterate from the record of wonders. As a point of history, it is the effect upon the nation of the belief in them, which is to be the one fact marked; and there can be no question that each marvel described was credited by the neighbourhood with implicit faith. We do not dispute the details, but the conclusion, that these are, in their present and actual state, the groundwork of English history.

Yet it is very difficult to bring the mind into that attitude of prejudice against the veracity of the writers proper for the student of history. It is from the completeness of the harmony between the men themselves and their times, that the danger arises; that which is a chief merit in the historian, becomes a sort of pitfall, in certain circumstances, to the reader. For a chronicler to have been trained up in association with the manners and spirit of the nation he is to portray, yet to have become emancipated, in his own individuality, from that sympathy which destroys free agency, is an unadulterated good. Thucydides, an Athenian, and an Athenian statesman, wrote temperately of Athens, but he wrote when he had lost in exile any superabundant partisanship in favour of his country. Livy, as a rhetorician, told the tale of old Rome; and Tacitus had learnt from the Stoics to look upon his fellow-citizens with the eye of a satirist. Herodotus, indeed, was not elevated above his contemporaries by any such essential differences; but the contemplation of many distinct races and types of feeling, with the independence of a man who owned a people but no *city*-fatherland, had endued him with what we may term a habit of critical intuition, rather than a deliberate design to criticise, which placed him in a very different position to monks, whose eyes might wander over a larger space than those of their fellow-countrymen, but who still were trained to regard all things as enveloped in one same, and that a rather unnatural atmosphere.

The manifest good faith, even the amiable weaknesses of the latter, interest and, as it were, prejudice us against incredulity. The air of quaintness, not the accident of a difference in age, but a natural stiffness and want of facility in thinking or composing, rather than in feeling, indicates genuine simplicity, and seems to arise from incapacity to flatter their readers' particular bias, or to go out of their way to impress with a sense of the author's genius. The *naïve* affectation of authorship somewhat incongruously blending with this, is not displeasing. They write with a kind of authority, as the legitimate instructors of their age, and, yet more, as men selected to carry down to posterity the chain of tradition. We do not find any laboured theory, any painful controversies as to the reality, or the true significance of facts. What they heard they narrated; and the tale of witch-

craft, or the conversion of water into strong mead, to gratify the hospitable wishes of a not over-pious sovereign, were built into the framework of their story as carefully and undoubtingly as the narrative of the desperate wickedness of a Norman cateran. They hand down to future times the picture of their own as they saw them. All authors' characters may be in some measure elicited from their works; but it is the way in which the deductions are made by which we establish the writer's identity in these days, or by the stress and emphasis he lays, without disguise, upon certain of his data. The monkish historians, on the contrary, did not so much interpret their age as churchmen, and an exclusive caste; their intellectual and moral vision was distorted or modified in such a manner as only to receive particular images. They are perfectly natural from the entirety of their prejudices, just as persons, some physically and others mentally, see all things as of one or two colours. The delineation is, at the same time, true and false; but the errors are rather of omission than of commission. It gives the features as they appeared from one point of view. Paradox as it may seem, it is the most deceptive of all untrue representations, from the sincerity of the artists, and that ignorance of the existence of other points of view, which, by stifling the suggestion to their minds of premises different from those on which they argued, has barred the creation of such internal evidence against himself, as arises from the *lacunæ* and suppressions of a consciously one-sided historian. A life, in many of its elements, full of the essence of poetry; serene and tranquil, but cherished and animated into enthusiasm and personal interest by piety, which, at all events, shone like a glow-worm amid the barbarous gloom of those ages, is a common attribute of the whole series of chroniclers. The scope of their histories was curtailed at their outset by a deficiency in experience of other phases of being, and by familiarity with one aspect, which of itself could satisfy all their aspirations. Mystery, and an authorized belief in the direct and traceable intervention of demons in the events of daily life, fed their imagination. We feel a sort of repugnance to writers narrating, for the sake of effect, facts which they do not themselves credit. It even requires some native credulity and capacity for beguiling the mind into a temporary belief of its truth, to compose a happy fairy tale. There is something a great deal worse in a history full of occurrences, told as though they were credible, by an author whom we know to be himself perfectly sceptical respecting them. Livy and Arnold, composing respectively in an age of rhetoric and an age of common sense and reasonableness, with their elaborate attempt to write down to the primitive simplicity of the legends of old Rome, overspread them with a monotony and apparent

childishness which they escape, when under the caustic criticism of Niebuhr himself. We at once detect a want of candour in the former, and are put upon our guard. But William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger of Wendover, embodied in the course of their history miracles and portents, not so much because they pleased their readers as because they interested and delighted themselves. Their class monopolized, it is true, the learning of their country and time; and they were fully aware of their pre-eminence, and of their obligation as national educators. Still, they were of the same race and country—of the same age. They were not like the Romans, who spread themselves over the face of the earth, on a mission of material cultivation, nor, like the disciples of Loyola, the intellectual oracles of savage tribes. Lanfranc and Anselm were superior in the quality of their endowments to those they came to rule or to battle with; but the monkish chroniclers were simply the highest representatives of English education and sentiments. The quantity of their gifts was greater than that of their neighbours; the quality was the same. Hence, while they wrote for warriors who loved tales of knights, the heroes of foreign or civil war, and for a regular clergy, concerning saintly celibates and holy men in their earthly bodies transfigured and purified, consulting, in such a selection of the materials of their narrative, their own tastes and perceptions, it chanced that they were identical with those of their readers. One of them may differ from another in his power or wish to amuse the student. William of Malmesbury is more eager to achieve this object than the much more veracious Florence of Worcester; but his digressions are still on the same topics as the body of the work.

As far as he and his compeers are concerned, it would be difficult, without the clue supplied by the actual result, to anticipate the generation of Edward III., or even John, from the era of the Conqueror and his sons. They were, indeed, in a most exceptional position,—spectators, not actors, in a period abandoned to activity run wild into anarchy. They are themselves precluded from direct personal intervention in the strife, while coming in contact perpetually with the noise and tumult of it. Finally, though spectators only, they were often spectators of the same kind with a slandered dame in their own age, forced to commit reputation and life to the chances of a combat. Though their hands were tied, their emotions could scarcely be equally tranquil, when the prize in the struggle of the barons might be their own abbey. Had they been personally mixed up in the embroilments they describe, there would have been more bitterness in the account; they would have been less serenely condemnatory. Had they been spectators, and nothing else, they must have dis-

played more of philosophy or apathy. As spectators, and of such a species, they did not trouble themselves with searching out general principles, or generalizing on the characteristics of classes with which they had themselves nothing in common. They deal only in the fortunes of the great men of the land, of the contests of powerful corporations maintained by individual champions. These events and their heroes caught their attention. As monks and members of the mighty ecclesiastical community, they were brought into contact or collision with the only antagonistic force in the kingdom, and, indeed, in Europe—the spirit as yet inchoate, and not silvered over with the delusive charm of chivalry—the spirit of feudalism.

Though thus representing the martial phases of the time, they write in a tone of conscious superiority to kings and nobles, inspired as well by the sense of actual and material power, as by the whole tenor of their education and relations with the world at large. As the high birth of some, as of the 'patrician' Ethelwerd and William of Malmesbury, preserved them from the debasing influence of petty cares and inconveniences, which press most heavily in an age of semi-civilisation, so they were sheltered, as simple monks, from the opposite danger of contamination by recourse to principles of expediency and the low arts which the bishops and mitred abbots of the Conqueror's council conceived themselves justified by their object in using. Roger of Wendover certainly was prior of a small house, but for that post he was found so inefficient that he was deposed by the lordly head of St. Alban's. They pass judgment on the course of events, not with the coldness of men of alien interests, but often with passion and enthusiasm. But the word 'sympathy' would hardly seem to express their feeling towards the agents in the struggles which they portray. It is rather as though they were indulging their own curiosity in ransacking the stores of tradition or hearsay preserved in their memories, and had been startled by the discovery there of some record of crime or some legend of miraculous sanctity. They are at once too deeply and too little interested in their own times to be trustworthy authorities as to the true character of this, the well-spring of English history; too deeply, to seek for causes rather than effects; too superficially or indirectly, to give their attention equally to all, even of the latter, that so we might be able to trace our way back for ourselves to the state of society of which such events were the results. They stood, as it were, on an island, a little removed from the breaking of the surf, just so far that they could not watch the ebbing of the tide as well as its flow, but not far enough to make the comparative height of the breakers indistinguishable.

Old times and new were contemplated by those of them who wrote under a Norman dynasty (and of these especially we are speaking), as penetrated by the same laws of action, and to be brought under the same canons of criticism. Hume speaks most disdainfully of the old eras in English history, as though only subjects for archæological consideration. Even the Stowes and the Bakers, with impudent affectation, intimate their contempt for these old-world days, while they justify their sneers by their own burlesqued exaggerations of traditionary fables. To all these whatever is past becomes antiquated, and to be judged by different principles to the present. It is very different with the chroniclers nearer the events. They talk of times removed from their own by a gap made still more impassable by the *débris* of changed manners, laws, literature, language, constitution, and race, which but half fill it up, as though those times actually were their own. Their lanterns shed the same dim lustre over one portion as over another. They relate to Norman clergy and Norman youth the deeds of a very dissimilar people, just as though the laws of Edward were still the laws of England. The distinctions between the Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman government are as definite and important as the line of demarcation can be between two separate nations exposed to the influence of similar circumstances. The historians' powers of discrimination were held in bondage, and their gaze contracted to the compass of the conspicuous features which had stamped themselves equally on both periods. They wrote of the change of rulers as though it had not amounted to a revolution; as if it had been a substitution of kings rather than of constitutions; because they saw the, for for those ages, golden bridge of monachism then as later spanning the abyss, and the permanence of lawlessness by the side of law as an equally recognised power.

It is to their praise that they do not seem to have intended to follow out any especial theory, that the fortunes of the Church formed the centre of their narrative, because it occupied that place in the age itself, and that the course of events is illustrated with wonders, because they themselves believed implicitly in such phenomena. Still, unconsciously, they were under the yoke of a theory as completely and servilely as Hume, though not equally aware that they were striving to demonstrate its truth. The conditions under which they composed compelled them to represent two series of phenomena, the long arm of monachism and an almost legalized illegality, as being, though in fact permanent causes in every European kingdom of the same periods, national peculiarities and sufficient characteristics of our England. These conditions forced them to describe their country in almost the same terms as they might have described France; and to ignore

the elements of change fermenting at the heart and root of society. We must remember the state both of literature and civilisation on which they had fallen. In some epochs the favourite species of literature is poetry; in some, as the latter end of the last and beginning of the present century, fiction; in others, as the middle ages on the continent of Europe, and, in this country, the period immediately preceding the French Revolution, philosophy; in some, history. That is to say, each section of time has usually a popular study—a branch of letters which that portion of the nation, which affects to feel interest in anything of the sort, attaches itself to. In truth, there is a fashion in the choice of the instruments of education. The object sought is not usually anything eccentric or novel; it is simply either instruction or amusement. The form, or rather the title of the work, is the only thing prescribed; the authors are allowed to follow the bent of their genius as to the details. Sometimes the popular taste plays the tyrant; it forced Dryden to devote himself to the only kind of literature alien to his powers. More commonly it is a gentler taskmaster, and suffers writers to whom it may have dictated an epic to sing, as Virgil, a series of bucolic episodes, or brilliant descriptions. It is just the same as with the revolutions of party spirit. At one moment a state appears given up absolutely to one phase of feeling, at another to the contradictory. Moralists wonder at the fickleness and caprice of the human mind, as though each individual in a people were a free agent—free, that is, not only to act, but to think for himself, deliberately choosing a course of policy, and therefore responsible for his hasty dereliction of principle in favour of its opposite. The number of real partisans does not vary in this proportion. So with literature. As many of a poetical, as many of a philosophical, as many of romantic tendencies exist in the band of writers, though the result of their varying energies wears the same outward form. This form itself is determined by the circumstances of the country. The era of the Conquest both found and left literature in the stage beyond that in which rude narrative-poetry satisfied all the intellectual cravings. Some classes, at least, had acquired a taste for verses higher than ballads, through the introduction among them of the literature of Rome. The class of authors, too, had begun to disdain the floating fame of ballad or romance writers. Neither their readers nor their own powers were in a fit state as yet for poetry of the higher degree, while history served both themselves as food for the imagination, and their countrymen as their organ of education which no foreign literature can supply.

As we might have anticipated, it was adapted to the tastes of the classes which furnished the majority of the students, and

tinctured with the tone of the order which alone possessed learning. It was poetical, because all narratives of passion at once developed in action, where the links of the process are not given, are of the essence of poetry. It was not the philosophy of history, because in a condition of change—an age of legalized passion—no settled principles of politics could have been followed in practice, or the habit of looking for them trained, either in the reader or the writer. The philosophy of history is the last, if not the highest stage in philosophy. The 'Republic' of Plato and the 'Politics' of Aristotle were its last great result. It did not suggest the premises of social science, because the most prominent *personæ* and the authors were of different ranks with dissimilar and, in some degree, mutually unintelligible or uninteresting social types. Our chroniclers could only guess at the sentiments even of the knights; the characters and manners of the third and fourth classes, the burghers and the rustics, were thoroughly incomprehensible to them. Political economy and legislation would necessarily be excluded from the annals of an age when warriors and feudal nobles were the lawgivers, and a knowledge of the simplest organic laws of trade was virtually forbidden to all but citizens. As the impetus of martial spirit had not by this time subsided, or been tempered by connexions of the conquerors with the more peaceful orders, and as their rule, the rule of conquest, was still a system, in practice, of courts-martial; so those who had the monopoly of letters, while they hated commerce as a sin, and despised its votaries as neither manly nor pious, felt a pride in owing no obedience to the laws of the land. The men of literature among them were necessarily acted upon by all these impulses. They were, besides, the poets of their day. 'Art is long,' and poetry was not yet grown to be the study of a life. They of scientific genius had their scholastic metaphysics, the others found their proper sphere, and a sufficiently wide scope in the chronicle. Its laws were not rigid or exclusive ones; they gave ready admittance into the pages of history, to the rumours of magic, or the better founded story of individual violence. They did not thrust back a mass of details because they were all of the same character, and one-sided, to make room for others, showing that the phases of the time were more than one. The author of that date was compelled, by every one of the circumstances under which he wrote, to accept the popular theory of history, to make it the register of acts, and not of manners; of crimes and wonders. He possessed no data or statistics for the achievement of the higher aim of his art,—the illustration of the gradual development of the progress of society out of the varying relations of classes; neither, certainly, had he the will. He would have probably thought it as degrading to investigate the revolutions as to

ideas among burghers and peasantry as, we are assured by one of the Aristotelian commentators of the last generation, the haughty Greek philosophers esteemed it to begrime their faces over the furnace of a laboratory. For we must recollect that the monks formed a ruling class, governing as corporations, it is true, not as individuals, but with the spirit and the pride of the community reappearing in its entirety in each member. It was not even possible for them to suspect that they were in error, that their narratives of victories and defeats were inconclusive and objectless, as intimating nothing as to the triumph or the rejection of principles. They were too near the events of their own period to see or anticipate the maturing of the germs of peace and order beneath the confusion of barons' noisy brawlings; to discover, further, that the spirit which effervesced in civil war was destined to enjoy a real and more stable influence hereafter as an element in the elaboration of the vaster and profounder sentiment beneath. They have represented the Norman as a being so altogether unlike the modern Englishman, and so predominant, to the exclusion of any trace of the old inhabitants, that we feel inclined to regard him as a form of existence to which we have no relation, and England as nothing but his temporary battle-field, from which he has now for ever disappeared.

A process, a series that is, of circumstances, can only be surveyed from a distance. It has to be glanced at as one fact before the parts of it can be examined one by one. The eyes of our chroniclers were dazzled with the glancing of events before them. When everything is considered in detail, the great single facts of course excite more attention, as they fill a larger space than the lesser ones, though to the sum of these latter the main effect may be owing. But they were not too near the Anglo-Saxon period. The crimes, the policy, even the wars of that people, ought to have worn in history a very different form to those of their successors. We might have expected to find in the narrative of those days something more than a chronological series of anecdotes. We know, from Bede, and from Asser's life of Alfred, books penetrated with a genuine nationality, that much more was to be learnt of that time and of our forefathers. Not from want of matter, but of interest, the writers of the Norman era speak of the thane and ceorl as of their own earls and vassals, ignoring legislation and police, as though the normal state of being, both before and after the Conquest, were sacrilege and murder. They were absorbed in the present; they could not discern any dissimilarity between it and the past. They were members of the mightiest and most unchanging corporation Europe has ever beheld, and had the *esprit de corps* in its highest and noblest shape. The same interests which their order had pursued originally, it

pursued now. Then they had been the great counterpoise to the element of perturbation, infused by an unsystematic aristocracy; now they were the antagonists of the same systematized and concentrated by feudalism. Each link in the chain which bound them to the past was the creation of the past. When talking of the Anglo-Saxon times, they scarcely perceived that they were in a different atmosphere. It is necessary to glance over in succession William of Malmesbury's Anglo-Saxon, and then his modern history, to understand this. The very pass by which they emerged from the one period into the other was such, that it marred the effect of their investigations with an invincible prejudice. Chronicles by a burgher of those times would be different. They might show us a corporation in process of formation, and gaining, first protection, then dominion. But the monastic corporation sprang, full-grown and armed, into life; they held nearly the same relation to the kingdom at large under Dunstan, as they did under Anselm. A monk, writing of the former age in the latter, could not compose under different laws and rules, or discover other and different subjects of interest. He saw no reason for the search; furthermore, he had, as a monk, no data. The burgher historian whom we have imagined, might have, from the existing institutions of his country, traced his way back to their origin in distant times. The precocious strength and maturity of the monastic bodies, and their undeviating rules, made all times wear the same air and semblance in their eyes.

If, as imaginative men, and as monks, they were fascinated by the spectacle of the impulses of passion having their issue in action, and of piety directly and visibly rewarded, the learning of an older and more civilised nation which they had imbibed, had no tendency to unteach them this bias. Their acquirements were not of that sort, at once practical and scientific, which serve to illustrate all subjects. Knowledge of the Roman constitution did not help them to study the signs and essays of the Englishman after a higher form than his present system. On the contrary, this very learning, though it furnished England with noble models for the taste, excited a perilous emulation in our historians. It made them, despairing as they necessarily did of demonstrating any affinity between rude freedom and Roman policy, contemptuous and neglectful of the materials they possessed. No heroic conflicts between two rival nobilities (for who can look on the mighty tribunes of the Plebs as factious, low-born demagogues?) could be discovered in the sullen obstinacy of an oppressed Anglo-Saxon or British peasantry. The gradual unwreathing of the elaborate law of feudalism had no charm for men who considered it as the rival of their favourite *jus civile*, which had never become obsolete, and as a tyrannic power striving to subject

to itself the canon law, let alone its unreasonable and pedantic technicalities. But the calm, lofty spirit of bishops and abbots, the same under the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman dynasties, was their pride. It engrossed their sympathies—it satisfied all the thirst of a simple and poetical imagination. Recklessness, and a surly magnanimity, even an audacious impiety, which yet was not infidelity, but rather a wild defiance of a power of which, to their confusion, they felt a certain awe; these qualities of the race and the followers of Cerdic and of Rolla, who 'were brave men, though pertinacious in sinning against God,' roused the fearful curiosity and, sometimes, the admiration of writers, who, though apart from, still maintained a kind of *rapport* to, the world, and some of whom were Normans as well as clergy. Their learning did not make them despise, as heroes of history—even though they had perjured themselves before God and man,—kings, about whom it could be said as about Stephen, 'He, like a roaring lion, alone remained in the field; no one dared to encounter him; gnashing with his teeth, and foaming like a mountain boar, he repulsed with his battle-axe the troops that assailed him.' Danish massacres, and martyred kings and bishops, spotless virgins dedicated from their birth to heaven in an age of frantic debauchery, monks of noble, some of royal birth, but who did not refuse to spurn the grandeur and the principles of which they were heirs, were topics which had a grandeur about them, and might be placed, without shame, by the side of records of Gallic hordes, and the deeds of the Camilli and Gracchi of Rome.

It is vain to argue that the Anglo-Saxon times, and the period succeeding the Conquest, were states of transition, that, consequently, individual energy and sagacity were then supreme. The charge against the old chroniclers is, that they do not indicate the fact that changes were in progress. They give a picture of a mere chaos, not of a chaos in progress of being consolidated by individual genius; they make it hard for us to recognise the influence of Alfred even upon the next generation. But, even in that age, individuals had not superseded society. As, if we shake a bag of loose sand, the larger grains rise to the surface, so, the nearer society is to its first rudiments, and the greater the tumults and disorder of all things, the more conspicuous becomes the influence of single minds. Still, as with the sand so with them; the spirits, which seem to have sway by their own independent volition, accomplish their ends by the help of the crowd over which they domineer; and, in fact, acquire their mass by representing aggregates of lower elements. Sometimes, as in epochs of a higher cultivation, men act collectively; sometimes, and it was so in the day of the chroniclers and before, one takes

upon himself to be the deputy of the rest. They were too near the scene, too interested in the result, and too contemptuous of details, in themselves insignificant, to remark that there were *regular steps* by which their heroes gained their eminence. Their whole idea of the nature of history gives a charm to the composition, and made it popular among persons who would have received but coldly anything affecting an air of scientific research. But the writers adopted the plan because they themselves partook of the tastes of the times, not to get an audience. It was with less unconsciousness, but not with less simplicity, that they followed classical models in the form of their narrative; they evidently thought that they were composing grave, serious history, and introduce occasional episodes, confessedly with the design of amusing the exhausted reader. Holding the position, as it were, of professors of history in their several monasteries, each intended his work to be a complete course of history for the historical students in that monastery. Therefore, they embodied the works of former chronicles, sometimes with, sometimes without acknowledgment, but always without a thought of the possibility of being reproached for plagiarising. But, with this practical end before them, they also designed their volumes for *ἀγῶνες εἰς ἀεί*, and, consequently, as in an epic, introduced anecdotes and legends. But there is in them, at the same time, too much of the appearance of art, and too little true art, to deceive. Their great model seems to have been Livy. To them Roman literature was an infallible authority in matters of taste; it stood in the place, and was regarded in the light of a modern standard of style. From this confusion of an actual condition of existence, rude and savage to a degree, with learning borrowed from an age of high civilisation, arises a curious confusion. The reader sees behind the scenes. Things new and old are strangely intermingled; and the author, like the conductor of a puppet-show, can be observed glancing round, and palpably astonished at the effect he produces. The contrast of the 'method,' artificial and elaborate, with the materials it serves to arrange, is startling. Livy decks his exposition of bygone constitutional quarrels with mythological stories not meant to be believed in. It was his object to produce a work of art, not to deceive; to give illustrations of the state of feeling and the simple manners of the people he was describing, not to express his own belief. The chroniclers, on the contrary, write in the spirit of Herodotus, but at the same time mimic the Roman in their desire to compose history after a regular system, not to tell a plain, unvarnished tale, but to use up all their store of learning for the admiration of their contemporaries. But the anecdotes they insert, by way of episode, resemble the traditions of Numa and the Tarquins, por-

tents in the heavens, speaking oxen, and showers of blood, only in so far as they were introduced with the same object, viz. to give rest to the student's mind. They also are of miracles and prodigies, but of wonders in which the narrator had himself faith. Neither does there exist between them and the real topics of the history any opposition; they are as much its theme as anything else is. An ambitious tribune and a Heaven-sent raven are certainly an antithesis; but legends concerning the unconsumed bodies of saints and martyrs, blood flowing at the touch of the murderer, and compacts with the Father of Evil, blend not ill with records of wars with the Infidel, and horrible cruelties at home; with tales of kings who took a strange delight in blaspheming at the mysteries of religion; and with contests arising from the initiation of a new system upon the ruins of the old, signified by portents which are incorporated with the body of the work.

To us it seems somewhat gratuitous for an author to promise a tale of magic or of strange events happening abroad, as a relief to the tediousness of a record of deeds as alien to our experience as anything could well be. To contemporary readers there could have been as little variety. It only shows, not indeed that the entire narrative was designed for an historical romance, but how imbued and penetrated were the minds of these writers with the tone of their times; how we must beware of anticipating from them impartial criticism on those times, or accepting the facts they have collected as the sum of a patient and unbiassed investigation. The general form and fashion of the histories, and the apparent *stand-point* taken up by the authors, are our clearest evidences as to the character of the nation, and the point of view for considering the period itself. Some of our historians have been critics and commentators on history—some are original narrators. The phenomenon, in the case of *these* men, is, that they seem, in the simplicity of their hearts, to have imagined themselves masters of the whole mystery and art of historical composition, when they were only annalists. Possession of the learning of a more highly cultivated epoch does not raise men above all the prejudices of a ruder one. It is just the same with our early chroniclers as it might be with a mass of crystals cut externally into a shape not their own; the component parts will keep their natural form. So an historical method and a regular style could not make evident to the writers the necessity of looking out for more suggestive details.

Both the theory of history, which they were taught by the circumstances of the period and their profession, and the disposition to imitate Livy, render it impossible to accept their narrative as giving a genuine and complete picture of old England. Between it and modern Britain would indeed seem to lie a great gulf of

mystery, were it altogether certain that the chasm separating us from our ancestors has not been converted into so impassable a morass by the apparent credibility and plausibleness of men like William of Malmesbury. Is there anything in those times, as they have delineated them, which is English?—is there anything which is modern? Is it only in name that Alfred, and Harold, and Hereward are our countrymen, and of our race? For, all over the world, patriots have struggled, as they did, for freedom; and the notices of the bold hearts of alien prelates, Lanfranc and Anselm, read marvellously like the legends of Dunstan. Are there traces, however dim and faint, of English idiosyncrasies in the old English, or is it from thinking ourselves of their blood and inheritors of their character, that we have become so? For a history, even a ballad of Robin Hood and his men, if only believed in as truly representing the race, has a tendency to prove itself by modifying in the same direction national feeling.

Indomitable energy and strength of will is the one marked feature in the great men of the chronicles. Their Anglo-Saxon heroes have it as well as their Normans; and every incident brings it into bold relief. It is the especial attribute of the dark ages of every people, and tells us nothing about the peculiar nature of that in which it manifests itself. Prominent and conspicuous in the throng of other qualities, it obscures all the rest. Unscientific annalists had their gaze necessarily attracted by it; the fear that at any moment it might be concentrated in a storm against their own monastery, fixed and heightened their interest in its manifestations. But one other quality, and that one far less distinctly marked, appears on the face of the chronicles as a national characteristic of the two races. It is a love of system, strangely concurring and coincident with a love of destruction, and not neutralizing, but almost unnaturally blending with it. Here, at last, we put our hands on a distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods, and discover something analogous to the English character, whatever it may be to its modern aspect. The monks show us their founders readily catching up and carrying forward the great idea of religious centralization. They show us monarchs, Anglo-Saxon and Norman, Alfred as strongly and vigorously as the tyrannical Conqueror, striving to infuse a system and unity into a fragmentary kingdom, and fix a nationality with the powerful cramps of law. We recognise English tendencies in the earnestness and determination with which, like the Romans, Englishmen, whether Saxons or Normans, carried their country and institutions wherever they went, first to Britain, and thence to Scotland.

With much which is Tartar-like or Turkish in their nature, the Normans exhibit, in the highest degree, this resolution not to

rest satisfied with adherence to their own customs in a foreign land; but to make every foot of ground, where they forced an entrance, pervious to the scarcely less substantial and material influence of their manners and code. By the light of their actions and their history, in later times here, and at an earlier date in France, we can discover numerous indications of this lurking in every corner even of the monkish chronicles. But there was a certain difference between the systematizing of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman, which produced this effect—that the Norman method is only to be traced in our annals by its results, while that of the elder race was so pronounced and ingrained in their nature, that it forced itself on the notice of these writers, and can be seen in its source and springs. The Normans, like their Scandinavian ancestors, were borne onwards by the uncontrollable impetus of their nature to new scenes and conquests. In their proud resolution to keep what they had won, and, above all, in their disdain of everything unlike themselves and their customs, they dragged all within the sphere of rigid, uncompromising formulas. Their efforts were in the direction of order; but they all had the look and the bearing on the time which saw them exerted of aggression and violence, as they were, in fact, the offspring of an unscrupulous selfishness. They did not appear so much to be replacing anarchy with law, though their law was in the end stronger to put down confusion, as to be expelling the old law. Between the latter and their institutions, as there was but little natural affinity, so neither did they attempt to invest them with an adventitious appearance of resemblance. The policy of the monarchs was, in theory at least, more conciliatory; but the local potentates cared but little for precedents and customs of obsolete authority, and even seemed in many cases proud of exaggerating the changes, to show their power and the prerogative of conquerors. Hence the rarity of any indication that the chroniclers did perceive that something in the way of reconstruction was going on. The more prominent aspect of things was demolition; the ruins hid the scaffolding. Yet more; with their theory of history, the legislative tendencies would naturally have but a small share of their attention. The very absence of notice respecting them is valuable, as being a strong negative proof of the distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and Norman disposition; and negative proofs are the only ones we can expect, under the circumstances, to find. It was only gradually that the nobles, the sole secular personages in these Homeric battles, became bound by the laws which they introduced and administered; they were now making the road, and had no intention of returning and conducting their traffic along it; they made it, not as farmers for themselves, but as a Parliament for others.

The Anglo-Saxon love of law cannot, on the contrary, be concealed. The chronicles of these earlier times are, from various causes already suggested—viz. the habit of considering acts, not men or manners, the barbarism of the country, and a natural slowness in detecting differences in policy and constitution when all about themselves was unchanged—a record of objectless lawlessness and violence. It is still more loathsome, perhaps, than that of Norman fury, from its more domestic and treacherous character. Nevertheless, from Egbert and earlier, they are chronicles of a perpetual struggle between order and disorder. In the midst of rapine and tyranny, the counterpoise of law, sometimes a stronger, sometimes a weaker agency, was recognised; and the same men who perpetrated the greatest illegalities we find at other times allowing, by their conduct, that they were illegalities and violations of an existing rule, though for the time latent. These Saxons appear, on the evidence of writers themselves writing under Norman influences, to have conceived, first, the theory of a *régime*, and then to have exerted their will to carry it out; so that the theory, as something formed for and not after its subject-matter, was less destructive and more comprehensive, though necessarily with inferior oneness and exactness of detail. The line of their kings is far less grand and showy than the Norman; there is something which fascinates—something of the gigantic even in the follies and puerilities of these intractable French 'berserkers.' But then a less interval separates the little and the great monarchs of the former dynasty. The Conqueror was a mighty statesman, original, and ready at once to create the plan and grasp the details; he had in him much of the spirit of Charlemagne. But then to pass to his elder sons, Robert and William—what a miserable contrast! Both were accomplished warriors, and the latter, at least, inherited to the full his father's stern will; but will without genius is little else but unvarying wilfulness. The combination of originality of conception with patience in the application was not a national feature of the Norman race; it was, where it appeared, the peculiar attribute of a family, and the Conqueror's house, it must be acknowledged, had an undue share of it. It seemed to be a national property, because always, where it did manifest itself, found united indissolubly, and with great results, to that energy and strong-mindedness which was the portion of the nation. The lineage of Cerdic produced several sovereigns greater than the greatest of the later line; and even the weakest showed vaguely and dimly relationship to the nobler representatives. They had vices; many of them were imbecile; they committed great crimes; the best were at times murderers, fratricides, and adulterers; but they sinned as it were by stealth, and with a capacity for

feeling the stings of conscience. The instinct of government was strong among them, and oppression went by its right name, nor wore the guise of the introduction of a new law. When a king played the tyrant, he was checked by the authority of his thanes; when Tosti ground down the Northumbrians, his subjects expelled him, and his brother justified their act. They were used to chronic confusion, even to anarchy; but the guilt lay at the doors of the whole nation; they sinned by common consent, and against knowledge, and the venerable chronicler of the race confesses that the Conquest was felt to be the fitting scourge of their transgressions. When a great man arose in the dynasty he manifested his greatness as a legislator, rather than as a conqueror. Alfred, and even Athelstan, did not attempt to annihilate or expel, but to incorporate the Danes; they incorporated them, not to secure a body of armed mercenaries, for they allowed them their own rulers, but to create a strong bulwark for England. The idea of law and government was deep-rooted in the Anglo-Saxon nature; when the personal incidents of energy and genius were added to it, it budded and germinated in action. Material and territorial centralization was not the object of their efforts. From Egbert to the Conqueror, England was suffered to retain its separate departmental government, after a manner which would have horrified a Norman statesman. The object of a Saxon lawgiver was to introduce one code, the same on all substantial points, and only on those, into every corner of the kingdom, not by extending violently the existing ones, but by assimilating and harmonizing all. We hear of different systems of law in the realm; but these different systems gradually became fixed on a common basis, and had their points of contrast so softened down as to be capable of readily amalgamating with the body of English common law.

Compared with the achievements of the Conqueror and the Plantagenets, the issue of Alfred's wars seems tame and almost a disappointment. Success, which resulted only in the nominal subordination of a horde of savage Danes, and the actual cession to them, under the government of their admiral, of a fair expanse of territory, a policy which in Charles of France was termed pusillanimity, scarce satisfies our notion of a triumph. When we find that these Danes did gradually merge their special nationality in that of their new country, and that their victor left at his death the same general principles of jurisprudence recognised over the whole kingdom, that, finally, he had discovered springs of learning and indigenous cultivation in the land, we perceive why his reign is a landmark in our history, and deserving of all the epithets and eulogiums which the historians of the Norman period heap upon it. In fact, the general consent

of tradition, and an instinctive perception of something grand in its character, however unlike the Norman standard of grandeur, made them write as they do of this reign, rather than anything which they could themselves see in it so worthy of remark. In vain do they attempt to explain the epoch by glossing over the prince's defeats as owing to no fault of his, and by attributing to his statemanship the originating of institutions which came over with Hengist and Horsa. As before, the negative evidence is more fruitful than the positive; the traditions of the paramount excellence and fame of a monarch ordinarily in reverse and danger, indicate of themselves some merit other than could have been displayed in war.

So with the reign of Edward the Confessor. Surely his rule was not prosperous. We look upon him with interest as the last of his line, but with a sort of pitying blame, as half guilty of the ruin of his house. The chroniclers lavish praise on his memory and administration; but the stories they lay emphasis upon as justifying their panegyrics, only show a meek but weak-spirited man of the temperament of Henry VI., and, like him, unfitted for the duties of king in a troubled land. Yet, after all, the signs of this weakness and infirmity of purpose are few and ambiguous; at least, his unkingly mildness produced the effects of policy. He tolerated the betrayer of his brother; but that noble and his house were beyond the reach of the firmest prince's open vengeance. No satisfactory evidence is adduced that he who pardoned the seeming contrition of his enemy, and forebore to criticise too severely his apology for an act done in obedience to a king *de facto*, allowed misgovernment or oppression, except in the solitary instance of his sympathy with the tyrannical insolence of Eustace of Boulogne. His historians, sickening at the spectacle of blood and slaughter stretching from their own day far back into the past, revelled in the few oases of tranquillity on their road. With the natural inclination to compound together the mean and the extreme nearest to it, in their hostility to its opposite, perhaps from a wish to make the antithesis to the Conqueror's cruelties more striking, they may have exaggerated anecdotes of common prudence or generosity into something like servility and abject tameness. The aversion he was not afraid to exhibit to a wife forced upon him, and his attempt to repress the arrogance of a too powerful family, actuated not by the memory of old private wrongs but monarchical jealousy, betray no such faintheartedness. The nation's lingering love for his memory, and the frequent clamours for a revival of the laws of the Confessor, prove that he, though unlike Alfred no warrior, and perhaps no legislator (for the laws which go by his name are traced to Canute), was, like him, a strict administrator of law, and with

the genuine Anglo-Saxon sentiment of respect for order and regularity.

The two races were unlike each other in their wars as well as in peace. Both were martial, and the history of each is little but a register of battles, sieges, and massacres. But, at the same time, in the later period glimpses burst out of that spirit of chivalry which up to that time had been altogether latent. In Saxon wars there is a roughness quite unknightly; but, with all this, an earnestness and the semblance of nationality and patriotism which was beyond the comprehension of a Norman leader. The bond between Normans was one of common aims, and of the same national character; to this was added gradually the adventitious tie of companionship and the sentiment of loyalty. No home-feeling, no domestic associations, were at the bottom and foundation of their valour. Ages of wandering and adventures had rounded off their character into a strange sort of independence. They were equally at home in Syria or Africa as in Normandy. Indeed, if the names were changed, the history of the first Crusade would read like that of Guiscard's Apulian expedition. This characteristic is sufficiently apparent from the chroniclers; there is no obvious difference between Stephen's wars in England, and Henry II.'s or Richard's and John's in France. Even the ranks of the combatants were not filled with native troops; foreign knights flocked freely to a famous standard, as to a brilliant court; and every pitched battle was looked upon as a species of open lists where nobles might display their maiden prowess. But, throughout all the heroism and crimes of the Anglo-Saxon period, the instinct of affection for home, in which the succeeding race was so deficient, is a marked trait in English warfare. Saxon earls and yeomen never seemed to take pleasure in the mere sound of arms; they always fought for an end; and that end always had relation to their native country. Hence, in their contests there was less attention to forms and rites; there was more ferocity and earnestness. The narrative of the Danish wars and of the intestine brawls of the thanes of that day form a series of anecdotes of brutality. Treachery and frequent massacres, a savour of murder, and all the gross reality of war, are its ordinary characteristics; whereas, over Norman conflict, is spread a half real, half fictitious veil or mist of generosity and magnanimous forbearance. The difference was that which naturally arises between the actions of men who fight for fame, and with whom therefore success is compounded of the material result of their courage and of the reward in public opinion, and of those who fight for life, property, and liberty.

Our chronicles have few greater defects than this—that Anglo-

Saxon kings and bishops are often portrayed in colours borrowed from the hues and scenes of Norman society and feeling. Alfred himself, but seldom, and Athelstan, and, above all, Harold the King, are at times made out to be *knights*,[1] a character most remote from their own sentiments, attributes, and position. But their true nature shines through the frequent tales of perfidy which we read in the annals of those days; above all, the silence as to contests arising out of the mere jealousy of honour, the discovery on all occasions that the moving cause of hostilities was some prosaic end of ambition, distinguishes the Saxon from the Norman epoch by a rough, bold boundary line. It must be confessed that these narratives of our forefathers are deeply tinged with barbarism. The redeeming point in them is the patriotism and determined love of the soil which so often, though by no means always, prompted their acts. The Anglo-Saxons, it cannot be concealed—indeed, it is their best apology—were till the reign of Edward III. still in a state of semi-civilisation. Their pleasures were rough and brutal; their spirit seemed, like that of a wild beast, capable of being cowed into the extremity of meanness and servility; their revenge was cruel, unmanly, and treacherous. In the chronicles the facts related of the two races have no such apparent dissimilarity; but we find, when we look suspiciously at the records, a wide difference between the real bearings of them. To each other the Normans were, as a rule, courteous and magnanimous. Their oppressions were wild, and betokened a love of tyranny and bloodshed for their own sake; but these oppressions were oppressions; they were exercised on men between whom and themselves they did not recognise the existence of any comity, any congruity of relation. They were the mere creatures of their luxury, too low even for resentment; and, when a tract of country was laid waste, not the injury done to the rustic occupant, but their lord, was thought of. To each other, the Saxon nobles, on the contrary, were savage and vindictive, rather than to their inferiors. The proud self-asserting independence of the Norman baron made him treat his equal (for he had a different code of hospitality for a rich captive burgher), when in his power, as a foreign foe, and with openness and frankness. The very idea and latent awe of law implanted in him, caused the Saxon to snatch as it were vengeance from his adversary, and prevented the insensible growth of a regular standard of public opinion to coerce, by legalizing, his assumed prerogative of taking satisfaction for himself.

Thus England has seen two distinct types of national character

[1] The name of knight was known in England before the Conquest; and, in some degree, the tenure by knight's service. Here, 'knight' is used as implyin certain qualities and sentiments which were peculiarly Norman.

taking root in the land, mutually antagonistic, both from nature and circumstances, and with every point of difference exaggerated by associations of contemptuousness on the one side, sullen hatred on the other. Yet, if we read the chronicles with that fitting prejudice and suspicion of their impartiality, and habit of giving a Norman aspect to everything, to which we have already alluded, we can discover a certain relation between Englishmen, even Englishmen of modern time, to the Saxon and the Norman, and, at the same time, observe how essential an element was the Norman Conquest in the full development of the Anglo-Saxon capacities. The contrast of the two scenes is indeed remarkable. On the one side, all is triumph and splendour; on the other, disaster and ignominy. The chronicles read like a narrative of the fall and revival of England. From the reign of Egbert, when the nation seemed to have gained a respite from the miseries and mean passions necessary to a state of perpetual intestine conflicts between mutually jealous petty kingdoms, to that of the last Edward, we can see things, gradually but surely, tending to the final degradation of the race consummated in the Conquest. Englishmen may lay themselves open to criticism for a sort of pride they are prone to take in the stirring period immediately succeeding that event, in spite of its being for them an age of usurpation and tyranny; if we be ready to accept at the same time the inheritance of the fame of the pre-Norman epoch, no nation will grudge us the glory of our antecedents. In truth, that state of things in which, with the appliances of material civilisation, even to a kind of rude luxury, the whole mass of the nation from head to foot, with the exception of some among the more exalted clergy, acquiesced in, and indeed seemed sometimes to choose, the enjoyments and obligations of absolute barbarism, is the shame of our race. It shows what a capacity for degradation the Anglo-Saxon nature unadulterated possesses. Only when the spectacle has ceased to be charged with crime and viciousness, in order to darken with reverses, do we detect some redeeming traits in the time, which enable us to accept our ancestry without repining. Those long conflicts with the Danish armies form a thrilling drama. Victory was the exception, not the rule; and yet the contest dragged its slow length along, till the victors coalesced with, or rather sank into, the body of the vanquished. Alfred, as a fugitive from the Northmen; Edmund Ironside forced to succumb to Canute; Harold and Hereward beaten by the kinsmen of those same sanguinary foes, are exemplars of Anglo-Saxon endurance and resolution, which we can contemplate without shame. There is more honour in such honest defeats than in the splendours of that great epoch of the political history of the Saxon monarchy, Edgar's reign, clouded

over as it is with a fratricidal war and the dastardly murder of friends.

The interest attaching to the period is not due to any patriotism on the part of the chroniclers, who wrote under Norman sovereigns. They did not understand the melancholy charm of tragedy, and manifest much more enthusiasm in detailing the magnificence of that same Edgar, the great patron of the regular clergy, than the unsuccessful valour of Ironside. Canute had an equal share of their esteem with any king of Saxon birth; and the ruin of Saxon fortunes roused no excessive sympathy in their breasts. They certainly cared little for Harold, whatever they might do for Alfred; he offended as well their Norman predilections, as their belief in the Divine right of the House of Cerdic. The pathos of the history is due to facts themselves; it could not have been more effective in the general picture of the early annals of the country, had it been the creation of the historian's imagination, and meant to serve as a foil to the Norman period. From those sad scenes of a nation trembling at the sight of a sail upon the horizon, and of kings dealing in fratricide, of the sanctity of convents and churches violated, and the bodies of their inmates exposed to the birds and beasts, of nobles wallowing in debauchery unembellished with the gilding of civilisation, the richer yeomen emulating them in their luxury, and indolence which bore the fruits of cowardice, and the poor abandoned for a perpetual prey to famine and pestilence, we at once emerge, with the Conquest, into scenes of feudal pomp, illustrated by glimpses of, and anticipating the generosity of chivalry. The kingdom no longer lay a spoil for others, but possessed vast dependencies in France, an elaborate system of law, and a princely race of nobles. The most refined luxury concentrated on the erection of noble castles and abbeys the wealth of the whole land; vague stories of a despotic and cruel system were tempered by genuine anecdotes of individual magnanimity, and out-dazzled by the brilliancy of famous deeds performed in the face of banded Christendom against the Infidel, while a dynasty of monarchs, whatever their defects, of right royal will and daring, and with the prestige of conquerors, prompted their nobles' loftiest aspirations. Such as they were themselves, did they make the country in its superficial aspect. England must have presented a magnificent appearance in those days, with its monasteries, princely even before the dawning of the golden age of architecture, surrounded with an atmosphere of learning of which they were the sole repositories, and embosomed in meadows to which they had given artificial fertility, with their mitred abbots, great in the king's council, and not sprung from the people, but allied to the noblest families in the nation, their feudal dependants and retained

knights; with its eleven hundred castles studding every hill-top and river-side, the pomp of religious processions and Mecca-like pilgrimages, cavalcades of steel-clad horsemen, wild forests overshadowing smiling cornfields, and the little tumultuous eddies of condensed trade nestling beneath the minster. The impulse which led to these results had begun with the Conquest; and civil warfare and anarchy served only to speed it on. Never did an exclusive aristocracy maintain its title to its exclusive privileges with a fairer show of right than the Anglo-Norman. Though without much inventive industry, it yet had a capacity for understanding and appropriating ideas. It was the most acquisitive of all races, and the strong will, which mainly distinguished it, created for it abundant occasions for assimilating the thoughts and discoveries of others. It was not satisfied with simply enjoying the spoils, and living by itself as a dominant horde; it would substitute itself for the native aristocracy it had expelled. In the end this turned out for the good of the people at large, by infusing a newer and more vigorous element into the nationality; but, at first, this policy offended the prejudices and affections, and humiliated the pride of the Anglo-Saxon more than greater changes. The chroniclers, the grandeur of whose monasteries was by no means owing to the piety of the invaders, but who were operated upon by new influences due to them, seem to have been fascinated by the power and lordliness of the foreign barons. But there was no occasion for them to exaggerate; the reality, especially when compared with the old state of things, had enough of the element of the picturesque.

Still, the Normans were only pioneers; they worked for another age and people. This is the same country; we recognise the churches those men built, the lingering feudal aspect of their cities, the ruins of their monasteries and castles; but, when we seek for those who built or endowed them, and for traces of their peculiar spirit, we find them gone. They are like the creatures which make the coral reef, and then slip away into nothingness. The old chronicles of France give us an antiquated picture of France, at all events of France down to the Revolution. But the knights and prelates of the English chroniclers' narratives passed away long ago. Up to, but not beyond, the antediluvian wars of the Roses, they can be traced; or we might doubt their existence at any time. The apparition of the Cliffords and Warwicks in the midst of a population and habits of thought and action distantly resembling our own, is a sign that their ancestors are not mere heroes of fiction.

But though that may be sufficient basis and reason for the researches of an antiquary, it does not, by itself, justify the investigations of the historian. We might be curious to know

something of the condition of an extinct race connected with us by the tie of a common country; but curiosity is not a sufficient ground for binding up the pages of their history with our own. But the relationship between us and the ealdermen and earls, ceorls and villeins, is not of this slight accidental character. Different as are both the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman periods to the English, from the union of the characteristics of the two sprang the present. At first sight, it seems that the only connexion between the fortunes of those races and ourselves is that of physical cause with effect; our chroniclers indicate no profounder affinity. It would not be hard to show how, in regular and continuous order, the power of the nobles and of the sovereigns served to counterbalance each other by the help of the ecclesiastical force, thrown now into the one, now into the other scale; how the vigour and resources of the burghers kept day by day gathering independence, and the commerce with the clothiers of the Netherlands made the English yeomanry revive as a class. We can see readily how the present result was attained; but why those links were supplied in their proper order is more obscure. Those burghers and that yeomanry occupy no place whatever in the contemporary histories. Suddenly they make their appearance in the reigns of John and Henry III. as a powerful body which had more or less directly a right to be consulted in affairs of state. The change is abrupt from the total omission of all mention of their influence to intimations that they were beginning to rank as an estate of the realm. And, if it be objected that the rise into importance of these two classes at so early a period be hypothetical, where, at least, in the chronicles is that mighty body of gentry, the country squires of modern times? Hints of their existence as an order are thickly sown over the statutes and the annals of the reigns succeeding that of Henry II. Were the modernised landowners, whom we read of as hunting and farming in these later days, the freebooting knights of half a century before? Can we identify those malevolent spirits of war, the Mandevilles of Stephen's reign, with the justices of the peace under Edward II. and Edward III.? The great jousts and beams which formed the roof and sides of English society—king, barons, and prelates—are all represented in their full proportions in these histories; but where are the middle classes which filled up the interstices, and without which no society could exist? If they had been noticed, however contemptuously, by writers, we must have acquiesced in the conclusion that their privileges and authority did spring out of nothing; but, as it is, when they are passed by altogether, we are forced to suppose that it did not come within the monks' theory of composition to narrate events regarding those who only

had rank as a class, and enjoyed no prominence as individuals. In truth, they had never disappeared, though oppressed by the storm of the Norman revolution. We should have as much reason to conclude, from these writers' scanty notices of tournaments and festivities, that the barons knew no pleasure but war without intermission, as from the like silence as to the existence of those intermediate ranks, that there was nothing to fill up the gap between the villein and the lord. So it is that only that which is abnormal and out of the way has place in the chronicles. The early history of England, as of all the states formed out of the Roman empire, exhibits a succession of waves overspreading the genuine English stratum; but that foundation of its nationality, though silted over, was never swept away, and as each spring-tide subsided the native rock cropped out from beneath the soil; the attention of the annalists was absorbed by the floods and tempests.

Negative proofs—the non-existence, that is, of sufficient proof of the destruction (not the oppression) of the middle classes at the Conquest, or of their sudden creation after a century's interval—are most generally available on these points. Domesday-book furnishes more positive evidence. But the monks themselves, every now and then, in a character of some king or noble, supply testimony to the same effect, though still indirect. The disposition and policy of Alfred in the Anglo-Saxon period, and in the Norman of the second Henry, are, on the historians' own showing, signs of the concurrent existence of a state of feeling and society very different to that most commonly described in their pages. The greatest men, by displaying in their own persons the ideal of the tone and of those tendencies of the nation which are least temporary and occasional or accidental, anticipate a later age, and evince how, with many special distinctions, it is the lineal successor and heir of the characteristics of the earlier one. To outstrip the age in which its lot is cast, to perceive the shadows thrown back and forwards by another, is a sign and property of genius. These two men possessed this quality in its highest degree, along with a great deal of its force, but in Alfred softened by religion and the self-reliance of a more savage epoch. We can understand from their calm, far-sighted sagacity, and the modern English principles of their policy, that, to act as they did, there must have existed, at all these different eras alike, a certain nucleus of settled and tranquil society, based on the interests of classes which loved peace, far removed from the exaggerated hues in which historians depict the period generally. Both appear to have comprehended the capacity of England for the acquisition of power and the acceptance of a regular constitution, though Alfred, as delineated by the simple graphic pen of

Asser, was the more thoroughly English. Yet Henry, though with some of the attributes of a feudal suzerain, and several of the hereditary qualities of the Conqueror's house, still indicates by his statesmanlike demeanour that one side only of society has been handed down to us by Malmesbury and others. We read that the Norman nobles were disgusted with Henry I. on account of his abstemiousness and temperance, while those habits won over to his side the native population and clergy. So his grandson's astute policy, his circuits and justiciaries, alienated, according to the fierce comments of Radulfus Niger, the favour of his independent suspicious barons, and roused his ruder sons to open rebellion.

But we must be upon our guard against expecting to find (be our investigation as successful as it may, and the chroniclers proved to be altogether one-sided) the representative men of the two periods perfectly alike, much less the times themselves. English society is not the direct successor, either of the one or the other, but of both. Anglo-Saxon perseverance and genius, and Norman vivacity contributed to the result. England is not purely Anglo-Saxon, but it is so obviously not Norman, that our notions respecting it are all based upon the hypothesis that it is the former. The contrary is the case with our views about the relation of the history of the two periods severally to ourselves. The Anglo-Saxon appears to be indefinitely distant from the present. We Anglo-Saxons read of the Edgars and Ethelreds as beings of a different country and sphere. On the other hand, between us and the Norman times seems to subsist an actual relationship founded on the identity of material institutions and customs. Our courts are held in their halls, we worship in their cathedrals, we obey their version of the laws, and even use their official phraseology. We have spoken of them as themselves an extinct race; but conversely of things visible and tangible, everything Saxon is regarded as bearing the same analogy to us as a relic of Druidical rites, as the useless, however curious, monuments, that is, of an obsolete type, like the ichthyosauri and megatheria. As individuals, we are Anglo-Saxons; as a state we still are Normans. Well may we feel pride even in our adoption, for such it is rather than descent from them, of a people of that strength of will and force of character as to have been able to imprint themselves so deeply upon the face of the country, that, not only are the traces of their power indelible, but that we actually use their institutions and forms as our own.

But the essence of our nationality is Anglo-Saxon. Obedience to law, the love of home, and affection to the soil, the patient elaboration of a conception, the patient resolution in stamping it on some actual work, and inventiveness, though scarcely

adventurousness, are Anglo-Saxon and not Norman qualities. Nevertheless, as a state, as a kingdom, we are connected with the Conquerors as closely as the numbering of our kings from the stock of William, and the omission from the series of the Saxon Edwards presuppose. The feeling that it is so is not due to the Norman prejudices of the chroniclers. As has been already remarked, nothing is more noteworthy in them than the oneness of tone and sentiment in which they write of the monarchs of the lineage of Cerdic and of Rollo. It is, indeed, owing to them that we ever think of the Anglo-Saxon kings as kings of England. The retention of names and customs which suppose a Norman origin is the natural consequence of facts. We perceive in the characters of individuals in the elder race the closeness of our affinity to it. We see in the ability the whole nation showed for efforts of fortitude and its resolute determination to rise from the dead level on which it lay dormant, whenever kindled by the enthusiasm of a single man, in its resistance to a Danish and to a Norman spirit, and obstinate steadiness in biding its time, that there was in it the germ of a great people. But it is doubtful whether it could have ever developed itself by itself. Nothing is so difficult as for a debased country to revive by its own voluntary impulse; and, of all countries, Saxon England appears to have been proverbial for degradation. The Normans came: they gave an impetus to the national genius, even while they attempted to smother it; they roused the emulation of the conquered, and gave them, besides, objects after which to strive. The stagnation of luxury was dissipated by a catastrophe which destroyed the means and instruments of sluggish gratification, and the Norman continental possessions opened up a sphere for the manifestation of courage and invention, as the valour of the Norman knights pointed the way to its exercise. They learned under these leaders to be brave subjects that they might in time rise to be great commanders, and at the head of progress in Europe.

Had the chroniclers, while revealing in full, as they have done, the proud tyrannical rule of the victorious army of knights, sketched by the side the condition of the Anglo-Saxon population, we should have readily marked how the former influenced the latter. As it is, by only narrating those events which were the issue of combinations of circumstances merely temporary, or of national peculiarities absorbed long since in a nationality of more completeness and mass, they have produced a picture which it is impossible to judge on any canons known to ourselves. On such a principle, they must be condemned; the ordinary historical reader cannot but derive from them a view of English history very far removed from the true one. Judged on

other and wider principles, great is their praise. They help, none better, to illustrate the state of Europe at the period when they composed; they are worthy of study and consideration as works of art; most worthy as full of the materials for poetry and the examples of philosophy. The writers themselves, much more than the details of their histories, show what England was, and, indeed, what Europe was. The very fact of so long and continuous a line of chronicles, the fact, too, of literature taking this form rather than the earlier and ruder aspect of poetry, is pregnant with light as to the promise and germ of civilisation in the nation. This aversion to let die the memory of themselves, and the previous fortunes of their country, proves of itself a kind of nationality partaken in by Saxon and Norman alike. It was not as though the monks, writing in monasteries presided over by Norman abbots, had told only of Norman deeds; they gathered up, and embodied, however imperfectly, the annals of the previous dynasty. They shed light, forwards and backwards, on the rising meteor of chivalry, and the sinking sun of the Roman empire, when all Europe, nay, the whole civilised world, was one.

The popular conception of what are termed the dark ages is of centuries when a mist was over the whole face of the earth, and nations groped their way along without hope of help, or the salutary fear of criticism from each other; of a period, in short, when the unity of the world, which had reached its culminating point under the Cæsars and Augustuses, had given place to a contradictory isolation of nations. Considerations on the special products of the time, the feudal system, with its aspirings after centralization by means of innumerable links extending from the mesne vassal to the crown, legends of knights-errant wandering away through mysterious regions of barbarism, in search of strange adventures; finally, stories (wearing the guise of sober history) of systematized dealing with the Evil One, and of sorcery reduced to a regular art,—all this confirms and deepens the idea that there is no track, much less highroad, leading from the Empire to the Middle Ages. The chroniclers, however defective as chroniclers of England, furnish a sufficient refutation of this error. We stumble in every page of their writings on relics of connexion with the ancient times. Naturally the Canon Law, from its affinity to the Theodosian Code, gives a Roman tone to the narrative in many places, and the conservatism of the Roman Church perpetually elicits indications, at least reminiscences of, and regrets for, the past. But few things strike one more than the genuine resemblance to the spirit of old Rome in the comprehensiveness of their surveys of the whole of western Europe, however due really to the same cause, the universal

sway of the Papacy. We expect to find them engrossed with the minutiæ of their own local circumstances; we find them glancing with an impartial eye from the fortunes of England to those of Germany or France. Their body, indeed, stretched its hand through every clime; but there are frequent traces even of secular and political relations between the different states of Europe. The kings of the Heptarchy loved to die at Rome, out of religious devoutness. Nor was it strange that the daughter of Henry I., a powerful continental prince, should become empress. It is more surprising that an emperor of Germany should have solicited and gained in marriage the sister of the Anglo-Saxon Athelstan, while other sisters were wooed by a King of France, and the great baron who overcame and deposed that same monarch, respectively. Then, again, when the darkness of barbarism seems densest and most gross, still an occasional gleam from the splendour of the contemporaneous Greek Empire pierced the gloom. The existence, side by side, and, spite of deadly religious jealousies, the close relation of the magnificence and effeminate refinements of Greek cultivation with feudal or, yet more antithetically, Anglo-Saxon boorishness and bluntness, appears a paradox. It was as though two plays, a tragedy and farce, were being represented on parallel stages, the shadows of the actors, or the actors themselves, interchanging at times, and playing parts not their own in garb most unlike their gestures. Alfred and Charlemagne are a grotesque contrast to Irene and the Constantinopolitan court with its seraglio and titles.

But the Eastern Empire, it may be said, was looked upon as almost a region of fable unintelligible to the rest of Europe. Though a contemporary, and connected with Italy and the Netherlands by the ties of commerce, even with possessions in Italy, and obscure claims obscurely recognised in other portions of the Peninsula, though soliciting and obtaining aid against pagans from the Norman and Saxon, it may have been to all effects and purposes, from first to last, an Asiatic power, with no hold upon the sympathies of Teutons and Scandinavians. At all events, the traditionary Western Empire, though actually destroyed and subdivided from the Middle Ages by the, to us very distinct, boundary line of the inundation of Goths, and Huns, and Vandals, to the monkish writers seemed a plain reality, and almost within the verge of their memory. We are in the position of persons who have emerged from a cloud, and, looking back, can measure its density by the clearness of the atmosphere they are now breathing; it appears to form an invisible boundary between them and all things on the other side. So, the revolution which destroyed the Western Empire seemed more gradual to those nearer the time, as having been accomplished by successive

waves of calamities. The standing column of affairs had been sapped and undermined; it had long been sinking before it finally tottered and disappeared. Time had been given for a new system of things to grow up around it; the eye had been accustomed to the increasing gloom, to the spectacle of barbarians usurping the warlike prerogatives of Romans, so that, when the change did come, it was no surprise, no sudden catastrophe. The invaders themselves were hardly conscious of the last result; they had learnt to feel a pride in the titles and badges of Rome; and many of the forms were still kept up. The rights claimed by Charlemagne, and the golden crown of the empire, were, to contemporaries, links in the chain from the old to the new.

The clergy, above all men, believed in the traditions of Rome as a living influence, and still potent in Europe. Let alone the assimilation of the outward form of the Papal dominion to that of the old Empire, the fact that the sole instruments and the whole organization of civilisation were Roman to the heart's core, made them, as instructors of the age, studious of everything which recalled the memory of the past. Theological literature, even philosophy in its theological phase, had quickly taken root in the fruitful soil of the Teutonic intellect. But, for the belles lettres which require as a condition of their growth in any country ages of national repose and cultivation, the period was entirely dependent. It is curious to observe the intermixture of Roman with monkish literature; it is like a Turkish tomb with Corinthian architrave and capital carelessly built into the rude structure. Writers resorted to the unfailing quarry of the classics for materials, as well as models of style and composition. The myths and legends of Livy served equally as data for a grave historical argument, and as precedents for diversifying the tediousness of the regular narration with flowers of rhetoric. The whole body of Latin literature, whether prose or poetry, historical or philosophical, seemed alike significant to these authors. Virgil furnished illustrations equally with Livy and Tacitus. Upon Greek history and mythology they looked only with Roman eyes. Between themselves and Greece they saw the interval was impassable. But they considered themselves (in right of their connexion, it might be, with the Papacy) heirs to Latin literature, and entitled to make all the use of it they might. Their use of it, it may well be imagined, was unscientific and awkward. Malmesbury says it might have been believed that the soul of Julius Cæsar had passed into William Rufus! It was not for rude Anglo-Saxons or Normans to discriminate nicely between what was of historical, what of æsthetical interest, or between the different degrees of merit in the various epochs. The age of Claudian and Ausonius engaged

their attention equally with that of Virgil. They contemplated and explored the whole literature rather as antiquarians or archæologists than as critics in taste. The later an epoch was, perhaps the greater novelty and air of modern literature did it wear for them. It was enough that it was Roman; they did not reject it because of inferior purity, in a classical point of view, to those preceding it.

The clue to this application of classical learning is, that it was not yet a dead literature. The revival of letters towards the close of the fifteenth century made the classics be studied with greater judgment and discernment, but not with a more earnest zeal than when they were revered as, not only the repository of the principles of taste, but of all human knowledge. They were at this earlier period comparatively neglected in Italy itself, on account of the calamities that land had undergone; but they were still its literature. They had thus an interest apart from their merits; for Italy, besides being the seat of the Papacy, was the centre of Western European cultivation and luxury. Distinct from the religious associations connected with it, was the influence of its wealth and the fascination in which the spectacle of so many great cities still preserving relics of, as they claimed affinity to, the old Romans, held the whole of Europe. From the days of the Heptarchy this sentiment, bound up almost indissolubly with the idea of the essential local sanctity of the region, carried kings and nobles as pilgrims, and, at the same time, admiring spectators, through the entire Peninsula from Milan to Calabria. The sentiment of curiosity and interest continued to have sway in the ages succeeding the Conquest, and Venice, Florence, and Ferrara furnished some most important elements to the cultivation of England, even past the boundary line of the Reformation down to the era of the Stuarts. Then domestic interests and French connexions changed the current of fashion; indeed, the impulse of Italian taste had itself in its own native seats suddenly burnt out or stagnated. But previously—from the pilgrimages of Ina and Ethelwulf, the sojourn of Robert of Normandy and of Cœur de Lion in the Sicilies, the ambitious aspirations of Henry III. after that expensive crown, the Italian plots of some of Chaucer's most charming tales, and the long sojourn of the banished Duke of Norfolk—Henry Bolingbroke's antagonist—to the schemes of Henry VIII., Charles V., and Francis I., the Italianized 'Arcadia' of Sidney, and the classico-romantic fable of the 'Fairy Queen,' and the silk gloves and voluntary exile of Sir Philip's enemy, the proud fastidious Earl of Oxford—Italy was the centre of European politics and fashion, and engaged attention on grounds distinct from, though concurrent with, its claims in a religious point of view.

This is not commonly remarked; yet her influence acting upon the strong wills and high spirit of the Norman conquerors of Calabria resulted in chivalry, a fruit which could scarcely have ripened first in the rude climates and circumstances of France and England. But it was not the indigenous growth of Naples. Italy, as a country, at no period understood it, while previsions of the new spirit occur in the earliest chronicles of the Norman era. The different elements are discernible just on the point of blending. The Crusades were a sort of offspring of an undefined instinct of chivalry. Its great features of courtesy and generosity arose from the affinity in spirit everywhere of Norman knights, the analogy of their position in England, France, and the Sicilies, as conquerors and a ruling caste, their consequent contempt for, and distrust of the large majority of the population producing isolation, and sympathy with each other. But it seemed most native in France and England, though Spain received it readily, and even gave elevation to it; Germany did not learn it in its nobler phases. The Norman, with his love of adventure, and self-reliance, and his imaginative superstitiousness, was predisposed towards a system which inculcated adventurousness as a duty, and converted the whole earth into the lists of a tournament, a stage for the exhibition of his valour. That which his inclination had anticipated, and the absence of all common feeling between him and his subjects made a necessity, was elaborated and developed through the peculiarity of the relations always being disturbed but never so positively broken as to be incapable of reuniting, which subsisted between the French and English nobility. There were Courteneys, and Montforts, and Harcourts, and hosts of other names, high upon the rolls both of France and England; and men, who had one year feasted together in one court, found themselves in the next confronting each other in battle. But the monks do not deal largely in flowery tales of the flowing courtesy of chivalry in its secular aspect. Neither did their disposition, nor the scope of their design, lead them in that direction. They proposed to write the history of the kingdom, not to talk of what had but significance socially, and which fell within the province of the minstrel or romancer. Further, chivalry did not dazzle them with the proportions of a regular system, with definite laws and regulations of its own, which it had attained in the days of the warlike Canon, Froissart. The brusqueness and ferocity of the race of the sea-rover were not yet veiled with the graces of courtly generosity, and the train of the Conqueror was more uncouth perhaps than the court of the Anglo-Saxon. The British Companions of the Round Table, painted, it is true, by Geoffrey of Monmouth, were far nearer the ideal of chivalry than all the Bigods and De Warennes. Even in the later

epoch, the Earls Edwin and Morca, we are told, outshone the whole assembly of their conquerors. A perusal of the pages of our earlier chroniclers will at least have done good service, if it only help to dissipate the baneful fallacy that all who wore the spurs of knights must have been equally polished, whether they rode beneath the standard of Rufus or the Black Prince. Tokens, indeed, of the aptness of the race for the change are discoverable. The churlish magnanimity of Rufus to the Frenchman, Helias, and, amid the havock and persecution of peasantry by the barons, the civility of King Stephen's partisans to the captive Earl Robert, were cognate to the generous demeanour of a Sir Walter Manny or a Chandos of Edward III.'s reign.

But the other, the religious side of chivalry, cherished by the association of a religious sanction with the Norman conquest of Britain and the Sicilies by the Crusaders, was earlier developed, and has left a clearer impression upon the chronicles of those times. As a secular influence, it only attained its completeness in the wars for the crown of France; as a religious system, it was perfected before the reign of John. From that time it degenerated from various causes. The embittering of the relations with the Papacy through the trafficking of the royalty of Sicily between the Pope and Henry III., and the barons' envy of the increasing wealth of the regular clergy, prepared its downfall in England. In the person of Godfrey of Bouillon, in the first Crusade, and of Richard, subsequently, it seems to have attained its highest point. It was a sentiment which hardly in a single individual, except perhaps Godfrey, was altogether paramount; it was almost always latent, but capable of being reproduced when occasion called for it. In the pauses of warfare the Norman knight could feel an indefinite pang of remorse, not as connected with the recollections of any particular atrocity, but a sort of vague sensation that for his life he was accountable to a higher power than the tribunal of his own passions. It would seem but a light and pleasant penance for him to gain acquittal for the sin of impulsive fury by arming his hand against the perpetrators of like deeds. The Dantesque pilgrimage of Sir Owen of Ireland through the horrors and delights of S. Patrick's cave, with its dizzy bridge, and hosts of fiend tormentors, and fair Elysian fields, shows how monks were themselves so penetrated with the martial spirit of the time, that they reserved Heaven itself for the men of iron nerve and steady eye.

We have endeavoured to suggest reasons for the use of caution in the study of these venerable writers. The scenes they unroll before us are, in some parts, so true, in others so unlike our preconceived idea of the age, in all so vivid and romantic, that they all but take the judgment captive, and surprise the student into

belief in the entire veracity of what is at once so seemingly sincere, novel, and striking. But to neglect is not to be on our guard; and it were, if anything, a worse error to pass by, than to believe implicitly these records. That would be a wilful disregard, as well of most valuable aliment for the imagination, as of materials for history. The genuine literature of any age whatsoever, when that literature describes actual and moving impulses of that age, will keep its charm in all others. The classical literature of a country is, properly, only and all that which describes human nature, as specialized in a particular race, however modified by artificial circumstances. Shakespeare and Spenser, Addison and Swift, are equally classics, and equally, though not in the same measure, command the attention of all following epochs. For in that literature, which does truly portray any one era, and which satisfied the cravings and tastes of the people of that era, is sure to be contained something derived directly from the sources of pure humanity, something intelligible, and therefore interesting, to man's nature under different developments. The taste which was gratified, in the days of Stephen and Henry, by stories of magical mystery and deeds of arms, still exists, and still requires to be fed, though overlaid by others more modern. The most artificial age, perhaps, in English history, that of Horace Walpole, revived gladly the reminiscences of chivalry; and even the stern classical taste of Milton played with the legends of Brutus and Arthur.

The monks are our best exponents of the Middle Ages in all their more characteristic points. Their life was set apart as far as possible from those everyday and prosaic influences which must in all times be much the same, which no length of time can harmonize or render poetical. Had they been placed in those classes and under those circumstances which were directly exposed to the sway of these influences, they must have either written in a way and with details unintelligible, or, at all events, uninteresting to posterity, or else, by omitting for the sake of effect what was essential to their own life, and mixed up indissolubly with their own experience, would have destroyed that semblance of reality which chiefly attracts us in their works. As it is, by confining themselves to the grander aspect of society with which alone they were familiar, they have produced works of greater æsthetical interest, however defective as histories, than otherwise they might have done. But that limitation of subject-matter, common to all of them, tends to blind us to their merits, or the points of difference among them as individual authors. Some, we can perceive, applied themselves to the compilation of history as a necessary obligation on the monas-

teries, and to be fulfilled, whether a genius for the task existed in the members or not. William of Malmesbury is, in this respect, opposed to Matthew Paris and Roger of Wendover. He was endued with the true historical eye, and ambition for the name of historian; and we quickly observe a distinction between the mode in which he, and in which his compeers treat the same events. In all the chronicles the rough material of poetry is contained; some—and of them he is the chief—have worked it up and elaborated it. He possessed, too, a good historical method; and though, as all great writers must, composing according to the dictates of his own taste and sentiments, writes with much more of self-consciousness and an object than the rest, to whom their private curiosity seems often, as has been remarked, to have suggested the direction of their investigations. Yet if, for the chronicles of an uncultivated period, his art is admirable, there is perhaps something more interesting in the simplicity and quaintness of the rest, and more apparent evidence of candour.

A greater obstruction still to our due appreciation of the literary merits of the chroniclers than the neglect of their individuality, is the disposition, arising (as in the latter case) from the picturesque character of the topics of their histories, to ignore their eminence as a body of writers, in ascribing the force and beauty of their descriptions to the grandeur of the theme. No nation can boast a nobler series of annals than England. In a rough age of rough people their style is bare and meagre. Their classical models they use eagerly, but clumsily, and without discrimination. But the picture they have produced is as vigorous and boldly defined in its light and shade as life itself in those times. They write with a certain earnestness of feeling, though affecting indifference to worldly interests and worldly calamities; they write boldly, as partisans, but without a doubt of the justice of their own view, or the authority of their statements. Their patriotism as Englishmen is vague and uncertain; but they are not cosmopolitan; with some interests and with one class, wherever placed, and under whatever aspect, they betray an ardour of sympathy which redeems their narrative from the coldness than which the blindest and most irrational partisanship is not a worse flaw in history. The choice intellects of their order, at least in England—and that an order which had a wonderful instinct in discovering and appropriating talent—they had spent their lives in study, and that of pure models. Many of them had travelled far and wide. Some, we know, had even made the pilgrimage to Rome for the purpose of collecting information. From every corner of Europe, then, as we have intimated, not nearly as much isolated and broken up as the fall of the Empire

would seem to indicate, and as it actually became at a later period, floated scattered rays of light respecting the fortunes of prelates, kings, and nobles, towards the focus of knowledge which the monasteries had created. The monkish historians could thus blend the gossip-mongering minuteness of a French *mémoire* with the outline of an ecclesiastical project which was to change the frame of society. It is unfortunate that the piquancy of their works is owing so largely to the special influences on the mind through which the information is filtered; that a picture so glowing, full (it seems so), and lifelike, that we mistake it for a photograph of the times, is but a reflection of them in the mirror of the writers' circumstances; that it is nature indeed, but defective, and so far, therefore, unnatural.

ART. II.—*Publii Virgilii Maronis Opera.* Lipsiæ: Sumptibus J. T. Loeschke. 1858.

IF there be one species of composition which more than another has been the amusement of dulness, and has, with most perfect justice, drawn on itself the derision of satirists, no doubt it is the Pastoral. As Dr. Johnson observes, 'No great ingenuity is required when one god asks another god what has become of Lycidas, and neither god can tell.' Any one who turns over the pages of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, or the Oxford and Cambridge collections of verses, must be sickened with the idylls on royal births and deaths and marriages. How Mopsus asks Menalcas why he is weeping so bitterly, and Menalcas answers that it is for the death of the Queen of the shepherds, Maria, and for the sorrow of her august spouse, William, the terror of Gaul, the pillar of religion, &c. And then Mopsus remembers that, on that fatal night, a raven croaked from the blasted oak; and Menalcas comforts himself by telling how the gods have turned Maria into a star. How our great grandfathers could sit down to pen such trash—trash without one redeeming point of originality, sense, or diction,—and how their lucubrations were gathered into volumes and sent forth as the 'University Lament,' or the 'University Congratulation,' is one of the dreariest features of the dreary eighteenth century. It would not be difficult to point out at least fifty different pastorals, published at the death of the Duke of Gloucester, Queen Anne's son: the only tangible difference between them being, whether the dialogues were carried on between Corydon and Tityrus, or between Damon and Alphesibœus,—and whether Daphnis is received into the assembly of the gods, or turned into a meteor or a laurel.

Nevertheless, out of the doleful mass of rubbish which, from the revival of letters till the present century, has been inflicted on Europe, we mean to endeavour to extract a little amusement, and, it may be, a little profit, for our readers: while we give a glance at pastoral poetry, from its beautiful rise in Theocritus to its death-blow in England: those nervous verses of Johnson, inserted in Crabbe's *Village*, and dovetailing, as it were, the poetry of the eighteenth and nineteenth century together.

> On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
> If Tityrus found the golden age again,
> Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
> Mechanick echoes of the Mantuan song?
> From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
> Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?

The question has often been asked, and never, we think, satisfactorily answered, why the natural beauty of landscapes, which forms so great a part of modern poetry, was on the whole unknown to, or at least imperfectly appreciated by, the ancients: that whatever of sympathy their poets showed with the loveliness of external nature was in the abstract, not in the concrete. But there are exceptions; and the inimitable beauty of Theocritus is perhaps the most striking. We are not ashamed to confess that, were we at liberty to preserve only three of the Grecian poets from destruction, he, together with Homer and Aristophanes, would be our choice. It is not only the exquisite sketches of Sicilian scenery, but the power—not unlike that of Crabbe—of describing cottage-doings as they really were, and the genius which with one or two strokes can sketch out a character to the very life. One feels, for example, to have been personally acquainted with the poet's Simichidas; and the conversation between Æschines and Thyonicus, in the fourteenth idyll, is marvellously graphic. Add to this the exquisite beauty and delicacy of the Epithalamium of Helen, and we have no cause to be ashamed of our love for the Sicilian poet. The most amusing of his compositions is undoubtedly the piece called the 'Sicilian Gossips,' barbarously murdered as it has been by all its translators. We will attempt —it will, we fear, be a very lame attempt—to do its commencement somewhat more justice: though to render it as it ought to be rendered, the Doric of the speakers should be turned into the broadest Scotch. The reader must conceive a grand festival at Alexandria; King Ptolemy anxious to ingratiate himself with his subjects; the merchants of the mart of the world vying with each other in the display of their almost fabulous wealth: sailors from every part of the Levant, from the Pillars of Hercules, from Marseilles, from Carthage, from Rome, from the Piræus, crowding the quays and streets; and in the midst of all these a portly dame, by name Gorgo, the wife of a well-to-do burgess of Alexandria, equally formidable in a crowd from her muscular power and the length of her tongue, elbowing her way through the multitude till she arrives at the shop of her friend Praxinoe; the latter having just begun to dress in order that the two may go forth together and see the show, and more especially—the cream of the whole—the Adonis.

'*Gorgo.* Pray, is Praxinoe at home?
Praxinoe (*from within*). At home: but, Gorgo dear,
How late you are! Though, after all, I wonder you are here.
Put her a seat, there, Eunoe, and bring a cushion too.
Gorg. Thanks,—nothing can be better.
Prax. Sit down, then.
Gorg. Well, I'm through:
It needed quite a lion's heart,—such bustle in the street,
So many gallant cavaliers,—such great clod-hopping feet;
And such a distance to your house!
Prax. My booby of a man
Would settle down at this world's end: you know him—'tis his plan,—
(House, quotha! 'tis a cave, not house!) he chose it just for that,
That we might never meet, and have a little quiet chat.
Gorg. Don't speak about your husband, dear, while the little one is by:
Look! look! he understands it all! You only watch his eye!
You know they talk about 'great ears' and 'little pitchers.'
Prax. Ah!
No, no, Zopyrion!—no, my pet!—I did not mean Papa.
Gorg. By Proserpine, he comprehends!—Papa is very good.
Prax. Well, *that* Papa a long time since—(for, be it understood,
A long time since means t'other day)—to market went, to get me
A little rouge and alkali, and brought back salt, to fret me.
Gorg. The men, I see, are just the same; my temper also tried is:
In the sheep market, yesterday, that spooney, Diocleides,
Five fleeces bought, mere stuff, mere naught, dogs' hides, all scraped and skinny;
And seventeen drachmas for the lot he went and paid,—the ninny!
—Now for the petticoat—and now the buckle. We are going
To the palace of King Ptolemy, to the scene they talk of showing:
The Queen is at the expense of all—the Adonis and the rest:
Well, wealthy men do what they like, and we shall have the best.
* * * * * *
Prax. My shawl, now—put it neatly on;—my bonnet!—let us go.
What! take my pretty little one? No, no, Zopyrion, no;
The bogies would be sure of you: what, are you not ashamed?
Ay, cry your eyes out if you will: I must not have you lamed.
Let us be off. Take baby, nurse, when we are gone before,
And call the dog to play with him, and shut and bar the door.
—Oh! what a horrid crowd! good gods!—how ever shall we pass?
Like ants upon an ant-hill,—an endless crushing mass.
A hundred works the king has done right worthy of his race,
Since his good father, Ptolemy, was in a better place:
No pickpocket, Ægyptian-wise, is any more allowed
To creep, as once the rascals did, and prowl amongst the crowd.
No pin to choose 'twixt this and that. Good gracious, Gorgo, now!
Look! look! the royal horses come! which way to fly, and how?
Good man, you're treading on my dress;—keep off, I beg. How wild
That bay is! how he rears and kicks!—You stupid, stupid child!
What, Eunoe, won't you move away?—He'll tear in bits the groom:—
Oh, what a lucky thing it was I left my boy at home!
Gorg. Cheer up, cheer up, Praxinoe: we're safe at last, I vow:
The cavalry are all gone by.
Prax. And I am better now.
Horses and serpents, I confess, since I was but thus tall,
Of all things that I used to fear, I dreaded most of all.

Gorg. What! from the hall, good mother?
Old Woman. Yes.
Gorg. And can the crowd be pass'd?
Old W. The Grecians, after ten years' siege, got into Troy at last.
Try *you*, my children: he that tries is certain to succeed.
Gorg. The good old dame speaks oracles,—a prophetess indeed!
Prax. Women know all things knowable: ay, Jove's and Juno's wedding.
Gorg. Just look, Praxinoe, at the crowd upon each other treading!
Prax. Tremendous, Gorgo: quick! your hand; and, Eunoe, hold you tight
Of Eutychis: keep close to us, and mind you all go right.
O wretched me! my petticoat is almost torn in two!
By Jove, as you would thrive, good man, pray take care what you do!
Stranger. It was not I; but, as I can, I'll help you.
Prax. How pell-mell
They push and press on us like swine!
Strang. Now, madam, all is well.
Prax. Jove bless and keep you, my good sir, for ever and a day,
For what you've done!—Well, that I call a gentlemanly way!
They're squeezing Eunoe to death; come, push, child; push inside!
"Now we're all in,"—as said the man when he shut up his bride!'

How stale and flat after the nature and liveliness of Theocritus,—ay, and of Bion and Moschus too, though in a less degree,—is the pompous dulness of the Eclogues of Virgil! Nevertheless, from whatever source they may have been derived, the prophecies in the Pollio are some of the most remarkable things in the whole of heathen literature. It is impossible to read of the Virgin returning, of the serpent being crushed, of the Child sent down from heaven, of earth and sea and sky rejoicing in his reign, without feeling, 'This spake he not of himself.' No wonder that, in many a series of those marvellous stalls, the glory of their cathedral choirs, among the prophets who have foretold the Advent of our Lord the name of Virgil should so frequently occur. In some of the rituals of the south of Italy the 22d of September contained a commemoration of Virgil, as the prophet who foretold to the heathen world the Lord's coming. And the Sequence, appropriated to that day in allusion to the legend which represents S. Paul as having visited the tomb of Virgil, commenced thus:—

'Ad Maronis mausoleum
Flebat Paulus super eum
Piæ rorem lacrymæ:
Quanti, inquit, te fecissem
Si te vivum invenissem,
Poetarum maxime!'

Running our eye over the course of Latin literature, we find no pastoral poet, till, in the days of its decay, Sicily produced another such bard in the person of Calphurnius. Probably not one of our readers has ever taken the trouble to peruse his seven Eclogues; and yet, truth to say, there are some very

pretty touches in them,—touches which look as though Calphurnius had lived among the scenes which he describes, and painted them not from books but from nature. Later critics have done him great injustice when they call these compositions 'a mere cento of the phrases and sentiments of Virgil.' To our mind, his language is singularly unlike that of Virgil. But notice what pretty little pictures are such as these:—

'Bullantes ubi fagus aquas radice sub ipsâ
Protegit, et ramis errantibus implicat umbras.'

Or again:—

'Per me tibi lilia prima
Contigerant, primæque rosæ: vix dum bene florem
Degustabat apis, tu cingebare coronis.'

Or once more:—

'Juvat humida forsan
Ripa, levatque diem vicini spiritus amnis.'

Or yet again:—

'Vere novo cum jam tinnire volucres
Incipiunt, nidosque reversa lutabit hirundo.'

Or finally:—

'Seu residere libet, dabit ecce sedilia tophus;
Ponere seu cubitum, melior viret herba lapillis.'

All which sentences, by the way, are as unlike Virgil as one pastoral poet can be to another.

Contemporary with Calphurnius was the Carthaginian bard, Nemesian. His four idylls have been given by Wernsdorff to Calphurnius, but without a shadow of reason. They are far inferior in sentiment, and the Latinity is more degenerate. And yet Nemesian had honours bestowed on him, as a poet, such as Virgil and Horace never attained. These two, then, in the miserable decline of classical poetry, were the last to write of shepherds, and rocks, and goats.

The Middle Ages knew nothing of pastoral poetry, strictly so called. But there are more pastoral ballads than one of singular elegance; only, unfortunately, so immoral and licentious, that hardly can one find a verse here and there to quote, without omission. One cannot but wonder what kind of men those could have been, who, with the daily duties and services of a religious house, could have occupied their leisure hours by compositions which show, at least, as much wickedness as power. Yet it is a well-known fact that, in one of the strictest of Carthusian houses, when its gates were thrown open by the French revolution, the cells of many of its inmates were found to be filled with the most immoral works of Voltaire and Rousseau, and other authors of a similar class. What could have been their feelings who submitted to the daily austerities

of a Carthusian life, while, in private, taking delight in the corruptions of books like these? But take such a verse as this, —a true specimen of a pastoral ballad:—

'Desub ulmo patulâ
Manat unda garrula;
Ver ministrat gramine
Frondibus umbracula,
Quæ per loca singula
Profluent aspergine
Virgultorum pendula.'

Or again,—it is a shepherdess who is speaking:—

'Hora meridiana
Transit; vide Titana;
Mater est inhumana:
Jam pabula
Spernit ovicula;
Regrediar
Ni feriar
Maternâ virgulâ.'

Or take this curious catalogue of spring birds:—

'Jam vernali tempore
Terra viret gramine;
Sol novo cum jubare
Frondent nemora, candent lilia, florent omnia.
Est cœli serenitas,
Et veris süavitas,
Ventorum tranquillitas;
Est temperies clara, et dies: cantant volucres.
Merulus cincitat, acredula rupillulat, turdus truculat et sturnus pusitat.
Turtur gemitat, palumbes plausitat, perdix cicabat, anser craccitat;
Cygnus dransat, pavo paululat, gallina gacillat, ciconia clocturat.
Pica concinuat, hirundo trisphat, apis bombilat, merops sincidulat;
Bubo bubilat, guculus guculat, passer sonstitrat, et corvus crocitat.'

This list, which was printed by Kugler,[1] is certainly curious enough: it is needless to say that its author lived in France. The royal library at Paris abounds with ballads of a similar description. Many of these have appeared in various French periodicals: many more are too gross to bear republication at all. And in the occasional poems of such authors as S. Fulbert of Chartres, Hildebert of Tours, Marbodus of Rennes, and others, they have left us short pieces, which, in the best and truest sense of the word, are pastoral. The verses of Fulbert are strikingly beautiful:—

'When the earth with spring returning, vests herself in fresher sheen,
And the glades and leafy thickets are arrayed in living green,
When a sweeter fragrance breatheth flowery fields and vales along,
Then, triumphant in her gladness, Philomel begins her song:

[1] In his treatise 'De Werinhero Monarcho Tegernsensi,' p. 37.

And with thick delicious warble far and wide her notes she flings,
Telling of the happy spring-tide and the joys that summer brings.
In the pauses of men's slumber, deep and full she pours her voice;
In the labour of his travel, bids the wandering man rejoice.
Night and day, from bush and greenwood, sweeter than an earthly lyre,
She, unwearied songstress, carols, distancing the feathered choir,
Fills the hill-side, fills the valley, bids the groves and thickets ring;
Made indeed exceeding glorious through the joyousness of spring.
None could teach such heavenly music, none implant such tuneful skill,
Save the King of realm celestial, who doth all things as He will.'

This quotation, by the way, would have been valuable to Coleridge, when writing of the joyous note of the nightingale. A hymn in the Sarum books speaks to the same effect:—

'Collaudemus Magdalenæ lacrymas et gaudium;
Sonent voces laude plenæ de concentu cordium:
Ut concordat Philomenæ turturis suspirium:'

where the mournful note of the turtle-dove is contrasted with the joyous strain of the nightingale.

But it is time to turn to the pastoral poets who wrote after the revival of letters—a long list indeed. At this moment we have forty-six lying before us, and they are but a small part of what might be found. The first, by far the first, in reputation, was the once celebrated Mantuan, the same of whom the pedant speaks in 'Love's Labour's Lost,'—'Ah, Mantuan, good old Mantuan! he knows thee not, that loves thee not.' A paper in the *Christian Remembrancer*, some eight or ten years ago, gave a pretty full account of this worthy, whose performances were read in inferior schools as lately as the beginning of the last century, and whose name will be found as an authority even in such a book as Ainsworth's Dictionary. A Carmelite,—and, in process of time, General of his order,—Mantuan sometimes employed his shepherds in disquisitions on the Church of the fifteenth century, its corruptions, and its needed reformation; and from him Spenser learnt the practice of making his shepherds discuss similar subjects.

The first in order of time, or nearly the first, among the revivers of learning, who turned his attention to pastoral poetry, was Petrarch. Not being able to discover any peculiar propriety in the word 'eclogue,' then usually applied to idylls, he conceived it to be a corruption of 'æglogue'—a word by which he intended to express the conversation of goatherds, but which in its natural meaning can signify nothing but the conversation of goats. However, he has left us twelve, written in very elegant Latinity, a little, perhaps, pedantic, and out-Virgilising Virgil, but with some passages that would do any writer of Latin verse credit, and, above all, with the remembrance that he was a

Christian. Take the following passage from his Parthenias, where his shepherd Monicus thus speaks:—

> 'Let others praise those powers: the God supreme,
> The God above all gods, shall be my theme:
> Who rules the earth with universal sway,
> Whose word is uttered, and the heavens obey:
> Who balances the liquid air on high,
> Who fills the grove with native minstrelsy;
> Who by his stars the course of time metes out,
> And the earth trembles when His thunders shout;
> Who bade the mountains rise, and clad the globe
> With the green ocean's everlasting robe;
> Who form'd the soul, and rear'd her earthlier part,
> And framed each discipline, and taught each art;
> Who governs life in rise and in decline;
> Who rules o'er death, and makes its end divine:
> Who, after fleshly toils and worldly jars,
> Finds for His sons a home beyond the stars;
> And thither, when earth's joys and cares decay,
> Teaches them now, as once He showed, the way.'

We must confess, however, that the majority of Petrarch's idylls, his Pastoral Piety, his Pastoral Pathos, his Divorce, his Grumbler, are remarkable for nothing so much as their extreme length, some of them stretching themselves out to upwards of two hundred lines.

Geraldini, some years later than Petrarch, has left a series of idylls, taken up with the various events of our Saviour's life. However truly it is recorded in Scripture that there were 'shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night,' and however, after the midnight vision had passed, they said one to another, 'Let us now go even unto Bethlehem,' there is something grating to one's feelings when Mopsus relates that he had slept all the night through, and requests his more wakeful friend Lycidas to inform him of what has happened. But it is still more extraordinary when, in the next eclogue, we find three shepherds—Granicius, Battus, and Mycon—introduced to us, who, after all, turn out not to be shepherds, but to be the three Kings. This fashion of investing every one with the character of a shepherd reminds one of nothing so much as those early frescoes which represent all kinds of scriptural characters under the form of sheep. Thus, a lamb stands by a sepulchre hewn out of a rock; two more conspicuous lambs by its side; a crowd of inferior lambs in the distance; a great lamb comes out of the sepulchre; and it is the Raising of Lazarus. A lamb stands in a stream; another lamb pours water on its head: it is the baptism of our Lord. A lamb kneels on the top of a mountain; the paw of a lamb, bearing a book, proceeds from a cloud: it is the giving of the Law. The agnification of

such artists is near akin to the pastorification of such authors as Geraldini. But if this, to every principle of good taste, appears shocking, what is to be said of those idylls which treat of yet more solemn subjects? Thus, for example, we have an eclogue on the Passion, and another on the Resurrection, of the Lord. In the former, with almost incredibly bad taste—taste, indeed, which cannot be characterised as less than profane—our blessed Lord is spoken of under the name of Daphnis; and 'Daphnis in an odoriferous garden,' is the commencement of the Agony in Gethsemane:—

> 'Huc ibi odorifero moriturus Daphnis in horto,
> Sæpe preces Patrem veniens fundebat in altum.'

Or, with still greater profanity:—

> 'Proxima lux festa est: soliti dimittere sontem,
> Hunc solvi an Barabam præfertis? Dicite! Cuncti
> Exclamant, Barabam: atque Cruci te affigere Daphnin
> Poscimus.'

And yet again, in the eclogue on the Resurrection of our Lord, the speakers are Ægle and Acanthus; that is to say, S. Mary Magdalen and our Saviour himself. 'She turned herself, and saith unto Him, Rabboni, which is to say, Master,' of the Evangelist, is thus paraphrased by the *poet*:—

> 'Tune ipse es nuper vitâ perfunctus Acanthus,
> Qui crucis aeriæ fueras sublatus in aram,
> Quem modò condidimus gelidi sub fornice saxi,
> Pulchrior evictis tenebris post fata resurgens?
> Proh quam læta meam pervadunt gaudia mentem.
> Accedam, amplectarque pedes, venerande magister.'

It is not without importance to notice facts like these. What a fearful thing the revival of classical learning really was; how it ate like a canker into the very heart of the Church; how, more especially at Rome, and under the Medici at Florence, classicalism was all in all; how Plato and other ancient worthies were celebrated as saints and confessors,—all this may, indeed, be learnt from the histories of those times, from Roscoe's Leo X., better still from Audin's Annals of the same pope; but has yet to be worked out and to be duly and critically weighed in some future history of the Church. Above all, a true life of that great man,—for great he was, undoubtedly, whatever degree of sanctity we may be disposed to attach to him,—Jerome Savonarola, would throw light on this subject. Marvellous was the infatuation which could expend all its zeal and energies in the discovery of lost books of Tacitus or Livy, in the production of the purest Ciceronian Latin, in the erection of classical churches, and which could pay for all these Pagan

amusements and studies by the infamous mission of Tetzel, unconscious of the approaching earthquake, regarding the discontent of one German monk as something that might—it mattered not whether of the two—be hushed at the stake, or silenced by the sop of a fat benefice. Therefore it is that we consider such paragraphs as those we have just quoted, worthy of all attention from our readers; when paganism invades Mount Calvary, the classical mania must be fierce indeed. This man, this Geraldini, intended well—his whole writings show it; and yet he has fallen into profanity from which some open blasphemers would have shrunk. Only imagine the verse we have just quoted: 'Loose Barabbas, and crucify Daphnis!'

However, it must not be imagined that such indecencies were confined to the Roman Church. The Lutherans equalled, if they did not exceed them. One of their most famous poets, in the sixteenth century, was Helius Eobanus of Hesse. He was regarded as the Mantuan of Lutheranism, an author who well deserved to take his place among those of the Augustan age. Among other imitations of classical authors, he has left us a book of heroic epistles, after the manner of Ovid. The first of these—we really feel uncomfortable while we make an extract from this horrid blasphemy—is headed,

'DEUS PATER MARIÆ VIRGINI.

'Quam legis, eternam rebus paritura salutem,
Non est mortali litera facta manu.
Pone metus Virgo superis gratissima; non est
Quem tremis, infestus nuncius iste tibi.'

S. Mary replies:

'Quam sine te non est tellus habitura salutem,
Ut partam per me possit habere, veni.'

In the same style we have an epistle from S. Mary Magdalen to our Lord, and from S. Mary to S. John. These things were not only admired, but were actually employed in schools, and had commentaries written on them for the use of youth. At Erfurt Catzman lectured on them with reputation; so did Mylius at Leipsic.

But to return to the author from whom we have digressed. Another of Geraldini's idylls describes the composition of the Apostles' Creed, according to the legend that each of the Apostles uttered one of its clauses. We must confess that the names of the Apostles are given with sufficient neatness:

'Quartus ab his Jacobus ait, Zebedëia proles:
Ipsum etiam testor Pilato præside passum
Pro nobis tolerasse Crucem, et subiisse sepulcrum.
At Didymus nihil addubitans hæc asserit ultrò:

Solverit ut Patres manes descendet ad imos,
Et rediit cum se lux tertia redidit orbi.
Ex hinc Alphæus confert quæ sensit in unum:
Ad superos penetrans dextræ Patris assidet alti
Omnipotens victor Erebi cum flamine regnat.'

The twelfth eclogue, on the 'Blessed Life,' opens a door to one of those descriptions in which poets of the Renaissance, no less than those of the Middle Ages, have so much delighted:—

'Hic aer, nostrum qui lustrat pendulus axem,
Non varias sumet formas, nunc lucidus et nunc
Turbidus, aut raras tendens in vellera nubes,
Non nive non pluviâ non grandine non gravis æstu,
Non ventis agitatus aget bona nostra per auras.
Nec vel nocte dies vincetur tempore brumæ
Vel nox victa die paucas redigetur in horas:
Non erit autumnus, non ver, non bruma, nec æstas.'

Compare with this one or two similar descriptions of equally unknown poets. Here is part of the 'Aspiration for the celestial country' of James Zevecotius, a Dutch writer, who must have been popular in his own time, since it is a 'new edition' of his poems (Leyden, 1625) from which we quote:—

'Scilicet exilii non sunt mihi gaudia tanti
Quæque patens mundi nil modo mundus habet.
Scilicet infaustis fugiens Babylonis ab undis
Spiritus ad patrias fessus anhelat aquas.
O Patria! O veris felicia regna triumphis!
O Patria! O votis sæpe petita meis!
Quis me sideream superum deducat ad aulam,
Ereptum furiis, naufrage munde, tuis!
O ubi perpetuis pinguntur floribus horti,
Ridet et æternis ver geniale comis;
Quas neque tempus edax, nec iniquæ frigora brumæ,
Nec perimant rigidi tristia flabra Noti!
O ubi nec puras cœnum radiare platæas,
Nec prohibet sanos vivere dira lues.'

It is remarkable, both in the poets of the Renaissance and of the Middle Ages, to find the absence of *mud* so dwelt on as one of the glories of Paradise. The reader will perhaps remember the glorious rhythm of S. Peter Damiani;

'Deest limus: abest fimus;
Lues nulla cernitur.'

And we must remember that the word *lues* is here used in its primitive sense of melting snow, or what would familiarly be called 'slush,' which original sense it again takes in the infamous work of Petronius. It shows the nature of the country in which our bards resided that they should dwell so forcibly on this one characteristic. Let us try one or two more parallel passages; while we do not for a moment pretend that they are

to be compared to mediæval hymns on the same subject, they certainly are not without their own great beauty.

Perhaps superior in their elegance to those of Zevecotius, are the following, from the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo, the origin of Quarles's 'Emblems:'—

'O qui sidereas ducis, fortissime, turmas,
Cui cingunt decies millia mille latus,
Quam tua magnifico radiant prætoria luxu!
Mens stupet, et tantæ languet amore domus.
Nec glacialis hyems tremulo pede pulsat Olympum,
Icta nec hyberna grandine tecta sonant:
Nec pallent viso morituræ sole pruinæ;
Nec stant marmoreo flumina vincta gelu:
Perpetuum ver astra colunt, frigusque caloremque
Inter, Cœlicolæ tempora veris agunt.
O qui sidereas habitas, Rex maxime, sedes,
Quam tua præ terris invidiosa domus!
Stat placidus positis Aquilonum flatibus ether
Servat et eternus longa serena tenor:
Sed neque flammantes liquido lavat æquore currus,
Nec subit occiduas sol fugitivus aquas.
Nec premit astra dies, neque sol fugat æthere stellas;
Nec premitur lassus, nocte fugante, dies
Clara dies, æterna dies, septemplice Phœbi
Fulmineam nostri lampada luce premens.
O qui sidereas habitas, rex maxime, sedes,
Quot tua deliciis affluit illa domus!'

We must not tire our readers by further quotations of a similar kind; or how many beautiful passages there are which we might lay before them! That noble description, for example, in the third book of the Poem of Aonius Palearius, —the same who was afterwards burnt as a heretic,—on the 'Immortality of the Soul;' or the still finer description in the fourth book of the '*De Contemptu Mortis*' of Daniel Heinsius. We must return to our more immediate subject. The Pastorals of John Arnolleti, of Nevers, are, perhaps, some of the best of their kind. Three are on the subject of Faith, Hope, and Charity. There are also others on the Sacraments of the Church: the scenery, drawn from that about Nevers—very pretty it is, as the writer can testify from his personal knowledge: and the whole more nearly approaching one's idea of a Christian Pastoral than perhaps any others. Here is an imitation of that on Baptism:—

'*Colin.* Lucy, that cloud, by evening lull'd to rest,
How softly broods it on its airy nest!
When Morning from her dewy palace came,
And kindled heav'n beneath her steps of flame;
With all the vassals of her gorgeous court
The little wanderer joined in frolic sport,

Now, paler than the tempest-driven snow,
Now, ruddier than the rose's ruddiest glow.
See, how old age hath sprinkled it with grey!
It woos no more the breezes' ruder play:
Though still it lingers on, with pennons furled,
For one more vision of our lovely world;
For ere the morn the traveller must be
A hundred leagues upon the stormy sea.

Lucy. I marvel not that it laments to leave
A thing so beautiful as spring's first eve;
The hazy softness of the twilight sky,
Speck'd here and there with one star's golden eye,
The incense of the village gardens round,
The downs' deep calm, unconscious of a sound,
While faint and fainter evening o'er them fades,
And deep and deeper wax the hollow shades,
And like an Angel's vesper-anthem, swells
The distant music of the village bells.
Look! Evening's star is peeping o'er yon brow;—
Oh, when is earth so like to Heav'n as now!

Colin. Yet Twilight, she whose advent is so fair,
Is all unlike it;—there is no night there!
There shall no clouds in evening beauty burn;
There shall no Morn unlock her silver urn.
Bright land of cloudless skies and fadeless flowers,
And unknown friends,—GOD make thee one day ours!

Lucy. But, Colin, you have scarce yet own'd the praise
Due to my labour these three bright warm days:
Last Autumn's leaves are swept from where they fell,
And rake and broom have done their business well.
And see Spring's first ambassadors, that go
To Winter's palace in the robe of snow,
And by their beauty woo the kind old king
To lay his frowns aside, and call in Spring:
And here are flame-hued crocuses, that dye
Their leaves in all the tints of Morning's sky;
Though fairer still this garden plot had shown,
Might I have called this day's best hours my own.

Colin. And what the magic that, in these bright hours,
Could win my Lucy's absence from her flowers?

Lucy. There was a flower, dear Colin, fairer far
Than these of mine, all lovely though they are;
A little blossom, scarce yet taught to bear
The ruder visitings of stranger air;
And long, long years ago, when evening gloam'd,
With me the mother through the meadows roam'd,
Plucked the full berry from the autumn briar,
Or plied the needle o'er the winter fire.
I knelt beside her there, when o'er our head
The Bishop's consecrated hands were spread:
I stood beside her, when last lovely spring
Her troth she plighted with the holy ring;
Together now the church-ward path we trod,
To dedicate her little one to God.
It was the loveliest sight! Yet tears would rise
Unbidden, and unwished for, to mine eyes.

The quaint and ancient font, wreathed round about
With wreaths of flowers, in cold grey stone carv'd out:
The mother veiled, as is our custom, press'd
Her little treasure closer to her breast;
The good old pastor—and 'twas like him—smiled
A look of fondness on the sleeping child:
His hand was on the book he loves to quote,
The good old book that saints and martyrs wrote;
Then told he what the lov'd Apostle saith,
Whose words were bright for hope, and strong for faith:
Ye hear, he said, of Him, Whose tender breast
Let not the little children go unblest;
Doubt ye not then, but earnestly believe
That He will likewise favourably receive
This present infant,—that He will embrace
Her in His arms, and shield her with His face;
And, when the world's brief scene of change is past,
Will guide her safely to Himself at last.
So may that brow through shame attain renown,
And, figured by the Cross, receive the crown!

Colin. In sooth, I scarcely deem the coldest heart
Would not, in that sweet service, bear its part;
I would I had been there!—Yet not unblest
Was I, reposing on the down's green breast:
With every sight and sound of spring to tell,
The burnish'd chervil, and the hare's blue bell;
The trees, with boughs like clear and glossy lead,
Are putting on their hues of brown and red:
The pheasants' crow from some near valley broke,
The missel-thrush was in the sapling oak,
And in the underwood might just be seen
One sparrow's nest with its four eggs of green.

Lucy. We have bright summer eves, I trust, in store
For pleasant converse,—but to-night no more:
The moonbeams, that a sickly radiance dart
Down the green hill-side, tell us we must part.

Colin. Would they were come! or would the day were here
That night might fall, and we might still be near!
It *will* come *some* day! There's the evening bell!
One good-night kiss, dear Lucy, and farewell.'

This may serve as an example of the poem.

Among those who obtained considerable reputation as a writer of Pastorals, the famous Sannazarius, in his 'Piscatory Eclogues,' stands prominent. In his 'Lycidas and Mycon,' he writes prettily enough of the flowers of the sea, and the ornaments of the caves of the Nereids; but still one is struck all the way through with the feeling that, had these men possessed any real taste for nature, their pastoral attempts would have been different indeed. The shores of Italy, that marvellous Bay of Naples, the wild creeks and ravines of Calabria, might have afforded scenery enough for Pastorals of intense beauty. Instead of this, if one finds three or four pretty lines together, they are followed immediately by all the common-places of

pedantic mythology; and the reason is plain. The writers were, to use the words of Coleridge,—

> 'Poets who have been building up the rhyme
> When they had better far have stretch'd their limbs
> Beside some brook in mossy forest dell
> By sun or moon light, to the influences
> Of sights and sounds and shifting elements
> Surrendering their whole spirit, of their song
> And of their fame forgetful: so their fame
> Should share in nature's immortality,
> A venerable thing; and so their song
> Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
> Be loved like nature. But 'twill not be so.'

In the same way, these dilettante poets were basking in all the luxury of Florence, or Rome, or Naples; were the guests and favourites of Cosmo de Medici, or of Leo X.; and never saw the country at all, except when they mentally cursed the execrable pavement and jolting ruts that conveyed them from one town to another. It has been well said that, if a stranger were to read Portuguese poetry, he would think the Portuguese themselves devotedly attached to the country, and abhorrent of anything like a town. Whereas the fact is that the most pastoral poet of them all would rather have lived in the most wretched collection of houses calling itself a city, than in the loveliest scenery of Minho, or in the wildest gorges of Tras-os Montes.

On the other hand, it is surprising how popular Pastorals have become, when they not only professed to, but did really, imitate nature. The success of Gay's Pastoral, the Shepherd's Week, is a striking proof of this. Incited by Pope to caricature the Pastorals of his rival, Phillips, by a set of compositions which should copy the grossness of country life, and writing with that purpose only, the nature which he threw into his poems made them at once popular; and when he had intended to excite laughter or disgust, he really moved pity and compassion. Intended as it was to be ridiculous, no one, we fancy, has ever read his account of the country-girl's death and funeral sermon,—the exact parody of a funeral sermon of that date,—

> 'He said that heaven would take her soul, no doubt;
> And spoke the hour-glass in her praise quite out—'

without acknowledging that his feelings were interested and touched.

Very different indeed from such compositions were those of the most voluminous writer in this way, the celebrated Boccaccio. He actually wrote sixteen eclogues, which excited the great admiration of the learned men of his own time; of all of which

we can give no more favourable character than does his own Sylvius:—

> 'Sentis, quam stulti Latios cantare putamus
> Pastores calamis perdentes tempora vocum.'

However, not to pass so famous an author without a single quotation, take an example of what he intended, at least, for wit:—

> 'Tu cupis amplexus Sapphus? Nunc sidera lambant
> Quos trahis ipse sues, volitentque per æthera vulpes;
> Grus trahat, ac anser pariter, per rura quadrigas.
> Si memini, tu nuper haras mundare solebas,
> Et scabiem, morsusque canum, seu vulnera veprum,
> Nunc manibus purgare palam, nunc gurgite turpi,
> Unguine nunc vario, succisque potentibus, atque
> Galbaneis fumis, nigrique bituminis offa,
> Viribus ellebori, stillâ male olentis amurcæ.'

And no higher praise, we are afraid, can be given to a poet whose Pastorals possessed equal reputation in their own day, Andrew Naugerius. But towards the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries—when it was no unusual thing for an ecclesiastic who had perhaps received only the first tonsure, to hold half-a-dozen abbeys, five or six archdeaconries, a score of livings, a deanery, a good many canonicates, and perhaps a bishopric or two into the bargain, and notwithstanding all this was deeply in debt—it was quite the fashion to present a well-turned Pastoral, or similar trifle, and to receive in acknowledgment some further little piece of preferment. In those unhappy centuries, the bitter epigram of Owen was true enough:—

> 'An Petrus fuerit Romæ, sub judice lis est:
> Simonem Romæ nemo fuisse negat.'
>
> 'Whether Saint Peter was at Rome,
> Is not as yet made out:
> That Simon there possess'd a home
> No living man can doubt.'

But it is very curious and very edifying to contrast these venal Pastorals, written by hireling ecclesiastics, with the longest Pastoral poem the world ever saw, the '*Prædium Rusticum*' of the Jesuit Vanier. When, in the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, the art of composing Latin poetry was held in the highest estimation, that wonderful Company of Jesus, resolved that its children should claim the highest rank in every branch of science, art, and literature, naturally turned their attention to this also; and wherever among its members a talent for Latin verse was found, there it was cherished and brought before the world with all the advantages the commendation of the Society could give.

The Frenchman Vanier devoted his life to this poem. Utterly valueless as a didactic work,—for who would write precepts for farming in Latin hexameters?—but most valuable as proving that the first Latin poet of his age was a Jesuit, to our ideas it seems strange to find a priest devoting his life to sixteen books, each, perhaps, containing eight hundred lines, on subjects such as these:—How one ought to buy and repair a farm: How to choose servants: Of greater cattle: Of lesser cattle: Of trees: The diseases of trees: The rustic year: Of pot-herbs: Of vines: Of wine: Of fattening fowls: Of doves: Of bees (this fourteenth book is especially dedicated to Cardinal de Fleury): Of ponds: Of live stock. This is a synopsis of the worthy writer's poem: he tells us, in the book on Ponds, which was the first written of all, that, led away by the bad taste of youth, he inserted in it many fables; and had not altogether recovered from this 'anility' when he treated of doves and vines. Some twenty years ago, we remember to have read this poem right through from one end to the other; and it possesses considerable interest even for one who, like the present writer, cares not a straw for the subject on which it treats. There are some very fine passages in it: the gradual advance of autumn, at the beginning of the eighth book; the heroic charity of Bishop Belsunce, in the plague of Marseilles; Easter, as celebrated in the country; the way of discovering water by the divining-rod. Take, as an example, the description of Easter:—

'This is the time when nature's urgent needs
Brook no delay: when branches must be pruned,
Fields clamour for their seed. For holy Church
(Though now she celebrate her forty days)
This toil forbids not. Some she calls to fast:
You to redoubled toil; for toil was once
The punishment of sin. But when at length
The forty days in Easter melt away,
Then cast off earthly cares; then, then the soul
Must, mindful of the country whence she came,
Claim all the holy season to herself.
Till not the field,—rank weeds spring up: permit
The autumn orchard to remain unpruned,—
And small the increase of the vernal hour.
So must the heart be tilled; so every vice
Eradicated; so must toil and pains
Foster implanted virtue. Else the blood
Of that great Sacrifice was shed in vain,
And hell will take the souls so dearly bought
(What price were greater?) by the death of God.
Yes: keep your plighted faith, your faith once pledged,
To be His own for ever. This poor world
Is not your lasting home: for them that strive,
And toil, and conquer, there remains a crown

Eternal, incorruptible: a crown
Which Christ then won, what time He burst the bars
That shut the sons of Adam out of heaven,
And promised, as their meed who nobly fight,
The many mansions of His Father's house.
Amidst that happy number we one day
Shall worship. Meanwhile this poor life we lead,
Expectant of a better: country toils
Again invite our hands: the tools, hung up
In Easter rest, must bravely be resumed.
Thank God for all things; while in exile here,
He gives thee cares, with hope to solace now,
And an eternal bliss to guerdon then.'

There is an earnestness in this poetry which sets it far above the Damons and Phyllises of our pastoral friends. Of course, in such a subject as the farm-yard, there must be much that is prosaic and tedious in the highest degree: and Vanier often labours under the same difficulty that beset Dyer in his Fleece, and Grainger in his Sugar-cane,—the choice between speaking of every-day occurrences in the every-day language of prose, or, to use the expression, employing a falsetto, and working them up into grandiloquence. So poor Grainger, in his first edition, being compelled to speak of the devastation of rats and mice, began a paragraph thus:

'Now, Muse, let's sing of mice.'

But some friend having objected to the expression as low, it was altered into,

'Now, Muse, let's sing of *rats*.'

And now, most absurdly of all, it stands:

'Nor with less harm the whisker'd vermin race
(A countless clan) devour the lowland cane.'

And so Vanier often found a difficulty in determining whether he should call rats 'rats,' or the 'whiskered vermin race.' We might extend our notices of Pastoral Poets almost indefinitely. Among them we might name Erasmus, who describes love with all the common-places of pipes, crooks, and kids; Vida, Bishop of Cremona, whose 'Poetics' and whose 'Chess' have been more than once translated into English, and whose 'Silkworms' and 'Christiad' well deserve to be so; but whose three Eclogues are on a par with those of his fellows. Then, too, we have Pomponius Gauricus, whose tedious compositions are ended by this portentous line—and yet the man was a scholar too:—

'Ursorumque, canumque, importunorumque luporum:'

which how he scanned we should like to know. Then there was the learned Joachim Camararius, better employed in writing his Life of Melancthon and his Commentary on the

New Testament, than his *Dirœ* and his *Querela*; and a host of inferior pastoralists, John Rainerius, Hannibal Cruceius, and George Sabinus, a friend of Luther and Melancthon: then, again, we have Cynthius Giraldus, Philip Girineti, and him who but for his immoralities would have been one of the brightest lights of modern Latin verse, John Secundus. But we will not inflict a list of their Pastorals on the reader. When we look back and see what wretched trash were then the poems which professed to describe the country, and compare them with the power of description with which a truer study of nature has invested the present age, it is indeed being liberated from the closeness of a medicated apartment to the freshness and wildness of a heath. The time has been when a not ignoble author, Burnett, the writer of the 'Theory of the Earth,' asserting that, at its first creation, it was perfectly flat, made use of the argument, that it could not have been consistent with the beneficence of a merciful Creator to deform it with those ugly excrescences called mountains.

It were unfair to close a sketch of the Pastoral poets of the Renaissance without alluding to our own true Pastoral poets. We do not mean Pope, nor Phillips, nor Gay, nor Thomas Warton, but Browne, and Wither, and Herrick. Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals' (if our readers are not acquainted with them), notwithstanding his occasional affectations, are the best of all similar poems. What a pretty country computation of time, for example, is this:—

> 'So soon as can a martin from our town
> Fly to the river underneath the down,
> And back return with morter in her bill,
> Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
> The shepherd came.'

The poem was never finished; but what remains of it will fascinate those who are fond of studying the country life of the time of Charles I.

And now we have done. Our readers, warned as they were at the commencement of the barrenness of our subject, could not expect to be introduced to any rich vein of literary wealth. If we have laid before them one or two curious facts, and made them acquainted with one or two names that are not altogether deserving of oblivion, we shall be satisfied.

ART. III.—1. *The Colonial Church Chronicle, from January to December,* 1858. London: Rivingtons.

2. *The Mission Field, from January to December,* 1858. *A Monthly Record of the Proceedings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Home and Abroad.* London: Bell and Daldy.

THE increase of the Episcopate, in connexion with the Anglican Church in the foreign dependencies and colonies of Britain, is, confessedly, the most marvellous and cheering event in the history of the Church of England in its Reformed state; and it will form no undistinguished chapter in the history of the Universal Church since the Day of Pentecost. Leaving Ireland out of the question, where alone, unfortunately, during the period we are about to pass under review, the tide has ebbed—it is to be trusted, only for a little while—in every other land where either the British Church has pitched a daughter tabernacle, or has churches in communion and alliance with herself, she has been 'lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes.' The movement has been onward still and onward, till she bids fair to have her mission stations encircling the habitable globe, and her missionary bishops in every corner of the earth where are to be found those who owe allegiance to the crown of Britain, or who claim a common descent and heritage with ourselves. Nay, she is beginning to send forth her offshoots into lands altogether without the pale of English colonization and dominion. And as the Primitive Church did not confine herself within the limits of the Roman, so neither does the English confine herself to the far more vast and extensive boundaries of the British Empire. And is not this she whom they had sometime in derision, and a proverb of reproach? She who has borne so long—for nigh 300 years—the reproach of her barrenness and her widowhood? May we not with reverence adopt the words which we know were spoken in their fulness of the whole Gentile Church, and apply them, in a lower sense and according to her measure, to the English Church: 'The bows of the mighty men 'are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength. 'The barren hath borne seven, and she that hath many children 'is waxed feeble'? And again, 'We have a little sister, and 'she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day 'that she shall be spoken for? If she be a wall, we will build 'upon her a palace of silver; and if she be a door, we will enclose

'her with boards of cedar.' 'Thine heart shall fear and be 'enlarged.' She feared first, and now she is being enlarged. She shrank back, and hesitated, as it were, to step forth beyond the narrow bounds of these islands in the far West—her original sea-girt home, until now God Himself has seemed to release her, and God Himself is enlarging her boundaries to embrace the earth.

To proceed to the detail of facts. We are in a position to prove that if the numbers of what we must, for want of a more comprehensive and expressive term, denominate the Anglican Episcopate, should go on increasing for the next forty years, in only the same ratio which they have done for the last forty, our own spiritual fathers would actually outnumber the 318 bishops who assembled at the first Council of Nicæa—perhaps the best as well as the greatest of all the general councils of the Church. In the year 1818, we compute the number of bishops who had been consecrated according to the English ritual at forty-one—namely, twenty-seven for England and Wales and the Isle of Man; five for Scotland; six for the United States of America; and three for our foreign dependencies—or, one for Nova Scotia, one for Quebec, and one for Calcutta, the only Colonial Sees then in existence.

In the year 1858, we find these numbers swelled to 114 bishops presiding over the same territory which their predecessors were able to do very little more than nominally superintend. Of these 114, thirty, including two bishops retired, are in England and Wales; seven in Scotland; forty, including those retired, in the Colonies; and thirty-seven in the United States. Thus it will be seen that, in 1858, the number is within nine of trebling what it was in 1818; and that in forty years more—or, in 1898, if no check be experienced in the meantime—we may anticipate that our present numbers will be again increased threefold; and if so, will amount to 342 bishops, or twenty-four more than composed the Church's everlasting symbol, her κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ, the Creed of Nicæa. Further, we might have augmented the number 114 by three, had we included the two suspended American bishops, and the late missionary bishop to Constantinople, Bishop Southgate.

Altogether wonderful and unprecedented since the apostolic age as this trebling of our Episcopate within forty years has been, there is no present apparent reason to suppose that the anticipation of a similar rate of increase for the next forty years will not be justified by forthcoming events, but indeed quite the contrary.

Judging by the last half of the forty years which have now expired, we should rather calculate that the multiplication of the

Episcopate will proceed in an increased, instead of a diminished ratio, for the future.

The knowledge of first principles upon this important subject is more widely diffused and better appreciated. Battles which have been hardly fought, and victories which have been long and severely contested, will either not require to be fought again, or, if fought, victory will be sooner in declaring itself on the side of truth. The adversaries of what is simply the legitimate extension of the Church's apostolic system, whether the opposition arise from within or without the Church's pale, will not easily recover ground which they were compelled to surrender, when circumstances seemed far more favourable for them than now they are, or are ever likely to be again. Prejudices which have been uptorn by the force and power of practical success will not easily strike so deep root again. Barriers which had been raised by the ignorance and neglect of ages will not require a second overthrow perhaps for generations to come. We seem indeed to be hearing now the last faint, feeble cries of opposition which are raised, *in principles so called*, to the Church's doing her Master's work in that Master's own appointed way. And this very cry of opposition upon principle, if so indeed it may be called, is raised on grounds which are at once inconsistent with themselves, with Holy Scripture, with primitive practice, with the history of eighteen centuries of Christianity, and with part of the actual proceedings of the very men themselves who have been instrumental in raising the clamour. We allude, of course, to the declaration recently issued by the Church Missionary Society against missionary bishops for India. We will only add of this declaration, that it appears to us singularly mistimed.

It would seem indeed as if there were one only thing which could at all check this onward movement, or mar those glorious vistas of the future, which appear to be more and more opening out to the view, of one branch of the Universal Church; and that one obstacle would be the conduct of the bishops themselves—if any considerable portion of them should ever be led to be lacking in sympathy with the very principles which, under Providence, have placed them in the position that they occupy, or, still worse, should set themselves actively to oppose those principles, we might then indeed fear that a fatal check would be experienced, a cloud dim the fairest prospects, and a fatal canker eat to the very root of that Tree of God which now bids fair to stretch her healthful shade over many a heathen land, so that the birds who soar aloft to the heavenly kingdom should come and lodge in the branches of it. But this is far too painful a subject to dwell upon. Let us turn rather to the contemplation of the glorious idea, that in another forty years, perhaps in less,

the Anglican Church may be able to assemble, from every quarter of the world, a council of her own spiritual fathers, as numerous, or even outnumbering, those who assembled to represent the whole Catholic Church at Nicæa.

One great result of the facts which we have stated is, to render the English Church at home more alive to the real position in which she stands towards her dependent or daughter Churches. With God's Church on earth it must ever be that an awakening to her position and her responsibilities must lead, as of necessary consequence, to a recognition of her shortcomings, and must give her reason to lament that her great mission should have been fulfilled so slothfully and so negligently; that so many steps should require to be retraced, so much have been left unattempted which both ought to have been undertaken, and, if undertaken, might have been accomplished: and, saddest of all, that the golden tide of opportunity, which occurred again and again perchance in her lethargy, should have passed, never, humanly speaking, to return again. Every one who is familiar with the history of the Colonial Church is only too well aware, that innumerable such opportunities have been apparently irretrievably lost.

We propose upon the present occasion to pass under review some of the chief obstacles which have hitherto impeded the spread of the Gospel as preached by missionaries of the English Church; why it is that comparatively so little fruit has rewarded their labours; and why, that while we have been told year after year that the 'fields were white unto the harvest,' so few sheaves should have been gathered in, or rather such scanty ears have been gleaned, and that the labourers should still be so deplorably few.

One thought alone in connexion with a single department of the 'Field of the World,' should be sufficient to move us to a due appreciation of the real, actual state of things. Suppose that it had pleased God that the result of the mutiny and rebellion in India had been the exact opposite of what they have been, and the English had been swept from their possessions from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. If so, the same mighty flood would have swept away for ever every trace and relic of the civil and religious institutions of the hated alien race; and of course, with the rest, the three bishops who preside over the great Presidencies of Bombay, Madras, and Bengal must have fled or been exterminated. What, under such circumstances, must have been the inevitable result? Take the most favourable possible view; and granting that a native Church had survived the general wreck in one or two remote spots—such as Tinnevelly, for instance—we must acknowledge that it could but have languished through some years of a sickly exotic existence,

and then, at the death of the last surviving Christian priests, would have been extinguished the few faint embers of light which were all the evidence to show that, for an entire century, one of the mightiest Christian empires of the world had held uncontrolled and unquestioned sway over that vast peninsula.

It is an easy thing to say, 'These things ought not so to be.' It is not so easy to suggest and adopt appropriate and adequate remedies. Nevertheless, nothing can be more interesting and profitable as a subject of inquiry, than to endeavour to ascertain what spiritual appliances we may have at hand, which would prove likely to bring about the desired and desirable effect of a real improvement.

For the purposes which we have at present in view, we may advantageously divide this inquiry into the two following branches:—

First: Our domestic organization for awakening interest in, and promoting and encouraging sympathy with, the cause of Missions on the part of Christians at home.

Secondly: The nature of our actual aggressive operations for the conversion of the heathen abroad.

At present we will discuss the first of these—our home organization of district and parochial associations, with all the rest of the machinery which is brought to bear upon the country at large, and by which the necessary funds are raised for carrying on the work of evangelization.

In the first instance, let us contrast the state of affairs, in a pecuniary point of view, as it is, with what it ought to be.

We hold it as an axiomatic truth, that every really sincere member of Christ's Church *ought* to take a hearty interest in the Church's missionary work. He ought to feel and realize his position as a member of an essentially and inherently aggressive society—a society which must, by the very nature of its original constitution, wage an unceasing strife with the might of Heathendom and Infidelity. More than this: we are of the number of those who believe that, if this duty were once fairly brought home to all honest members of the Church, they would readily recognise it, and speedily act upon it. They would account it a privilege to further the great work, not only by their prayers, but by contributing alms more or less abundant, each in proportion to his means. Now, in a 'Summary Account of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,' we find it stated, that not more than two thousand five hundred parishes, or only about one in five of the eleven or twelve thousand parishes of England and Wales, have as yet recognised their duty, as well to the heathen as to their own countrymen, who are going forth in exhaustless streams from

among themselves to the colonies—so far, at least, as this recognition consists in constituting a Parochial Association, in connexion with the venerable Society. If, however, to these two thousand five hundred parishes we should add another two thousand five hundred, for the number possessing associations in connexion with the Church Missionary Society, this will give us a total of five thousand parishes; leaving nearly seven thousand to be accounted for, or considerably less than one-half of the entire number.

These seven thousand, so far as we can ascertain by the tests which we have applied, are seen to have entirely failed in the performance of a great Christian duty. But let us adopt another test, viz. that of income.

We shall find that, in round numbers, the incomes of the two great Church Societies may be said to amount to £200,000 per annum. To many this will seem a large sum; and so, undoubtedly, it is, if viewed in an isolated, positive light. But if it be considered—as, indeed, it ought to be—relatively to the enormous amount of wealth represented by professed members of the English Church, it cannot be looked upon otherwise than as paltry in the extreme, and miserably inadequate to meet the ever-increasing demands which are made upon these two Societies. Two hundred thousand pounds is just half the reputed annual income of a single peer. And, leaving other classes of the community out of the question, let us take the landed aristocracy alone,—a class who are, almost without exception, Churchmen—and we shall find it a well-known fact, that there are thousands of peers or commoners whose incomes range from £10,000 to £200,000 per annum, or even higher; that is, from a tenth, to the entire sum devoted by the Church in England to her foreign missions.

It is true that the sum of £200,000 per annum does not quite represent the entire amount contributed by Churchmen for the support and extension of their Church's foreign operations. There is the Colonial Bishoprics' Fund to be taken into consideration; also the amount subscribed and paid in abroad to the corresponding Committees of the two Societies must not be forgotten. They are usually disbursed in the district where they are collected, without being accounted for in the capital fund at home. The exact amount of all these and similar extra contributions, it is of course quite impossible accurately to estimate. Still, the aggregate cannot be very great; and, as a set-off, it must be recollected it is applied chiefly to remedy the spiritual destitution of our own emigrants and colonists, and that a very large portion of the £100,000 which we have set down for the income of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, is swallowed

up by the same urgent want. So that we may safely conclude that, taking every penny into consideration, not more but less than £200,000 are spent in the *direct* work of evangelizing the heathen.

Assuming it then as granted, that such a sum is altogether inadequate to meet the more and more urgently pressing calls which are almost daily made upon the Church's energies, to reap the world's harvest, and to enter in effectually at the doors which are being opened before her in her onward march, as she seeks to gather all nations, and people, and tribes, and languages into the one fold of the one Shepherd—we may also assume that there must be a cause, and, if a cause, also a remedy. And we are inclined to believe that neither the one nor the other lies very deep. We are inclined to think that both are to be discovered in a fuller recognition of the fact, that our duty to the heathen, and the obligation which really rests upon us of taking an interest in and contributing towards the great work of their conversion, have never yet been brought home adequately, as they might have been, to the hearts and the consciences of each individual Churchman. It ought to be a principle, as it were, bound up in the inmost heart of all true living branches of Christ's Church, that they should each be Missionary Churches; that to hand on that sacred torch of heavenly fire which themselves have received, is not only their bounden duty, but *should be* a part of their very constitution and primary organization. We might accumulate a mass of evidence to show how this great idea has been again and again recognised in the history of the Church of all ages. S. Paul seems plainly to allude to it in 2 Cor. x. 15, 16, 'Having hope, when your faith is increased, 'that we shall be *enlarged by you according to our rule* abundantly, 'to preach the Gospel in the *regions beyond you*.' He speaks of 'his rule,' of acting 'according to his rule,' as though it were an established principle with him, that as soon as he had firmly settled the foundations of a Church in any one spot, as at Corinth, he should make it a kind of head-quarters, from whence to direct his operations against the heathenism of the, as yet, benighted countries round about.

To borrow a metaphor from earthly strategy, Jerusalem was the original primary base of operations for the soldiers of the Cross. In a short period it was advanced to Samaria, then to Antioch,—which may be almost considered the mother-church of Gentile Christendom—Antioch, which sent forth missionaries by a solemn act of commendation and benediction, preceded by special fast and prayers. The more we look into these things, the more clearly shall we discern how *systematically* the Apostolic Church went to work in this matter. The early Church never would

have converted the Roman world, had her aggressive policy against the might of established Paganism been confined to desultory, unsystematic, individual efforts, however noble, and self-denying, and zealous in themselves. Again, when Syria and Eastern Asia Minor had been somewhat leavened with the truth, observe how S. Paul fixes upon Ephesus for the seat of a new Christian capital. From thence he issued forth for the conquest of Western Asia Minor and the Ionian Isles. Departing, he left S. Timothy to have a kind of general superintendence over these regions: for a metropolitan Timothy undoubtedly was, and not simply Bishop of the city of Ephesus. Lastly, when S. Paul passed over by divine direction into Europe, how did he, with that eagle glance which the world admires in an Alexander, when he fixed upon the site of the city which bears his name, a seat of future empire, pass rapidly onward until he established himself at Corinth, the wealthiest and most populous city of Greece, standing on an isthmus which was the key of two continents. And then resting there for a while in bodily presence, his spirit's eye traversed the wide regions of the almost fabulous West, even as far as Spain, or perhaps beyond to the British Isles; planning, as we have seen, how, when the Corinthians should be converted, to make of them a Missionary Church to carry the Gospel into the regions beyond them.

To come down to later times, it would be an interesting subject to trace the operations of the Church in the Middle Age, following apostolic precedent, in carrying out the same great principle. How, when Ireland and Scotland had been previously converted, the disciples of S. Patrick and S. Columba sent forth the Aidans and the Pirans, and countless others who converted the northern and western parts of England: and how, when England herself was converted, the Anglo-Saxon Church gave her noble-hearted Boniface, with his companions, for the conversion of Western Europe. Then again, as showing us that this great apostolic principle has not become effete by the long lapse of 1800 years, there have been few things related with respect to Missions more cheering than the account in the November number for 1858 of the 'Mission Field,' of a missionary meeting in Tinnevelly—a meeting conducted by recently converted heathens themselves, and in which natives were the only speakers, with the exception of a few introductory remarks by the superintending missionary. It is even still more gratifying to observe the line which they seem spontaneously to have adopted, catching up, as it were, the mantle of primitive tradition, and themselves selecting one particular field of labour, as the spot on which to bestow their energies to reclaim it from Satan's empire, and add it to the Kingdom of Light. We will quote a passage or two

from the 'Mission Field' in the account given of this significant event: it occurs, as we said, in the November number for 1858:—

'The following narrative, communicated by the Rev. Dr. Caldwell, will be read with equal surprise and interest. While very general ignorance, or, at all events, very scanty and imperfect information, exists as to the effect of Christian Missions in India, a most competent eye-witness comes forward to show that his own native converts are taking active measures to spread the faith which they have received, among their heathen neighbours. The movement which Dr. Caldwell records is in every way a most remarkable one. He describes a public meeting of 600 native Hindoos, assembled for the purpose of organizing a Missionary Association; and conducting their business with an order and decorum, and expressing their sentiments with a force and fervour, that might serve as a pattern to our own Parochial Associations.'

Then follows a description of the meeting, in Dr. Caldwell's own words:—

'The district of Edeyenkoody'—the one under his own superintendence, and that in which the meeting was held—'may be divided into two portions of unequal extent, and unequal in Christian progress. The portion which lies to the east of the Nâttâr river is by far the smaller of the two, but churches and schools abound in it, and Christianity has made encouraging progress in it; whilst the country to the west of the river, though much more extensive, is still almost entirely heathen. The Christians belonging to the eastern part of the district have not been wholly unmindful of their duty towards their heathen brethren in the west; but it seemed desirable to set on foot some system of effort which would bid fair to produce larger results. Accordingly I recommended the congregations in the east to combine together, and form themselves into a regularly organized Society for spreading the Gospel in the west. The people generally entered into the plan with commendable zeal, and appointed a native committee (one-third of the members to be native teachers, and two-thirds to be private members of the congregations) to carry it into effect. It was desirable that the work of the Society should be commenced by a public meeting, for the purpose of interesting the people at large in the plan, and also to collect the necessary funds; but before the meeting was held, the *álosânei sangam*, "the council of deliberation," or committee, assembled twice to arrange preliminaries and lay down rules.

'One object I had in view was to initiate the people into the art of transacting their own affairs themselves, and therefore I was very careful in those meetings of committee to content myself with the least possible amount of guidance. A native committee was an unheard-of novelty amongst them; and yet I must say that the sensible suggestions which were made by many of the members, the intelligence and patience with which rules were discussed and moulded into shape, and the unselfish missionary feeling which they evinced, would have done credit to a committee of Englishmen. It was agreed that the Society should be called the *Edeyenkoody Society for the Propagation of the Gospel;* that the missionary should be *ex officio* president and treasurer, and gnâpragâsam (catechist), the secretary; that the Society should undertake to support the four native catechists now employed in the west, and meet the various expenses connected with the five small congregations already established there, besides employing additional teachers and itinerants, as opportunity offered; and that whilst the spiritual oversight of the congregations belonged, as before, to the missionary, it was the part and duty of the Society, not only to

manage all pecuniary affairs, but also to interest itself in the work, and to procure all necessary information about its progress.'

One of the resolutions adopted might possibly supply a useful hint to committees in high places. It was as follows:—

'That every fortnight two members of the committee, one of whom shall be a catechist, and one a "layman," accompanied, if possible, by a member of the Society who is not a committee-man, shall pay a visit, at their own expense, to the scene of the Society's labours in the west, and shall there spend at least four days in going from village to village, conversing with heathens and Christians, and endeavouring to further the objects of the Society. After their return they shall relate to the committee what they have done and seen.'

The organization of the committee was followed by the grand inaugural meeting of 600 persons from every part of the district. It was opened by prayer and the singing of a Tamil hymn, 'Go forth, thou mighty word of God.' With the exception of a few introductory and explanatory remarks from Dr. Caldwell, the whole of the speeches were made by native converted Hindoos. Every speech is worthy attentive perusal; and some of them, notwithstanding the loss they must have suffered by translation into a foreign language, are, even in their English dress, specimens of natural eloquence: and more than anything, they seem to point to the possession of administrative talent, and of a power of self-organization, and of combination for useful purposes, in a quarter where very few Europeans would ever have thought of looking for such qualities. Evidently, these gifts are possessed by other races besides the Anglo-Saxon; and may yet, through the Divine mercy, play no unimportant part in promoting the diffusion of Christianity amongst the teeming populations of the East.

It is, however, of the greatest importance that we should not allow a few isolated instances of success here and there to blind us to what we must call, to speak plainly, the failure of missionary efforts in modern times, looking at them as one grand connected whole. A whole they have been only by an abstraction of the mind so accounting them. The true reason of their failure has been that they have not been a real practical whole, as an effort of the Church herself.

We must feel that desultory, uncombined, unauthoritative efforts have hitherto only most signally failed, so far as any great success in evangelizing the heathen is concerned, so far as any national movement towards Christianity is to be discerned. We have only gleaned a few ears whilst the countless sheaves, white unto the harvest, have been and still are left unreaped; whilst the Mission stations still remain but as oases hemmed in by the barren and dry land where no water is, that waste howling wilderness which, if God's word is to be believed, shall yet abound

with springs and floods of living water, and which shall yet 'rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

What then we wish to do is to seek a remedy for all this. And if we would have the remedy an effectual one, if we would go to the root of the matter, we must begin with the Church at home. We must ascertain if there be not some way of effectually rousing the spiritual life of England's Church, which in its awakening should carry all before it with an irresistible impulse; and which in its mighty energizing should speedily operate with incalculable effect upon her spiritual work and her spiritual workmen abroad.

And to accomplish this, we would suggest a means for bringing this special subject so prominently before the eyes of every earnest true-hearted son and daughter of our spiritual mother, that henceforward there would be no fear of the duty being ignored, or the obligation forgotten or misunderstood. But it has never yet come home to Churchmen generally, they have never yet recognised it as a principle, that it would indeed be well in every way were direct intercessory prayer for missions and missionaries to form an acknowledged part of their daily devotions, a recognised fact as it were of their daily spiritual life.

The means which we would suggest have been long systematized, and regularly acted upon in the Church of Rome. And their power has been felt and acknowledged by one at least of the Nonconforming bodies amongst ourselves. To state the *principle* of what we mean as succinctly as we can, we conceive it to be the forming of an association for this great purpose which shall not be *external* to the Church's inner and deeper life, as such a body as even the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel both is and must of necessity ever remain; but an association partaking in and flowing from the Church's own spiritual being,—an association as widely spread as the Church herself, ramifying through all her branches, and embracing every individual member of her fold; thus, as it were, making a missionary of every one already within, and employing him as an instrument to promote the conversion of every one as yet without the pale, and whom it is sought to bring in.

To give persons an interest in anything, it is absolutely necessary to give them *work* to do, to assign to them a certain recognised status, however humble, or seemingly unimportant in itself, to show them that such work as they, the mass of Christians, can do, is not only valuable in itself, but that it is actually felt and valued. And to show how this may be practicably accomplished is our object in bringing forward the details of the plan which we are about to unfold. Let us, however, to obviate the possibility of any misunderstanding, state

distinctly at the outset, that what we shall propose is not designed to interfere, neither indeed could it possibly interfere, with any previously existing machinery of missions: rather, it is designed to be supplementary and auxiliary to all, to take a position which they do not and cannot hold, to occupy ground which, by the nature of the organization of existing societies, it is impossible for them to cultivate.

In the first place, then, we would suggest that in every diocese throughout England an association should be formed with the sanction of the bishop, which might be called, for instance, the Canterbury, or the London, or the Oxford Diocesan Association, or Fraternity of Missions. These names are merely suggested. Any others which would express the object of the association might be adopted at the pleasure of the members—the title given being of very slight importance; all that would be necessary being some denomination which would express the avowed object of the society. Of this association the bishop of the diocese would become the natural head, and might be styled its rector or president.

The rural deans might be invited to become its subordinate officers, and might be called vicars, or vice-presidents, unless, indeed, it should be considered desirable to reserve the latter office for the archdeacons. Next would come the ordinary members, and these would be divided into two classes—clerical and lay, each class having its own distinctive appointed duties in connexion with the association. And to show how such an association would be carried on, we would suggest that some such rules as the following might be adopted for its practical working.

1. That every member of the fraternity, whether lay or clerical, should add daily to his private devotions some petition, however short, invoking a blessing upon the Church's missionary work, and interceding for the conversion of the heathen world. For this purpose, perhaps nothing better could be suggested than the use of the third of the collects for Good Friday. 'O 'merciful God, who hast made all men, and hatest nothing that 'thou hast made, nor wouldest the death of a sinner, but rather 'that he should be converted and live; have mercy upon all 'Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, and take from them all 'ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of thy word; and so 'fetch them home, blessed Lord, to thy flock, that they may be 'saved among the remnant of the true Israelites, and be made 'one fold, under one shepherd, Jesus Christ, our Lord, who 'liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, 'world without end.' We might enlarge upon the singular beauty and appropriateness of this collect, venerable for its

antiquity, as substantially the same with prayers in use throughout the entire Western Church. Let us observe, too, how beautifully it makes mention first of the Jew, 'the elder brother,' then of the Turk, comprehending all the followers of the false prophet Mahomet, and then of Infidels, meaning all heathens and idolaters, and unbelievers of every description.

What indeed might we not speedily dare to anticipate, if every member of England's Church, whether at home or abroad, were to unite in making use of this prayer as a recognised portion of their daily intercessory devotions?

2. A second rule which might be advantageously adopted by every member of the association, being the head of a family, would be to add some special petition, for a blessing upon missions, to his family devotions, at least once in the day. This might be done by using the collect for Good Friday, already mentioned; or the first of the Good Friday collects would be a not inappropriate one. 'Almighty God, we beseech thee 'graciously to behold this thy family, for which our Lord Jesus 'Christ was contented to be betrayed into the hands of wicked 'men, and to suffer death upon the cross, who now liveth and 'reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world 'without end. Amen.' By 'this thy family,' is of course to be understood, God's whole family of the countless sons of Adam —God's family by creation, and also his family through Christ's redemption of it, according to the saying, that 'He tasted death for every man.' Or, instead of these collects, any of the forms which are to be found in almost all books of family prayers might be used, such as 'Suckling's Evening Office:' 'Remember, O God, thy holy Church throughout the world, 'specially all bishops, priests, and deacons, all such as are 'labouring for the conversion of the heathen, and those that be in 'error, as well all who are attempting any good work which may 'bring glory to thy name, or some good to the Church.' The important point is of course not the particular form, but that, whatever the form be, it should be used as an intercession of the whole united family every day.

Thus would the use of these collects and prayers, in the course of family and private devotion, besides their direct effect upon the object of intercession, bind each individual member of the association to every other member, in a fraternity or brotherhood, by an invisible yet most powerful and holy bond of true charity.

It would be the bond of mutual interest and co-operation in promoting the most noble and glorious object which can possibly engage the mind and faculties, the thought and aspirations, the glowing enthusiasm, and the intensest love of the soul

of man—even the advancement of God's kingdom upon earth, the diffusion of heavenly life and light, and happiness and peace, until 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth even as the waters cover the sea,' until the dominion of Christ shall be 'from one sea to the other, and from the flood even unto the world's end.' Nothing, perhaps, forms so firm and intense a bond of love as union for the promotion of some common object of virtue and piety and godliness. Nothing so tends to make men forget the minor differences which estrange them as this; for the mutual love which they all bear to the common object of their love seems to draw each side of the chasm which divides them, and on each side of which they have taken their standpoint, nearer and nearer, until they find themselves, as it were, insensibly, they know not how, upon common ground; and all their opposition ends in a firm, and loving, and enduring embrace.

But to unite all the separate units, and individual members or families of each association of missions, in the one great family of their common mother the Church, some further rules will be required. These rules might be somewhat as follow—

3. That every member being a priest should, if possible, celebrate the Holy Communion, and every member not being a priest should, if possible, be present at the celebration of the Holy Communion, and partake of the blessed Sacrament, on some such day as each diocesan association should determine to set apart for the purpose. It would, of course, be desirable that all the diocesan fraternities should endeavour to fix upon the same day for such anniversary for special celebration. If, however, this were found inconvenient, or very difficult in practice, it need not be considered by any means as indispensably requisite to the success of the scheme.

Proceeding, however, at present, upon the assumption that one anniversary could be selected for this object for the whole English Church, it would be well that some day should be chosen which would naturally direct the thoughts to the conversion of the heathen. Such day might be the Epiphany, or the Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles, for instance; or another appropriate day would be the Feast of S. Paul, because he was the great Apostle of the Gentiles; or the Festival of All Saints, because that day is a kind of type and earnest of the great in-gathering of the world's harvest, both of Jews and Gentiles, into God's heavenly garner. It is the Christian counterpart of the great Jewish festival, which was called indifferently the Feast of Tabernacles, or the Feast of the In-gathering of all the Fruits of the Earth—being held in the month of October. It points us to the full accomplishment of

that which S. John beheld in vision—'the gathering together of 'that multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and 'kindreds, and people, and tongues, which shall stand before the 'throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and 'palms in their hands.'

Under the head of the last general rule would be implied, that each priest who celebrated the Holy Communion should do so with a special intention of offering up intercession to God by pleading the most precious and all-prevailing sacrifice of the death of Christ, for the speedy conversion of the heathen world; and that each communicant should keep the same object steadily in view in his or her own private devotions at the Blessed Sacrament. The Offertory would be, upon all such occasions, of course devoted to the furtherance of some strictly missionary work —the particular object to be left to the discretion of the minister and his parishioners; but still so that the rector and vicars of each diocesan association should have the power of *recommending* the object of such general Offertory throughout the diocese.

It is considered that these rules might form the basis or groundwork of such an association as the one which we are recommending; and they are surely so simple in themselves, and so easy to be complied with, that it would scarcely be possible for them even to become burdensome. Perhaps, however, to meet the case of such priests or laymen as are in the habit of saying or frequenting the daily prayers of the Church, and who might object to adding anything else, however brief a petition to the private daily devotions which they use already, it might be considered advisable to leave it optional with them to omit the Good Friday collect; provided, however, it were understood to be their rule instead, to make mental use of certain portions of the Daily Office as *their* special private intercessions on behalf of Missions. These portions might be such as the clause in the 'Prayer for all Sorts and Conditions of Men,'—that God would be 'pleased to make his ways known unto them, his saving health unto all nations;' or, upon Litany days, the petition, 'That it may please Thee to have mercy upon all men;' or when the Psalm 'Deus misereatur' is said at evensong, the two first verses, 'God be merciful unto us and bless us, and 'show us the light of his countenance, and be merciful unto us. 'That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health 'among all nations;' or again, simply the two petitions of the Lord's Prayer, 'Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.'

4. A fourth rule, which would better take the form of a recommendation than of a binding obligation, might be, that each priest being a member of the association, and in charge of a

parish, should preach a sermon annually, with the view of impressing upon the minds of his parishioners generally, the nature of their duties and obligations to the heathen, setting before them at the same time the privilege as well as the duty of contributing according to their means towards the support of Missions. The preacher might upon such an occasion take an opportunity of explaining the nature and constitution, together with the rules of the fraternity, of Missions; though indeed it is probable that such explanation would be more effectually afforded at the periods of pastoral visits, and in the course of private conversations with people at their own homes.

And here we cannot help pausing for a moment, to invite attention to what would be a wonderful collateral advantage, resulting from the introduction of any such association of missions, as that which we are now advocating, in a parish—an advantage which, though indirect, would be just as real as that union in intercessory prayer which would be the *direct* object in view. This advantage would be the opening, which it would afford to any clergyman desirous of making use of it, for more unrestrained communications upon religious and spiritual subjects than he has at present with the members of his flock. What is it that almost all earnest-minded clergy now complain of as their greatest trouble, and the greatest drawback to their ministrations?

Is it not their deplorable isolation for the most part from those who have been committed to their charge, and of whom they will be required to render so solemn an account? But now, at the present time, especially among the higher and middle classes of society, are not subjects of a religious character, particularly those bearing upon *personal* religion, all but unapproached and unapproachable ground? Are not such direct religious topics as bear upon any actual practical work, of prayer for instance, or meditation, what we may call tabooed in what is styled good society? And this not only when laymen are by themselves, but for the most part, even when laity and clergy are met together. These are melancholy facts, which good men of all parties bewail and deplore. The more earnest among the laity seem inclined to throw the blame entirely upon the clergy, for shrinking from introducing such subjects, out of the pulpit, in the intercourse of social life. The clergy, on the other hand, are ready to say—and it must be confessed with a good deal of reason—that this is not altogether just; that they are not entirely in fault. Because, most frequently, when they do try to introduce or promote a healthier tone of conversation than the mere utterly frivolous general talk of the world, they are met either with coldness and reserve, and indifference; or else they and

their people have so little in common, so very few points of contact mutually interesting to both, that conversation upon higher matters, even if commenced, but too often sadly flags for want of matter to sustain it: the flame which is perhaps occasionally enkindled dies out for want of fuel to nourish it.

Now, would not the establishment of an offshoot of one of these missionary fraternities, the outline of which we have sketched, afford in any parish just that common, easily accessible ground, which is desired for the commencement of spiritual intercourse, such as might ultimately ripen into the warmest spiritual relations between the pastor and the individual members of his flock? There would in the first instance be the necessity of explaining its objects, and getting people to take an interest in them and in the proceedings of such a society; of showing them how needful is the co-operation of the faithful laity of all classes and all ranks. And, then after a parishioner had been once enrolled a member, there would be a perennial source of interest, arising from topics connected in one way or other with the fraternity. There would be the feeling, on the part of the laity, that their help and co-operation was really sought after by their priest, and that it was really both valuable in itself and valued by him. Again, there would be the annual gathering at God's altar of priest and people, rich and poor, old and young, to realize, as it were with an intense feeling and appreciation of unity, the great common object of their intercessions—the advancement of the kingdom of their common Lord.

And would not the scheme we are suggesting fill up the gap, and supply the want which seems to be almost universally *felt*, and is beginning to be very generally *acknowledged*, in the English Church, that we do not give the laity anything *to do?* It has surely borne the great test of experience, that practical union for good works of any kind, in any society, does help people to realize better their union in God's Church, and to fulfil more effectively their mutual relationships in the communion of saints, as being members one of another. And the reason why such societies have ever proved anything but beneficial, or have degenerated into a schism, or a quasi-schism, has been simply because they have sought their bond of union, and the pledges by which each member is bound to every other in something either distinct from, or else opposed to, the Church's system. Let us suppose, for the sake of an example, that John Wesley, instead of making attendance at the weekly class-meeting, and reception of the quarterly ticket from the hands of the itinerant preachers, the test of membership with his society, had prescribed the reception of the Blessed Sacrament in Church at

quarterly meetings, is it unreasonable to think that the present position of the Wesleyan Methodist body would have been widely different from what it is? Instead of being the prolific parent of successive sects, each one more hostile to the Church than the preceding sect from which they spring, in proportion as the remembrance of the old Wesleyan traditions grows fainter, and itself drifting almost yearly into an apparently hopeless and irretrievable schism, would it not have gravitated more and more towards the Church, until its members would have been all true and earnest Churchmen, with some particular rites, and practices, or observances of their own, which would in no way have interfered with the Church's renewed vitality, but would rather have advanced it, and been nourished by it? The Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, we repeat, might have been made the Wesleyan bond of union, and other things have been much as they were; and then all would have been well.

Unhappily, another test, of which the Church knows nothing, was imposed—that of the class-meeting; and now every parish priest knows, by sad experience, if he have Wesleyans in his parish, that the charge might be easily substantiated against them of having made the commandment of God of none effect, that they might keep their own tradition. It is a melancholy fact, but it is only too true, that if our Lord's dying command—'Do this in remembrance of Me'—should, as is often the case in practice, come into collision with John Wesley's precept, enjoining regular attendance at the class-meeting, with at least nine Wesleyans out of ten, the former precept would be made to give way to the latter.

To return to the consideration of the rules of our projected association of missions. It would be desirable that every member should subscribe for, and read, or hear read, some periodical, giving reports of missionary progress, and affording information respecting it. And when it is recollected that the 'Gospel Missionary,' a very interesting and prettily illustrated monthly periodical, is published under the superintendence of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the small sum of one halfpenny, and that periodicals, equally cheap, are, we believe, put forth by the Church Missionary Society, it is anticipated that even the poorest would find no difficulty in complying with such a rule. It would not, of course, be necessary, that in a family where there were several members of an association of missions, more than one should subscribe for a periodical.

It would be very desirable that in every diocese there should be for the proposed diocesan associations, one or more secretaries appointed. It would be their office to register the names

of all the clergy within the diocese, who approved of the objects of the association, and were desirous of becoming members of it, and introducing it among their parishioners. Under the name of each incumbent, or of each parish rather, might be registered the number of the members of the association in that parish. It would be the part of each parish priest to procure a book, and register the names of such of his parishioners as became, from time to time, members of the fraternity, or union, for the support of the Missions, or by whatever other designation it might be agreed to call the association. But the aggregate numbers need be all that would require to be recorded by the diocesan secretaries. Another part of the duty of these secretaries would be to keep up a correspondence with the parish priests, informing them of any general meetings of the association which it might be thought desirable to hold; conveying intimation of the object or objects which the rector and vicars had determined upon to recommend for the general Offertory, on such anniversary as should be agreed upon; receiving such reports of the progress of parochial branch associations as any parish priest might be disposed to communicate for the information and encouragement of their brethren; and occasionally, perhaps, sending round a circular-letter, giving an account of any peculiarly cheering event, or very pressing want, in connexion with our foreign or colonial Churches. Thus would opportunity be afforded of, from time to time, effectually stimulating the sympathy and liberality of the faithful, and directing their flow into useful and legitimate channels. In fact, it would be very difficult, if not impossible, to particularize all the ways in which a whole diocese, and the aggregate of dioceses which go to make up the English Church, might be effectually stirred up, by the use of the Church's own machinery, to set forth God's glory and set forward the salvation of all men; urging onward the consummation of that joyful time when all the kingdoms of this world shall have 'become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.' We will only specify one more species of this *internal* work. Through the secretary's communicating with the parish priests, it would at any time be perfectly easy to secure the united intercession of a whole diocese, or of many dioceses, for any special object for which it might be desired. Such might be the establishment of a mission in a country where there had been none before; or the foundation of a new colonial diocese; or bishops or other missionaries going out to commence their labours; or missionaries or infant churches exposed to peculiar trials and dangers, such as was the Delhi Mission and others during the recent Indian rebellion—in fact, a thousand things which practice and expe-

rience only would fully indicate. But in a measure dependent upon and correlative to this internal work of the diocesan mission secretaries, would be their work *external* to the diocese. This would consist, in part, in maintaining a correspondence with other diocesan associations through their respective secretaries at home. Abroad, they would correspond with missionaries, receiving from them reports of their progress, of their hopes and fears, their encouragements and their discouragements, for the edification of the Church at home; and again communicating the knowledge of the intercessions and sympathies of the mother Church at home to those her daughter churches abroad. A constant mutual intercourse of this nature, whether by epistles or by the voice of living messengers, would appear to have been universal in primitive and apostolic times. We shall find the writings of S. Paul perfectly studded with the traces and indications of it, and even of direct reference to it. For the apostles themselves did not think it any derogation from their high dignity thus to rehearse in the ears of the mother Church at Jerusalem which 'tarried at home,' how they of her household, her spiritual princes and warriors, 'divided' for her enlargement the 'spoils' of the Gentiles.

And just as S. Paul appeared to be especially desirous of interesting the Roman Church in his projected missionary journey into Spain, that he might be refreshed by their sympathy, and brought on his way thither by them, so might each settled diocese single out some one or more struggling missionary dioceses for the peculiar exercise of its Christian love and sympathy—the rich and strong diocese furnishing all things necessary to support the poor and weak. Nay, might we not suggest a still further expansion of our scheme, and say there are some rich single parishes in England, such as S. George's, Hanover-square, and S. James', Westminster, which might, almost without feeling the burden, undertake each to support one or more colonial or missionary dioceses, including the maintenance of a missionary bishop, and a staff of missionary clergy? And why should not this be done? We shall hope yet to behold such a plan, or something similar, accomplished. A further advantage which we are convinced would result from the adoption of the plan which we advocate—and which, though a collateral one, would not be inferior to any of the others, but in some respects, perhaps, surpass them all—would be a constant and ready supply of suitable and zealous labourers for every department of work in the missionary vineyard. We should not behold any longer the melancholy spectacle of the same advertisement appearing, week after week and month after month, begging for some one to come forward and volunteer for

God's service in India, or China, or Ceylon, or Borneo; and all sorts of worldly inducements held out to influence men, in despair, as it would seem, of their being attracted by *love* alone to Christ and souls. And why is this? Not because suitable qualifications are not to be found in abundance, especially among our younger clergy; not because there is not much love to Christ and yearning over souls amongst them. There is all this; and a vast amount of energy and burning zeal, and even of enthusiasm, besides. But the cause is to be traced to that which we showed at the outset to be the true reason of the absence of anything like adequate pecuniary contributions. That is, the cause of Missions is not brought home to people as it might and ought to be. Listlessness, and apathy, and inactivity, want of appreciation of the magnitude of the interests involved, and the dignity of the interests concerned, seem to prevail, in consequence, almost everywhere. But how great a difference would speedily be recognised, if the system we propose were inaugurated. The cries for aid from heathen lands would penetrate many a noble Christian heart. Men filled with the purest flame of Christian love would hesitate no longer about the call being made personally to *them*. They would be like S. Paul at Troas, when he beheld the man of Macedonia appealing *personally* to *him*,—'Come over into Macedonia, and help us.' England's Church would glory and rejoice in giving the very choicest of her young men to strive for a crown but little, if any, less honourable than the martyr's—the crown which shall be the prize of the successful missionary: while she herself would be abundantly watered in return by the dew and showers of God's blessing, and would be replenished with the golden sunshine o His grace. A double portion of the Spirit would rest upon her, calling many of her sons and daughters to give of their substance and their energies for the conversion of the heathen—men and women who desire only to spend and be spent for Christ, and who believe that there is nothing so high or so noble as to give up all for God's service and glory.

Let us very briefly sum up the advantages which would result from a general adoption of our schemes, which are both negative and positive.

Negatively, it would not interfere with any existing machinery; but would in truth greatly promote the efficiency of any which does exist. Those clergy who now collect the alms of their parishioners, to forward them to the Church Societies, would still continue to do so; only that they would, in all probability, find far more liberal and abundant contributions, arising from the greatly increased interest which would be taken in everything connected with Missions.

Positively, it would have its great direct effect in instituting a general system of intercessory prayer for the conversion of the world to the worship of the true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent. It would show how, actually and practically, it would be possible to carry into effect that advice which is so constantly pressed upon us at missionary meetings, and in missionary publications, exhorting us to pray for the conversion of the heathen, but which, it is to be feared, seldom takes effect, except in promoting for a little time, while the advice is fresh, a few desultory, aimless prayers: and all for want of some effectually systematic method with which people could become acquainted, and through which they could satisfactorily comply with the exhortations which they have heard, and by which they are doubtless often stirred up. Finally, it would so direct the attention of good and earnest Churchmen of all classes to the cause of Missions, and so excite and promote sympathy with it, that the most crying want of all would be in a fair way of being supplied,—the want of men, men earnest-minded, and self-denying, and holy. And though probably, in reference to the greatness of the harvest, our Lord's words—'the labourers are few'—are intended to apply to all time, yet, viewed in reference to the dearth which once existed, it might be truly said,—'the labourers are many.' And surely 'their reward is with them, and their work before them.'

ART. IV.—*Life of Mary Anne SchimmelPenninck.* London: Longmans and Co.

THERE are few points in which we differ more, one from another, than in the impressions left on us by the period of childhood. Persons associate without any apparent intellectual disparity, some of whom may not retain other than a dim visionary impression of existence before the age of eight or ten, who are only conscious of thinking and acting for themselves subsequently to that period—all the previous time a succession of dissolving views, dreamy scenes without beginning or end; glimpses of pain or pleasure, snatches of thought or feeling, connected with a few names, a few persons, a few childish interests; but all vague, misty, and hardly connected with the present existence:—while others may regard the same period, from their earliest consciousness, with a clear, vivid retrospection, with a sense of reality which no after phase of life equals, as being full of *first* impressions and new knowledge. They look back on the dawning, one by one, of new ideas, on the distinct consciousness, for the first time, of certain faculties, on the acquisition of definite facts, and the working of infant reason and judgment upon them; on the introduction to society as a new influence beyond the social circle. They recall the gradations in learning, from the nursery and drawing-room to the austerer school-room, with its professional teachers; they recollect the first glimpse of public affairs: they know the sensations when first sublime and religious ideas stirred the heart; when the teaching of conscience first woke within them: they have not forgotten the first sin, the first repentance, the first confession. They can revive the image of things and persons as they were, can conjure up when they please faces now faded, young, fresh, and habited in extinct fashions: they can renew the sensations of minute size and infantine proportions, before the foot stood firm or the limbs were practised in their work: they know how it feels to be lifted in air, and borne in strong protecting arms; what it is to nestle in a lap, to climb a knee, to sit triumphant on a shoulder: they can recall the relish of baby jests, the music and mysterious suggestions of infant rhymes, the swelling absorbing enchantment of the opening world of romance, with its fairies, giants, dwarfs, and ogres; and again the wonder and awe of graver learning, the first facts of history, the first idea of a far receding past, the first sense of citizenship, the first books which set the thoughts in those channels in which they have

flowed to this day. Those are to be envied who can trace thus far up to the hidden well-spring of being, whether their advantage lies in circumstances or in natural organization, for both commonly go to the formation of a memory acutely alive to early impressions; and a faithful record of these impressions must always form a valuable addition to the common experience, and, rightly used, throw a light on the most important period of education, the first training of the heart and intellect.

Just such a record does the volume before us furnish. The peculiar circumstances of Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's childhood, the varied interests in which she was engaged, the union of early mental culture with leisure and seclusion enough for the exercise of thought, and the happy constitution of her own mind for profiting by these intellectual advantages, all combined to produce a remarkable fulness and intelligence of memory, observation, and analysis long before these faculties are brought into play with children of more ordinary information and habits, and have resulted in an autobiography of her childhood and early youth, which must, we think, be read with general interest and profit, both as the history of a remarkable mind, and as a picture of once influential society now forgotten. Not, of course, that anything so very exceptional as the circumstances of her childhood can be useful as a direct example, even on those points where we must approve the intention. With many children, such early forcing of the faculties and the judgment would have ended in the shipwreck of both; but the union of strength with docility, and the natural weight and seriousness of her interests, rendered her a fit subject for them. Early gravity did not end in mature frivolity, as we sometimes see, because it was the real bent of her mind: what she once received was assimilated into her system never to be changed or cast aside, so that when she came to record her youthful history, she could view it with the same eyes, trace it with the same feelings, which saw and actuated her at the time, and this constitutes its value. Her life was a whole, always true to itself and with no sudden dislocations to destroy the current of sympathy of one period with another. Naturally candid, and a lover of justice, her course (though we must wish it had brought her to a more complete conformity with what we hold to be the truth) was not one to betray her into perversions and suppressions for the sake of system or party: a real benefit is never disowned because the benefactor would offend her own subsequent convictions or startle others' prejudices. Once grateful she is always grateful; a spiritual truth was such a reality to her, and once received so incorporated into head and heart, that she could not conceive harm or risk in recording from whom she received it,

nor acknowledge its nature changed, its value deteriorated, by after fuller enlightenment. The characteristic of her self-history is honest truthfulness. We doubt if it is possible for persons to write of their early days without tincturing them with the interpretations and conclusions of maturer thought; but nothing of this sort is intentional: we have the rare and refreshing sensation, in reading a religious biography, of—in a full sense—believing what we read. We detect nothing as said with an unavowed covert ulterior purpose. She wishes to record her personal history, so far as it influenced the training of her soul and its gradual reception of Gospel truth. She has no fear of man before her eyes in the task; what she thinks, she writes fervently and well: not what she supposes she *ought* to think, or what she imagines would serve the interest of religion, but the actual experiences of life and thought. She may be mistaken, but she is never cowardly or false to her innermost conviction. She has faith in the truth, as it is the fashion to say, without gloss or comment. We are left therefore with real facts and real opinions to judge from—realities on which the reason may work, and form its own conclusions.

Most of our readers, if not acquainted with Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck's 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal,' which excited considerable attention some thirty years ago, have probably been attracted recently by her very inharmonious and unpronounceable name in the lists of new books, and already are aware of her connexion, by birth and education, with the leading Quaker families, and hereditary heads of that denomination: that her mother was a Barclay, that this lady and her husband, Mr. Galton, while nominal 'Friends,' were, through their wealth and intellect, prominent members of a distinguished circle of *literati* and scientific men, men of genius, who exercised great influence in their own day, and formed a sort of centre of liberalism; a circle to which intellect was the only passport, and where religious or irreligious distinctions were wholly disregarded. Into this circle their daughter Mary Anne was admitted, a young, observant, silent child, imbibing impressions from the leading spirits of their day, at an age when most children are confined to the nursery. It is this—her early familiarity with differences, and her early respect, deep and sincere, for many whom she knew to differ on what she already felt to be important points—from which arises one distinctive feature of this volume, the absence of denunciation and bitterness; of direct protest of every sort. It is the mildest, gentlest, most apologetic of religious biographies. We miss sternness, terrors, and thunders, whether orthodox or fanatical. In the abstract, there perhaps is not enough of dogmatism; but as its subject is a woman, one of the sex who

must teach by example rather than by formal precept, we do not quarrel with the deficiency, and are able to go along with her much further in consequence; and, moreover, natural piety precluded the tone; for who can denounce the teachers who have first taught the knowledge of God, who have first led the heart to the perception of noble ideas? and here her mother taught her out of Dr. Priestley's catechism; and the truths she learnt through this strange medium were abiding ones. Dr. Priestley was an honoured guest at her father's house, and she had thus an opportunity of testing his teaching by the effect upon his own manner and bearing, and even upon the expression of his countenance. From her earliest years she was a physiognomist; and learnt (we cannot tell with what justice) to trust her own conclusions. She unconsciously looked for some visible fruit from any spiritual knowledge, an indication of the mind satisfied and profiting by its faith; mere intellectual activity, the expression of search and investigation, however complacently pursued, did not fulfil her ideal; even in childhood she felt a want; she thought she saw it fulfilled in the philosopher whom all looked up to.

'I can never forget the impression produced on me by the serene expression of his countenance. He, indeed, seemed present with God by recollection, and with man by cheerfulness. I well remember that in the assembly of these distinguished men, amongst whom Mr. Boulton, by his noble manners, his fine countenance (which much resembled that of Louis XIV.), and princely munificence, stood pre-eminently as the great Mecænas, even as a child, I used to feel when Dr. Priestley entered after him, that the glory of the one was terrestrial, that of the other celestial; and utterly far as I am removed from a belief of the sufficiency of Dr. Priestley's theological creed, I cannot but here record this evidence of the eternal power of any portion of truth held in vitality. I believe that no Divine truth can truly dwell in any heart without an external testimony in manner, bearing, and appearance, that must reach the witness within the heart of the beholder, and bear an unmistakeable though silent evidence to the eternal principle from which it emanates.'—Pp. 31, 32.

Her mother must have been a very remarkable woman. It is not easy to form an idea of her from the conflicting testimony of her daughter's enthusiastic reverence and admiration, and certain facts which come out in the sequel: yet it is certain she was one formed to have influence, and to excite strong sentiments of esteem and respect. We see a sort of 'Friendly' Minerva, so strangely do the practices of her sect, her heathen sympathies, and stoical philosophy combine. Her mind was highly cultivated; she was a Latin scholar, and deeply read in her own and foreign literature. She shone in society, had a fine taste, and was fortunate in a person to set off these distinctions: everything she did and said was with intention, and had weight; she stood in a sort of setting, and was clearly

accustomed to be regarded as something separate and choice, exempt from the pettiness, the frivolity, and the humiliations of mere ordinary humanity. After the lapse of sixty years or more, her daughter fondly dwells on her perfections, and the impression they produced.

'Amidst all the rank and fashion of the people who then frequented the Pump Room, my mother's appearance was ever singled out as eminently striking; few entered that room without asking who she was. Her figure and deportment were majestic and yet simple; in the expression of her countenance were both strength and delicacy; her complexion was exquisitely beautiful, forming a charming adornment to the strength of her chiselled features, and a colouring perfectly suited to her French grey satin pelisse with mother-of-pearl buttons, the lining of which, as well as her ample muff, was of Angora goats' fur.'—P. 77.

'My mother, whose word was like that of a queen to all within her circle, and to whom I had ever looked as to a tower of strength.'—P. 143.

Contrasting father and mother, she writes :—

'It is curious to me, after the long lapse of years, to look back to the difference of the mental streams I received from my father and my mother. My mother's conversation spoke forth the fortitude, brilliance, and beauty of her soul. It breathed self-devotion, generosity, and sacrifices for her friends. With the most entrancing eloquence, she told of calamities bravely borne, self-sacrifices nobly achieved, or sufferings in the midst of which the soul rejoiced for those it rescued. My father, on the other hand, in the recital of the same chances, loved to detail all the ingenuity of intellectual resource by which they might be mitigated or averted, the presence of mind, or science, or ingenious evasion, by which they might be turned aside. Thus, whilst my mother awakened the heart by generous feeling, the instructions of my father continually pointed out the means of service either to others or oneself. The one was great, the other useful.'—Pp. 53, 54.

'The unalterably firm but kind and wise government of my mother! whose voice was always sweet, clear, and equable, firm and deepening in solemnity like the diapason of an organ, or bright and refreshing with cheerfulness. For the twenty-eight years I lived at home, I never—in voice, look, or gesture—saw in her the slightest expression of temper. This I say, not as a mode of speaking, but as an actual reality. Her orders were precise, definite, always bearing on essential points, and wholly free from worry or petty detail; her reproofs were grave and austere, yet mingled with sweetness, and never bestowed but on known and wilful transgression. Prompt and instant obedience she enforced, or rather it was always willingly given.'—P. 63.

'I honoured the greatness I myself had not, and I gloried in her noble truth whilst I often quailed before the force of her character.'—P. 102.

'Before my mother came down for the evening, I was often struck by the whole conversation being frivolous, sentimental, and full of flattery; I was no less struck by the change which immediately took place when she appeared. As the door opened, it seemed as if the whole party rose into a more elevated region, and the tone of conversation, just now so poor and despicable, became animated and refreshing, really answering the purposes of social intercourse. I also observed that every one of the actors in the little scene appeared to experience the same relief as myself, and to enjoy being raised, from the low spot each had before occupied, into higher ground, where they all seemed to breathe more freely and stand more erectly.'—P. 145.

However coloured all this may be, it raises a really imposing image, and we can understand the power such a character must have had over a susceptible and enthusiastic mind. Intercourse between parents and children was not then on the familiar footing of our own time, and probably it was one of Mrs. Galton's peculiar gifts to make all the world keep their distance; but the kind of state in which the child saw her mother at the periodical season in which she was admitted to her presence, enhanced the effect of her example and the force of her teaching. There was this adaptation in the character of mother and daughter, that it was the habit of the one to instruct by formal precepts, and that the mind of the other was peculiarly open to this mode of instruction; a terse saying took tenacious hold of her memory, and found a home at once in her reason and heart. She was eminently teachable, and disposed to put everything she learnt at once into practice; and every principle which actuated her subsequent course, she traces back either to its direct inculcation by forcible words or more forcible example. She says of herself that as a child she lived intensely in the present: the strong influences to which she was exposed, the vigorous minds to whose conversation she was admitted, the force of the energies around her, would all tend to this; and having strength of mind enough not to be daunted or bewildered by the atmosphere of intellect in which she lived, as many a child would be, she breathed freely in it: the realities of science and morals took early hold, and left no room for that dreamland which more than divides with fact the inner mind of ordinary childhood. This living in the present was one of the fundamental points of both parents' teaching. She speaks of

'A very favourite, and I think important, principle which my intellectual father and my dear mother were equally fond of inculcating on all their children: this was to be deeply earnest in whatever we did, and, whether it were great or little, to give our whole mind and being to it. My parents both inculcated this principle on all who came within their sphere, but on very different grounds. "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my mother; "for it is a part of practical truth and integrity; whatever you seek to do, *really* do, and what you profess, really fulfil." "Give your whole mind to what you are about," said my father, "whether in play or study, for there is no pursuit, even in childhood, so trivial, but that numbers of useful things may be made to cluster around it. On very little pegs may be made to hang an infinite variety of useful things."'—Pp. 134, 135.

It is to this habit of giving the whole mind to what at the moment engaged it, to which she attributes her memory; and we see clearly that, according to the amount and degree in which the intellect works, must be the impression made by its working If we do not see things vividly at the time with a concentration

of the powers, we cannot hope to retain a clear impression. Into a mind thus impressible and retentive, her mother's teaching fell with living force, from the first inculcation of the idea of a God, when, in answer to her question where the sun and moon came from, with great solemnity, and after some hours of preparation,

'She took me upstairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which from that time I as distinctly remember as though I now saw everything in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question;—that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve everything I should hereafter feel, or think, or do;—that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy. She then spoke to me of God.'—P. 3.

And she went on to inculcate the duty of prayer. Again, she habituated her child to *confession* at stated times:—

'There are two things for which I am more especially indebted to my dear mother, amongst the innumerable benefits I received from her. One is, that she always took the season of our Sunday talkings, in which I poured out my mind to her as in the presence of God, or as a Catholic to his confessor, to tell me of my faults; and that she represented her doing so as a mark of her especial love and confidence, and of her full assurance that it was my first wish to do well and improve.'—P. 24.

The other principle, which we subjoin, was one which our subject took as her rule through life. However excellent, it is capable of a one-sided development, and we do not doubt issued in some eccentricities; though unfortunately for the complete view of a character, and consequent profit from our study of it, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's faults and peculiarities—such as humanity must be subject to, which are implied by herself in many a passing confession, and which are admitted by her tender, loving biographer—are reverently withheld from our knowledge. However, it sounds a safe rule, and is one of the best, rightly applied:

'The second thing my mother taught me, and which indeed is connected with the same principle, is to value things at what they *are*, and not at what they *seem*. It had pleased God, by His blessing on the industry of my grandfather and father, that I was brought up in the midst of wealth and of everything which pertained to what was really useful, either to the physical or intellectual life; but whilst this was the case, there was not one single thing, either in the furniture of our house or the appurtenances of its inmates, which was for show or for fashion; there was a use for everything, and we were taught to despise that which was not useful. No one saw at Barr the least difference made on account of rank, or riches, or fashion, though often, I am sorry to add, they might on account of intellect. Our table, dress, and equipages were precisely the same when we sat down to dinner a family party of fourteen, as when we had ten or twenty guests —with the simple difference of the necessary additional quantity. The table at breakfast, dinner, and supper was always beautifully adorned with

flowers, as were our sitting-rooms. My mother was always handsomely and exactly dressed, and she expected the same from all her family. She said we should *be* and not *seem;* we should do things to make home beautiful and cheerful to those who live there, more even than for others who may be occasional visitors; though they equally demand our respect and attention.'—Pp. 25, 26.

This all looks very wise, but we suspect requires a large fortune to carry out; for to entertain our friends, even with the moderation Mrs. Galton practised, would imply to most of us a good deal of management and some meagre days. Gala days are made for people whose rule must be a straitened economy. It is very well for those who always live in luxury to make no extra preparation for their guests. Nor can we reconcile this philosophic restriction to necessaries with the fact that once comes out, that Mr. and Mrs. Galton travelled with their own four horses and two out-riders. However, as far as we can judge from the memoir, our only guide, Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck was free from the faults belonging to a love of show and pretension, and was more independent than most people of the world's estimate. There is simplicity in her tone on all such matters; and she attributes the serenity with which she endured subsequent reverses, to her mother's teaching and example. In addition to the morals of the New Testament, in which the little girl was instructed on Sundays, she was indoctrinated with the love of heathen virtues and an emulation to rival the endurance and moderation of Stoics and Spartans. She is grateful here again to her mother's stern lessons on the endurance of pain, even though carried to a preposterous excess on more than one occasion, when as a little child she bade her walk slowly the length of a room, her hand wrapped in burning cotton, by which a scar was left for years; and, again, refusing to listen to the poor sickly girl's complaints on being condemned by the doctor for eight or ten years to the discipline of an iron apparatus which cramped and subdued all her movements, and rendered the free careless action of youth impossible. Keenly alive to whatever was great in action, and eager in her reception of all knowledge, she records some amusing examples of infantine pedantry, characteristic at least of the reality of her acceptance of all teaching as a thing to be put in practice.

'I well remember one day when George Bott, the Friends' dentist, came to examine my teeth. I agreed to have my front teeth drawn before my mother came in from her walk, that I might puzzle her as to my classification, as I should want the four teeth in the upper jaw, the distinctive mark of the Primates. I sat still and had them all out, that it might be over when she arrived. George Bott said I was "the best little girl he had ever seen;" and took from his pocket a paper of comfits as my reward. But I drew up, and said, "Do you think Regulus, and Epictetus, and Seneca would take a reward for bearing pain; or the little Spartan

boys?" He laughed heartily; and, my mother just then coming in, he said, "Thy little girl is too much of a philosopher to be rewarded for bearing pain, but still I hope she is enough of a child to like these comfits, as a mark of love and kindness;" to which I acceded with great delight.'—Pp. 5, 6.

'Sandford and Merton' was written by one of this same philosophic set. The little Mary Anne was an ardent admirer and imitator of Harry, even to the seizing a live snake in her hand at her mother's bidding. She abhorred fox-hunting squires, and prayed that one of her neighbours might be thrown into a quagmire near, where he would get no harm, but have time to reflect. Her mother's creed on the subject of finery, and the tone of the philosophic story, exactly accorded, and Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck drank in contempt for fine clothes, which, to judge from her portrait, must have lasted her life: for her uncommonly intelligent comfortable elderly face is surrounded by a modification of a Quaker's cap, curiously neutralized by a *cross* worn on her bosom—the whole symbolizing the amiable eclectism of her course. Of that religion of which this Cross was the symbol, her childhood heard nothing, unless we except such allusions as the following, where at Oscott, in Miss Berrington's boudoir, she sees a picture:—

'On one occasion when Miss Lunn happened to come into the room, she pointed to the picture of Joan of Arc on her charger: "Voilà la femme forte," she said. "Yes," replied Miss Berrington, quietly pointing to the cross in the picture above, "and there was the source from which she drew." How earnestly did I wish to have these enigmatical words explained! I saw, by the reverent change which passed over Miss Lunn's countenance, that some deep meaning was thereby intended; I knew not what, but deeply did I ponder these things in my heart.'—P. 177.

She calls the period of her childhood the lowest ebb of Quakerism.

'With many, religion was a mere bundle of strict outward observances and peculiarities; with others, who lived in the love of God, it was indeed a living, but mystic consecration; but both these parties alike were ignorant of many of the leading principles of divine truth.'—P. 61.

And of her mother she writes:—

'She had also taught me, that the true object of life was to aim at being perfect, even as, or because, He is perfect; but there her instructions left me. My dearest mother, excellent and high-minded as she was, had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now term the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of free inquiry was open to all; and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God. She had never been thrown in common life; she seemed to live in a charmed atmosphere, where every one paid her glad homage as to a superior being; and, in truth, she had never experienced anything of the rubs and collisions, the tug of war, in the battle-field of life.'—P. 99.

It is good for no one to live in a charmed atmosphere, nor for any woman to have a husband 'who,' as she expresses it, 'con-

siders all her singularities as perfection;' and the astounding fall which the story discloses from all this magnanimity and excellence, must be owing to this life of spoiling—to this uninterrupted exercise of her own will, without dispute or question. The effect, upon those who have always been used to their own way, of any interruption to this state of things answers to the shock of an earthquake: the foundation of things seems failing, Nature herself giving way; and especially may this be the case where the homage has been that of reverence for the judgment, and where an equable consistency of conduct has matured self-esteem into a principle. We have, it is true, to form our judgment from the statement of one party, though that party is not Mrs. SchimmelPenninck, but her biographer. Yet an absolute final rejection of a child who earnestly and humbly perseveres in seeking a reconciliation, whatever the original offence, implies an obduracy revolting to all our feelings. After Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's marriage, some difference in the disposition of her *own* property inherited from her grandfather, in which, to the end of her life, she believed herself in the right, was so resented by father and mother—and here the mother was the ruling spirit—that, to the end of their days, they never saw again their devoted daughter, whose part we are the more inclined to take, because there is no word in her autobiography inconsistent with the most loving affection towards either of her parents; nor would she ever allow them to be blamed in her presence by those who resented the treatment she had received, and saw the deep and permanent sorrow it caused. This was characteristically shown by her constant practice of wearing mourning from November—the month her mother died, unreconciled to her daughter—to Christmastide, when she felt the universal joy ought not to be obscured by private regrets. The form of Quakerism grafted upon Stoicism, and personified by a woman, is, after all, not an agreeable image, and some curious results may be expected from it. The old grandfather Barclay, at Dudson, is a far pleasanter portrait, and, no doubt, exercised a salutary influence on the thoughtful child, over-excited, in mind and body, by the perpetual stir of intellect at her father's house, and in a state to appreciate the repose which reigned under his directions. He made a good use of a large fortune, and could indulge his benevolence, not only in mitigating the sorrows of men, but in making animals happy.

'It used to be a delight to me, when, standing near my grandfather in a rustic fishing-house at the farthest end of a pool, he applied to his lips a little silver whistle (such as now, sixty-six years after, I wear in remembrance of him), and immediately the surface of the lake seemed instinct with life. Water-fowl, of all descriptions, rose from their coverts, and

hurried towards us: the heavy Muscovy ducks, sheldrakes, Burrow ducks from the Severn, sea-gulls, Canada and Cape and tall Peruvian geese, and the little moor-hen and teal, half-sailing, half-flying, with six majestic swans, all drew near to be fed. How well do I remember my grandfather then saying to me, "Thou canst not do much good, and canst feed but a very few animals; yet how pleasant it is to do even that! God, the Father of all, opens his hand, and all his creatures on the face of the wide earth are filled with good. How blessed is He!"'—P. 41.

He taught her the habits of his favourites, which she spiritualizes in her notice of them; and she, the most grateful of scholars, thus records her acknowledgments:—

'My grandfather only told me the facts of natural history; but I have thought, in long after years, that he had a deeper meaning, whilst he waited till the word and Spirit of God might itself explain the living truth to my heart; and oh! how often have I blessed him for it!'—Pp. 42, 43.

In spite of her openness to impressions, she early felt something in her opposed to the religious system in which she was born, so far as she could be said to be born to any.

'My grandfather's household was a strictly Friendly one, and there were some about him very anxious to train me in the habits of Friends. One of these persons sometimes said to me: "See how beautiful are the sober and unobtrusive colours of the linnet, the dove, and the redbreast! I hope thou wilt imitate them in thy attire." I would answer: "But art thou not glad, though, that it pleased God not to create grandpapa's peacocks and golden pheasants on Friends' principles?"'—Pp. 45, 46.

She was particularly impressible through symbolism: her mind from the first eagerly caught at spiritual meanings in things, and welcomed every sign which spoke some hidden truth—a habit for which Quakerism supplied no food. We attribute to an early chance awakening of this instinct, her subsequent choice of a denomination. When Moravianism was presented to her acceptance, at the close of a long period of doubt and religious perplexity, it had already a home in her fancy. At seven or eight years old, she went to Tenby with her parents:—

'Of the rest of the journey I recollect little, excepting that one evening at sunset, I rather think near the beautiful woods of Lord Dynevor's park at Llandilo, at the moment when the glowing tints were lighting up the dark trees, solemn and sweet sounds borne on the air reached us: as they drew nearer, there passed a simple funeral procession, preceded by some wind instruments, with which voices sweetly blended. The procession was habited in white, and the coffin covered with a white pall, on which were affixed, in large characters, a few Scripture texts. I remember these amongst them: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

'My mother told me that this was a Moravian funeral, and that the Moravians were persons who love God and love each other as brothers and sisters; that they call dying "going home," and give thanks, and sing praises, and rejoice with those who depart. I was much impressed

by the whole thing, though little did I imagine that, in after years, God's mercy would bring me into intimate relationship with those very people.' —P. 51.

As far as we can judge, her home was a really liberal one, with no affinity to that pseudo-liberalism of the present day, which compensates for unbounded licence in one direction of thought by the bitterest intolerance in another. At any rate, we are not let into any of Mr. or Mrs. Galton's antipathies, and certainly their child was indoctrinated with none of them. Amongst the incongruous circle at Barr (her father's residence near Birmingham), mixing, on easy terms, with Friends, Unitarians, Materialists, Infidels, represented by such men as Priestley, Day, Edgeworth, Lord Monboddo, and Dr. Darwin, the Rev. Joseph Berrington, of Oscott, occupied an important place. We must give her description, as an illustration of the state of religious parties in the last quarter of the past century :—

'Such are some of my recollections of the Lunar meetings. It was at one of them, at the house of Dr. Priestley, that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, as it happened, was the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. I never shall forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me, when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time, on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince amongst his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned Mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul..... He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely that some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome. Amongst these I should especially mention Bishop Berrington, cousin to our Mr. Berrington; Dr. Bew, an eminent doctor of the Sorbonne; Miss Henrietta Berrington,

who often stayed months with her brother and months with us, and became one of our most intimate friends; likewise Miss Lunn, afterwards Mrs. Neve.'—Pp. 36, 37.

We do not find much mention of members, or at least of clergy, of our own Church in this set; nor do we find that it was ever presented to her in any near association, in a way to touch her sympathies; but we have the following anecdote characteristic of the time :—

'Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with Gregorius Leti's "Life of Pope Sixtus V.," which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember, towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, "Well, my dear madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you an Unitarian"——My mother, interrupting him, said, "Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing you to my friend Mrs. Priestley;"——"or," Dr. Hastings then resumed, "what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic." My mother replied: "This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition." Dr. Hastings courteously answered: "Nay, madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies—the true medium between those who hold too much and those who hold too little."'—Pp. 77, 78.

Yet our Church was not without its word of instruction to the harassed, perplexed child, who—with stimulated intellect, and with wretched health confining all her energies, even relaxations, to head work—was already beginning her search for some standing-ground for her soul to rest on. She had been left at Dawlish—owing to her mother's long absence, from ill-health—under the care of indiscreet governesses and a worldly aunt. The desultory life of amusement did not suit her. She was depressed and dissatisfied. We may here observe, too, that the constant companionship of her brothers and sisters, all younger than herself, was no source of pleasure; their noise tried her, their interests seemed frivolous; in fact, though one of a large family, her training, owing to the principle of separation carried on under her mother's management, was that of an only child; and we must infer, from silence on this head, that the fraternal relation exercised very little influence on her at any period of her life. She tacitly admits this, and confesses the errors of temper—and, as *we* see, errors of training—which caused it. On this occasion it happened that, dull and sad, all these uncongenial children,

cooped up in small lodgings on a rainy Sunday, there drove up to the door their father's carriage, containing some of the family servants and an old schoolmistress of the dame class, 'a thorough 'and devoted member of that old-fashioned Church of England 'School, which was rather occupied in living the truth than in 'defining it.' Trim in dress, gentle in manner,

'She came in on that day, in the midst of the dreadful tempest, bright, cheerful, and placid, delighted to see us, as we were to see her; and when asked about her journey, and its having prevented her attending her favourite church, and the preacher in whom her whole soul seemed concentrated, she respectfully replied, "No; I had a very pleasant journey, for I came in the way of duty; and I know my Heavenly Father would not have sent me from His house, and turned me out to travel, on a day like this, unless He had had a blessing in store for me; besides, I knew that the heart of the whole Church was lifted up for poor travellers by sea and land; and I knew that God Himself, who always answers His children's cry, was with us, and watching over us." Never shall I forget these words; they came to me as a sunbeam bursting through a thick cloud; my eyes filled with tears; eight months had elapsed since I had heard the name of God mentioned with love and reverence. No one could describe what those words were to me; they were as a refreshing shower on a parched ground,—like dew on a desert,—where every blade of vegetation had perished, but which was ready to germinate and put forth buds; they were like the first soft breath of spring which shakes off the snow, which looseus the frost-bound soil, and bids the snowdrop and the primrose again burst forth. Since the heavy Christmas Day on which my dear mother was first taken ill, I had indeed had moments of intense joy; both at meeting her at the Corselawn Inn, and again when I was with her at Bath; but that feeling was still essentially different in its nature from the happiness it now was once more to have the reality of God's loving presence brought home to me. In an instant my heart seemed lightened with the feeling that the name of the Lord is a strong fortress, into which those who enter shall be safe.'—Pp. 107, 108.

With this one exception, influential religion came to her observation in the familiar garb of Quakerism or in Roman Catholicism. She gives us two pretty pictures of how these struck her, in their several developments, at the age of ten or eleven. First, her cousin Priscilla Gurney is described—a leading light amongst 'Friends,' whose experience is given, as well as her portrait, in these fair and glowing terms:—

'Her costume was that of the strictest Friends of that day. How well, I remember, her coarse stuff gown contrasted with the exquisite beauty and delicacy of her hands and arms, her snow-white handkerchief, and her little grey shawl; her dark-brown hair divided after the manner of a Gothic arch over her fair forehead. Then she wore a black silk hood over her cap, and over all a black beaver bonnet, in the shape of a pewter plate, which was then esteemed the official dress of the gallery. Her voice was most musical and enchanting: as clearness and brilliance was the characteristic of my mother's voice, so sweetness and flexibility was that of my cousin's.'—Pp. 190, 191.

'One day my mother sent me to her room with a basket of fruit and a message. Her apartments on this occasion were in what we often called

"the Catholic quarter" of our house, because so often used by Catholics. They were the same which a few months before had been occupied by our friend Miss Berrington, to whom I had also once been sent on a message; and the contrast between the scenes presented by the rooms and their occupants on the two occasions forcibly struck me. When I went with no small awe to Miss Berrington, I saw on her dressing-table, Missals, the "Imitation," and other devotional works on one side; the Peerage and "Court Calendar," and the looking-glass on the other: but the latter books appeared new, as if seldom opened, whilst the former, though perfectly well and reverently kept, looked as if used daily. There were on the same table essences and various powders, and artificial flowers, the usual accompaniments of dress in that day: but there also stood scales to weigh medicines for the poor, a crucifix, and beads. Before the table, in her easy chair, sat Miss Berrington, her figure tall and elegant, her dress gay and tasteful, and her manner kind, yet brilliant with finished politeness: there she sat in all the adornment which I had learnt to consider as a thing of the world, but her table and often the floor were covered with work for the poor, which all her solitary hours were occupied in completing; and whilst her conversation was full of wit and mirth and anecdotes of the great world, the early morning beheld her solitary walks to attend the little chapel at Oscott, or to visit and cheer the sick and needy.

'When the same apartment was occupied by my cousin Priscilla, it had undergone a complete transformation. The looking-glass was banished, and on the table were the works of the venerable Isaac Pennington, whose memory, with that of the legislator Penn, and the genius of Milton, have consecrated the little village of Chalfont. Few have probably read these books which my cousin loved so well, without a blessing, and without drawing nearer in soul to that God who was the bond of union in that blessed society. But, above all, you ever saw with her the Holy Scriptures open, and on entering the room and looking on her countenance, it seemed as though the reflection of light, and love, and calmness from the written and inward Word, beamed from that face with an impress not to be mistaken. Truly, when I opened the door, I felt "This is holy ground;" and whilst I thought myself at an unutterable distance from her, I was elevated in spirit, as we always are in the presence of the greatness which is of God, in contradistinction to that which is of the world. There my cousin Priscilla was sitting, engaged in reading, or in holy meditation, and sometimes speaking to her little maid Joan.'—Pp. 196—198.

It is these singular experiences of a mind suffered to form its own conclusions upon them, which give its distinctive character to this work. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck's mode of receiving spiritual truth was essentially different from the ordinary one. We must not wonder that her conclusions are different also, and that no reader can be satisfied, or find his sympathies fairly met, while we think *all* must appreciate the candour, sincerity, and seriousness of aim with which the search was pursued. We cannot but regret that while arriving so near in creed, and principle, and feeling to our own Church, she, to the last, continued external to its visible fold; while we do not wonder that the 'religious world,' as it is called, is dissatisfied with the tone uniformably adopted by her towards the Church of Rome. We see, indeed, that this Church occupied the *idea* of a Church in her mind to the exclusion of every other. Its pretensions

so far won upon her that she never recognised ours, and she probably never acknowledged the Church of England in her own mind—as she would never hear it spoken of by such of its members as came in her way—as other than the largest and most influential of the various denominations amongst which she was free to make her election. The Church of Rome held certain dogmas in which she felt it impossible she could ever believe; she was not one to force her conscience; she therefore acquiesced in the disunion, but there was much in the writings and history of that Church to excite her even enthusiastic admiration and sympathy; much that her training amongst 'Friends' prepared her for. In all cases where there is independence and originality of mind, however teachable and susceptible that mind may be, influence will not take the most obvious direction, which is to mould it to an outward form. Ordinary minds are first impressed with the forms of things, and acquiesce in them without much thought of their meaning: and their ideas of fellowship are satisfied if others hold the same form with them. Thus we constantly see the utmost dissimilarity of principle united by some strong external bond. The best religious education is when valuable forms are enforced with a full instilling and acting-out of their motives: but here is a child, of grave inquiring mind, thrown amongst a sea of forms and no forms, not one of which is enforced upon her with any show of authority and preference—welcome to sit at Friends' meeting or attend service at Oscott Chapel, as she or her governess pleased, and driven, therefore, into a search of motives and first principles; a process which was pretty sure to assimilate in her mind many supposed opposites. She could accept of nothing without knowing what it meant. Those she most revered adopted a certain garb, observed certain practices, were not afraid of singularity, used a peculiar language, exercised a stoical command over natural feeling. Many merely docile minds would have accepted these observances as a matter of course, have got used to them, moulded them into habits, allowed their feelings and affections to wind round them before tracing them to their first principles. This child accepted them at once because they suited her temperament, but looked mainly to what she believed their intention. What did the plain garb mean?—separation from the vain customs of the world. What did the formal speech mean?—a religious, truthful precision of word and thought. What those long silences?—to give the soul opportunity of communion with the Unseen; to leave it open to the visitations of the Spirit. What the suppression of outward signs of pain or grief?—to show the superiority of mind and eternal things over the body and its short-lived infirmities.

These observances sank deep into her heart; she loved them her life long as symbolising truth. But then she loved them wherever she found them; not only in the broad brim and the prim bonnet, but in the monk's hood and the nun's veil, the fast, the vigil, the endurance of pain, the self-denial, the sacrifice of what was pleasant to the eye, the silence of the cloister, the wrapt meditation of the cell. When first she became acquainted with monastic life, through the writings and history of the Port Royalists, she seemed to breathe familiar air. Her early reverence for the contemplative life—as shown in her cousin Priscilla, who had renounced marriage, attired her fair form in coarse camlet, and retired from her worldly home to a retreat where a 'solitude' had been prepared for her—was all renewed in La Mère Angélique. Even as a preacher, uplifting her persuasive voice from 'the gallery,' some parallel could be found in the mother abbess's emphatic utterances. The inexorable silences of Port Royal asceticism were within her own experience, and always agreeable to her feelings. Nor could even her taste be forced to draw distinctions, for La Mère studiously made the garb of her order ungraceful, and watched over every indulgence of fancy as carnal backsliding. Even the forbidding exterior of the meeting-house found its counterpart in La Mère's architecture, who, when urged by her ecclesiastical superior to consult symmetry and order in her building, set him down with prompt Quaker-like decision, 'I will not have it.' We are not drawing the parallel for ourselves, but as it would seem to her. What we are accustomed to call extremes would, under her mode of viewing it, be one same idea under different names. It was the consequence of her education and natural bias that she scarcely realized doctrine apart from its fruit and effect; the presence of a *creed* in the one case, and the want of it in another, would not, therefore, influence her judgment to the degree it *ought* to do. She looked always for frames of mind; was, perhaps, more gratified by uniformity of practice than of abstract faith—indeed, would only recognise that part of any man's professed faith as real or appreciable which influenced his conduct; moreover, while men generally are taught to define religions by their differences, she was brought up where there was no dogmatism on the subject, and thus, perhaps, naturally estimated them by their points of likeness and analogy.

One pursuit of her childhood contributed to this tone of thought. We have said her earliest instinct was to study countenances; at ten years old, she read Lavater with intense interest, and probably with great benefit as counteracting the material influences by which she was surrounded. It is an illustration of the power books have in their own day, when they hit the want or the humour of the age, to see what a strong hold, what lasting

influence this work exercised on the mind of an intelligent child.

'It was Madame de la Fitte's French translation, equally distinguished for an eloquence which gives it the effect of an original work, and for accurate physiognomical portraits, the peculiar characteristics of which have been altogether blunted and lost, in the English elaborate but unfaithful plates. Hour after hour did I spend entranced over its contents. Its ardent piety, its elevated aims and consecrated objects, absorbed my whole soul, just as a first view of an ocean, a sunset, or a mountain. How did the eighth Psalm, as I now read it in Lavater, seem the utterance of my heart, and his picture of the family of adoring worshippers, looking upwards to God, with arms stretched out, soaring towards the immortal world, made an indelible impression on me. I took them to be all portraits; and my very heart said from its inmost depths, "Oh that I knew such people! people from whose faces and attitudes the light of God's glory seems reflected!" Then I looked at all the other portraits, and read what was said of each with earnest curiosity. I loved to see how, in every face, some trace of goodness, or intelligence, or capacity for blessing, might be found. . . . .

'Lavater had taught me that the restoration God effected in man was by intensity of love, and that a copy of that love is the only means of restoration man can employ towards his fellow; just as pieces of iron, of various shapes and sizes, will grate against each other, till exposed to the heat of a furnace, when the cold hard iron will flow and melt together in one.'—Pp. 140, 141.

In like spirit she, later in life, took up phrenology, towards which the early possession of a skull, and her childish musings upon it, may have influenced her. Of which science she writes:—

'"May I be allowed to add, that I believe Phrenology either eminently useful or otherwise, according to the principles upon which it is studied? How invaluable is a science imparting self-knowledge, where it leads to a practical sense of the necessity of Divine help! How useful the knowledge of the working of other minds, if it be made a basis of forbearance and charity; and how inestimable a testimony does Phrenology bear to Christianity, by pointing out many parts of the cerebral structure which can find their scope only in a Divine revelation!"'—P. 462.

All knowledge of character, all study of human nature, tends to toleration of views, so much so that men who confine themselves to this study lose their niceness of perception of abstract truths, and are incapacitated for becoming theologians. There must be two ways of regarding the same opinion; one, the fact as it is—the other, how it came to be what it is. The business of the controversialist makes him keenly alive to differences; he has nothing to do with *how* the difference has arisen,—it is to him a monstrous perversion of truth which he defies and spits upon. The student of human nature, holding the same views, but through the medium of another organization, views differences with a studious, speculative eye. Wherever he sees an effect he looks for a cause. He is not content till he has discovered

whence it springs, and in the course of his inquiries discovers intrinsic and inherent variations of mind from mind, which must issue in viewing the same truth from different sides as it is pursued by different faculties; and even where in the end he sees grave error, the process of analysis has had a tranquillising effect. He owns difficulties, he makes excuses for the offender, he even feels conscious that his own confirmation may not be so perfect but that aspects and phases of the truth in all its fulness may escape him. All study, all teaching, makes men deliberate, pause, weigh, vacillate; it takes away that confidence in the judgment which some minds feel from a fancied intuition, or from ignorance of the other side of the question—for all deep questions have two sides, and minds are apt to see them according to their order of faculties and temperament. Thus her habits and pursuits furnish reasons in abundance why this lady should be tolerant; but it is satisfactory to perceive that there were always bounds to her toleration, and that she had an instinct of strong antipathy to infidelity, as far as it touched upon any received truth. As all her experiences were with leaders in their several lines, so here her first near acquaintance with Atheism was through the notorious Dr. Darwin, who, in the unbounded liberalism of her father's house, was allowed to utter his blasphemies against every spiritual truth unreproved in her presence. But here her Stoicism proved a valuable ally. She revolted against his gross self-indulgence before she listened to the Materialism from which it sprang. We have not space for her first description of his vast and massive figure, with his head almost buried between his shoulders, and sagacious eye—his travelling luxuries of fruit, sweetmeats, and cream and sugar to beguile the tedium of a forty miles' journey, the luncheon-table set out with his favourite dishes which greeted his arrival, and at which he sat till the dinner-bell rejoiced his soul—but pass on to the particulars of his next visit:—

'It was in the beginning of 1789' (she was born the end of 1778) 'that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. All the winter I had been more or less under the upward aspiration I have described; and when on Dr. Darwin's arrival, he entered the room and sat down to the usual well-spread table which had been provided for him, I felt an instant repulsion. His whole conversation, I remember, on that occasion, was characterised by the merriment and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves. When I observed Dr. Darwin lingering over his repast, and recollected my mother's suffering state, and the high eulogiums with which she always spoke of him and her care to

maintain his honour and to consult his comfort, I was struck equally with aversion and indignation at conduct which appeared to me to evince a total want of feeling. I do not give this as a judgment upon Dr. Darwin; perhaps so far as his jocose manner extended, he might imagine it an alleviation in our case, but on me, a child, the impression was indelible. I could not admit the possibility of his allowing any idea to intervene between his entrance into the house and his ascertaining my mother's state and trying to relieve her. I will mention one observation of Dr. Darwin's, to show how grievous it is to receive objections to Holy Scripture without first looking round and ascertaining if there be not a reply. He said on one occasion that the Scriptures of the Old Testament were a tissue of fables, unworthy to be trusted even by their own confession, seeing it was there stated that the Book of the Law was lost for a long period, and only found again in the reign of Josiah. This staggered me not a little, for he omitted to add that this applied only to the original identical copy of the Law, since every king of Judah was obliged to transcribe a perfect copy upon his ascending the throne; that copies in like manner were deposited in every Levitical city, and that so exact were they in point of correctness, that the failure of one letter cancelled the sheet. Though I shrank with horror from such observations, and the sneering manner which accompanied them, and though they seemed to strengthen my resolution in the opposite direction, yet I believe from experience that it is wise not even to listen to things we know to be false, whether against Holy Scriptures, or against the character of individuals; for though we may rebut them at the time, yet often in hours of weakness or particular temptation, those very things will recur again, and insensibly obtain a lodgment even in the mind which had at first unhesitatingly rejected them. Well has the word of God compared the arguments of infidels to thorns and thistles; like the former, how do they lacerate and entangle the mind —or at least, as it were, catch the intellect or habits or tastes, which are the mind's clothing—and impede it; whilst, on the other hand, the sneers and gibes of the infidel, like the worthless thistledown, from their very lightness, are wafted far and near, and soon grow up into a crop of poisonous weeds.'—Pp. 149—151.

It is deemed essential in most religious biographies of a certain school that the subject shall pass through a stage of unbelief—we say so because it cannot be otherwise accounted for why minds of different temperaments, and exposed to different trials, should, in much the same wording, go through this one peculiar discipline—but, in the case before us, the temptation came in a tangible shape. We can understand the perplexities, the doubts, the horror of darkness, which assailed this earnest inquiring spirit, and arranged themselves against her feeble light. When the French Revolution broke out, she describes vividly the intoxication of blind welcome with which it was received, the total change it produced in the conversation of her father's circle, the upsetting of all preconceived opinion. The new empire of reason and benevolence, ushered in by the destruction of the Bastile, fell in with her notions; the general contempt for experience and custom infused habits of self-reliance in her own mind; nor could she, even as a child, look up to the guidance of those who were searching out the way for them-

selves. She heard present interests pronounced the only realities; the unseen and its vast concerns thrust into the shade. Dr. Priestley descanted on the blessings of free inquiry, wherever it might lead. Dr. Darwin more boldly than ever preached the supremacy of the senses as the only gates of knowledge; conscience a weak figment of the imagination; the soul, a future world, the existence of a God, points of which we could know nothing. Even her father was, unintentionally, one of her tempters, by perplexing her with intricate moral questions, and engaging her in a labyrinth of metaphysics. She was at this time condemned to her iron frame, which tried her weak health, irritated her nerves, and drove her to exclusively intellectual pursuits with liberty of indiscriminate reading on philosophical subjects from a library full of infidel works. To add to her afflictions, her father took it into his head to become her instructor. Their minds were differently constituted; he forced her into a study of the exact sciences, had no patience with her failures, bewailed himself at her dulness, upbraided her, that with so bright and intellectual a mother, and a father so fond of science, they should be tried by so stupid and wayward a child, and clearly abandoned himself to those transports of impatience which make some fathers the worst teachers their children can have. It really seems as if mind and body must have given way under the extraordinary pressure of excitement, but for the sedative of her mother's calm consistency, when she saw her,—which was not often, as she was much from home, owing to ill-health,—and days of serene enjoyment at her grandfather's, who was not at all carried away by the French Revolution, and saw all things with the same eyes as before, and by the very potency of quiet preserved some sort of equilibrium in his little favourite's mind. But all her ideas seemed at sea. Her soul found no anchor. She was miserable in the loss of her confidence; so miserable that, not able to endure uncertainty any longer, she determined, according to the new doctrine, to judge for herself, and be directed by her own reason whether there was truth in revelation or not. For this purpose, at some thirteen years of age, she applied herself to the received authority in her father's house, the representative of Christianity in his set—the works of Dr. Priestley. These satisfied neither her reason nor the hidden principle of faith within her.

'I thus entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and sanctions. That Dr. Priestley was a sincerely religious man, it was impossible to doubt. Nevertheless, it is as true that the principles his writings set forth produced on me at this time an evil effect, which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I

found it wholly unsuitable to my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation. I was wholly perplexed amidst intricate doctrines and teachings I was unable to unravel, and precepts I could not definitely understand. Vain was it to me to have revelation put into my hand, unless the Divine Author were Himself near to explain it, by the communication of His Holy Spirit of life, love, and knowledge: nor did I only need the truth as set forth by a mere inaccessible lawgiver; but, above all, I needed the love of it, and fervent zeal for it to be kindled in my lonely heart. Oh, what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given His life for His sheep!'—Pp. 254, 255.

She seemed to herself to lose all faith and love; *seemed* only, for she never ceased to pray, and that with a passion and fervour in her troubles incompatible with real unbelief. She describes herself as fretful and unamiable, eager about trifles as if the only things left to her, and wavering even in her principle of truth and rectitude. She tells a beautiful story of a temptation under which she now fell, owing to her unprincipled governesses reading bad books before her. She knew her mother would disapprove, yet on one occasion was tempted to carry off in her pocket the interesting story to finish at her leisure. At this crisis her mother arrived suddenly after a long absence—so confident in her eldest daughter's high principle, so certain of her always doing her best! The poor child was in an agony of remorse, longing to produce the book and convict herself, but hindered by circumstances. But an abstract will only spoil the reader's pleasure in the feeling, force, and reality with which the incident is narrated. In the meanwhile her education proceeded on a much more solid and complete method than we are used to, or than perhaps most women would be the better for. She was a good Latin scholar, and read Virgil with enthusiasm. She had taught herself a little Anglo-Saxon, through which she acquired an interest in the detail of early English history. She understood German, and French was familiarly spoken in the family. In later years she taught herself Hebrew. In all her pursuits she was accustomed to give her full mind to the work. As a child she made charts and tables, architectural models and elaborate drawings. She would even fight with mimic armies the battles she read of, and raise fortifications and earthworks. She was a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist, throwing herself into these sciences with the full energy of her understanding. Her mother made a great point of style, read our best authors with her, taught her to throw all her heart into Pope's Homer, till the conflicting lessons of Sunday and week-day, the heathen code of virtue and the Sermon on the Mount,

conflicted strangely in her practical mind. Her mother, who was a fine reader, particularly impressed on her the beauty of our translation of the Bible, of which she seems herself to have been a most careful student. That inspiration which was disputed to the original, was in fact accorded to the translators. All her life certain passages remained in her ear and memory as examples of the sublime; so that we recognise a particular providential value in the majesty of those periods and the sustained subtle music of sentences which in a day of unbelief made for the truths they conveyed an abiding home in many hearts perplexed with evil suggestions and exposed to false and captious questionings, but who felt a divinity in the teaching which came to them clothed in language of such unapproachable beauty.

The autobiography closes with the year 1793, when its subject was fourteen. It was not written, but dictated to the lady who writes the concluding half of this interesting narrative, a process difficult to most people, implying a mind having strong hold of its resources, and surely a very remarkable exercise to be carried on at the age of seventy-five to seventy-seven. It leaves off at some accidental interruption, the stream of anecdote in full flow; but we believe few self-histories can be carried on beyond early youth, with any fulness, unaided by diaries. The whole is characterised by a very admirable candour and truthfulness; so that, in the midst of the strange deficiencies of her religious education, and the evil influence to which she was exposed, it is impossible not to respect certain prominent principles in her training—that comparative freedom from prejudice which left such spiritual truth as did reach her something like fair play; its healthful development was not blighted by meanness, narrowness, or bitterness; she was always allowed to admire and reverence what seemed noble and good, without warping insinuations to counteract the obvious lesson. The soil was not barren or stony into which fell the good seed, grain by grain; but good ground open to receive it. We do not gather that her mother was ever led away by any touch of the scepticism heard in her circle; there was the firmness and certainty of conviction in her teaching, as far as it went, and we would also notice one practice for which her daughter offers grateful acknowledgment, and which bears upon discussions of our day. We do not adduce the following passage as any argument for habitual confession—the mother and the child bear little real analogy to the confessor and the adult penitent, and it is clear that the mother discontinued her practice on principle as reason grew; but at least it may be a warning against *rejection* of confidence, that hatred of examination by a *rule*, which we see now so passionately enunciated in many quarters.

'Nevertheless, my Sunday instruction was not what it had been before my mother's illness. She no longer began by a solemn pause, nor took the Sermon on the Mount, the Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, as texts by which, sentence by sentence, to interrogate me on the intentions of my heart, and on my conduct during the week. Possibly she thought that such an examination was more likely to be answered in simplicity and truth by a little child wholly trained by herself, than by the same child in after years. She saw, too, I was timid, and probably thought these questions might be a snare for my integrity, yet in reality this omission deeply pained me. She was the only being in whom I felt a full confidence. Whilst I could never have shown her my feelings, I always could, with perfect fearlessness, tell her my faults, and it was a real unburdening of my soul when she invited me to open my conscience to her. Her directness, her truth, her strength, her magnanimity, supplied me with the support I wanted; and just at this time, when my conscience and views were plunged in chaotic perplexity, I deeply felt being bereft of that aid of which I had now fully learnt the value.

'Parents and instructors often imagine that children do not like the restraint of being advised and spoken to by those older than themselves, but I believe nothing can be a greater mistake. Judging from my own experience, I should say that the most severe sufferings of childhood arise from perplexity of view and uncertainty.'—Pp. 228, 229.

In the Life we pass rapidly from childhood to youth, and are introduced to her as others saw her and thought of her. She appears from the age of fifteen to have been much from home, partly on account of her own delicate health, and a good deal also on her mother's, who had probably contracted habits of solitude which made her independent of her daughter's society. Both had been habituated to live much alone, a practice which no doubt tends to bring out all the resources of the mind, and so to strengthen the character, though Mrs. SchimmelPenninck considers it to have dulled her powers of sympathy.

'I have often deeply regretted in myself the great loss I have experienced from the solitude of my early habits. We need no worse companion than our own unregenerate selves; and, by living alone, a person not only becomes wholly ignorant of the means of helping his fellow-creatures, but is without the perception of those wants which most need help. Association with others, when not on so large a scale as to make hours of retirement impossible, may be considered as furnishing to an individual a rich multiplied experience; and sympathy so drawn forth (let it be remembered), though, unlike charity, it begins abroad, never fails to bring back rich treasures home. Association with others is useful also in strengthening the character, and in enabling us, while we never lose sight of our main object, to thread our way wisely and well.'—P. 179.

Bearing upon this point, we have been told that, full and attractive as her conversation was, it had the fault, so common with clever people failing in social sympathy, of being too much a monologuist; she had not the art of drawing out others, and did not seem to study it. Her own powers were stimulated; she exerted *herself* where she wished to give pleasure, and her friends were delighted listeners, but she did not seek a response.

At fifteen or sixteen her strange experiences came to a crisis. She was then on a visit to Margate, 'amongst cold, argumentative unbelievers, and profane and immoral persons of genius,' whose influence, though 'most baneful,' was short-lived. For she was soon taken with typhus fever, during which, as it seemed to her, a voice said to her soul, 'Seek me with thy whole heart, and thou shalt not seek in vain.' Her own inner convictions, combated by external assaults, made themselves felt.

At eighteen she paid a visit to her cousins, the Gurneys of Earlham, and formed a warm friendship with Catherine Gurney, sister of Mrs. Fry. The minds of these young people seem to have been in much the same stage of inquiry, and the pursuit of general knowledge was as eager in both. One of her recollections of this time says:—

'"I think I have often spoken to you of my visits to Earlham. On one occasion I remember they had all gone to Meeting, and I remained at home. In their absence I walked up and down the gallery at Earlham, where were a great many portraits of the Bacon family, from the thirteenth century [?], and I began to think, 'What was the purpose of the existence of these men? Where are they now that they have passed from earth?' So on my cousin's return, when she joined me in the gallery, I said to her: 'I am twenty, thou art twenty-five: and what is the end of our existence? I am resolved most thoroughly to examine and discover for myself whether the Bible be true: and, if it is,' I added, in the folly and ignorance of my heart, 'I shall instantly do all that is commanded in it; and if not, I shall think no more on the subject,' and I prayed, if there were a God to hearken, that He would reveal Himself to me." '—Pp. 295, 296.

In this darkness and perplexity the cousins were aided by Mr. Pitchford, a Roman Catholic gentleman, to whom she was ever after in the habit of attributing some of the first distinct rays of spiritual truth she received.

She now spent two or three seasons at Bath with the celebrated Miss Hamilton; she was also on terms of familiar friendship with Mrs. Barbauld; a good deal with friends in London, where she entered into society without, as we see, any adoption of Quaker peculiarities. We are glad to have some idea given of her personal appearance in her youth.

'A few years ago a lady who mixed in these circles, and who had known the subject of this memoir from early life, described her to me as she then appeared. I cannot resist giving my readers the picture she drew of her young companion, when taking her to a public assembly; I think it was a concert. "She was dressed with perfect simplicity; and, as was the fashion of that day, she wore a gold band round her head, her dark brown hair clustering in rich profusion over and around it: the colour on her clear cheek heightened by the scene, she looked beautiful, her simple dress in perfect keeping with her countenance of rare intellectual beauty. As they entered the room, every eye was attracted by her appearance; and the young Mary Anne, with the unfeigned modesty which then as ever

characterised her, was probably the only one in that large assembly who was unconscious of the sensation she occasioned."'—Pp. 305, 306.

Some curious letters of advice from her mother, about this time, on manners, and deportment in society, let us into what were her peculiarities, and how the habit of tracing all things to their principles influenced her conversation. It is amusing to see so dignified a mother instructing her daughter to learn to talk on trifles,—and very good advice, too, in this particular case:

'"In the first place, then, I beg you will consider this journey as a lesson which is to teach prudence and circumspection. I hope that, if a great many young gentlemen resort to the house in the Crescent, you will learn how to behave upon such occasions; not to do too much or too little; not to lay aside established forms, or to practise the starched prude. If young men are present, talk to them as much as you please, but always sit in the circle with the ladies.

'"Above all things enter into no *investigations* with anybody; no abstruse speculations, no referring to principles in common conversation, unless your opinion be asked; and then give it clearly *once;* but make no effort to maintain or enforce it, unless some wise and older person lead the way to an argument; and then put an end to it as soon as you can with a jest. . . . . Talk about matters of fact. Surely there are follies enough in the world to supply conversation, without referring to reason upon every occasion. Expatiate upon the weather, upon the journey, upon the fashions, upon the faces of people you see; in short, upon all you see or hear, but say very little about what you think, and take care to *think* as little as you can help."'—Pp. 299, 300.

When about three or four and twenty, while staying at Bath with her parents, she first became acquainted with the Moravians, with whom her later life was passed in fellowship. Weak in health, torn with the doubts which had so many years rankled in her intellect, and destroyed her peace, she describes herself as sunk in the lowest despondency. On one occasion her mother, going to the Pump Room, left her in a bookseller's shop, where the multitude of books around her, contrasted with the unsatisfied craving for the one true knowledge, affected her to tears. While in this condition, she was observed by a pleasing young woman sitting near her, who in a sweet and gentle voice asked if she could do anything for her.

'"Oh!" I replied, "can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where nor how to obtain peace?" She paused for a moment, and then said: "There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ."'—Pp. 308, 309.

In the course of conversation this lady, who was a 'Labouress' in the Moravian community, offered to read the Scriptures with her at stated times, an offer she could not accept, as she knew her family would not approve. A few days after her parents left Bath, and as her health required her longer stay, took a

lodging for her in a respectable family, with whom she might occasionally associate. She left all passively to their management, and was not a little moved when the first voice that greeted her in her new home was that of her unknown friend. She had fallen amongst Moravians, who received her with a gentleness and sympathy that won her heart.

'While I remained with this family, I used to read the Scriptures with Miss Tucker, and I came to know the Lord. They used to speak to me of His love; and oh! how kind they were to me! I can never forget it; for I used to blurt out my wild thoughts in a way I am sure I should not like a person to do to me. Indeed, I one day said to them: "It surprises me very much that you should be so kind to me; for you cannot like me; I am so disagreeable." They replied, "You mistake; it is not your being agreeable or disagreeable that we regard, we look upon you as a field our Lord has given us to cultivate, and we do not ask if there are few or many weeds; besides, 'when we were yet sinners, Christ loved us.'" '—P. 310.

When she returned home she resumed family habits, and went to Meeting as usual, devoting herself to a deeper study of Scripture, and making her first attempts at authorship. Ladies did not slip into this exercise as easily then as they seem to do now. Her mother at first dissuaded her from it, on motives which never actuate anybody now, regarding it as a profession entailing labour and responsibility, and to which her health was not equal. There are interesting extracts from her journal at this time, both at home and when she returns to her Moravian friends at Bath, implying much thought and mental conflict; but every religious biography has its hiatuses, its blanks at important points of the history, which throw us off the scent as it were, and leave us to our own unassisted discrimination for a solution —occasions where the narrative, so far from affording any clue, rather misleads us. So we must own this story gives us no reason whatever why Mrs. SchimmelPenninck married Mr. SchimmelPenninck. There is nothing to lead up to the fact. One page we leave her immersed in religious contemplation—fancy free, as it seems; the next she is indissolubly united to this scion of a noble Dutch family, brother of a Stadtholder of Holland. Whether there had been time to discover all the affinities our ideal claims for this relation, or whether, as we rather suspect, it was a very sudden affair—possibly not the first in which her feelings had been engaged—we are not informed. Mrs. Hannah More, however, spoke for the *family* being intellectual; which satisfied some of Mrs. Galton's requirements, and the match seems to have met with general acquiescence. We are not told what were the husband's religious views, but the same voucher, while saying that her mode of thinking differed materially from his, felt confident of his being a religious worthy man; and he is spoken of as well informed and interested in some favourite pursuits. One

qualification he possessed, 'a proud delight in his richly-endowed wife,' which no doubt adapted him for one trained in Quakerism, where women naturally take the lead: a position which we cannot but suspect fell in very well with the good lady's ideas and habits; and the union, which lasted nearly thirty years, seems to have been a very happy one. He in every way conformed to her wishes, and she was a good, faithful help and counsellor in the pecuniary troubles which soon came upon them from the disorder of his affairs. It was this conjuncture which led to the unfortunate money difficulty with her family, which resulted in her total estrangement from them. Whatever her grief at this rejection, she never allowed poverty, of which there are vague hints, and altered circumstances, to affect her happiness, and she knew both how to want and how to abound without the peace of her own inner life being disturbed. We think it likely, from certain allusions, that her notions of housekeeping were at first crude enough. She had to lament that her mother had confined her education to the intellect: she neither knew how to guide a house, or to use her needle, but set about instructing herself in both accomplishments with laudable energy, and attained, we are assured, to satisfactory results, though her biographer admits not always by ordinary means.

'There was nothing she thought too little to come within the sphere of duty, nothing too minute for a child of God to mark (as she expressed it) with the stamp royal of the Divine character; but these things were done by her with a simplicity, and a bright cheerfulness, which those who knew her cannot fail of recollecting, and which no words could adequately convey to those who knew her not.'—P. 360.

It was never her plan to renounce general society. The intellectual reunions at Barr were renewed at a humble distance in her smaller home; and late in life her biographer records the effort she uniformly made to render meal times intelligently cheerful and amusing by the ample resources of her mind, and her store of anecdote. But we must return to the course of the narrative. The marriage took place in September, 1806. It was not till 1808 that she came to a decision on her choice of a religious community to which to belong; and it sounds a strange one, for which again we have no preparation. The Moravian body was that to which she leaned, but it appears that its rules require election by *lot* to entire fellowship, and to this she had at that time conscientious scruples. In the meanwhile the reception of the sacraments, from which her education had hitherto withheld her, pressed upon her conscience. In the difficulty she decided on Wesleyanism, because some of the early Methodist writers had powerfully affected her, and she was finally baptized by a Methodist minister, and received the Holy

Communion a fortnight afterwards. She remained in this body ten years, though never quite feeling at home in it, keeping up her intimacy with and affection for the Moravians; till at the end of that time, her scruples about the 'lot' overcome by the examples Scripture furnishes of this mode of election, she followed her first aspirations, and became a 'sister.' There is no doubt that nature did not design her for a Methodist; and a very exceptional member she must have been, frequently refreshing her spirit in the silence of the Friends' Meeting, and in friendly intercourse with Roman Catholics of the old hereditary class, who were naturally anxious to draw her into their communion.

'She had also at this time very frequent intercourse with the late Lady Bedingfield, and with Mr., afterwards Cardinal, and Mrs. Weld, who then resided at Clifton, and with Sir Thomas Clifford, whom she constantly met at their house. Mrs. SchimmelPenninck retained the highest respect and esteem for these excellent friends, but letters written at this time bear witness that she was enabled to resist the most strenuous efforts made by them to bring her over to their communion.'—P. 366.

The Moravians are not a controversial body. The quiet tenor of their course would assimilate them with that form of religion she had loved in her grandfather, while her Catholic sympathies found a home in their ecclesiastical order, their creeds and liturgy, —which she found to suit her individual case, and no doubt her taste,—far better than extempore prayer,—and their observance of ecclesiastical seasons; all uniting her as she trusted with the universal Church throughout the world, with which her spirit craved to be in peace and invisible fellowship.

We may gather from slight indications that the section of our Church with which she came in contact did not meet in the same degree these sympathies. She was repelled by the violent language of ultra-Protestantism, and knew its injustice in particular instances. She could not admire its hero-worship and tendency to be led by favourite preachers; her ear quarrelled with a certain tone of voice prevalent in serious circles; and religious loquacity, and all the conventionalisms which grow out of partisanship and exclusive association, were repugnant to her whole temperament. Not that any of this is expressed with asperity, and probably it did not interfere with free intercourse with the Evangelical party, but it would be enough to check any leaning towards a Church which she would regard, and would be permitted by them to regard, as only one out of many denominations open to her choice. To illustrate these observations, we find her thus contrasting the religious intercourse of her childhood with that of a later date:—

'Never can I sufficiently express my deep obligations to the Friends I met at my grandfather's. They did not indeed bring forward dogmatic

truth, as I have heard so many do since; possibly there was not enough of this; but still further were they removed from the irreverent habit of bandying about the most sacred truths as subjects of superficial and colloquial discussion. Deep and reverent was their feeling that the truth of God can only be taught to the heart of man by the Spirit of God; hence they lived the truth instead of talking about it.'—P. 46.

On her final decision in favour of the Moravians, she says:—

'During this period, too, I had seen much of the so-called religious world, and all I saw without, as well as all I had experienced within, convinced me more and more of man's utter emptiness and of our Saviour's all-sufficient fulness, and made me long to flee to some asylum among brethren who should have experienced, like myself, that men are nothing, and that "Christ is all in all."'—Pp. 367, 368.

Of Lady Powerscourt's letters, which she enjoyed for their sincerity, she writes to a friend:—

'"How truly blessed a person she was! Sometimes, indeed, you detect what I should call the religious fashions and questions of the day, which I think not agreeable; but then you constantly see, cropping from under all, the Rock of Ages; and she expresses sentiments, and details experiences, which she has learnt not from men, but from our Lord Himself. This it is which gives such deep value to her book, though it is not without many light or trivial expressions, and commonly repeated phrases, which one wishes omitted, and yet even these, perhaps, add to the appearance of genuineness; they exhibit the earthen vessel containing the treasure of God."'—P. 396.

More strongly she marks her sense of the temper of certain professors, as in the following comparison:—

'"It is almost impossible," she says, "to convey to you an idea how interesting, and yet how unlike any other place, is this remarkable country. The only bad thing I have seen is the roads, and they are just like many ultra-Evangelical persons, very sound in the main, but of such bad and grating tempers that you are tormented at every step you take with them."'—P. 370.

In her visit to Cornwall, she meets a lady apparently well-known in religious circles; and thus pleasantly describes her interviews:—

'"She is a lady, I suppose, about fifty; in appearance something between two very different persons—Miss Tucker, our late Moravian Labouress, and your former sentimental friend, Mrs. F. She has a most benevolent countenance; her dress is rather a worldly dress, stripped and shorn, than a plain dress, which I think has not an agreeable effect. Her manner is most kind, and all she says is good, though I think she has acquired a slight shade of that wailing tone so common, I know not why, amongst some Evangelical people, which is not according to my taste. She is, however, a very excellent person, universally well spoken of, entirely devoted to a mother ninety-four years of age, whom she never leaves. . . . . She was most obliging, yet I should have enjoyed her company more, if we had not been at cross purposes the whole time.

'"I being very much bent on mineralogy, and knowing S. Michael's Mount to be a most celebrated place for minerals, and having but this

hour, was longing to know all about them, whereas Miss —— also, having but this hour with a Bristol person, was intent on hearing the biography of all the Bristol reputed saints, so that our conversation was much as follows :—

' " Miss ——.— ' You enjoy a great and unspeakable privilege, Madam, in being situated where you can so constantly have the advantage of sitting under Mr. ——'s ministry, and conversing with so many persons sound in doctrine."

' " M. A. S.—' Many persons of your Church, I believe, esteem it much.—But what a delightful situation you have so near S. Michael's Mount, the richest place in England for specimens of minerals ; many exhibiting such peculiarly good examples of perfect crystalline formations.'

' " Miss ——.— ' Do you know the Honourable Miss Powys, and Lady Southampton, and the Miss Buchans ? '

' " M. A. S.—' I have occasionally met them.—Pray have you collected many specimens of the topazes, amethysts, chalcedony, and tin ore, for which this Mount is so celebrated ? or can you tell me where I can meet with them ? ' &c. &c. &c.

' " Miss —— talking like Christian in ' Pilgrim's Progress,' and I like Mammon in Milton's ' Paradise Lost.' Thus we went on, *à tort et à travers*, till half-past one, when Miss —— kindly took me to John Barclay's, where we were to dine." '—Pp. 382, 383.

This strain of conversation happened to jar particularly upon all the interests excited by the locality, to which her heart was open, from the pleasure of finding herself with her cousins the Barclays, and with Friendly associations around her. Cut off from her own family, the tie of relationship was all the more appreciated, and her soul expands under the influence into a comprehensive benevolence, of which the following is a characteristic example. She writes of Penzance churchyard :—

' " This churchyard opens into a vast burial-ground, whose wide extent and crowded monumental tablets almost make it seem, not like the cemetery of a country town, but like one vast city of the dead. This is the burial-ground of strangers, and has from time immemorial engulphed the succeeding multitudes sent here, from all quarters of Europe, in the delusive hope of restoration from this mild summer-like climate. Names, not only from every part of England, but from Germany, Holland, from France—nay, many from Rome, had here found an early grave ; and as I looked on this vast mortuary field, containing names from so many nations, and kindreds, and tongues, who had here sought bodily health, I could not help feeling a prayer rise in my heart that they might be found in that vast assembly gathered from the east, and west, and north, and south, who have sought that true health which, at the Great Physician's hands, shall never be sought in vain." '—Pp. 378, 379.

And from this scene she proceeds all at once to the Quaker Meeting at Marazion, and enjoys the phalanx of silk bonnets and broad-brim hats which surround her. On her arrival there she is equally impressed, finding, amidst the stiff formality which doubtless to inexperienced eyes would characterise the scene, points really suggestive of keen emotions.

'"As the Meeting gathered, the effect to me was most striking. The deep silence, interrupted only by the rushing of the wind and the monotonous roar of the waves upon the shore; the persons before me, and especially M.F.,—whom I had so often seen in Bath, gay, and adorning such different society; and as I looked upon her countenance, oh! how in an instant, as in Mr. Crabbe's 'Parting Hour,' did I feel the work of years, and as in his poem the power of God is exhibited in tearing away the gay visions of earth, so here immediately gushed upon the heart His goodness and His power in substituting for them the enjoyment of heaven. . . . .

'"'. . . . The door of the Meeting was open: in the deep stillness my eye rested upon the sods which covered the graves of Edwin Price, Georgiana Barclay, and many of the friends and close relatives of those sitting around; and how wonderful did it seem, as I looked on the party before me, and saw the unbroken and holy religious composure and deep communion resting on so many of their youthful countenances, to think that the tussock of rank grass, the weed and the thistle, shivering in the wind, were really waving over the resting-places of those who, scarce two years, who scarce one year ago, were their companions, and who three years ago beamed with youth and health and strength like those I then looked on. I cannot express the profound melancholy I felt as I gazed on their burial-place near this wild and desolate shore."'—Pp. 380—382.

In theory she deeply appreciated Gothic architecture; forty years before the study of it had become a fashion, she had sought into its principles, and thought she saw in it a symbolic utterance of scriptural truth. Had she looked on a churchyard through an arch, leading her eyes upward; if somehow her eye could have rested on the symbol of the Cross, the thoughts suggested would not have been those of profound melancholy; the picture of earthly decay would have been counteracted by heavenly hope. But the thoughts in both cases belonged to the scene, and spoke to a heart prepared always to be impressed by realities.

It was previous to these incidents, and some time before her reception amongst the Moravians, that through Hannah More she was first made acquainted with the writings of the Port Royalists. 'They seemed providentially sent to meet the inmost 'wants of her heart and spirit in this season of outward trial 'and perplexity,' probably arising from pecuniary troubles, and the family dissensions arising from them. She threw herself into them with enthusiasm, and published a succession of works founded upon these and others procured from a Jansenist bishop, with whom she formed acquaintance in a tour she took with her husband immediately after the peace. They created so much interest, that in 1829 the whole were collected and published under the title of 'Select Memoirs of Port Royal,' a work much read; and through which her name is chiefly known to the public. We are told 'she always rejoiced and gave thanks 'to God that she had been the means of enabling these holy 'people to speak to this generation.' They were henceforth to be her chosen friends and companions, the subject of her daily

studies and the delight of her daily life. 'She never missed an 'opportunity of acknowledging the spiritual blessings which it had 'pleased God to bestow upon her through their instrumentality.' About this time, and encouraged by her husband's warm interest in her labours, she produced several works; but with these we are unacquainted: one on 'Beauty and Deformity,' attempting an answer to the question of, What is the Standard of Beauty? She re-wrote, late in life, 'the Key to her View,' being that 'the *tastes* are the extreme ramifications of principles.'

Her literary labours, however, were never engrossing. Her time seems always to have been at the service of her friends. We are told she devoted much of it to the poor and to the various charitable objects of Bristol. She taught in the schools, and also assembled young people around her to give lessons in general knowledge, for which her large and accurate fund of information, her peculiar gift in imparting it, and her patience, eminently qualified her. Her biographer adds that her great humility made her ever backward to appear as a religious teacher, though it is clear she did not shrink from such subjects in her instruction. Music, especially the organ, was her constant solace, and she made much use of her talent for drawing. Indeed, we perceive an energy which allowed no gift to lie neglected or unused. She kept herself 'well up' in the literature of the day, and a certain amount of light reading appears to have been a moral necessity. She seems always to have been willing to give her whole mind to the discussion of subjects important to her friends, whether it be the question of education,—which elicited a long and able letter, written with all the thought and experience she was mistress of—or phrenology, which drew from her a treatise on temperaments, amusing and full of observation, but probably needing the *instinct* of penetration to be made available—or any scriptural subject on which the extreme industry of her research qualified her to be an authority. To judge from some of her letters, her style was superior; in one instance rising to eloquence. But of this the public are to have an opportunity of judging, as a series of her works is advertised, as following upon the Life. Whatever their value, we may feel sure they will be the honest independent fruits of her own thought and study. Amongst the epistolary *essays*, as we may call them, the most important is one 'On the respective Value of the Catholic and Protestant Principles,' which the editor, in a note to the second edition, is sorry to find has given pain to some readers. Her view is that both principles ought to meet in the same Church,—the spirit, that is, of *love*, affiance, adoration, implicit faith, on the one hand, and of sifting investigatory testing on the other,

a process *necessary* wherever fallible man is the channel of truth. In it we find this passage:—

'"I do frankly own myself to be deeply attached to many Catholic writings; and though I could never join a Church through the corruptions of whose hierarchy the free access to the Scriptures may be interdicted, and where the honour paid to the Saints and to the blessed Virgin is, to use the mildest term, so indiscreet as to approximate to the honour due to God alone; and where the necessary practice of auricular confession transfers the rule of individual conscience from the word and the Spirit, the true ruler of the Church, to the hands of man; though I could by no means unite in submission to such a corrupt dominant hierarchy; I yet own I highly value the largeness and expanse of the doctrines of that Church, the ample room and help it affords for the abundant carrying out of every varied Christian leading, whether mystic, contemplative, intellectual, mechanical, or laborious. Yet I am conscious I value it not only for the good I truly think it actually possesses, enhanced, perhaps, by the prestige of its antiquity, and historic and picturesque claim on the taste; but I likewise do so by my affections being drawn forth towards it from early association; nay, I think, more than that, from its having been the channel through which our Lord Himself has often sent His blessing when no other was open to me." '—Pp. 415, 416.

Upon this we may remark, that Roman Catholicism from childhood came to her in its least aggressive form, and through persons who would not only not obtrude on her its more startling dogmas, but who would keep them in the background in their own minds, and contemplate most and be most actuated by those truths which devout Christians hold in common, and which once impressed by them on her mind, she had never to change or modify. We do not find she ever encountered any modern converts, who, as we understand, are apt to found all their teaching on the more extreme opinions they have brought themselves with much difficulty to hold; and certainly she would have felt no affinity with them.

Nearly twenty years before her death, Mrs. SchimmelPenninck was taken with a paralytic seizure. Her health had always been weak and suffering, and henceforth, though she recovered from the attack, it left her a permanent invalid, and almost entirely precluded her attendance at public worship. We find her thus looking back upon the observance of seasons:—

'"I have ever thought it a blessed privilege of the little Church to which I belong, to be called in an especial manner to enter into this season, so full of heart-affecting memorials of the love of our Lord; when those who love Him share the deep sufferings and rich blessings of his cross, and in which we follow Him day by day, and almost hour by hour, from the supper at Bethany to his resurrection. Some of the most happy hours of my life have been spent in our little chapel, in Passion Week, and how many seasons of strength, refreshment, and sweet remembrance are associated with her morning and evening meditations, and with her Easter Morning services; and though I can no longer attend them, it is delightful to follow them in spirit." '—Pp. 430, 431.

Her affectionate biographer, who formed one of her family, speaks of the spirit in which she bore the sufferings to which failing health exposed her. She never lost the lesson her mother taught her in bearing pain. Many of her sayings on this subject, on the duty not only of bearing but of cheerfully accepting the discipline, are very striking from their vivid reality and that sincerity which gives a value to everything she does and says.

But our appreciation of this original and attractive portrait has already carried us beyond the limits such a subject seems to warrant. If our readers have felt the attraction, we can only refer them to the work itself, which contains many subjects of interest on which we have not touched, thinking it best to confine ourselves to those points which illustrate a remarkable character formed under remarkable circumstances. One extract we must still indulge in, and that a long one, because it furnishes an evidence of the unity as well as progress of her course. There is something to us very beautiful in such a retrospect; it suggests a picture of serene and venerable old age, which more than bears out all that we here read of it, and speaks as much for the course as for the goal when attained. Many noble qualities must combine to preserve, or even enhance, the power of expression to that period of life when the bodily vigour fails, on which so much of our mental force depends. The single eye, the light of love, the conscientious cultivation of the talents committed to us, and habitual self-government, have worked together, wherever we see an old age at once wise and vigorous in thought and eloquent in words. The following letter to the friend of her youth, Mrs. Catherine Gurney, written on receiving intelligence of an illness which soon after ended in death, is surely as remarkable a composition for the harmony of its periods as for its clear strain of elevated thought and its glow of faith and thanksgiving. What are called religious letters are not often to our taste. They are generally didactic effusions, the destination of which the writer need not to determine till he arrives at the address. This letter was prompted by friendship, and could have been written to none other than her whose death-bed it came to cheer:—

'"My very dear Catherine,

'"It was only last night that I received Mrs. Cresswell's letter, and oh! how shall I describe the feelings with which I read it? All Earlham once more lived before me, and through the haze of long past years, the tints almost seemed more vivid than those of youth, yet with deep pathos and heart-affecting memories, the store and precious treasury of age.

'"My very dear Catherine, well do I remember the time when together we entered the pilgrimage of human responsible life. And now that road

is travelled, which once in prospect seemed an interminable vista, although in looking back, life is but as a tale that is told; and we both, in far different scenes, but still united in one deep heart and spirit, now stand upon the verge awaiting our call into that life where so much of our earthly, as well as heavenly, treasure is laid up, and where our Father is not only waiting to bless us with his own presence, but has prepared so sweet a welcome for us from so many we dearly loved, who are gone before.

'"My dear Catherine, my heart seems still to cling to the remembrance of the beloved past, even in the nearing rays of the brighter future. Dost thou remember how often for hours we have walked up and down the drawing-room or ante-room, or sat in thy room or mine, talking of the destiny of man, his hopes, his powers, his duties; and reasoning, as best we might, from our own stores, or Mr. Search's, or others, upon a theme where all reason must fail, and where revelation can alone teach? Yet were not those sweet hours unblest or unproductive, since they effectually taught us that man does know, and can know, nothing of the centre of all truth, if untaught by God. They were the strainings of the soul upwards, the beating of the eagle imprisoned in his cage of earth against the bars of his prison. How did we go on vainly wandering in a chaos of doubts, and involving ourselves in a labyrinth of speculation, till the same God, who at first caused light to arise amid the darkness, shone into our hearts to give us the knowledge of His truth, and light, and love, in the face of Jesus Christ! How shall we sufficiently thank Him! He taught us the darkness and emptiness of our hearts, and then He illuminated that darkness, and satisfied that hunger. He taught us in measure to trust Him, and oh! how has He repaid that trust by overflowing fulfilment!

'"We sought light from reason, the candle lighted up by man for time. He bade us find it in revelation, the sunbeam kindled by God, enlightening for eternity as well as time. Truly have we experienced that there is light in the evening.

'"Has not our Lord led us through all the steps of our pilgrimage, even now, until its close? We began in doubt, we end in certainty; we began by opinion, we end by experience; we began in conflict, we end in peace. Oh! shall we not end in joyful thanksgiving; and, when we compare the past with the present, feel that His gracious love and unmerited mercy have indeed encompassed us with songs of deliverance! . . . .

'". . . . . My dear Catherine, how love, divine and human, are the only two goods, communion with God, communion through Him with our fellow-men; most and closest with Him, next closest to that part of His Church with which He has seen fit to link us, in His providence, as helpers. And truly, as all real love has its root in God, so it is eternal. Those whom Jesus loved, He loved to the end; and those who love in Him, love unto the end likewise; for God is eternal, and all that is rooted in Him partakes of the permanence of that eternity. And I believe that till we are in eternity, we shall neither fully know what we are to our Lord Himself individually, nor what we are to Him as instruments to effect His purposes. For all the seed of the kingdom has life in itself, and goes on increasing, germinating, budding, blossoming, and sending forth fresh shoots, through all our life; so that we often do not know half the value and importance of a truth till very many years after the voice from whose lips we first heard it, sounds no more on earth. Mr. Pitchford, thy dear sister Mrs. Fry, the Moravians at Bath, and many others have uttered truths, scattered seeds in my heart and mind, the full import of which, after nearly half a century, I am yet daily learning more of, and how great an unpaid debt of grateful love we owe to all our friends; yea, and to all

our enemies too; for we owe most to those who have most often been the means of sending us to our Lord.

'"And now, my ever dearly loved friend, God bless thee abundantly for all thy manifold kindness to me. May He repay thee an hundredfold. May He write deeply on our hearts all that has been according to His mind in our friendship, and pardon and blot out all that has been contrary to it; and may both the sweetness, and the discipline, be of the all things which, by all means and always, work together for our good. Bear me, thy old and early friend, on thy heart, as I deeply and affectionately bear thee on mine. And now, farewell! May our Lord ever hear thy prayer; and may He enlarge our hearts, enlarge us when we are in distress. The Lord will hear, for his dear Son's sake, when we call upon Him. We may commune in peace with our own hearts upon our beds; for He has said, 'Peace, be still,' to the billows that once conflicted there; and, instead of the enemy (the self-tormentor, Psalm viii.), the Comforter abides there. We may offer a sacrifice of righteousness, for He has provided it. He will lift up the light of His countenance upon us. He has put gladness into our hearts, more than into that of the children of this earth in their increase. For our corn is the bread from heaven, even angels' food; our wine, His cordial and faithful promises, and the communion of His life-giving blood; and our oil we believe to be the unction of the Holy One, which leads into all truth, and takes of the things of Him we love and shows them to us.

'"O, my dear Catherine, let, us in conclusion, with heart and soul and spirit, say at the end of our course, 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety.' 'As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.'

'"The Spirit and the Bride of Christ say, Come! Let every one that heareth answer, Come! Amen. Come, Lord Jesus; come, we implore Thee: with longing hearts we now are waiting for Thee. Come soon; O come!

'"My very dear friend, farewell. Bear me on thy heart and spirit, as I do thee. Ever, in true and deep affection,

'"Thine from early youth to hoary hairs,

'"M. A. SCHIMMELPENNINCK."'

And here we must conclude our notice. Perhaps some apology is needed for our tone of sympathy towards one whose liberality sometimes verges on latitudinarianism. Possibly we should have expressed ourselves more strongly on the point, if it were a common fault in religious female writers. But in fact this tone is so new amongst them, and the other of dogmatism, without the learning needful to give weight to the judgment, so common, that we have allowed ourselves to yield to the charm of so agreeable a change. Those whose lot is thrown where the prevailing dogmatism is not to their mind, where the zeal, whenever it is shown, takes a direction opposed to their sympathies, learn to value moderation even at the cost of some precise statements of truth and formal abjuration of error. Accustomed to see persons and parties launch into denunciations because it is expected of them, because they could not take a certain standing without it, they warm to the absence of the grim conventionalism. One

lesson, we think, the book teaches,—that there can be no duty in expressing emotions we do not feel, in assuming an indignation which does not stir us, in seeming angry because people will respect our zeal. There can never be any harm in *waiting* where the question is a severe judgment. Perhaps, nay, probably, if we were better informed, we should feel it in certain cases, but if we do not, let us keep the peace till we do. Abuse and harsh judgments are such formidable weapons, are apt to do such harm to those, even the most experienced, who use them, that without strong conviction, independent thought, and mature conclusions, we may let them alone. Because one man who *has* thought, who has seen mischief, who has traced out danger, allows himself in violent language towards practices and even persons, let not others who have *not* thought, have seen nothing for themselves, know nothing but at second-hand, think it incumbent on them to join the cry: and yet how many fewer anathemas we should hear if this plan were followed, if only those judged who had material for judging, only those condemned who understood the question, only those pronounced a decision who had studied the case. Where would be our party demonstrations, our monster meetings, if people never showed a zeal till it actuated them, nor wielded the sword of controversy till they knew what they were fighting for? Mastering and then acting upon particular truths, or Truth as a whole, often leads men to such clear views as to end in keen, as well as just, perception of the errors of others. Let such speak with severity—it is their duty, a task incumbent upon them; but vehemence without knowledge, anger without investigation, are carnal weapons in whatever cause wielded; they begin in self-deceit and will surely end in still further obscuring the truth. Therefore, let every one keep silence, even from what he supposes good words, if they involve harsh censure, until he feels them; and if he feels them as he ought to do, where *persons* are concerned, he will find the duty so painful a one, that he will not exceed in the practice of it as those do who, leaving the responsibility of proof to others, learn to find the stimulus pleasant in itself, while, at the same time, it advances them in the popular estimation. Wherever this work excites interest and attention, it will act as a check on this prevailing temper, and as such we believe it to have a distinct use and value.

ART. V.—*Origines Anglicanæ; or, a History of the English Church.* By JOHN INETT, D.D. Oxford: University Press.

THE composition and publication of an elaborate history of the Church cannot be without effects of some kind. Either for good or for evil, it must tell. The 'Origines Anglicanæ; or, History of the Early English Church,' by Inett, long known to the majority of students by name only, and scarcely legible in its original form, has been republished by Mr. Griffiths, late Fellow and Tutor of Wadham College. Of the editor's part we shall speak first. He has given us a most carefully-corrected text of a valuable work; he has enriched it with various and ample notes and references; he has carefully referred from one part of the work to any other that chanced to explain or illustrate the text; and he has added an index, to which it is almost impossible to refer in vain. In a word, we cannot conceive how the work of an editor can be done better than Mr. Griffiths has done his; and this careful labour of years (as it must have been) has been undertaken simply from honourable ambition, and the desire of doing good in his generation. We can only trust that he will soon turn his attention to something still more important and deserving his time and pains.

Dr. Inett divides his work into two parts. Of these the former embraces a period of 656 years; that is, from the taking of Rome by Alaric in 410, to the death of Edward the Confessor in 1066; and the second extends to the death of King John in 1216, with which event his work concludes. He has, in fact, gone over the period of our Church's history which is in many respects both the most important and the most interesting. By commencing where he does, he escapes giving any opinion on the first evangelization of the country, or on those subsequent events, real or supposed, such as the arrival of Joseph of Arimathea, and the baptism of King Lucius, which have offered such abundant food for controversy to our historians and antiquaries; but in which, if silence can be taken for proof, he evidently had little confidence. He also touches but lightly on the existence of the British Church before the coming of S. Augustin: telling us scarcely more than the patent facts that there were several British bishops in Cornwall, and that the Welsh had their metropolitical see at Caerleon. From thence he passes at once to the history of the Saxon Heptarchy. In this arrangement we propose to follow him: for whatever were

the position, powers, or privileges of the original British Church, it is no longer a living reality—it has passed away, and left hardly a trace that it ever was.

It cannot be denied that the student of the history of our country is often disheartened and thrown back by the peculiar difficulties of Anglo-Saxon history. The relations of the kingdoms with each other seem hopelessly confused and involved; the successions of the kings innumerable, and their actions mostly insignificant and such as have left few abiding results.

Admitting that there are difficulties to be encountered, we nevertheless think that men are apt greatly to exaggerate them. We may easily have a sufficient knowledge of these times, without the profound learning of a Palgrave or a Lingard. The terms which must be committed to memory are not many, and the kingdoms which were especially prominent were, at most, but four. These were at first Kent: Northumbria, in its two divisions of Deira, or Deer-land, and Bernicia, or Bear-land, so called either from those parts having been infested with bears, or from the bear-like qualities of their fighting men: and Mercia. When the first of these had sunk into obscurity, Wessex took its place, and eventually absorbed the rest. The three remaining kingdoms were, from their smallness, always more insignificant. It is here that the antiquarian may discover the germ of many of those secular laws and customs which form the foundation of our present constitution; and the ecclesiastical student, if he would have any just idea of the origin and significance of our ecclesiastical polity, as it still in its essence exists among us, must seek it carefully and diligently in the statutes and ordinances which were framed by popes and kings, when Christianity was yet new in the land, and civilisation had to be reconstructed. For it was now that the foundations were laid of that sacred edifice which was to weather such grievous national calamities as the wars of Stephen and Matilda, the frequent struggles of the barons with each other and with the crown, and the consequent oppression and sufferings of the people, caused by a state of things which rendered tillage useless and commerce an impossibility: which was to give a home to the aged and sick at heart; which was to mould for eternity the minds of such countless thousands, whether of those who were from the first dedicated to the service of God, or of such as deserted the world and its riches, and literally acted on the words of the holy Psalmist, who has said, 'I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness;' which was subsequently adorned by the profound learning and the many graces of the bishops and doctors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and which is yet, as we may confidently

trust, despite its many marks of time and weather, and of sacrilegious hands, destined by its Divine Architect to be the shelter and protection of His people from the storms of the world, and the snares of their arch-enemy.

The 'History' of Bede and the 'Saxon Chronicle' are the principal sources from which we derive originally our knowledge of those times: but of these, the former is somewhat confused in arrangement; and the latter contains merely an enumeration of events under the year in which they happened, and therefore, however valuable, is scarcely attractive or interesting. The chief modern historians, beside Inett, are Collier, to whose care and diligence those who have come after him owe more than they are always willing to acknowledge; Fuller, whose worth is somewhat lessened by his habit of turning everything possible into a jest; Turner; Lappenberg; Lingard; Soames; and, latest of all, MacCabe. Lingard—learned, thoughtful, rarely erring, always collected, but, as many think, dry and uninteresting in style—lets us, as it were, behind the scenes of these important and interesting times, making us acquainted with their habits, customs, and tastes; and MacCabe—with a vehemence which occasionally degenerates into the abusiveness of a mere partizan—yet tells us much of the deeds of remarkable persons of both sexes, interests us in scenes and places, and by an unusual power of realising ancient events, brings them, as it were, before our eyes, and makes them our own.

The Anglo-Saxons, it is known, owed originally their conversion, after the mission of S. Augustin in 597, to Ethelbert King of Kent and Bretwald of the island south of the Humber; and his wife Bertha, the daughter of Cherebert, King of France. To the use of Bertha, who at her marriage to Ethelbert was already a Christian, was allotted an ancient British church dedicated to S. Martin at Canterbury, which was served by a French bishop and a staff of chaplains, whom she brought over with her: and to her S. Gregory wrote when he sent hither S. Augustin. The king, in a great measure prepared for the reception of Christianity by the influence and example of his wife, was baptized about the year 597, ten thousand of his subjects following their monarch's example. S. Augustin soon after received episcopal consecration in France; and, on his return, Ethelbert, by his authority as Bretwald, facilitated his reception in the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy. Now ensued those discussions with the native British Christians at Aust, in Gloucestershire, which ended in their rejection of his authority, their refusal to submit to the Romish claims, and their determination to remain subject only to their own superior, the Bishop of Caerleon. It was their fate, however, to become

absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon Church; and not long after this they disappear from history.

S. Gregory, in the year 601, sent Augustin the pallium of an archbishop, and with it directions for the scheme of government which he was to establish in the English Church. The metropolitical see was transferred from London to Canterbury, and S. Augustin was constituted primate, with authority to erect another but subordinate metropolitical see at York. Each metropolitan was to have twelve suffragan bishops under him; and after the death of S. Augustin, the metropolitical see was to be removed again from Canterbury to London, and the two archbishops were to take precedence according to the date of consecration. Such was the original draft of ecclesiastical government in our island, in which, as the apostles had been accustomed to make the capital cities the seat of the chief bishop, the primate (or metropolitan, as he was afterwards called), Canterbury—as the metropolis of the kingdom first converted, and, in fact, of all England south of the Humber—was made the metropolitical see of the English Church; the privilege being taken from London to mark that the succession which the Church was henceforth to acknowledge was that of S. Augustin, and not in any manner of the original British bishops. It was on the same principle that S. Augustin was directed to consecrate another metropolitan for York and the parts above the Humber, which, as not being subject to Ethelbert as Bretwald, formed the independent kingdom of Northumbria. In making this arrangement, however, and in his plan for the transference of the metropolitical see to London after S. Augustin's death, S. Gregory evidently expected a much easier and more speedy settlement of the Church in the country than actually took place. He was ignorant of the obstructions to this result, in the barbarous nature of the people, their idolatrous tendencies, and want of civilisation; nor could he foresee the rival power to his own hierarchy, which afterwards existed for a considerable period in the kingdom of Northumbria. His evident and unavoidable ignorance of the state of the island was the reason why his order of government was not suffered to remain unchallenged. Subsequent popes considered themselves at liberty, as their pleasure dictated or as the needs of the day seemed to require, to alter S. Gregory's arrangement. Pope Vitalian (668) placed the whole Anglo-Saxon Church under the sole jurisdiction of Theodore, the Greek Archbishop of Canterbury; and Agatho (697) confirmed his order. Leo I. restored the Archbishopric of York. Adrian (787) instituted an Archbishop in Lichfield, the capital of the kingdom of Mercia; whom Leo III., sixteen years later, de-

prived, confirming to the see of Canterbury that precedence in rank and authority which it has possessed from those times to the present day.

The British Bishops having refused all communion with S. Augustin, the honour of the conversion of the country is to be ascribed solely to himself and his successors. In little more than eighty years from his arrival, that great and difficult undertaking was fully accomplished. The kingdom of Northumbria had for its apostle, Paulinus, an associate of S. Augustin, who was aided in the good work by Ethilburga, the wife of Edwin the king, and daughter of Ethelbert. East Anglia, consisting of the present counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, was converted by Felix, a Burgundian prelate; Wessex, or the West Saxons, extending from Sussex to the western extremity of the island, by Birinus; Mercia, or the midland counties, by the priests, Adda, Betta, Ceadda who was afterwards consecrated the first Bishop of Lichfield and is the Chad of our calendar, and Diuma who subsequently became their Bishop. The East Saxons, or Men of Essex, were converted by Cedd, the brother of Ceadda, who came from Mercia, and was made Bishop of London; and the South Saxons, who occupied the modern county of Sussex, by the celebrated Wilfrid of York, who, when driven from his bishopric by Egfrid, visited this people.

The interest of the history passes at once on the baptism of Edwin to the kingdom of Northumbria. That prince held the throne six years from the time of his conversion, when he was killed in battle with Penda, the pagan king of Mercia. His two successors, Osric and Eanfrid, renounced Christianity: but Oswald, who, in the brief space of two years, succeeded them, again established it. He, as we learn from Bede, had spent the time of Edwin's reign in exile with the King of the Scots; and to him he applied for missionaries to aid in restoring to his kingdom the knowledge of the truth. The first who was sent was Gorman, and we all remember Bede's account of the result. The people would not listen to him, and he returned to Iona. A council met to consider the matter, before which Gorman stated his case, complaining bitterly of the reception he had met with. Aidan, who was present, replied: 'I am of opinion, 'brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers 'than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably 'to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, 'till being by degrees nourished with the word of God, they 'should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise 'God's sublimer precepts.' The members of the council considered that one possessed of so much discretion should be ordained in Gorman's place, which was accordingly done: and

thus with Aidan commenced the succession of Scotch Bishops who, for 260 years, ruled the Church of Northumbria.

The history of these men forms at once the charm and wonder of their times. Scarcely, if at all, can we find a parallel to their singular diligence, their humility, their contempt of the allurements of the world, their apostolic poverty and simplicity, and their unwearied exertions in evangelizing the country, which in some appear to have almost surpassed the ordinary powers of nature. They lived part of each year as hermits, but passed the remainder with their people, mixing freely with all classes. Hence their success in their work was very great. Under their spiritual rule, too, grew up a race of kings more than one of whom was as remarkable for kingly virtues as were their instructors for those of Churchmen: and the people profited largely by both. Oswald was noted for charity: Oswin for singular humility: and in the reign of Edwin, the quiet and honesty of the kingdom were such, that, as it is said, a woman and her new-born babe might pass from sea to sea without question or molestation.

But whilst we see in this devoted band so much to admire and revere, we must admit that their virtues were not wholly without alloy. Partly, perhaps, from the ideas of the age, and partly from the want of mixing largely with minds which might have beneficially influenced their own, they seem to have erred in carrying to excess some particular graces. Thus, the love of wholesome and, in their case, necessary retirement, degenerated with some into total seclusion which must surely have had an unhappy effect on the Church of which they were rulers. Taught, too, by a reasoning which to us of later times is unintelligible, to consider the absence of cleanliness a virtue, they frequently pushed their self-mortification to a revolting extreme of personal neglect. Yet, despite these and similar drawbacks so likely to be found in a people far more fervent in serving God than instructed in the world's politeness, it must on the whole be confessed that their failings were mostly those of their age and circumstances, whilst their graces, their zeal, their self-denial, their devotion were their own.

But at the outset of their history we are met by the question of their origin, one most interesting in itself, and full of importance, but by no means easy of solution. The first of their band came, as we all know, from Scotland; but whence did the body of missionary teachers who were their fathers in the faith derive *their* origin? Were they an offshoot of Rome, or were they, as some think, members of one of the churches founded by S. John in the East? In the former case they would naturally have formed a part of the great Western Patriarchate, and in

the absence of any sufficient reason for withdrawing from its communion, they would have been subject to it: in the latter, they would clearly from the first have been independent of it. Bede tells us that Pope Celestine, in the year 431, consecrated Palladius bishop of the Scots, who preached first to the people of Ireland, and then crossed to Scotland; but Usher proves that the gospel was known to the Irish long before those times. Probably, however, the convulsions of nations, as yet purely barbarous, caused it to be lost again in both countries: for it seems certain that S. Patrick, in the middle and latter part of the fifth century, converted Ireland, and founded colleges and schools from which missionaries passed over to Scotland.

The earliest of these was probably Columb, who, as Bede relates, came to Scotland in the year 565, taught the northern Picts, and founded the monastery of Iona; as Ninyas, a native Briton, but taught and ordained at Rome, had previously converted the Picts of the south. Thus were the monks of Iona connected through S. Columb with Patrick, who it cannot be doubted was either directly or indirectly a missionary of Rome. But if the Anglo-Saxons were so clearly connected with that see, how did the Bishops of that communion, when, in the reign of Oswy, thirty years after the flight of Paulinus, they again penetrated north of the Humber, find them differing from it both in their time of keeping Easter, and in the manner of the tonsure? They kept the Easter festival according to what is sometimes called the Eastern computation, that is, upon the Sunday which fell between the 14th and 20th day of the first vernal moon: whilst the Romans kept it on that which happened between the 15th and 21st inclusive. In reckoning the age of the moon, moreover, the two parties followed different cycles. The Scotch adopted that of Sulpicius Severus of 84 years: the Romans the Alexandrian of 19 years, which was introduced into the West by Dionysius Exiguus, A.D. 527. The practical result of this difference was that those who followed the Saxon computation were occasionally keeping Easter when the others were celebrating Palm Sunday.

A light, though a feeble one, is thrown on the subject, by the different liturgies used by the English, the Irish Scots, and the Continentals. The two former had their own liturgies, which differed at once from each other, and from that of Rome. The one was called the Cursus Gallorum, the other the Cursus Scotorum: and it is probable, as Dr. Inett suggests, that those parts of the island which were converted by Irish missionaries used their liturgy.[1]

[1] Inett, Book I. chap. iv. § 11.

The Cursus Gallorum was the liturgy of Gaul: derived, as it seems, through S. Irenæus, from S. John. The Cursus Scotorum was most probably that of Rome, and was given to S. Patrick by Celestine when he consecrated him bishop of the Irish in the year 432. Mr. Palmer tells us that there is a tradition, but it finds no favour with him, that the Irish liturgy was that of S. Mark, and was brought to Gaul by Cassian, and was used by Germanus when he came to Britain and Ireland and made Patrick archbishop of the latter country. His reasons for rejecting it are very cogent. The proper liturgy of Germanus and Lupus was that of the Church of Gaul; and why should they have introduced a strange and new one to the British and S. Patrick? If, therefore, the liturgy of S. Patrick was that of Rome, it is very plain that he may have kept Easter himself, and taught his followers to do so, according to the time at which it was kept at Rome in his time. Or, as it is uncertain by whom S. Patrick was ordained bishop—for, in his Confession, which is thought by some to be in the main a genuine work, it is said that he was ordained in his own country—he may have introduced the Gallican style into Ireland, either from Germanus, or from Martin of Tours the preceptor of Sulpicius Severus, whom he had known in Gaul.

However this may be, in the Council which was held at Whitby on the subject, in the year 664, Colman, then Bishop of Lindisfarne, claimed to have received his style from S. John. Wilfrid, the champion of the other side, replied that this was an error, as S. John was a true quarto-deciman, and kept the festival on the 14th day of the month, on whatever day of the week it fell.[1] In this assertion he was correct; but Colman's meaning seems to have been, that the British cycle was derived from the Gallican, which he imagined, as it then stood, to have been derived from S. John. It must not be forgotten that the Scots were called Quarto-decimans improperly; that title being affixed to them, not because they kept the festival like S. John and his followers, the true quarto-decimans, but because they sometimes kept their Easter as early as the 14th: whereas the Roman body, to avoid sometimes agreeing with the Jews, never did so earlier than the 15th.

It appears to us, then, not only that there is no sufficient evidence to connect the Scots with the Church of the East, but that that which does exist tends rather to connect them with Rome. And as between the consecration of S. Patrick and the introduction of the Alexandrian cycle by Dionysius, there was a considerable period, possibly as much as ninety-five years:

[1] Eusebius, Hist. v. 24.

and as history mentions no followers of S. John who visited the Irish shores, it seems most probable that the Scotch kept the festival on the same day as was customary in the Church of Rome and the West, previously to the Council of Nice. This Council ruled indeed that it should henceforth be observed only on Sundays; but as it gave no directions for computing the day, it still left room for those great differences which existed in various parts until the time of Dionysius: and thus the words of Bede become simple matter of historical fact. He says that the Scots erred from being so far out of the world that no one had communicated to them the Synodal decrees for the due observance of the festival. Although we cannot precisely say what were the decrees to which Bede makes allusion: whether they were those of some Italian Council known to him, but unknown to us; or whether, more probably, he mistook the general directions of Nice, that the festival should be held on Sunday for a definite specification of the particular day on which it should be held: it is certain that between the time of Dionysius and the coming of S. Augustin, history makes mention of no Western missionaries having arrived in the island, who could have communicated to the people the day, as newly re-formed, of the Roman observance of the festival in question.[1] The other question, of the tonsure, debated at Whitby, is too insignificant and too obscure to be of any weight either way. The Roman party affirmed that their own circular form of tonsure had come to them from S. Peter; and they accused their opponents, who did not complete the circle, but shaved only the front part of the head, of having adopted that of Simon Magus; but it is certain, as even Butler acknowledges, that for the first four centuries tonsures were wholly unknown.

The East Saxons—that is, the people of Middlesex and Essex, —the Mercians, and, in a word, the whole of England from the Frith of Edinburgh to the Thames, were converted by the Scottish bishops. But Kent and Wessex, having been converted by S. Augustin and his followers, received from them the Sacramentary of S. Gregory: and this eventually formed the Liturgy of the Anglo-Saxon Church; whilst the alterations which each bishop in those times had power to make in his own diocese, gave rise to those different rituals which

[1] On this question, which is more important in the conclusions which have been attempted to be drawn from it, than it is in itself, our readers may consult Collier, Fuller, or any other of our ecclesiastical historians. A very lucid account of it may be found in 'Prideaux's Connection,' part II. book iv. Our own conclusion agrees precisely with his, though by no means founded on it. Dr. Lingard also takes the same view.

were afterwards known by the title of the Uses of York, Sarum, Bangor, &c.

The Saxon kings at this period possessed powers in things ecclesiastical of no slight extent. There was, indeed, a sense in which they were supreme.

'In the first conversion' (says Inett) 'of that people, each prince made such establishment as best suited the convenience of his own dominions; and excepting the kingdom of Kent, no one kingdom had in the first establishment more than one episcopal see; the bishop whereof was independent, owning no metropolitan; and with the advice of their clergy and people, the princes founded or removed episcopal sees, or divided bishoprics, as they were led by the interest of religion and the good of their churches and people.'[1]

He proceeds to show, by the case of the West Saxons, that these powers were possessed by the kings whose dominions had been converted by the Roman missionaries, no less than they were by those whose first teachers had been the Irish-Scots; for Cenwalh of Wessex first settled the Episcopal see at Dorchester, and afterwards founded a second at Winchester.[2]

But on the death of Deusdedit the Archbishop of Canterbury, soon after the Council at Whitby, the kings of Northumbria and Kent agreed to elect as his successor one who should receive his consecration at Rome, and bring the English Church to a conformity in discipline with that Church. Wighart their nominee dying at Rome, the Pope, Vitalian, prevailed on Theodore, a Greek by extraction, to consent to be consecrated in his place. Theodore was the great archbishop of the Anglo-Saxon Church. Hitherto it had possessed no thorough organization, nor any principle of unity with itself. These vital wants Theodore at once set himself diligently to supply. He was the first metropolitan of the whole Church; and, as such, one of his first acts was to found schools and colleges for the instruction of the Saxons in the Greek and Latin languages, arithmetic, geometry, music, and other sciences. The good effect of these schools was remaining in Bede's time, sixty years after.

Theodore next held a Council at Hertford. It is here, as Inett says, that we gain

'The first view of a national English Church, united under one common Metropolitan, and [it] gives us some light into the terms upon which the Churches, before independent on each other, were united into one.'—Book I. chap. vi. § 1.

The twelve canons were directed to the establishment of unity in the Church; except the last, the object of which was to check the sin of unchastity, to which, as we shall presently see, the Saxon was especially prone. The chief term of communion

[1] Book I. chap. iv. § 10. [2] Ibid.

with Theodore (as it had been with S. Augustin) was the observation of Easter after the Roman manner; but this of course involved the acknowledgment of him as metropolitan. After this came the order that such bishops as had been ordained by the Scots or Britons should have imposition of hands by a Romish Bishop; that chrism and the holy Eucharist should be given only to those who united themselves to them; and that those who doubted of their baptism should be re-baptized.

But we cannot agree with our author when he says on this Council that—

> 'These terms of communion lie so open to reproachful reflections on the truth and honour of the churches wherein the greatest part of the English people had received their baptism, that it is hard to say whether there was more insolence in imposing on the one side, or more mortification on the other in submitting to them.'—Book I. chap. vi. § 1.

It was surely better that the Church should abandon a forgotten and erroneous style of keeping Easter, and assure herself in all respects of being at one with that of Europe, than that she should present the appearance of a church at unity neither with herself nor with that of the great Western Patriarchate. And in fact we know that before the Council of Whitby, the king of Wessex, and Alfred the son of Oswy of Northumbria, had been brought by Wilfrid, an Englishman by birth, to the Roman computation of Easter; and that Oswy himself, at that Council, decided in favour of the missionaries of Rome. When Theodore, too, challenged the validity of the ordination of Bishop Chad, that prelate, instead of indignantly refusing to entertain the objection, quietly submitted to receive imposition of orders from Theodore. Nor was there any national resistance to that prelate's decrees; on the contrary, the kings, or some of them, wished their Church to be in communion with that of Rome, and the people accepted the unity.

In fact, a mistaken principle seems to pervade all that Dr. Inett says of the relative position at that time of the Churches of England and Rome. He sees ancient times through our own: a common but fatal mistake for a historian to make. Having told us that Theodore first introduced the principle of Auricular Confession in the fast of the tenth month; that is, at the season of Advent: he objects that the Church of England was not then acquainted with the peculiar doctrines of the Council of Trent. Of course she was not. How could she be? She must have been a most far-seeing Church if she had been. But what Dr. Inett means, and in this we entirely dissent from him, is that because the communion of the Churches was broken in the sixteenth century, it ought not to have existed in the seventh;

and that nothing but slavery or heterodoxy did or could ensue to the Saxon from her communion with her sister Church. What then does Dr. Inett wish to have been the state of things at this period? Romanism and Tridentine doctrine were not then in existence; and the whole Church was in entire and perfect unity with itself in all its branches. Would he have had the English branch to stand alone in a position of separation from, and hostility to the rest, and that on such grounds as caused the holding of the Council of Whitby? We do not see to what his ideas tend, except to the position that because the Church of Rome was concerned, division even then was to be preferred to unity. To admit this is to give our adversary the greatest possible triumph: for it is to take to ourselves what we ascribe to him, the responsibility and the blame of the division when it was made. We are surprised that he did not perceive, as he committed this part of his work to paper, its erroneousness both in reasoning and in fact. We are still more surprised that one so familiar with the mediæval history of our Church, did not see and feel the great advantages which, with whatever drawbacks, did in so many respects result to this country from that union with the then more educated and refined continent. It was a uniting of a corner of the world with the centre of civilization. We do not deny that there were many instances, not only after these times, but even now, of Papal usurpation which were unjustifiable in themselves, and, as such, provoked continual opposition in the country. Many heavy exactions were also imposed. But on the other hand, if we had not then been in communion with Rome, how many men of learning and conduct, such as Theodore, Lanfranc, Anselm, and a host of others, would have been lost to the church and country. What combinations of skill, experience, and talent should we have missed in the founding and construction of our cathedrals and colleges. And setting for a moment the principle aside, it was fortunate at once for the Church, the country, and themselves, that such kings as the persecutors of Anselm, and the murderer of Beckett, had some one to check their savage natures; something of which they were afraid. If, too, external assistance were necessary in our own as in other cases, for the bestowal at first of a succession and a Church, and after that for the directing of the efforts and the maturing of the powers of the youthful body; and the case lay between the original Scotch missionaries and those from Rome: the whole question is reduced to a narrow compass, and can be easily solved. Did the Scotch missionaries prove themselves able to train the people to any enlarged views in religion? Did they give them real refinement? Could they even maintain the ground they had gained? If they had made the whole of

England permanently that which they succeeded for a time in making the kingdom of Northumbria, would she ever have achieved a high place among nations? Their own virtues were indeed great: but they were the virtues of eremites, and tended rather to produce retirement from the world than mastery of it. Their light shone no doubt very brightly; but they ever hid it too much under a bushel. What individual, too, what single country, what Church, but, if debarred from interchange of thought and mind with others, becomes more or less torpid? What but the fact of her holding communion with herself alone, causes the stagnation of the Greek Church at the present day? Nay, the want of free discussion and independent opinion tends to produce the same result even with the Church of Rome; and it would be so with ourselves also, were it not for the many active and energetic Churches which are in communion with us; *e.g.* those of America, Scotland, and our Colonies. Union is proverbially strength. The Church was intended by her Divine Founder and His Apostles to be one. There was a time when she was so, and such ought to be the case now. That it is not so is our lamentation, but not our fault.

But this by no means applies to the time when the Church of Rome habitually persisted in usurping our national liberties, and in defiling the pure well of Catholic truth. It was right that the Church should be in union with that of Rome; it was also right that she should resist, as she did, all attempts of the Pope to assume over her an authority beyond that laid down for metropolitans and patriarchs by the Œcumenical Councils.

And in fact, Theodore was by no means a partizan of the Church of Rome as opposed to that of England. The only prelate of that time to whom such a title could in any degree apply, was the English-born Wilfrid, who really appears to have paid court to Rome for his own benefit rather than on principle. For when he was first nominated by Oswy to the see of York, overlooking the native bishops, and regardless of the appointment of S. Gregory, he caused himself to be sent at the national charge for ordination to Paris. Afterwards, on being deprived of his bishopric by Ecgfrid, he appealed to Agatho the Pope, and received from him a papal mandate, directing his restoration to his see. But so far was this appeal from being considered as decisive, that Ecgfrid, with the consent and advice of his bishops and nobles, not only refused to reinstate him, but even proceeded to unwarranted violence on his personal liberty. At a synod held subsequently at Osterfeld (the modern Oysterfield, near Ripon), in presence of Alcfred, his early friend and patron, and Berthwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, the sense of the English Church as such, on the subject of the papal authority in the

country, was expressed still more decidedly. Wilfrid was deprived of all his preferment in Mercia and Northumbria. He vehemently resisted this decision, and reproached the Council with its contempt for the judgment of the Popes in his favour, and its preference for the constitution of Theodore; and he threatened to proceed to Rome, and bring the matter again before the Pope. Inett shall relate what followed:—

'Whatever Wilfrid expected, this resolution made no change in the sense of the Council but what was to his disadvantage. For the Council was so far from stopping their proceedings, or thinking their authority inhibited by Wilfrid's threatening to complain to the Apostolic See, that this his conduct gave occasion to the most public declaration that could be made by such a body, that they believed that their authority was final, and that they knew of no right the See of Rome had to take cognizance of things transacted in England. And, therefore, immediately upon Wilfrid's saying he would go to Rome, the writer of his story adds, that the king and the archbishop, hearing what he said, immediately replied, that now he had justified their proceedings, and made the sentence against him appear to be just, by choosing to be judged at Rome rather than by them; and in great indignation the king subjoined that, if the Council thought fit, he would presently force him to submit and declare he was ready to abide by their judgment. But the Council having passed their promise to Wilfrid that no violence should be offered to his person, dissuaded the king from this course; but to vindicate their authority, they immediately excommunicated him and all his followers and adherents; and were so severe in their proceedings, that they decreed, that if any abbot or priest of Wilfrid's party should with the sign of the cross bless the meat of any Christian people, it should be esteemed as meat offered to idols, and thrown out of doors; and that the very holy vessels made use of by that party should be esteemed as defiled, and not used till they had been washed.

'And, to show that this was not the effect of resentment, but the steady and settled judgment of the English Church, and that the judgment of their Metropolitan in Synod was final, and there lay no appeal to Rome as to a superior court, whatever deference upon other accounts might be due to that See; when they sent their messengers to Rome, to prevent the aspersions or false representations of Wilfrid, the first thing they charged upon that prelate, and chiefly insisted on, was his refusing to submit to the sentence of the Archbishop and his Synod. And when Wilfrid returned from Rome, King Alcfred (Aldfrith) and his Bishops and Council did again declare, that what already had and what should be hereafter decreed by the Archbishops and Bishops should never be altered by any decrees of the Apostolic See.'—Book I. chap. ix. § 6.

A second time did Wilfrid proceed to Rome; and now he entreated Pope John to make use

'Of his interest and gentle admonitions to persuade Alcfred, king of Northumberland, to observe what Agatho and his Council had determined in his favour; at least he hoped, that by the help of the Pope's petition in his favour, he might be permitted to enjoy his two monasteries of Ripon and Hagulstad' [Hexham].—*Ibid.* § 8.

This, as Inett continues,

'Has so little of the air and form of an appeal, as would be esteemed an affront rather than a formal appeal to a superior court. For the very

asking the Bishop of Rome to petition in his favour is so open a contradiction to a canonical right vested in that see to receive appeals as a court superior, that, if there were no other argument, this alone was enough to prove that the English Church was as yet a stranger to the late doctrine of appeals.'—*Ibid.*

John, in return, did not attempt to direct authoritatively what should be done, as a superior would do if appealed to against an inferior; but he simply wrote to Ethelred and Alcfred, requesting that a Council might be called, and the question, if possible, settled. Wilfrid accordingly urged his cause afresh, at the Council of Nidd. The Council decided that it had no authority to annul the decree of that of Osterfeld and the decision of the kings Ecgfrid and Alcfred and of Archbishop Theodore. The result was that Wilfrid was not restored to his undivided diocese of York, the original cause of contention, but was allowed to possess the monastery of Ripon and Hexham, with the latter see.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of the case. Mabillon, overlooking the real point at issue, says that the Council of Nidd reversed the sentence of Theodore and of Osterfeld.[1] But, as we have shown, neither in word nor in deed was this done. Dr. Lingard tells us that it showed the utility of the supreme jurisdiction of the Pontiff, and the good of Papal appeals. It may be so; but we can only say that it does not seem very easy to discover the good that ensued to the Church of England, the Pope, or Wilfrid, from the appeal of the last. The Church was nothing bettered by it: for the question once raised, her good must have consisted either in being rid of Wilfrid altogether, or in having him restored to his see, neither of which took place. The Pope, whether commanding or entreating, was not listened to; and the best that befel Wilfrid was a compromise. Lingard urges, as a proof of his opinion, the fact that from this time to the end of Edward the Confessor's reign there were no bishops deposed by the king or the metropolitan; but he offers no proof that this better condition of the Church resulted from, or was at all connected with, the appeal of Wilfrid; and it is obvious that there are other reasons to be assigned for the circumstance.

However this may be, it is certain that very great improvements in the Church, and the kingdom with it, were effected by Theodore. By introducing unity into the Church, and making it to be one body and at peace with itself, he was beyond doubt the great means of paving the way for the union of the kingdoms of the Heptarchy: a union so necessary to the right employment of the means of the nation, and the development

[1] Annal. Bened. ii. 12, 13.

of its strength. To him we owe the beginning of a Church establishment; and by his efforts an end was put to the custom of each kingdom of the Heptarchy having only one bishop. The larger dioceses were divided, and new sees established wherever additional episcopal superintendence was required. Churches were erected in towns and villages, their patronage being secured to those by whose aid they were built; parishes were marked out; the Church was settled on a firm footing, and due support secured to the clergy. Theodore's chief literary work was his 'Penitential,' which contains a list of the crimes and offences requiring ecclesiastical censure, with their several punishments. Its reputation was very great, insomuch that it formed for a long period the chief standard of discipline, not only for the English Church, but also for several of the foreign churches. Egbert, Archbishop of York, took it as the model for his 'Pontificale.' It is published in Thorpe's 'Ancient Laws and Institutes.'

The laws of Ina, king of Wessex, and of Ethelbert of Kent before him, were no doubt a great assistance to Theodore in his reforms. Among other things, Ina ordered conformity of the clergy to the Canons, and protected their interests; commanded due observance by the people of the Lord's day, and payment of tithes and church dues. We also think—and if we have Lingard against us, the more eminent antiquary, Spelman, is on our side—that the yearly tribute to the Pope of a penny for each household, called Peter's pence, hearth penny, Rome fee, and other like titles, was, if not first instituted, yet first enforced as a custom by him. The question has been, whether he or Offa, king of Mercia, was the author of this grant. We are assured by Malmesbury that Ina did institute such a payment; but some antiquarians have overlooked the fact, that his law, made for his own kingdom of Wessex in the year 728, however binding on it, could in no way affect that of Mercia under Offa, nearly seventy years after; and therefore, although the latter potentate was not the first absolutely to make this grant, he was the first to do so for the kingdom of Mercia. Afterwards, when Egbert, king of Wessex, had reduced the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his single rule, he extended to the whole island an impost which had been originally levied in Wessex and Mercia alone. Hence there seems no difficulty in receiving the account of Polydore Virgil (who was a collector of the tribute in question), that Ina first levied it and Offa followed him. It is Dr. Inett's opinion that no such charge was made by either of those kings, or by any other before Edward the Confessor: because Pope Leo III., the immediate successor of Adrian, to whom it is supposed to have

been originally granted, knew nothing of it; and he considers it was not a tax on the subject, but a pension from the crown. Had he proved this, his argument would have carried much weight. His able editor shows that it was collected at least as early as Edward the Elder, and was a charge on the people.[1] Dr. Inett thinks that Gregory VII., when in the eleventh century he levied a like tax on France and Poland, extended his demands successfully to England. It was collected on the first of August, which day was called S. Peter ad Vincula, and hence it came to be called Peter's pence. It was continued, although with many encroachments on the part of the Pope and frequent complaints from our parliaments, till the time of Henry VIII.

It greatly excites our surprise that Dr. Inett makes scarcely any mention of that marvel of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman times, the patron of Lindisfarne and Durham and bishop of the former see, S. Cuthbert. There are many histories of this Saint extant, two of which are by Bede; but Inett only alludes to the comparatively brief mention of him by that author in his History and De Temporum Ratione. Of Cuthbert's wonderful asceticism he says nothing; nor of the promise he exacted from his monks on his death-bed, that if they were ever compelled to quit Lindisfarne, they would take his remains with them; and of the seven years of wandering which was the result of that promise, until a resting-place was at length found at Durham. His remains were here interred, until exhumed successively in the times of William the Conqueror, and Henry the Eighth, and by Dr. Raine and others, in our own century. The miracles ascribed to this Saint are innumerable. It was held that the important victory over the Scots at Neville's Cross near Durham, in the year 1346, was won through the prayers of the monks of Durham, and by means of a relic of S. Cuthbert, which was borne by some of them to the scene of slaughter, the virtue of which was supposed to have overcome that of the standard of David, king of the Scots, who was taken prisoner, and of the celebrated Black Rood of Scotland.

His notice of Bede is also brief and meagre: nor is there any attempt to delineate his character, or to give an account of his numerous writings, and the effect they had for many centuries on the Church. Besides, there are others of each sex, of more or less note in their day, whose lives and acts we might have expected to find discussed, but of whom he makes little or no mention. We shall endeavour presently in this respect briefly to supply his omission.

In the year 766, Offa, the king of Mercia, already alluded to,

[1] Book I. chap. xiii. § 11, note 1.

resolving to make the Church in his kingdom independent of that of Canterbury, caused his bishops to withdraw their allegiance from their metropolitan, and transfer it to the Bishop of Lichfield, then the capital city of his kingdom. Pope Adrian, at his request, sent him the pall, and Lichfield was for the time erected into an archbishopric. The arrangement, however, was but short-lived: for soon after Offa's death, in 796, the metropolitical powers and privileges were again transferred to Canterbury, and the Bishop of Lichfield returned to his original position of one of the suffragans of that archiepiscopal see. A more important event was the creation of an archbishopric at York, in 736, of which Egbert was the first occupant. He sat for thirty years, and left behind him the reputation of an able scholar and a good prelate. He had been a scholar of Bede; and through his pupil Alcuin, the friend and adviser of Charlemagne in his many and important ecclesiastical acts, and the supposed founder of the schools of Paris, he exercised a wide and lasting influence on the whole Western Church. His 'Pontificale,' a collection of Canons, has been lately published by the Surtees Society; and it forms one of the many benefactions to literature for which we have to thank that learned body. Fuller has done his best to throw an unmerited odium on this work. Inett doubts if such portions of it as Fuller complains of are genuine; but it must be remembered that the Saxons were by no means guiltless of the offences which meet the objurgations and penalties of Egbert, against the seventh commandment; and the true blame surely lies at the door of those who render such laws necessary, and not of the rulers of the Church, whose duty it is to make and enforce them. Otherwise, how many of the Councils, including even that of Nice, are liable to the same terms of opprobrium as those with which Fuller has defamed Egbert. Alcuin, at least, was far from thinking his master to have a vicious mind and depraved imagination, and has given him a character wholly inconsistent with the insinuations of Fuller.

In the year 790, Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, was selected by Offa of Mercia for his daughter Alfleda. Ethelbert thereupon visited the court of his proposed father-in-law, when either by the direction of Offa, or of his queen Quendrida, he was murdered in a manner which strongly calls to mind the concluding scene of 'Kenilworth.' MacCabe, who can see nothing wrong in one who is in subjection to the Pope, and nothing right in any one else, endeavours to find an acquittal for Offa in the conduct of Leicester; but, *pace sua*, the Mercian king was at least as criminal as the English earl. If not the direct murderer of his guest, he was at least an Ahab in the matter, and gave way to the superior resolution and daring of his queen. To

make the parallel more exact, Offa did not hesitate to seize and appropriate the territories of his victim. The arguments of Quendrida, and the hesitation and final acquiescence of Offa, as they are related by Matthew Paris and the other historians, remind us of the scene in 'Macbeth,' where the murder of Duncan is finally resolved upon. And it is at least curious that thirty years later the weak and insignificant kingdom of East Anglia became the ultimate means of the destruction of the strong and wide-spread one of Mercia. In the year 823, Egbert, King of Wessex, defeated the Mercians in the decisive battle of Ellendane or Wilton. On this reverse of their worst enemies, the East Angles, to escape their tyranny, placed themselves under the service of Egbert. The King of Mercia, with such powers as he could gather after his late defeat, attacked them, but was overcome and put to death. His successor followed his example and shared his fate. Mercia being thus deprived of its rulers fell an easy prey to Egbert: Northumbria submitted to him soon after: Kent had been already subdued; and thus the whole island became united under a single rule, and Egbert was crowned king of all England. Dr. Inett, who does not very closely follow the secular fortunes of the different kingdoms of the Heptarchy, makes but passing mention of these wars and revolutions.

We will now give a brief account, as we have promised, of a few of those great names of the period whom Dr. Inett has either omitted, or has mentioned too slightly. The first in time is the Abbess Hilda. She was the grand-niece of King Edwin of Northumbria, and had been a convert of Paulinus. In her thirty-third year she assumed the religious habit, and became abbess of the convent of Hartpool. Some years later, she founded the double monastery of Whitby: that is, a monastery which contained both monks and nuns. The two sexes were, however, very strictly separated, and Hilda was the superior of both, for they as her servitors lived on her property, and were supported by her.[1] Hence it was that she presided at the Council held there on the Easter question. Hilda was the constant adviser of prince and peasant. Five of her monks were raised to the episcopate, amongst whom were S. John of Beverley and Wilfrid. Having presided over this monastery for many years, she was afflicted, as we learn from Bede, with a fever which, having wasted her strength for six years, at length proved fatal. He adds that her death was revealed to two persons, Begu, a nun of the monastery of Hackness, thirteen miles from Whitby, and one of the sisterhood of Whitby

[1] Lingard.

itself, both of whom saw her soul borne up to heaven by bands of angels.[1]

In the monastery of Whitby lived Cædmon, the author of many poems on sacred subjects, some of which are still extant. One of a people of whom nothing ordinary can by any possibility be related, he is said to have received the gift of poetry in a dream, and late in life, at Hilda's recommendation, abandoned the secular for the monastic habit, and died a monk.

S. John of Beverley was at first Bishop of Hexham, but he gave it up to Wilfrid to whom it had originally belonged on his return from Rome, and was afterwards placed in the see of York. Bede received from him the orders of deacon and priest. He built at Beverley a double monastery like that of Whitby; where he died, A.D. 721. Athelstan founded his minster, in which his remains are deposited, at Beverley, in memory of a great victory gained by him over the Scots, through, as supposed, the Saint's intercession. Bede recalls many miracles said to have been wrought by him, such as healing and the like, of the usual type found in his History.

Benedict Biscop had been the minister of King Oswy, but he early took the vows of a monk, and built on some land given him by Egfrid the monastery of Weremouth, dedicating it to S. Peter. He travelled several times to Rome, and brought thence many valuable books. He seems to have been one of the first who built stone churches, having brought masons for that purpose from France. He also introduced, from the same source, the use of glass; and by his persuasion, Abbot John was induced to come from Rome to Weremouth, and teach the monks the art of singing and chanting.[2] After the monastery of Weremouth, he built that of Jarrow, of which Bede was the chief ornament. He died of a pestilence after an illness of three years, about 703.[3]

Guthlac, the hermit of Croydon, was of good birth. He served eight years as a soldier; and then took the habit of a monk, at Repton in Derbyshire. After two years he repaired to the place now called Croyland, which was then an island in an immense lake, situated on the eastern boundary of Mercia. His clothing was of skins, and his sole sustenance is said to have been a little barley-bread and water taken once a day: but we are not told how nature was supported, and life continued, on such insufficient fare. He was ordained priest by Hedda, Bishop of the West Saxons; and Ethelbert, afterwards King of Mercia, was for some time his companion. After a residence on his island for fifteen years, he died, A.D. 714. Ethelbald

[1] Bede, iv. 23. [2] Ibid. iv. 18. [3] Ibid. iv. 18.

subsequently built on the spot a monastery, and endowed it with the island.

S. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany and Archbishop of Mentz, was born at Crediton in Devonshire. His English name was Winfrid. He was educated at the monastery of Exeter, and at the age of thirty received priestly ordination. He converted many in Thuringia, Friesland, Hesse, Saxony, and Bavaria. In Hesse, he destroyed an oak that was dedicated to Jupiter, and built an oratory from its timber. He was martyred in Friesland, A.D. 755.

Among the places that are worthy of note in Anglo-Saxon history are Aust, in Gloucestershire, on the Severn, the place of meeting of S. Augustin and the British Clergy; Baddesdon Hill, either in Berkshire or near Bath, where King Alfred gained his twelfth and most decisive victory over the Saxons, and still commemorated by the celebrated 'White Horse;' Beverley, which contains the minster of S. John of Beverley; Coldingham, where stood a celebrated double monastery; Cricklade, near Oxford, where Archbishop Theodore first established his schools; Dorchester, the Bishop's see, till it was removed to Lincoln; Evesham, where Bishop Egwin built a monastery; Godmanham, at which place Coifi, the pagan high-priest of King Edwin, profaned the Saxon idols, when Edwin was converted to Christianity; Hatfield, where King Edwin was attacked by Penda of Mercia, and killed; Hexam, in which Bishop Wilfrid built a splendid minster; Portsmouth; the rivers Swale, near Richmond in Yorkshire, and Trent near Southwell, in which Paulinus baptized his Saxon converts; Whitby, the abbey of which place was built by Hilda, as before stated; Wilton, the scene of the decisive defeat of Beornwulf, King of Mercia, by Egbert, King of Wessex, which eventually resulted in the destruction of the Heptarchy.

Much light is thrown upon the condition and customs of the Church and people at this period by the canons which were made in the different Councils. Of the latter, the chief were that of Whitby in 664, on the Easter question, as already stated; Hertford, 673; Hatfield, 680; Beaconsfield, now Bapchild, near Sittingbourne, in Kent, 694; Berghamstead, or Berstead, near Maidstone, 679; I. Cloveshoe, which has been thought to be either Clyff near Rochester, or Abingdon, or some place in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury, A.D. 747; I. Calcuith, a place unknown, but supposed to have been in the kingdom of Mercia, and situate on the Thames, A.D. 785; II. Cloveshoe, 803; II. Calcuith, 816; and the two held on Bishop Wilfrid, the former at Osterfeld near Ripon, and the latter near the river Nidd, in the neighbourhood of York. Of those

we have already given the history. Without inflicting on our readers the canons of these Councils in full, it is sufficient to state that each in a measure repeats the other. The chief abuses which required to be repressed were then, as subsequently, sacrilege; the intrusion of clergy into each other's spheres; and sins against the seventh commandment. Thus Hertford and II. of Calcuith direct Bishops not to invade other dioceses. The good government of monasteries is provided for in Hatfield, I. of Cloveshoe, and II. of Calcuith. I. of Calcuith forbids illegitimate children to succeed to the crown or to inherit—especially the children of nuns—and opposes marriages within the degrees.[1] Monks are to obey their abbots;[2] the clergy are not to leave their dioceses without permission of the bishops;[3] synods are to be held once a year at Cloveshoe;[4] the Church is to have freedom of all her privileges, customs, and revenues;[5] the oath of a priest was equal to that of the thane, the bishop ranking with the earldormen, and his affirmation, like that of the king, being conclusive in itself;[6] uniformity in performance of the services was to be practised;[7] and clergy and monks are forbidden to live in the houses of the laity, or anywhere but their own monasteries.[8] At Hatfield no canons were framed; but the rising heresy of the Monothelites was opposed, and the faith of the Church of England declared to be that of the first five Councils. Hertford forbids divorce except in case of adultery, and prohibits incest and fornication. Berghamstead punishes such crimes according to the degree of the offender; banishing the foreigner, fining the native according to his rank, and punishing the conniving priest with suspension. We learn from Dr. Lingard that the Saxons, before their conversion, had been very peculiar, and quite unlike other nations in their law of chastity. It was their custom to hang the adulteress and her partner in guilt, and to burn her remains: or to scourge her from place to place, till she died under the infliction. At the same time they allowed themselves in the practice of incestuous unions. The son did not hesitate to marry the wife of his deceased father; or the widow the brother of her husband. Gregory the Great, in consideration of the ignorance of the people, and their recent conversion, restricted the prohibition of marriage from the seventh to the first and second degree, which in the eighth century was extended to the fourth, and in the eleventh to the sixth, where it

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[1] Canons 12, 15, 16. [2] Hertford, Canon 4. [3] Ibid. Canon 5.
[4] Ibid. Canon 7. [5] Berg. Canon 1.
[6] Ibid. Canon 8, 9; Palgrave, vol. i. p. 164; Lingard, i. p. 170.
[7] I. Cloveshoe: I. Calcuith. [8] I. Cloveshoe, Canon 29.

remained till the Norman Conquest. We also find in Thorpe that the Saxons were especially severe on those who offered any insult to the honour of females. Their degrees of guilt were carefully enumerated, and punishments were apportioned according to the circumstances of the offence and the rank of the person insulted.

Lingard is exceedingly severe on Inett for his account of the Council of Cloveshoe, and the inferences drawn from it by him. Inett maintains that the Council proves the English Church to have been independent of the Pope. Lingard asserts the contrary. Inett gives, as the probable cause of its having been convoked, the activity of Archbishop Boniface, and the desire by which he supposes him to have been actuated to bring the English Church into that submission to the Papal See which he had established already in the Church of Germany. Lingard tells us that it was assembled in obedience to the mandate of Pope Zachary, who had threatened to excommunicate the English Bishops if they did not exert themselves to put an end to great scandals and immoralities which were rife among the nation, and that they obeyed the exhortation of the Pontiff so far as to make certain canons, by the execution of which they hoped to correct the evils complained of, and to avoid his censure. Inett, in proof of his opinion, brings forward the profession of the Bishops assembled, in which, whilst they promise an universal rule of charity, they repudiate flattery to any: this he supposes to refer to the Pope; and as Archbishop Boniface sent his own canons to England, he thinks that others were founded on them, and ratified; but from the Council having omitted all mention of any superior authority to the Metropolitan, he concludes that they intended simply to refer the final settlement of all disputes to the Archbishop and the Provincial Synod.

Lingard answers that this cannot be so, for whilst Boniface's canons were only eight in number, those of Cloveshoe were thirty: and that the former sent them to England only in answer to Cuthbert's inquiries of what he was doing in Germany, and expressly asked Cuthbert's approval and suggestions on them; and he maintains that the Council's promise of peace and charity refers to the Bishops of the province of Canterbury alone, who, to use his own words,

'Belonged to different nations, having different and opposite interests, and lived under kings and earldormen, generally at variance, frequently at war with each other; on which account the covenant bound them to look upon themselves as one body, to preserve religious peace and harmony among themselves, and to protect, according to their power, the rights of their several churches.'—LINGARD, vol. i. p. 391.

Or it might have been, he thinks, that the proposed division of the province, and the creation of Lichfield into an archbishopric, had already transpired, and the rule in question was intended to protect the rights of Canterbury.

There is here a great deal that is evidently purely hypothetical on both sides. To us it does not seem that the question of the connexion of the Churches of Rome and England was raised, or even contemplated at this Council at all. As for the cause of its assembling, a more obvious reason than those of either of our controversialists may be found without difficulty. The Council of Hertford, seventy years before, had directed, in accordance with the rule of the Council of Nice, that a Council should be held yearly: and the place for its meeting was named as Cloveshoe. We can, therefore, see nothing in the assembling of the one in question but a fulfilment of this direction. Dr. Lingard may be correct in those particulars on which he controverts Inett, and yet have failed to prove his main position; and it seems a pity that Inett tried to discover in the Council a question which is not there, at least directly: for it is certain that on the subject of the obedience to the Church of Rome to which Boniface urged them by his own example, they returned no reply whatever; but as far as they spoke on the subject at all, they said something different.

We think that it was at the Council of Osterfeld and Nidd, held more than forty years before, that this question was really decided, and that the English Church (while in communion with Rome, as at that time she ought to be) proved herself free of her rule; maintaining precisely the same position as that which was afterwards procured for her by the laws enacted in the reigns of Edward I. and Richard II.; when, without any infraction of the union, many of those papal exactions and usurpations which had been gradually growing up among us were cut off, and the Church was restored to something at least of her original freedom.

Although Dr. Lingard is very minute and laborious in attempting to prove that the Council of Osterfeld not only does *not* disprove the subjection of the Anglo-Saxon Church to Rome, but directly establishes it, we do not perceive that he has endeavoured to show that such subjection is to be concluded from these two Councils. He infers, it is true, that the appeal of Wilfrid to the Pope was formally admitted, because Archbishop Berthwald sent his own messengers to Rome after Wilfrid. But we have shown that Wilfrid sought rather a recommendation than any formal decree from Rome; and it is evident that the more Lingard insists on this appeal as a formal act, and the higher he puts the papal claims before the Council

of Nidd, the more must they be lowered after it; for the Church, by her Archbishop and others in authority there, met Wilfrid in council, heard the sentence in question, and formally refused to submit to it, or be in any way bound by it. If the appeal proved that the Church of England was subject to that of Rome, as Lingard contends, what does the subsequent decision of Nidd prove? Dr. Lingard does not tell us this, or show, as he ought to have done, how the sentence in question tends to establish his conclusion.

It will now, perhaps, be allowed us to take a brief glance at the Church and Clergy at the Anglo-Saxon period: for there is much both of useful and interesting information on the gradual increase, endowment, and final establishment of the one, and the sources of derivation, the training and instruction, the manner of life, and the possessions of the other, in the country, which can only be obtained from the study of these times.

The churches were originally built of the rudest materials, and in the most humble style. The Romans employed in their construction unhewn stone; and the Scots before Benedict Biscop are said to have generally used wood: which they might have done, even if acquainted with the arts of masonry. The covering in both cases consisted simply of reeds or straw.

The clergy came originally from monasteries. These were then the only seats of learning and priestly education in the land. S. Columb founded the first in the island of Iona: Aidan, when brought into Northumbria, followed his example, choosing for the site of his own the island of Lindisfarne. There he and his staff of clergy dwelt, and from hence they, at periodical seasons, visited the surrounding people, teaching, baptizing, and 'houseling' or communicating them: after which they returned again to the island. Much the same was the case in the South of England. S. Augustin, by permission of Ethelbert, had built two monasteries, one within, the other without the walls of Canterbury. Cathedrals were soon erected to be the bishops' churches; and here were trained up a band of clergy to aid the bishop in his different labours. Next we find that kings, earl-dormen, and thanes built churches on their own lands, for their own benefit, and that of their villains or servants of the soil. These formed the original of parish churches; and so necessary were such churches soon found to be, that no landed proprietor could be a thane unless there was one on his estate.

The clergy originally had no subsistence apart from the bishop; but the whole of the ecclesiastical revenues were divided into four portions, and distributed equally to the bishop, the clergy, the poor, and the fabric. Inett says that Ethelwulf

(A.D. 855) first exempted the clergy from secular services, and gave them tithes.[1] But we find mention of tithes in the canons of Archbishop Egbert, and in the Council of Calcuith, A.D. 816; and Sir F. Palgrave shows that Ethelwulf's grant was not that of tithes proper, but of one-tenth part of his kingdom which he exempted from all royal tribute and rates. Their tenure of holding was, freedom from all secular services, 'in order that 'those who held them might pray for ever for Ethelwulf, who 'gave them, and his nobles, who concurred in the gift, and 'permitted it to be made.'[2]

In the reign of Alfred, tithes had become a national institution; and his son placed the English and Danes on an equality as to their payments. The tithes of younglings were paid at Pentecost; those of fruits in autumn: if not given willingly, they might be taken by force. Besides tithes, the Church possessed endowments of lands, and different kinds of offerings. To some of the churches was attached the remarkable privilege of sanctuary. Of these, the chief were the minsters of Westminster, York, Ripon, Beverley, and the abbey of Croyland. To them the homicide, thief, and maimer might flee, and for a season be secure from the officers of justice, and, in cases of manslaughter, from the vengeance of the kindred of the murdered man. The duration of sanctuary varied at different periods and places. It commonly ranged from three days to thirty; and its object was to allow the criminal time to make peace with the law and his pursuers. This he could do, either by proving his innocence, or by paying the fine or *were* prescribed for the rank of his victim, according to the 'dooms' of Ethelbert, Alfred his son, Edward the elder, Canute, Edward the Confessor, and William the Conqueror. But if, after the prescribed time, the culprit failed to satisfy the law and the avenger of blood, the right of sanctuary ceased, and he was given up to the officers of justice. To the traitor and the sacrilegious no sanctuary was allowed: they might be taken even from the foot of the altar, and executed. Offences committed in the sanctuaries themselves were visited with the same penalties as infractions of the king's peace: homicide there done could be remitted by no fine; but, except the king forgave the crime, the offender forfeited both life and land.[3]

The manner in which sanctuary was sought was peculiar. To the great gate of the church was affixed a huge knocker; and over the gate was a small chamber, in which was lodged the officer whose duty it was to receive the claimant, investigate

[1] Inett, Book I. chap. xvii. § 31.
[2] Palgrave, i. 159. Churton, Early English Church, p. 112.
[3] Palgrave, i. 165.

the case, and admit him to sanctuary by day or night. The original knocker may still be seen over the north door of the cathedral of Durham. Our readers will remember numerous allusions to this 'privilege of holy Church' in Shakspeare, and in Sir Walter Scott, the best of all commentators on ancient customs, especially the beautiful lines put into the mouth of the novice Clare, in 'Marmion:'—

> 'And if it be the king's decree,
> That I must find no sanctuary
> In that inviolable dome
> Where e'en a homicide might come
> And safely rest his head,
> Though at its open portals stood,
> Thirsting to pour forth blood for blood,
> The kinsmen of the dead.'—Canto V. Stanza xxxii.

The king's presence, as an anointed ruler, and, as he was called, the Vicar or Vicegerent of Christ,[1] was also itself a sanctuary; and the virtue of that presence was conveyed to a distance by his hand and seal; and precisely as the violation of the king's peace either increased the fines for remission of the offence, or incurred the sentence of outlawry—in which case the culprit might be put to death whenever and by whomsoever met with—so the palace and the grounds around them for a considerable distance were invested with the same privilege.[2] A case of the infraction of this part of the prerogative, and its penalties, are forcibly described (as our readers will remember) in the 'Fortunes of Nigel.'

Our custom of granting exemption from arrest on Sunday is a remnant of the ancient privilege of the peace of the Church. This forbade all feuds on Sundays and holydays, and during the seasons of Advent and Lent. It also protected from arrest every one engaged on the service of the Church, whether travelling to join in public worship, or to attend the diocesan or national councils, or any other like cause.

In addition to the clergy who were derived from the monasteries, a considerable number was supplied from the parish minsters; the clerks of which were under the instruction of the parish priest; and from the cathedral establishments. The last formed the order known as the canons regular; living like monks, by rule and according to canon law, and having all things in common; eating together, sleeping in the same chamber, and being in submission to the bishop, and under his close inspection. The bishop was the absolute head of the diocese, and the priests acted under him. Their necessary teaching consisted of the Lord's Prayer and the Creed: these all were required to know. The bishop ranked with the earldorman;

[1] Churton, Early English Church, p. 241, note. [2] Palgrave, i. 165—284.

and the priest with the thane: or, rather, the priest was the thane—the mass thane, or servant of the altar, as the other was the world thane.[1]

It is not known what rule of life the monks before Wilfrid followed. He is thought by some to have introduced that of S. Benedict, with additions and variations taken from the rule of S. Aidan. S. Benedict prescribed for his monks seven hours in each day for manual labour, for which study was before long substituted; six for sleep, with the service of midnight lauds; and two for study; which, with seven sacred services, left but little leisure for relaxation and refreshment. The diet consisted of twelve ounces of bread, a little wine, and two dishes of vegetables; animal food being allowed only to the aged, the infirm, and children. Private property was strictly prohibited, although the monastery itself might possess much wealth. The monks had all things in common. They seldom left their convent, and when obliged to do so always travelled in pairs. They were in all things strictly under the rule of the abbot, who had power to punish the refractory, as he saw fit, with excommunication, corporal chastisement, or expulsion. But true are the words of the poet:

> 'Reaching above our nature does no good;
> We must fall back on our old flesh and blood.'

However fair were these establishments in their first promise, and however useful in their early working, by the middle of the seventh century they had begun to degenerate. The Council of Cloveshoe forbids monasteries to be made the resort of buffoons, poets, musicians, &c.; for it soon became the custom for secular persons to build, or have bestowed upon them as a reward for past services, houses into which people of all sorts entered, bringing (says Inett) their vices with them. Bede, in the last piece he wrote,—his letter to Archbishop Egbert,—complained greatly of the excessive number of these retreats in his day, and of the evil they did, and would be likely to do. He shows them to have been hot-beds of all that is pernicious to morality and good order. These were what is called secular monasteries. The regular monasteries long showed a very different state of things. It was from these that many of the best and greatest of the Anglo-Saxon bishops and clergy were derived. But in the end they also degenerated. The love of dress and secular display crept into them. Drunkenness, one of the vices of the Saxons, was often, if not habitually, committed in some. The monks procured themselves to be admitted to holy orders; after which they began to look with contempt on their former

[1] Palgrave, i. 165.

humble position, renounced their monachism, and became canons. The canons, too, followed the general decline. The regulars degenerated into seculars, living apart, marrying, and abandoning entirely to vicars the sacred services. It was with these that S. Dunstan waged that contest which has made his name so well known. Acted on by such causes, and influenced by universal example,—partly, too, harassed and destroyed by the invading Danes,—the order of monks for a time disappeared: so that by the beginning of the ninth century, the monasteries which a century and a half before were so numerous, had fallen into decay, or had been pillaged and razed by the Danes. Alfred and his son actively employed themselves in reconstructing the edifices, and in restoring, which they did with difficulty, the order of monachism.

With the Anglo-Saxons, as with other nations of the period, one cause of demoralisation was the frequent pilgrimages made by both sexes, and even by nuns, to Rome and elsewhere.[1] Among these devotees had been Offa, the king of Mercia, Cadwalla and Ina of Wessex, and a prince of the East Saxons.

The doctrine of the Anglo-Saxon had been declared at the Council of Hertford to be in accordance with that of the Universal Church. The Sacramentary of S. Gregory was, as we have said, soon established in England; and that, as it then existed, would declare its doctrines and customs. The book of Ratram and the works of Bede show that on the Holy Eucharist the belief was that of the early ages—of a real presence of that body spiritual which is opposed by S. Paul to the body natural. Transubstantiation, as afterwards taught by Lanfranc, and 'Concomitancy' were not only unknown to either of the above authorities, but they use language opposed implicitly to either. Thus one sees many and wide differences between their language and that of mediæval or later Romanists. The contrast, for instance, is strong between these and Harding, the opponent of Bishop Jewel, or Cardinal Perrone in our own day. Alcuin says:—

'He that hideth his sins, and is ashamed to make a healthy confession, God is now a witness of them, and will hereafter punish them. Confession, with true penitence, is the angel's medicine for our sins. God's mild-hearted pity helpeth them that now repent; but in death there is no repentance.'

And, again, Egbert says:—

'He who fasteth for the dead, it is a comfort to himself, if it helpeth not the dead: God only knows whether his dead are helped by it.'—CHURTON, *Early English Church*, p. 127.

[1] Letter of Archbishop Boniface to Archbishop Cuthbert.

There is one subject more on which, as having given rise to much discussion, we hope to be allowed a few words. We refer to the pall. The pall was a part of the archiepiscopal vestments. It was made of lambs'-wool, uncoloured and undressed. It was about two inches in breadth, and was worn over the shoulder, hanging down before and behind. It was originally supposed to signify humility, as becoming the clergy better than their costly robes; innocence, as they ought to resemble the simplicity of the lamb; and industry, as teaching the wearer to follow his Lord's example, who was unwearied in fetching home the wandering sheep on his shoulders.[1] Because some of the immediate successors of S. Augustin received the pall from Rome, and one was sent to Egbert, first Archbishop of York, and to others of our Archbishops, it has been inferred by a section of the writers of the Church of Rome that these prelates were confessedly in subjection to the see of Rome. In this conclusion they assume, but incorrectly, that the pall was from the first a badge of inferiority. Inett, however, has proved that palls were not known in or before the time of Gregory the Great, as anything more than a mark of amity in the giver, and of merit in the receiver: they were not then supposed to convey any spiritual authority, or to show inequality of power or rank. In proof of this, palls were often sent to suffragan bishops, with the express proviso that their gift by no means intended to interfere with the rights of the Metropolitan. Nor were they considered necessary to the confirmation of a Metropolitan in his position; for Lanfranc and Anselm performed all their archiepiscopal functions before the reception of them. So, too, did some of the French Metropolitans. Of course it is absurd to suppose that the sixth canon of the Council of Nice, which first with œcumenical authority laid down the law of Metropolitans, supposed that this or any symbol of subjection passed from the Roman to the other Metropolitans then named. It was originally a mark of honour, freely given by the Pope, and all payments for it were, till the middle of the eighth century, indignantly refused. But afterwards, as Fuller tells us, one Pope gained for the pall of an Archbishop of Canterbury a sum as large as £1,125. And Collier shows that Walter de Grey, Bishop of Worcester, when promoted to York, in John's reign, paid for his pall the enormous sum in those days of £10,000. At this time the pall had, beyond question, become a mark of subjection. In a Synodal Letter of certain English Bishops to Pope Leo III., sent by Ethelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 796, they complain of the novelty and the heavy charge of

[1] Fuller's Church History, Book II. chap. ii. § 38.

having to go to Rome for palls, citing against the practice Bede's History, and the example of S. Augustin, who received his consecration from the Archbishop of Arles, and himself consecrated his successor. They conclude, from the words of Alcuin to Offa, King of Mercia, that the English Archbishops ought still to consecrate each other, and that the Bishop of Rome ought to send the pall to the Archbishop so consecrated.[1]

We now turn to the period of the invasion of the people called Danes. These marauders came not only from Denmark, but also from the coasts of Norway and Sweden. In the year 875, a vast army under their sea-king Halden, crossed the Tyne, and destroyed the monasteries of Jarrow, Hexam, and Lindisfarne: as they had already destroyed those of Beverley, Ripon, and some others. Earldulph, the last Bishop of Lindisfarne, fled with his monks and the relics of Cuthbert; and now commenced the seven years' wanderings of this devoted band, which ended in their settlement at Durham, and the construction of the noble cathedral of that city.

The chief points of interest in the 240 years, from Egbert to the Conquest, are the laws of King Alfred and his son Edward; and the struggles of Archbishop Dunstan with the secular clergy. The object of the seventeen laws of Alfred, as stated by Inett, was to settle the English and Danes in the belief and practice of Christianity; and to regulate the conduct of the clergy, the payment of tithes, and the due observance of holydays. They were made between Alfred and Guthrum the Dane, his godson, or Rollo, as he was called after his baptism, to whom he had given as his tributary, the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely.

In the year 958, died the Danish Archbishop Odo 'the good,' whose Code of Ten Canons had done much to renew and improve the discipline of the Church. In them he lays down the duties of kings, bishops, priests, and monks. Kings are to take heed to their spiritual fathers the bishops. Bishops are to visit their dioceses yearly, and carry out the discipline of the Church without fear or favour. Priests are to teach and guide their flock. Monks are not to ramble about from one monastery to another; but to pass their lives in manual labour and holy services. Odo was especially severe on prohibited marriages, punishing them in all cases with excommunication. These laws give a good idea of the state and discipline of the Church at this period; her needs, and as we may say, her daily life. Dunstan afterwards merely carried them out in different directions.

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[1] Inett, Book I. chap. xiv. § 4.

To Odo succeeded for a short time Brethelm, Bishop of Wells or Sherborne; but his incompetency was the alleged cause of his being soon degraded from his higher station, and dismissed to his original sphere of duty. Dunstan was appointed in his room. He, with the Bishops of Winchester and Worcester, and other prelates, immediately commenced a fierce war against the secular canons, to secure the downfall of whom he built many monasteries, into which he introduced Benedictine monks, and caused the seculars to be ejected from as many cathedrals as possible. He also, with King Edgar, made laws, ordering the Church services to be conducted in many respects as it is still performed amongst ourselves, especially as regards the Holy Communion. He moreover turned to the account of the Church his skill in the arts of music, painting, working in metals, and architecture. It is little surprising if a man possessed of a number of accomplishments which would have caused him in any age to be accounted a wonder, should in those rude times and by a semi-barbarous people be accused of magic. Accordingly, his enemies have brought against him the events of two councils, held by him against the seculars at Winchester, and Calne. At the former, a crucifix is said to have delivered an oral judgment, forbidding the restoration of the seculars: and at the latter, happened the well-known accident of the falling of the floor, which caused death and wounds to many present, whilst Dunstan himself, who was seated on a beam, remained safe. The voice from the crucifix, if anything of the kind took place, was no doubt the result of ventriloquism; and if done with the knowledge of the archbishop, he was of course highly to be blamed. But the whole account, even indeed to the existence of the council itself, is full of doubt; and it seems highly significant of the times, that they could believe the falling of a floor all but one particular beam, to have been the effect of magic or of miracle; but could not comprehend that it might have been produced by natural causes.

England, which had suffered so much from the Danes, was, in return for their tyranny, to be made the instrument of their conversion. A mission, headed by Sigefrid, Archdeacon of York, at the request of Olave, King of Sweden, proceeded to Sweden and Norway, and there founded a Christian Church. From the same mission, another visited the Orkney and Zetland Isles, which were then, and for many centuries afterwards, subject to the King of Norway. The alliance with Norway soon extended to Scotland, and was long closely maintained. Our readers will remember the marriage of Eric, King of Norway, with Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland, in the thirteenth century, and the disastrous voyage of Sir

Patrick Spens, as described in the fine old ballad which takes its name from him:—

> 'To Noroway, to Noroway,
> To Noroway, o'er the faem;
> The king's daughter of Noroway,
> 'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'
>
> *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. i.

But whilst England was returning such Christian measure to her enemy, the Danes were still ravaging her shores. In the year 1012, they sacked and burnt Canterbury, and put to death Alphege, the archbishop. In the space of six years, however, their Paganism was finally checked; Canute, the king, having by stringent law forbidden the practice of idolatry, and established throughout the country the faith of Christ.

In Edward the Confessor, the Saxon line was again for a time restored; but with him it finally expired. Dr. Inett, we perceive, has lent his authority to the story of the accusation of the Queen-mother Emma, by Robert the Norman, then Bishop of London, of criminal intimacy with Alwin, Bishop of Winchester; and of the vindication of her fair fame by the ordeal of fire. Mr. Griffiths, in his note on the text, relies for disproof of the legend on the silence of early historians; and we may add, that it carries its own confutation with it. Emma's accusation is placed about the year 1044 or 1046; and Speed places her marriage with Ethelred in 1003. The queen, therefore, at the time when she is said to have walked blindfold and unhurt among the hot ploughshares, to prove her reputation without spot, must have been little, if at all, less than sixty years of age. A truer cause of the harsh treatment she met at her son's hands is, no doubt, that given by Speed and Hume; namely, her marriage with Canute, the inveterate enemy of her first husband Ethelred, and of England, and her preference for Hardicanute, the son of that marriage, to himself and his brother. The death of Edward, and the youth of Edgar, the legitimate successor to the crown, tempted Harold to usurp the government, and incited William the Conqueror, the cousin of Edward, to oppose his own claim to the throne—a claim which was decisively settled at Hastings.

One of the first cares of the new king was the Church. The Conqueror, no doubt, felt that he ruled by force of arms; and it was his policy, as much probably as his inclination, to feel himself surrounded by Normans. Hence, he soon began to remove the English clergy, bishops, and abbots from their posts. His first victim was the Archbishop Stigand, who, at a Council held at Winchester, in the year 1070, was deprived of his archbishopric. It was alleged against him that he had

accepted a pall from the usurping Pope, Benedict, and before its reception, he had used that of Robert, his predecessor; that he had usurped the see while Robert was yet alive; that he had instigated the men of Kent to make a sudden attack on the Conqueror, by which the latter was surprised into granting them terms more favourable than those which he gave to the rest of the nation; and that he had held the bishopric of Winchester in conjunction with the archbishopric. But Inett well observes that

'Those who make Dunstan and Oswald saints, who led the way to the irregular practices of holding two bishoprics together, and magnify Lanfranc, who came into the archbishopric while Stigand was yet alive, cannot easily think that the same practices, which passed uncensured in Dunstan and Lanfranc, were the true causes of Stigand's deposition. And the examples of Lanfranc and Anselm, his immediate successors, who performed all the functions of the Metropolitan before they sent to Rome for their palls, will hardly suffer one to think that there was any weight in the article of the pall; though there is ground enough to believe that Pope Alexander could not but resent Stigand's favouring the interest of his adversary, Pope Benedict. And it is very evident that Stigand's intruding into the place of Robert was a reason little considered at this time. Upon the whole matter, it seems most likely that the king's resolution to put that trust into the hands of a Norman was the true cause of Stigand's deposition.'—Part II. chap. i. §§ 9, 10.

William next proceeded to deprive the Bishops of Norwich and Winchester; the Abbot of S. Augustin's, Canterbury, with several others, shared the same fate; and Egilwin, of Durham, fled: so that by the end of the year there were only two bishops left who were not either Normans or in the Norman interest. The conduct of William the Conqueror in this treatment of the prelates invites comparison with that of the third of his name, in 1688. Both were usurpers of the crown: both stood in essentially the same position, having the army in their favour, but the bulk of the nation against them: and both in many particulars acted in the same manner. But if the comparison be urged further, it will not, as it seems to us, result in the favour of the more modern, and, as some pretend, the more refined of the two. One thing, at least, is certain—their panegyrists must praise them for their personal qualities, or for the accidental success of their counsels: viewed by the light of principle, both must be alike condemned. Though even here the Conqueror has the less onerous charge to contend against. Harold was nothing in any way to him, and William had been guilty of no previous deceit or treachery like those of his namesake. Harold was merely one adventurer, as William was another; and had he had the wisdom to listen to the counsels of his brother Gurth, as to the conduct of military operations against

William, before the battle of Hastings, he would, beyond a doubt, have proved the successful one.

The same result is arrived at from a comparison of their treatment of the clergy. Stigand has, on all hands, the character of a bad man and an unworthy prelate. Fuller says truly, that he was eminent only for vice and covetousness, and signifies that he had been guilty of simony; whilst, if the story of his having arranged the Kentish men against William be true, a reprisal on the part of the latter might not unnaturally be expected. Thus there is no parallel between Stigand and Sancroft. The Conqueror, it may be thought, must have despised the former for his want of those higher qualities which in Sancroft evidently caused the fear and jealousy of the Prince of Orange. In the case of Sancroft, there was no pretence of justice; nothing resembling a hearing was granted him; and no vices of any kind were laid to his charge. The Conqueror observed the appearance at least of equity. It was not his own will and sentence alone that caused the deprivation of Stigand. A Council was allowed to sit on the case, and (by the custom of the times) an appeal to the Pope was open to him. Wulfstan of Worcester, too, who for his many virtues might almost be termed the Ken of his times, was dealt with more mildly than was the saintly Bishop of Bath and Wells, and allowed to retain his see. Nor was there any underlying vein of hypocrisy and deception in the Conqueror. He at least did not profess in words to regard the interests of the Church before his own, and then show himself ready to strike any blow against her prosperity, or even her existence, which might render his name popular with her enemies, and so secure him better in the throne he had usurped.

Lanfranc was selected by the Conqueror to fill the place of Stigand. He was Abbot of S. Stephen's in Caen, and had been Prior of the monastery of Bec, the first of many of that house who, in the Norman dynasty, were made Archbishops of Canterbury. He had been useful to William in Normandy; and his wisdom and statesman-like qualities, which were almost as necessary in an archbishop of those days as in a king, were thoroughly appreciated by that sagacious ruler. He was in everything the first man of his age; but his education had been wholly secular, and it is intimated that his knowledge of Holy Scripture and theology was by no means sufficient for his very responsible position.

In Lanfranc's time began a closer union with the Church of Rome than had hitherto been possible. He had been the personal intimate of Pope Alexander II., and of the notorious Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., when he was as yet only

Archdeacon of Rome. Yet it is both singular and significant, that, if he did not lean unduly to the side of the king, he was at least no thorough partizan of the pope. He acted for some time as archbishop without a pall from Rome; and when he had one, he still stood aloof from papal laws and demands. In a council at Winchester, he allowed the married clergy to retain their wives, although Gregory had commanded that they should be put away. More than once he refused the citations of Gregory to Rome, to share his councils and to aid in carrying out his designs, and took shelter under the power of the king. Nay, when Gregory was deposed by the Emperor Henry IV., after a pontificate of seven years, Lanfranc, writing to Cardinal Hugo, treats the question as open, gives the opponent of Gregory his papal title, and evidently signifies that it rests chiefly with the king to decide between the two.[1] In fact, he governed the Church of England, and that alone, refusing to subject her, as Gregory required, to Rome: and although he found two great powers in existence and at work—the pope's and the king's—he neither attempted nor wished to set the one against the other, nor, by throwing the weight of his own position and influence into the one scale, to make the other kick the beam.

William's policy towards the Church was very peculiar. He in many respects enlarged her sphere of action, increased her powers, and extended her liberty. But whilst emancipating her from other lay rule—and to that end marking out her privileges more clearly than they had in this country been distinguished before—he took care that she should be, even in her purely spiritual acts, most closely under his own individual control. He subjected the pontificate to the regale in a manner quite unknown before, and quite as much as did any of the Tudors afterwards. Every concession to the Church was balanced by a fresh encroachment of the crown, and was granted to that end. At the Council of Westminster, A.D. 1075, he permitted the novel sight of a papal legate sitting with the bishops: but he took care that the acts of the Council, and the whole remodelling of the Church which was its result, should be ordered strictly in accordance with his pleasure and interest. He separated lay and episcopal courts, and remitted all purely spiritual offences, and offences by persons in orders, to the latter: but at the same time he prohibited the use of the spiritual authority, even in the most flagrant cases, without his sanction first obtained. And not only did he refuse to do homage to Gregory when required, but, reversing the Hildebrandine order

[1] Collier, i. 252.

of things, he directed that no pope should be recognised as such without his permission, and that no national council should pass any laws but such as were agreeable to his pleasure, and were first ordained by him.[1] He also kept in his own hands the appointment of all bishops and abbots, and the ordering and arrangement of the sees.[2] He was guilty of habitual injustice to the Saxon clergy; neither their virtues nor attainments availing to obtain for them the slightest favour. He gave, of his own power, to Battle Abbey, the singular privilege of exemption from episcopal visitation. Lastly, the custom of investiture which had prevailed for some centuries, viz. that of the king putting bishops and abbots into possession of their respective trusts by delivering to them a staff and ring, he resolutely kept in his own hands, despite an edict from Gregory in council, that no layman whatever should pretend to the power of such investiture. This was the great question which was raised between the successor of Lanfranc, S. Anselm, and Henry I.

Whilst William was thus encroaching on the Church, Lanfranc was innovating in questions of doctrine. On the subject of the Holy Eucharist, he introduced into the English Church the doctrine of transubstantiation; and in one part of his conduct in relation to Berenger, the unhappy victim of that controversy, there is reason to think, although neither Inett nor our other historians have noticed the fact, that he is open to serious blame. Berenger had written to warn him, when Prior of Bec, against the novel doctrine of Pascasius. The letter is written in a tone of earnest and friendly remonstrance, and of course was entitled to a similar reply. By some unexplained means, the first result to Berenger of having written it was a notice of formal condemnation at Rome, and a citation to a council at that city. It is said, that when Berenger's letter reached Bec, Lanfranc had gone to Rome on other business, and that his 'friends' read it, and sent it after him, in order that he might clear himself of all suspicion as to his faith. If this be so, Lanfranc is clear of the charge of treachery to an unsuspecting friend; and it is only to be wished that he had replied in some manner to Berenger's letter. But this version of the affair is questionable. The Life of the prelate, from the ancient MS. in Bec, speaks doubtingly on the point: 'At tum forte Lanfrancus ad urbem profectus est;' and the modern German collector of Berenger's remaining works, as quoted by Neander in his edition of them, is positive that Lanfranc started for Rome after the letter had reached him, and because of its re-

[1] Eadmer. [2] Council of Westminster, A.D. 1075. Spelman, vol. ii.

ceipt. However this may be, it is clear, as the German observes, that this letter was the first cause and incentive of the opposition raised against Berenger, and the source of all the after miseries of his life.[1]

Lanfranc's doctrine was undoubtedly that of Pascasius Radbert; and, as it is now termed, Romish. He says:—

'I believe that the earthly substances, which are divinely consecrated on the Lord's table by the ministry of the priest, are in an unspeakable, incomprehensible, and wonderful manner, by operation of power from above, turned into the substance of the Lord's body, though the appearance of the things themselves, and some other qualities remain; * * * and though the Lord's body itself is in heaven at the right hand of the Father, remaining immortal, inviolate, whole, unbroken, and unhurt: so that it may be truly said that we receive the same body which He took from the Virgin, and yet not the same; the same as to its substance, and proper nature, and virtue, but not the same if regarded as to the appearance of bread and wine.'

But there is a noble passage in his work against Berenger, which seems to show that he had adopted his opinions rather as they were those of his day than from study and conviction; and that if he had been more fortunate in his guides, he would have held differently:—

'Quod vero sententiam qua panem in veram Christi carnem, et vinum in verum Christi sanguinem converti credimus, vecordiam nominas, de hac re opportunius tibi respondebo, cum fidem hanc, authore Deo, divinis authoritatibus, et manifestis rationibus veram esse monstravero. Porro autem quod dicis, erat autem Burgundus in sententia vulgi, Pascasii, atque Lanfranci, me etiam cum vulgo deputas, certissimum habeto tu, indubitanter credant amici mei, atque Ecclesia Christi, quasi etiam deesset mihi authoritas, atque ratio, quibus fidem meam tueri possem: mallem tamen cum vulgo esse rusticus et idiota Catholicus, quam tecum existere curialis, atque facetus hæreticus. Sed si Dominus Deus te, atque me in audientia sancti concilii dignaretur conjungere: de pietate ejus confido, quia mutares verba, mutares sententiam.'[2]

There is much, too, in Lanfranc's works to suggest that he did not always bear in mind the particular point at issue. This was, not whether there was *a* presence of Christ in the Eucharist; for that there was, they were both agreed: but whether, after consecration, there remained the substance of bread and wine, or only their accidents. Berenger maintained the former: Lanfranc the latter. Berenger followed the doctrine of the Fathers of the Church, as far as words can express a meaning: Lanfranc followed Pascasius Radbert; and the Church of Rome has since followed him.

Inett's remarks on the conduct of S. Anselm, the successor

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[1] Berengarius, de Sacrâ Cœnâ. Berolin. 1834, pp. 3, 4. [2] Cap. iv.

of Lanfranc, are the least happy portion of his work. In addition to more than one important mistake in fact, he speaks in a tone of unmerited vituperation of S. Anselm, both as regards the fact of his resistance to Henry I., and the principle on which he acted, which is altogether unfair, and which we can neither approve nor sympathise with. It indicates a bad theological bias in his mind.

Saint Anselm was with the utmost difficulty, and not without some amount of personal violence, induced to undertake the office of Archbishop. An episcopate so commenced was not to continue in peace and harmony. Suffering, tribulation, and persecution were his lot almost from the day—ill-fated to himself—on which the ring and staff were forced into his hand, to that which saw the close of his blameless and devoted life. William Rufus had nominated him to the see, when lying on a sick-bed, in imminent danger of death, and amid the distractions of mingled terror and remorse; but he was not one, when in possession of health and strength, to tolerate the presence of such a man. Anselm probably felt the great moral dissonance which existed between the king and himself: and it may have formed one reason of his extreme reluctance to accept the archiepiscopal office. Certain it is that Rufus soon raised a quarrel with him, first for owning as pope, Urban, whom he himself had not yet acknowledged, and seeking his pall from him; and secondly, under the pretence that he had sent an insufficient number of men to assist the king in an expedition against the Welsh. The effect of the former of these disagreements was the separation of the archbishop from his spiritual duties and the court: the second compelled him to quit the country, to which, during the life of Rufus, he returned no more.

One of the earliest acts of Henry Beauclerk was the recall of Anselm; but soon after commenced the great struggle between the two, which lasted almost as long as Anselm's life. The king now proved himself an antagonist as much more formidable than Rufus as is the knight armed in complete mail and skilful at every point of fence than the savage boor, whose only gift is that of brute strength. The cause of their contention was that of investiture and homage. The former Anselm declined to receive from the king: the latter he refused to render to him. It had been the custom, as far back as the time of Edward the Confessor, for the king, nobles, and influential laymen to give possession of bishoprics, abbacies, and other church preferment by the delivery of a ring and staff.[1] Inett says that

[1] Inett, Part II. chap. v. § 7.

by this act was signified merely the putting into possession of the temporalities. If so, Anselm, who subsequently agreed to do homage, but not to receive the royal investiture, would clearly have been guilty of great inconsistency. But our author is in error on that assertion. He is also wrong when he says, with Fuller, that the simony condemned in the Council of Westminster, A.D. 1102, meant not that crime in the ordinary acceptation of the word, but royal investitures. Collier's reasoning against this idea seems conclusive. He contends that the Council could not have ruled against investitures, because the question was as yet unsettled, and pending at Rome: and whilst such was the case, a national council would not have ventured on its own authority to decide the question, especially in a manner contrary to the wish of the king, with whom the bishops sided in the matter.

Charles Martel is said to have begun the custom of investitures in Europe in the sense in which Inett supposes: but from the earliest times, the bishop's staff, like that of the apostles (S. Mark vi. 8), had always been considered the symbol of his spiritual sway alike in East and West: *βακτήριόν ἐστι σημεῖον ἀξίας ποιμαντικῆς*:[1] and the letters of Pope Paschal both to the king and S. Anselm prove plainly that in his mind they had no other meaning. Nor was he merely following an idea of his own. Urban, his predecessor, had forbidden any bishop, abbot, or other of the clergy, to receive any ecclesiastical preferment from princes or other of the laity; and in 1099, in a council at which Anselm was present, he issued sentence of excommunication against all laymen giving investitures, and all spiritual persons receiving them, or doing homage for them. Hence Anselm's refusal either to do homage, or receive investiture from Henry.

That Anselm was right in the main in this question, most of our readers, we presume, will agree. No doubt the papal power was more highly considered in his native country than in England; but we must remember on the other hand that it was not he, but Archbishop Corboil who, twenty years after, first thoroughly subjected the English Church to Rome. When the papal legate came into England in Anselm's time, his authority as such was universally disallowed: whereas Corboil procured himself especially to be made such, that he might the better execute the papal designs. The most perplexing feature of the case, however, is the fact that the greater number of the bishops sided with the king against Anselm: and as most of them were of Lanfranc's appointment, it seems as if that prelate also, in

[1] Council against Photius, quoted by Collier, i. 301.

Anselm's place, would have acted differently. It cannot be thought that the bishops would have shown any preference to the kingly over the papal power, or that they would have done anything to the prejudice of their rights: and it is mere assumption to say that they were more worldly-minded or less clear-sighted than their metropolitan. They apparently took different views of the case. Anselm must have considered, that if the king were suffered to make himself the source of all spiritual power by this act of investiture, the apostolic commission would at once be rendered void, and the Church be made a mere machine for executing the royal will. The bishops, on the other hand, probably argued that as the king never pretended to the right of actually bestowing spiritual power by the laying on of hands, or of altering any article of the creed, he did not, in fact, interfere with the real essence and life of the Church; and they certainly regarded the decrees of Urban and Paschal as of less importance intrinsically, and less binding on themselves, than Anselm did. That the men of his own camp, those who ought to have fought by his side, and who, on most questions, surely would have done so, were in the day of battle found in the ranks of his enemy: while the Pope, the final arbitrator of the strife, gave at last but a half decision in his favour, are both great facts; and facts that at least do not tell for his cause. So far, indeed, as they are of weight they inevitably throw doubt upon and perplex the question.

The result was, that on the main subject of the investitures the Pope continued deaf to all the embassies and entreaties of Henry. He declared emphatically that he would rather lose his life than give up this privilege of the see of S. Peter. The king at length, partly from dread of threatened excommunication, partly from finding that it might not be altogether safe to brave the authority which Anselm could exercise in the country (for his exertions and influence had lately saved the king from being dethroned by his brother Robert of Normandy), and partly perhaps in gratitude for this service, consented to abandon his claim to investiture, and the Pope in return permitted the bishops to do homage for their temporalities.

As a writer S. Anselm's fame justly stands very high. He is sometimes classed as the earliest of the Schoolmen. His chief works are a treatise on the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son, against the doctrine of the Greeks; 'Cur Deus homo,' in which he shows the necessity of Redemption, and which occasionally reminds us of the valuable piece of S. Athanasius, 'De Incarnatione contra Gentes;' a book on the Conception of Christ and Original Sin; and a discussion in Three Chapters on the Agreement of God's Foreknowledge, Predestination,

and Grace, with Man's Free-will. Messrs. Parker have lately published in an inexpensive form a translation of the 'Cur Deus homo.' We wish that they would favour the world with an English version of the work last named. The two together would form a good and effective antidote to the poisonous principles likely to be derived from the dissemination in our language of the writings of Calvin. To the above are to be added his devotional works and letters. The former are remarkable for depth and simplicity; the latter contain much valuable and curious information on the times in which he lived, and bring many of the chief personages who figured in them, and their actions, vividly before the mind of the reader.

The office of legate, when once introduced by Corboil, was by no means suffered to drop. During the wars of Stephen and Matilda, the fate and fortunes both of the Church and nation followed this appointment. William Corboil scarcely lived to do more than crown Stephen, which he was induced to do by unworthy means, and remorse for which is supposed to have hastened his end. On his death, the office of legate was bestowed on Henry, Bishop of Winchester, and brother to Stephen. Nowhere is the intrinsic worthlessness of this new office, and its mischievous effects, so clearly shown as in the acts of Henry. It seemed as if the Pope were resolved to set up as arbiter of the nation's fortune one to whom steady principle was nothing, and who had not the sagacity to discern how to shape his acts by expediency, so as to escape the charge of inability, and to save the kingdom from calamity, war, and bloodshed.

Henry, as the 'legatus a latere,' had nothing less than the disposal of the crown in his own hands; and he changed from one claimant to another, as either seemed likely to be successful, or behaved to himself personally. First he sided with his brother, but an act of tyranny on Stephen's part caused him suddenly to transfer his allegiance to Matilda. The threatening state of the country had induced the secular lords and gentlemen to build huge and strongly-fortified castles; and, what seems to us most strange and unnatural, unused as we are to lords spiritual donning harness and commanding armies, some of the bishops followed their example. Stephen, seeing cause to doubt the loyalty of certain of their body, got possession of Roger, the aged Bishop of Salisbury, and his nephews Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln, and Nigel of Ely, and by barbarous treatment compelled them to give up their castles to him, of which the Bishop of Salisbury had built no less than four, and the Bishop of Lincoln three. Nigel, who had been a celebrated sportsman, saved himself by mounting his horse, and fairly distancing his

pursuers in a chase across the country. Matilda soon after made war on Stephen, who was taken in the battle of Lincoln, and committed to Bristol Castle. On this the legate immediately declared for Matilda. She was accordingly acknowledged as queen. But she soon after incurred the displeasure of Henry, who not only refused her summons, but with Stephen's queen, Maud, surprised and besieged her in the Castle of Winchester. Matilda with difficulty escaped to the Castle of Devizes, whence she caused herself to be carried on a bier, as one dead, to Gloucester. But the heart and soul of her cause, her half-brother, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, was taken prisoner in covering her retreat; and being exchanged for Stephen, the two parties, after five years of war, stood much as at first.

The legate a second time turned the scale of affairs. He at once assembled a Council at Winchester; and under the pretence that Matilda had not acted towards the Church as she had promised to do, he took upon himself, without the advice of the other bishops, to absolve those whom he had before excommunicated for rebellion against the queen; and produced a papal mandate directing him to reinstate Stephen. He soon after made or renewed a canon exempting the clergy from the judgment of secular courts, which, as we shall shortly see, afterwards became a source of deadly dissension between the Church and king.

And now was developed a further result of the legatine office, in a strife which arose between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester. The former, as metropolitan, required the canonical obedience of the latter; whilst Henry, though a suffragan, was, as legate, above the archbishop. To still the contest, if possible, the Pope sent over a second legate, Alberic, Bishop of Ostia; but he, a stranger and unacquainted with the laws and language of the nation, was acceptable to neither party. The Pope finally was induced to do justice to the metropolitical see, creating Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury, and his successors, 'legatus natus.' 'This,' says Collier, 'occasioned great disputes and appeals to Rome, not practised before' (i. 337).

Stephen gradually regained the upper hand; and now took place that romantic escape of Matilda from Oxford Castle, where she was closely besieged. Inett omits this passage of her life altogether, but the quaint language of Speed shall supply his deficiency:

'The Empresse in his absence had well fortified her selfe in Oxford, whom Stephen (vsing the benefit of Robert's absence) followed with an eager pursuite, and wanne the Suburbes euen vnto the Citie-gates; then girt hee the Empresse with so strait a siege (meaning neuer to giue ouer

till hee had now made her sure in his possession) that for two moneths whatsoeuer *Strength* or *Stratageme* could performe in assault or defence, was there put in practise, till at length great penurie enforced to thinke of a surrender; but shee, a woman (whose sexe hath often deceiued wisemen), resolued once again to ouer reach her foe by wit, whom she could not by force: whereto the time did fit her wishes; for being a Winter sharpe above measure, the River Thamisis that runnes by the Citie-walls, was then congealed with a strong crusted Ice, and besides a great snow did then continue, and had couered the ground. Maude upon these aduantages, put in practise a most dangerous attempt: for cloathing her-selfe, and some choise of her company, in white linnen garments, to deceiue the eies of the Sentinels, issued secretly by night out of a posterne-gate, and passing the frozen Riuer, ranne on foote, through ice, and snow, ditches, and vallies, for fiue miles, euen to Abington, the falling snow still beating in their faces; and there taking horse, the same night got to the Castle of Wallingford, to the great joy, and also admiration of all that were therein.' —P. 462, § 38.

The war raged for twelve years longer; and it would have been still further protracted, but for the archbishop's refusal to crown Eustace, the son of Stephen. He and the Bishop of Winchester then agreed in making an accommodation between the contending parties; a result rendered the more easy by the death of Eustace, which there seems strong reason to suppose was caused by poison. It was finally settled that Stephen should wear the crown for his life; and afterwards, that Henry, the son of Matilda, should succeed without opposition.

It is probable that at no period of our history was the state of the country so deplorable as during these fourteen long years of civil war. The invasion of the Saxons and of the Danes was each, no doubt, a prolific source of misery: but in the former case the country at the time was by comparison thinly populated; and in the latter the destruction was mostly confined to the sea-coasts. The wars of the Roses, 320 years later, lasted, it is true, more than twice as long: but they possessed several mitigating circumstances which did not exist in those of Stephen. In these the accounts of the country left us by historians are deplorable in the extreme, and one can only wonder as one turns their pages that the land was not fairly depopulated. There was no relief for the unhappy peasantry from oppression and starvation. The religious houses were unable to protect their serfs and tenantry; the lords of the castles ravaged the country and plundered the inhabitants without mercy; the flocks were destroyed by the armed bands which continually paraded the country; the towns were sacked and burnt; and the lands remained untilled. Provisions of all kinds became more and more scarce, and could be purchased only at the most exorbitant rates. The poor, from sheer famine, were driven into the fields and roads to try to sustain life as they

best might by collecting garbage, or by such roots and berries as they could find. Numbers perished of disease and famine. Nay, the traffic in children which the exertions of Anselm had abolished was from necessity renewed: parents were compelled to part with their offspring which they had no longer the means of maintaining, to any who could be at the cost of supporting them; and thousands are said to have been sold and shipped to Ireland to supply the slave market of that country. Such is in part a picture of civil war in the twelfth century. We need not say how closely in its leading features it resembled the state of Spain during the French invasion, as described in the Duke of Wellington's despatches. From both such unspeakable calamities may God of his mercy preserve us!

From these miserable times we pass to the contests of Henry II. and Archbishop Becket. It was for a long period the custom with sciolists and dabblers in the early history of our Church to content themselves with dipping into some popular accounts of the doings of such men as S. Dunstan and S. Thomas à Becket (especially the latter), and, taking these isolated portions as specimens of the whole, to form from them the most exaggerated idea of the general tone and conduct of our archbishops before the Reformation. From this and other causes, many of these prelates have met with unreasonable and unmeasured abuse; for their animadvertors, not understanding the difference of those times and our own, and having no clear idea of the ecclesiastical system which the rulers of the Church found in existence, and of the laws, rights, and privileges which it was their clear duty to maintain, have no ground on which to form a true judgment on the subject. Archbishop Becket, above all others, appears to such critics to have passed his life in contending for strange and unheard-of powers; in pursuing measures wholly hostile to the crown; and, in one word, in setting up an overmastering 'imperium in imperio:' whereas, in truth, his conduct was simply that of one endowed with high authority in very difficult times; and who, whatever were his personal failings or errors in the mode of action, was, in the main, simply doing his duty in relation to the high and sacred trust committed to his charge. Inett, in his History of S. Thomas, shows an Erastian bias not less strong than that which pervades his account of Anselm. He can see nothing to approve in the archbishop—nothing to condemn in the king. He gravely affirms that the first great question on which Becket opposed Henry, that of the exemption of clerks from trial by the secular magistrates, was a novel claim; both law and usage, as he tells us, being on the king's side. Yet the Conqueror had expressly exempted the clergy from the jurisdiction of any but ecclesiastical courts; and

Stephen, in the first year of his reign, had confirmed that grant: and on this question, at least, Becket had, with one exception, the bishops on his side. They did not desert him till some time after, when the constitutions of Clarendon had put a division between their metropolitan and themselves. It was the object of these constitutions to make the English purely a national Church, and Becket would not admit for her that limited position. He considered that she should in all respects take her stand as part of the Great Western Patriarchate: and consequently, that a final appeal ought to lie with the pope above the king. It was at this point that the bishops deserted him as they had deserted Anselm. It was evidently their desire to make the Church a purely national one, they themselves in their own courts wielding the spiritual power, and the final appeal lying with the king and not with the pope. Becket, however, felt it his duty to oppose this design. But this question was not, like that for which S. Anselm made his stand against Henry Beauclerk, one of vital consequence to the spiritual independence, and even the life of the Church. Consequently, the fact that Anselm was right in opposing royal investitures does not prove that Becket was so in withstanding the constitutions of Clarendon. Becket, however, is to be judged by the principles of his own time rather than by those of the present day. And Inett does not lay sufficient stress on the support which the French king steadily afforded him from the first. On one occasion, when there was a prospect of reconciliation and reunion between Henry and Becket, and the latter had promised submission in all things, 'saving only the honour of God,' a qualification he could by no means be induced to withdraw, the King of France left him in apparent enmity; so that Becket, who was maintained solely by his bounty, thought seriously of dismissing his retinue, and betaking himself to the life of a mendicant for support. But in the evening the king sent for the archbishop, fell at his feet, and acknowledged that he alone of all present had the judgment to discern and the courage to tread the path of duty. It is impossible that the man in whose favour a king could give so decided a testimony could have been the tyrant himself, or the opponent of kings and kingly power in others, which some moderns have delighted to depict Becket.

It is true that the Becket papers published by the late Mr. Froude have given us means of judging Becket's character and conduct, which Inett did not possess. From them we learn that, to eminent honesty and loftiness of principle, he certainly united the fault of a hasty temper and a haughty disposition; but, despite his failings, they abun

dantly confirm the decision of the Church of his own and subsequent ages, which gave him a place among the noble army of martyrs. It may be urged, perhaps, that he was wrong in leaving his country without the king's permission; but it might be that he took this step in wisdom to his enemies as well as himself: at least, the event showed that there was no safety for him in it. Collier condemns him for refusing to permit the clergy to be tried by the king's courts, because exemption from them, though an ancient custom, was only the gift of the king, and as such it might at any time have been resumed. But, in deference to so high an authority, the question was not what the king might do, but whether he would or would not suffer the existing law to be acted on. The propriety of abrogating a custom was never once raised. The king simply desired to override the law; and it was surely Becket's clear duty to do whatever he could to ward off what would have proved nothing less than a national calamity. That he was compelled to fight the battle alone was the misfortune of his times. The point in question was an accident of the case; and those who approve the conduct of the barons of King John, and who cover Cromwell and Hampden with praise merely for withstanding the will of Charles, have no right to condemn, and cannot with consistency condemn, S. Thomas à Becket.

That the king long rued the part he indirectly had in the martyrdom of the archbishop, cannot be doubted. Not only did he, in consequence, give up every point in dispute between him and the Church, but (of which Inett says nothing), according to Matthew Paris and others, he submitted to undergo a personal flagellation from the monks of Canterbury. From the reaction after the oppression of the Church by Henry, and the slaughter of her archbishop, came gradually those subsequent diminutions of the kingly power in England, which were consummated in the excommunication and uncrowning of his son John, and the reduction of the kingdom for a time to a mere dependency of Rome, and its scarcely less degraded state in the reign of Henry III. The murder of Becket was emphatically the sin of the king, as he was the king; and for that crime were he and his descendants to the second generation, as they also were kings, most heavily visited. It was not till his grandson, Edward I., introduced his laws of Provisors and Præmunire that the Church began to recover herself. The former forbade the Pope to bestow, or the subject to procure or accept, any ecclesiastical benefice, under penalty, in the first case, of its escheating to the crown, and in the second of imprisonment. The latter prohibited the drawing out of the realm any plea, the cognisance of which belonged to the king's

court; the penalty for its infraction was exactly that which Shakespeare makes Suffolk denounce against Wolsey:

> 'To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
> Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
> Out of the king's protection.'
>
> —*Henry VIII.* Act iii. Scene 2.

Under the operation of these and some other wholesome and necessary laws, most of which were renewed by Richard II. and subsequent kings, the Church gradually recovered her lost liberty.

It is in a great measure to these continual struggles that our Church owes her present quiet; and hence it comes that her system is too well balanced, and the powers and privileges of her rulers too well ascertained, to allow of further contention. It is sometimes said that it is too essentially Erastian. To its purely spiritual phase we do not think this charge can apply at present; but how long it may continue equally unfounded, we dare not venture to predict. To be forewarned of our danger is, however, the best way of being forearmed.

We here leave the work of Dr. Inett. That it has many good points cannot be denied. It contains a more full account of many parts of our ecclesiastical history than is to be found in Fuller, Collier, or any other popular writer; and his accuracy as to facts cannot on the whole be disputed. At the same time, he will by no means prove a safe guide if used alone, and not compared with and checked by other authors. For no uninspired history that ever has been written, or we may safely say that ever will be written, satisfies, or at least ought to satisfy, by itself. A history, if worth being studied at all, should be compared with others; thus will unavoidable error be detected, other sides or phases of opinion be discerned, fallacies and false sentiments be discovered, erroneous principles confuted, and sound ones supplied. So used, the publication of Inett will prove a real and lasting benefit to the Church; and for it our best thanks are due to the learned and painstaking editor.

ART. VI.—*Opinion of the Bishop of S. Andrew's on the Appeal of the* REV. P. CHEYNE, *delivered at the Episcopal Synod holden at Edinburgh, Nov.* 4, 1858. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

THE main facts connected with the synod at which the 'Opinion' before us was delivered, are probably well known to the majority of our readers. The court, which met at Edinburgh on the 4th of November last, consisted of four members only; the bishops of Glasgow (president), Brechin, Moray and Ross, and S. Andrew's. By a singular coincidence, while the presenters, the appellant, and the bishop appealed against, are all Scotch by birth, the three bishops who formed the majority of the court are all English. We mention this, however, as a coincidence, and nothing more.[1]

The court met in George-street Hall, Edinburgh, and the members, as we see it stated in the Scotch newspapers, were duly vested in their episcopal robes. This is one more step towards the completion of that 'Dreamland' picture which we ventured to set forth in the last July number of this Review. We cannot again help saying that a church still seems to us a fitter place for meeting than a hired hall, more likely on every account to impress the minds of those present with thoughts befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and to moderate, on both sides, the disputatious temper which is almost inevitably aroused. Neither can we conceive the existence of any objection to the opening and closing the proceedings with prayer, for which antiquity supplies both precedents and models.

The deliverance of the court was as follows:—

'*At Edinburgh, the 4th day of November*, 1858.—The College of Bishops having resumed consideration of the Appeals, at the instance of the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, Find that the teaching of the Appellant complained of in the Presentment is erroneous, and more or less in contradiction to and subversive of the doctrines of the Church, as explained in the opinions of the majority of the Court now delivered. But considering that the Appellant did not take part in the discussion of the merits of the cause during its dependence before the Bishop of Aberdeen, and being desirous of still affording him an opportunity of retracting the said teaching, if so minded, after having heard the opinions now delivered, direct the Clerk to furnish

[1] The Bishop of Aberdeen was precluded from taking part in the proceedings, by the custom (though not, we perceive, the law) of the Scottish Church, as being the person against whose sentence the appeal lay. The Bishop of Argyll and the Isles had generously waived his right to sit upon the court, inasmuch as he had in a recent charge seemed to many to have prejudged the case.

him with a copy of that part of the opinion of the majority, in which the said teaching, so held to be erroneous, is specified; and in the mean time, and before further procedure, adjourn the Court to the 2d day of December next.'

The passages of his sermons on the Holy Eucharist, which the appellant is called upon to retract and apologize for, on pain of suspension, are as follows :—

'1. When—having defined the Eucharistic Presence in the following words, and pronounced it to be *error* to teach otherwise—viz. "When I speak of the Real Presence, I mean, as the Church means, that after Consecration, Whole Christ, God and Man, is really, truly, and substantially present in the Eucharist, under the form of bread and wine;"—When, having laid down this definition—he declares that "the Sacrifice of the Eucharist is substantially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross, differing only in the manner of offering;"—

'2. When he further declares that in the Lord's Supper "we kneel to the Lord Himself, invisibly present under the form," or "under the veils of bread and wine:"—

'3. And lastly, when he pronounces that "the only thing necessary to the completion of the Sacrifice, is the Communion of the Priest." '—P. 34.

Waiving for the moment the vast importance of this judgment, and the question how far (if silently acquiesced in) it commits the Scottish Church to the denial of the doctrine of the primitive Church concerning the Real Presence, we pass to the consideration of the grounds upon which it is based. And here we must express our deep regret that the members of the court have not seen fit to act upon the excellent suggestion made, in the preface to his recent pamphlet, by Canon Humble; namely, that each bishop should give his opinion separately, together with the reasons by which he supports it. This practice, as Mr. Humble justly remarks, has imparted to English law-courts much of the moral weight which they possess.

In the present instance, one bishop only has imparted to us the reasons for his decision. The opinion of the Bishop of S. Andrew's has been given to the world; it may be purchased, like any other pamphlet, and has therefore become completely *publici juris*, and a lawful theme for criticism. Of what may be called the personal part of the question, of the antecedent claims of the writer on our respect, we forbear to speak at present. Let this first portion of our remarks be regarded, so far as possible, only as a critique by certain reviewers *X*, on a given document written by *A*. Whatsoever is founded on the revelation of God's Holy Word, and the teaching of the undivided Church remains true, however unknown and feeble be the voices that proclaim it—whatsoever contravenes that revelation, and the teaching thus derived from it, is not to be accepted, let who will assert it. True premises and sound inferences demand

assent, though the lips of babes in knowledge utter them; false *data* and erroneous deductions are to be rejected, whatever be the station of the speaker—whether he be a prince of an empire or a patriarch of Constantinople, a bishop of S. Andrew's or a bishop of Rome.

The following remarks, therefore, are respectfully submitted to the thoughtful and earnest consideration of all members of the churches of the Anglican communion into whose hands they may fall. May God grant that they find acceptance so far, and so far only, as they agree with his Holy Word and Will; so far, and so far only, as they set forth His truth, as it shall be acknowledged before men and angels at the last Great Day!

We speak of the document before us as Bishop Wordsworth's, simply because it is written by him. Of course we do not for a moment forget that its conclusions have been explicitly, or else virtually, adopted by the two other prelates, who thus constituted the majority of the court of appeal; the Bishop of Brechin alone reclaiming, and entering a protest against it.

Before stating the grounds on which we too would enter our humble protest against this judgment, and the arguments by which it is supported; it may be well to lay down certain principles on which, if we mistake not, the synod is agreed, and which we for our own part are most ready to affirm.

These principles are as follow:—

1. That the judgment pronounced ought to be capable of being tested by Holy Scripture, as the great paramount authority.

2. That it ought not authoritatively to condemn any doctrine maintained by the consent of the primitive fathers; nor authoritatively to assert, as the *only* tenable view, any view not sanctioned by their consenting witness.

3. That whatever our blessed Lord in the primal Eucharist offered sacrificially, *that* his priests offer now; that whatever his apostles received from Him, *that* the faithful still receive.

4. That in no previous case on record has any divine of the churches of the Anglican communion undergone ecclesiastical pains and penalties, for enunciating any *modus* whereby our blessed Lord is present in the Holy Communion, saving and except that of Transubstantiation.

Such statements being once admitted, and they will hardly be disputed by any member of the Episcopal College, we protest against Bishop Wordsworth's judgment, on the following grounds:—

I. That it falls short of, and explains away, the clear teaching of Holy Scripture.

II. That it all but entirely ignores the teaching of the primitive fathers.

III. That it strives to impose a limitation of meaning on our existing formularies, which has never before been authoritatively placed upon them.

IV. That it gives countenance to novel and unauthorized theories.

We have other objections to urge; but if these can be substantiated, we submit that they are sufficient to vitiate the moral weight of the entire judgment.

I. 'The great principle of the Church's teaching,' says the Bishop of S. Andrew's, 'upon all points, and especially upon 'this deep mystery, is to rest satisfied with the revelation which 'God Himself has vouchsafed to make; in other words, not to 'suffer herself to go beyond, or fall short of, the teaching of the 'Holy Scripture.'

Most true. Now God Himself, in the person of the Eternal Son, has vouchsafed to make the following revelation:—

'The bread of God is *He* which cometh down from heaven. . . . *I* am the living bread, which came down from heaven: and the bread that I will give is my flesh. . . . He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him: he that eateth *Me*, even he shall live by Me.'—*S. John*, vi. 33, 51, 53, 57.

We assert the plain teaching of these words to be, that the reception of the body of Christ involves the reception of the person of Christ.

We ask those who differ from us to produce one single passage of Holy Scripture which speaks of the presence of the natural body of Christ (in earth or heaven), or the body of Christ sacramentally present in the Eucharist, in such wise as to exclude the presence of the person of Christ.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the entire range of writings bequeathed to us by the ancient fathers.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the writings of any bishop of Christ's Church, except the present Bishop of St. Andrew's, or the bishops who signed the Pastoral of 1858.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the works of any divine of authority, Anglican, Greek, Roman, or Lutheran, prior to the year 1856.

But this, it will be said, is all negative evidence. Now no one, when it makes for him, can lay greater stress upon negative evidence than Bishop Wordsworth; but we by no means wish to confine ourselves to it. Our only difficulty is to compress into brief compass the mass of positive testimony in our favour.

It is equally good theology to say, 'His sacred body hung in

death upon the cross;' or, '*He* hung in death upon the cross:' to say, 'His body was buried;' or (Article 3d), 'Christ was buried.' There is no clashing, no opposition, though there is, we admit, a distinction.

The distinction is this. The personality of Christ our Lord resides in his Godhead; and the Godhead being impassible, could not die. But as it remained alike with his body and soul, God the Son did die for man, and was buried, in the body; while God the Son, in the Spirit, went into Hades. This is the language of Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church.

Turn we to Hebrews x. 5—7. 'When He cometh into the 'world He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a 'body hast Thou prepared Me: . . . . then said I, Lo, *I* come to 'do thy will, O God.' We therefore speak with equal propriety of the oblation of Christ's body once offered, as the fathers constantly do, or, in the language of the English and Scotch Communion Offices, of 'His . . . . oblation of *Himself* once offered.' Again there is no clashing, no contradiction: both phrases are equally scriptural, both employed in this very epistle. In the 10th chapter, at verse 10, we read of 'the offering of the body of Jesus Christ,' while, in the chapter immediately preceding (verse 14), it is 'Christ who . . . . offered Himself.'

And so, precisely in like manner, of His body, sacramentally present. Just as though, *primarily*, Christ (through the Eternal Spirit) offered his body upon the cross, and yet, *as a consequence*, offered Himself, for that his Godhead, wherein resides his personality, never left that body: so, too, by consecration, is *primarily* wrought, through the agency of the same Holy Spirit, the presence of the body and blood of Christ, and then, *as a consequence*, the presence of whole Christ, in his sacred and indivisible personality, as God and man. There is no clashing, no contradiction. We challenge any one to show that this teaching has ever been authoritatively condemned before A.D. 1858.

But how does Bishop Wordsworth explain these passages of S. John? They are to be interpreted (p. 33) 'according to that 'most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for 'the whole.' (!) Has any other bishop of Christ's Church, whose name is of the slightest weight as an authority, been known to reduce our Lord's solemn words to 'a form of speech'? And from what species of error are we safe, if this principle be once admitted? Zuinglius may say, 'This is my body,' is 'a form of speech.' Apollinaris might have urged that 'Now is my *soul* troubled' was 'a form of speech;'—and why not even Socinus, that 'My Lord and my God' is to be interpreted in like manner?

But this is not all. We complain that the author of this

judgment has endorsed an interpretation of the theological term 'to become' (*fieri*, γίνεσθαι) which is violently anti-scriptural; and which, if carried out, would involve us in the most deadly heresies.

Mr. Rorison had urged that the words 'that they may become,' &c., in the Scottish office, *must*, of necessity, bear one of two senses: either that of transubstantiation, or that of mere equivalence and representation. The illustration which he chose to select was, 'Let this acorn become a grape,' which must involve either the change of the substance of the acorn into that of a grape, or else the meaning, 'Let this acorn, remaining what it is, represent a grape.'

In our recent review of this gentleman's address, we purposely left this argument unnoticed. It never occurred to us that it could impose upon any one. It appeared to us, and, we are sorry to say, appears to us still, pure and unmitigated rationalism.

But it is apparently adopted in this 'Opinion' (pp. 10, 11). We can no longer, therefore, leave it unnoticed, and we protest against it:—

(*a.*) *Firstly*, as being an utterly untenable position, even on Mr. Rorison's own ground, that of illustration from mere earthly philosophy. (This, as being a subordinate point, shall be answered in an Appendix.)

(*b.*) *Secondly*, as being opposed to the teaching of the primitive Church, of which more anon.

(*c.*) *Thirdly*, which is our present topic, as being utterly irreconcilable with the use of this expression by S. John.

S. John, known from this opening of his Gospel as the Divine (ὁ Θεολόγος), tells us 'The Word was God (Θεὸς ἦν) . . . . the 'Word became flesh' (σὰρξ ἐγένετο). According to Mr. Rorison, and, it would seem, Bishop Wordsworth, we are bound to understand either that our blessed Lord assumed our human nature, and thereby ceased to be God (a modification of Socinianism); or else that, remaining Very and Eternal God, He stood for, and typically represented, humanity (a kind of an approximation to the wild errors of the Ebionites and Docetæ; and still more closely to the most recent school of rationalism, which teaches that He is the concrete embodiment of aggregate humanity in its highest ideal).

But what is the true interpretation? It is, that our blessed Lord did *become* true and actual man, 'not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God;' that He took unto Himself a human soul and a human body, which had not been united (for then had they been a person) before they met in the Divine personality of God the Son.

Here again, as no one knows better than the Bishop of S.

Andrew's,[1] there is the highest authority, patristic and Anglican, for transferring the argument (by a kind of analogy) to the mysterious presence of our blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist. We pray that the bread and wine may 'become' (*fiant, γένωνται*) the body and blood of Christ, not by ceasing to be bread and wine, not by becoming merely hallowed representatives, but by the condescension, through the agency of the Holy Spirit, of an invisible immaterial substance, not local, not circumscribed in space—namely, the body and blood of Christ; and these, as Bishop Andrewes has it, not without His soul, nor this again without His divinity.[2] And we believe this to take place in a manner not contradictory to, but infinitely transcending, man's highest powers of reason; while, notwithstanding, 'the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in Heaven,' there to remain until the judgment-day.

We now pass to another point, whereon the Bishop of S. Andrew's expresses his entire concurrence with the presenters. It shall be given in his own words:—

> 'They (the Presenters) pressed the argument—which appears to me irresistible—that to call a sign or symbol by the name of that which it represents—and in this case more than represents, conveying all its virtue, power, and efficacy—is an ordinary figure; but to designate that which is represented by the term "sign" or "symbol," when it is indeed the very thing itself, really and substantially, is an unheard-of and impossible mode of expression.'—RORISON, p. 30.

This point has been noticed by anticipation in our article on the subject in the last number of the *Christian Remembrancer* (p. 456). We are compelled, however, to re-state what we then urged, and we must venture to designate the 'irresistible argument' as extremely unsound, and such as, if applied to Holy Scripture—(and of course equally to theological writings, which all have Holy Scripture for their basis)—would again lead us into deadly heresy.

There would be nothing 'unheard of and impossible' in our 'mode of expression,' if we were to say that the erected countenance and heavenward gaze of man (to adopt a hint from the fine and well-known passage of the Roman poet) were a

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[1] 'After what fashion (*ὃν τρόπον*) Jesus Christ our Saviour, being, through the word of God, made Incarnate, bore (*ἔσχεν*) both flesh and blood for our salvation, even so (*οὕτως καὶ*) have we been taught that the nourishment Eucharistified (*εὐχαριστηθεῖσαν*) through the word of prayer proceeding from Him, by which our flesh and blood are nourished to renewal (*κατὰ μεταβολὴν τρέφονται*) are the flesh and blood of the Incarnate Jesus.'—*S. Justin Mart. Apol.* I. 66. (Vol. i. p. 268. Ed. Otto.) Be it remembered that S. Justin received the crown of martyrdom about A.D. 165. On the limits to be placed to the above analogy, see the acute, and (we should imagine) very just remarks contained in 'A Modest Reply to Mr. Shaw's Analysis,' &c. Cf. also Dr. Pusey's 'Real Presence' (*sub init.*).

[2] Sermon IX. on the Nativity.

'sign' or 'symbol' of the superiority of his spirit over that of the lower animals of God's creation. We should not thereby deny the real coexistence, with the outward form, of that superior soul. The general principle involved is this: that where a thing consists of two parts, the outward part may well be a sign or image of that which the inward part really and truly is. The splendid cabinet of Darius, wherein Alexander enshrined the works of Homer, was regarded by that conqueror as an outward image of the value of the far more precious substance encased within.

And thus, to turn to Holy Writ, the visible manhood of the Lord Jesus is the εἰκὼν or χαρακτὴρ of the Invisible Godhead. 'Christ, who is the image of God . . . the image of the invisible God . . . the express image of his person.' (2 Cor. iv. 4; Coloss. i. 15; Heb. i. 3)—But 'No!' exclaims the Socinian, 'Christ 'cannot be, really and substantially, God; He would not, in 'that case, be called the *image* of God. It is an *unheard-of* '*and impossible mode of expression*, and a Scotch presbyter and 'bishop believe my argument to be irresistible.'

We are at least consistent. We believe that Christ our Lord is both the image of God, and also Himself Very God; we believe that the consecrated elements are outwardly types, signs, symbols, images, of His body and blood, and yet at the same time inwardly, in a mystery, really and essentially that which they represent.

II. Our second charge against the document before is, that it all but entirely ignores the teaching of the primitive fathers. Lest we should seem to put our own gloss upon that teaching, we must again appeal to the unsuspicious testimony of Bishop Burnet on the 28th Article:—

'It is not to be denied but that *very early* both Justin Martyr and Irenæus thought that there was such a sanctification in the elements, that there was a divine virtue *in them;* and in those very passages which we have urged from the arguings of the Fathers against the Eutychians, though they do plainly prove that *they believed that the substance of bread and wine do still remain, yet they do suppose an union with the elements to the body of Christ, like that of the human nature being united to the divine.*'

We need scarcely say that this is the same teaching as that of Mr. Cheyne. It cannot indeed be wondered at that Bishop Wordsworth should pass unheedingly such a witness as Burnet, because he is seldom appealed to in our time, excepting by the disciples of Mr. Goode, who always seem to overlook this passage. But the precisely similar teaching of Gelasius, Bishop of Rome in the fifth century, is surely known to the merest tyro in patristic lore. It is to be found in Routh's *Opuscula*, with some allusions in the notes (if we recollect aright) to the efforts

of modern Romanists to deny its genuineness or explain it away, because its teaching is so un-Roman and so thoroughly Anglican. It is found in a better known book still, in a note to 'Bishop Pearson on the Creed,' namely note *p.* to Art. iii. § 1. Therein does our greatest dogmatic theologian quote, or refer to as agreeing with Gelasius (and therefore with S. Justin and S. Irenæus), Theodoret, S. Chrysostom, Ephraimus. And to this very note does Bishop Wordsworth, in his 'Three Short Sermons on the Holy Communion,' published in 1855,[1] refer his readers with every mark of approbation.

But why then are *none* of these saints and doctors of the early and undivided Church cited (if not directly, at least indirectly, through the *medium* of a Pearson or an Andrewes) to show the erroneousness of Mr. Cheyne's doctrine on the nature of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist? Ah! why indeed? Is it that the right reverend author of the 'Three Sermons' has placed himself under the teaching of some new interpreter of antiquity and forsaken Pearson? We pause for a reply; and until the answer is given, we cannot help believing that Mr. Cheyne is not condemned out of the mouth of antiquity, for the simple reason that such a procedure is *impossible.*

And if the case indeed stand thus, we may well re-quote the language of a layman of the Church in Scotland, 'Our Church 'is by circumstance Protestant; by position she is Reformed: 'but her essence, her strength, her vitality, consist in being 'Catholic. Show that she condemns what was approved by the 'ancient Church, or *vice versâ*, and you do more to injure her 'than her worst enemies have ever been able to effect.'[2]

It may indeed be asked, why introduce the words *substantial* and *substantially* at all? Why not be content with the *verily and indeed* of the Catechism, or their equivalents *really and truly?* We answer, that our readers or hearers may, in that case, be at a loss to understand whether we may not in these days be supposed to mean only *virtute et efficaciâ*, which is not what these primitive doctors taught; for they, as Bishop Pearson shows, though they by anticipation opposed *transubstantiation*, yet did teach a *transelementation* (μεταστοιχείωσις), though not of such kind as to annihilate the pre-existent substance.[3]

And other writers, besides Mr. Cheyne, have felt the advisability of adding something to the language of our formularies. One author has indeed gone so far as to declare that 'the doc-'trine which we have plainly learned from Holy Scripture and

[1] Page 24, note *n.*
[2] Letter by Sir Archibald Edmonstone in the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal.*
[3] On the physical possibility of such changes, see the Appendix to this article.

'from the Church,' is that of (the italics are *his*) 'a *real*, and in 'some sense a *bodily*, *presence* of Christ, with all who worthily 'receive Him in those holy mysteries.'—Bishop Wordsworth, *Three Sermons*, &c. pp. 24, 25.

Now we venture to think *substantial* a far safer and more correct term than *bodily*, and for this reason: the word *bodily*, however guarded, may, not unreasonably, seem to suggest the idea of a carnal presence; whereas the slightest acquaintance with philosophy or theology would at once dispel the notion that *substance* is equivalent to *matter*, *substantial* to *corporal*. For *substance* is constantly employed where *matter* is quite out of the question. 'The thinking faculty,' says one of the greatest of modern physiologists, 'is an *immaterial substance*.'[1] God, who is a Spirit, is called by Bishop Butler, 'the self-existent *Substance*.' 'The Son,' said the Fathers of Nicæa, is 'of one *substance* with the Father.' Is it possible to imagine higher authorities? If numbers be requisite, we could multiply them *ad infinitum*.

It is true that the phraseology of 'a *real*, and in some sense *bodily*, *presence* of Christ' has the advantage of indicating that the writer believes in the eucharistic presence of our Lord's humanity; for of course his Godhead cannot, in *any* sense, have a bodily presence. But this end seems to us to be attained more simply and securely by saying, with Mr. Palmer and Mr. Cheyne, that our Lord is present both as God and Man. Unfortunately, however, such language, though to all appearance most fully sanctioned and virtually employed by the author of the *Three Sermons*, seems to be no less expressly condemned by the author of the present opinion. The Church, we are now told, 'doubts not that He is present in some especial manner, accord-'ing to the substance of his Divine Nature. But the appellant 'has taught in her name, that Christ, God *and Man*' (italics in original), 'is substantially present, veiled under the form of bread 'and wine.'—P. 33.

Now as much stress is laid in this document upon the appellant having represented his teaching, on the nature of the Presence, being that of the Church, it is only just to remark, that the Bishop of S. Andrew's was guilty (*in loc. cit.*) of a precisely similar offence in 1855. So also is Mr. Palmer guilty. This last-named respected writer bases his assertion on the principle, that if the Bible says or implies such a kind of presence, the Church, *ex necessitate rei*, does so likewise. 'Guided by Scrip-'ture,' says Mr. Palmer, 'she establishes only those truths which

[1] Unzer on the Principles of Physiology. Translated for the Sydenham Society by Thos. Laycock, M.D. London, 1842. Unzer died in 1799.

'Scripture reveals, and leaves the subject in that mystery, with 'which God for his wise purposes has invested it. . . . . And 'as Christ's divine and human natures are inseparably united, so 'she believes that we receive in the Eucharist, not only the Flesh 'and Blood of Christ, but Christ Himself, both God and Man.'

And here, while we are concerned with the patristic part of the question, we cannot refrain from asking whether any single passage from the ancient fathers can be adduced in favour of the extraordinary theory, that in the Holy Eucharist our blessed 'Lord is present in some especial manner, according to the 'substance of his Divine nature, but not according to the sub-'stance of his human nature'?

As for the evidence from antiquity against such a notion, we simply omit it for the sake of brevity. It may be found in abundance in the large volume of Dr. Pusey, and in compressed form in Mr. Keble's recent 'Considerations,'[1] &c.

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[1] To save the reader trouble, we subjoin a few of Mr. Keble's selections from S. Hilary, S. Ambrose, S. Augustine, and S. Chrysostom.

'*S. Hil.* on Psalm cxxvii. § 10.—"It is the table of the Lord from which we take food, that is, the food of the Living Bread: and the virtue of which is this, that *He Himself*, living, doth also give life to those who receive Him."

'*Id.* contra Constant. ii. 11.—"On Himself, as the holy with me understand,—*on Christ Himself*,—hands were laid."

'*S. Ambr.* in Psalm xxxviii. § 25.—"*Christ Himself* is offered on earth when the body of Christ is offered."

'*Id. de Off.* i. § 248.—"Before, a lamb was offered, a calf too was offered, now Christ is offered."

'*Id. de Cain et Abel*, i. 5, 19.—"What is nobler than Christ, who in the banquet of the Church both ministers and is ministered?"

'*Id.* in Psalm cxviii. 8, 48.—"Where His Body is, there is Christ."

'*S. Aug. in Joan.* iv. 45, 9.—"There the Rock was Christ: to us that is Christ which is placed on God's Altar."

'*Id. in Ps.* xxxiii. *Serm.* i. 10.—"Christ was borne in His own hands, when setting forth His own Body, He said, This is My Body."

'*Id. ibid. Serm.* ii. 2.—"When He was setting forth His very Body and Blood, He took into His hands what the Faithful know; and He in some sort carried Himself when He said, This is my Body."

'*S. Chrys. de Sacerd.* iii. and vi. p. 15. (Sav.)—"When thou seest the Lord sacrificed, and the Priest standing and praying over the sacrifice, . . . can it be that thou still accountest thyself to be among men and to be standing on earth? yea, art thou not at once translated (μετανίστασαι) to the heavens?"

'*Id. ibid.* p. 16, 1.—"He that sitteth above with the Father, at that hour is held in the hands of all, and gives Himself to those that desire to embrace and clasp Him."

'*Id. in Joan.* ver. 54, p. 361.—"His Holy Body is considered as One [Person, εἷς] with Him, for since the Incarnation He is indivisible [ἀδιαίρετος]," &c.

It has been said that men may prove anything from the Fathers. The assertion is one of those inconsiderate speeches which are seldom made by any true and thoughtful student of antiquity. Hard as it proverbially is to prove a negative, we have looked in vain in the writings of those who oppose these principles, for a single passage which stands in contradiction to the above extracts. Of course many passages may be quoted from Divines and Liturgies, ancient and modern, which do not assert so much, just as many isolated passages of Holy Scripture do not enunciate the Divinity of our Blessed Lord; but this is not contradiction.

We pass to another point connected with antiquity. Mr. Cheyne 'pressed the Court,' says Bishop Wordsworth (p. 24), 'with the inquiry, If the Presence in the Sacrifice be not what I 'say, what is it?' A more perfectly fair and reasonable question, for an accused person to ask of those in authority, cannot be imagined. Of course, the appellant could not suppose—no man in his senses ever did—that a full and complete answer, elucidating the entire mystery, should be given him. For the fuller comprehension of this and every other 'mystery of Godliness,' we must all wait, if by God's mercy in Christ, we be found among his faithful servants, 'until the day break, and the shadows flee away.' But every man who is on his trial for false teaching has a perfect and inalienable right to make the demand —'If what I have said is wrong, tell me what I ought to say.' And in ancient times an answer to such queries was never refused, even to the worst of heretics. Rather than not reply, the Church even went so far as to coin new terms to meet the exact error in vogue; though such terms were, of course, new in form alone, explicit expressions of what had all along been implicitly believed. 'If I may not,' cried the Arian, 'say ὁμοιούσιος, what ought I to say?' And the Church replied, ὁμοούσιος. 'If it be not enough,' said the Nestorian, 'to call S. Mary Χριστοτόκος, what more ought she to be called?' And the Church answered, Θεοτόκος. 'If original sin,' urged the Pelagian, 'consists not *in imitatione Adæ*, whence does it arise?' And the Church pronounced, *ex generatione*. No man can in this life *fully* answer any of the above questions; all that the Church ever maintained is, that her final decisions were true and right, so far as they went. She never put off the inquirers, however wrong-headed they might be, with the remark, that they had no right to demand what they ought to teach. Is the following equally satisfactory?—

'He (the appellant) pressed the court with the inquiry, If the Presence in the sacrifice be not what I say, what is it? But as the Israelites in the wilderness, when they saw the manna, said one to another, "*It is manna*," meaning, what is it? "for they wist not what it was" (Exod. xvii. 15, see margin); so this is a question which no man can fully answer, and which our Church would teach us no man should attempt to answer. God Himself has called it, when duly offered and fully consecrated—and then *it is*, in some sense, verily and indeed—the Body and Blood of Christ. It is also (as the Scripture teaches) a memorial to God of the death and sacrifice of Christ; and, after the sacrifice, it is graciously designed to be to us "the true bread that cometh down from heaven," the Christian manna, our spiritual food and sustenance in the wilderness of this world, that they who eat thereof should live and not die. So much of an answer I may venture to give to the appellant in the Church's name.'

The second sentence in this extract is surely very far from logical. If our Church would teach us that no man should

attempt to answer Mr. Cheyne's question, why does the Bishop of S. Andrew's attempt to answer it? But if we are mentally to reinsert the limiting adverb *fully* before the verb to *answer*, then, as has been already intimated, there is no dispute upon this head. All that Mr. Cheyne demands is, 'What does the court consider *may* be safely taught upon this point,—is the Eucharistic Sacrifice a *mere* offering of bread and wine, or is it not?'

Now, as respects the sacrificial offering in the Holy Eucharist, there are three main lines of thought.

(*a.*) Firstly, that there is no such offering at all. (This is the popular view, and the one to which Mr. Rorison *appears* to incline, though he shrinks from openly stating it.)

(*b.*) That there is such an offering, but that it consists of mere bread and wine.

(*c.*) That whatever is partaken of by the faithful in Holy Communion, that (as in every other sacrifice) is the thing offered.

Waiving the first of these three theories, which is certainly not countenanced by any member of the Episcopal College in Scotland, it remains to choose between the two latter views. But as it is unlikely that any Scottish presbyter should be able to make out, from the judgment now before us, what he may assert upon this head, we must have recourse to other sources of information. And some help may, we think, be indirectly afforded by a note appended to page 18 of the Bishop of S. Andrew's 'Three Sermons on the Holy Communion.' In a note marked *a*, at page 18, we find the very important maxim, 'Whatever is offered in the sacrifice, in the sacrament is bestowed' (*Quicquid sacrificio offertur, sacramento confertur*). Now, as the bishop lays down, in page 24, that the doctrine of Scripture and the Church is that of 'a *real*, and in some sense a *bodily*, presence of Christ with all who worthily receive Him,' we do not see how to avoid the conclusion, that He who is mystically received has likewise condescended to be mystically offered.[1] If God 'hath given His Son to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy Sacrament' (English Prayer-book), what less can we have offered Him in the sacrifice?

[1] Cf. the passages from fathers quoted in the last note. We are, of course, aware that certain supporters of this judgment may urge that the converse of this proposition, *Quicquid sacrificio*, &c., is not true—a bold assertion, which we shall not take the trouble of reasoning against until we see it supported by some arguments. It is, we need hardly say, quite conceivable that the Holy Eucharist may embrace an offering of the fruits of the earth besides *the* offering. High views do not exclude the lower. The justly popular picture of the Last Supper by *Leonardo da Vinci* was painted on the wall of a refectory, and simply refers to the sanctification of all food by that blessing—one of the many minor aspects of that comprehensive mystery.

Into the teaching of the ancient liturgies we shall not attempt to inquire closely. That some few real students of those invaluable services have failed to draw from them precisely the same teaching as Mr. Cheyne has done, we readily admit. But thus much we venture to assert. The study of ancient liturgies is a growing one, and is rapidly being facilitated. If, in a few years hence, there can be found one in ten among such students who can be satisfied with the explanation of the liturgies given in the opinion now before us, and does not regard it as a mere explaining away, our characters as foretellers of the future will, in that case, still have to be won.

One more point in connexion with the teaching of the early Church. Mr. Cheyne has more than once asserted that Christ our Lord is the primary Offerer, the true Priest, in every celebration of the Holy Eucharist. A doctrine more truly to the glory of God, more tending to humility on the part of man, more scriptural in its tone, more plainly and without contradiction taught by ancient Fathers, it is difficult to conceive. To the glory of God and humiliation of man, because it brings before the mind that instrumental character alike of priest and sacrament, for which the author of the present opinion most justly contends.[1] Scriptural, as recognising the great truth of 'Christ all, and in all' (Coloss. iii. 11), which is applicable to either sacrament, and to every ordinance that in anywise partakes of a sacramental character. In Holy Baptism, Christ is still, by the agency of the Holy Ghost, the Baptizer, 'for by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body:' in absolution it is *He* that 'pardoneth and absolveth all them that truly repent, and unfeignedly believe:' in Holy Matrimony

> 'Tis *He* who clasps the marriage band,
> And fits the spousal ring,
> Then leaves ye kneeling hand in hand;

in Ordination, Consecration, it is surely *He* who confers the special gifts bestowed through the agency of apostolic hands. While time lasts, He still addresses to his ministry those gracious words, 'As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.' As Aquinas has it (S. T. 3, qu. 22. § 4), '*Sacerdos novæ legis in personâ Ipsius operatur*,' carrying out the apostolic principle, 'If I forgave anything, . . . for your sakes forgave I it in the person of Christ' (2 Cor. ii. 10).

[1] P. 25. 'In the ordinances of God it is not any intrinsic adequacy of the instrument employed that effects the ends which He designs, but his own will.' This position has never, that we know of, been denied; certainly by no one is it more emphatically affirmed than by Aquinas.—(S. T. 1, qu. 57, § 4, *et passim*. But it in no way militates against high views of the means chosen, when once chosen and consecrated.

So, too, with the pure offering foretold by Malachi. Christ Himself still offers, not indeed immediately, but mediately, through the agency of his commissioned servants, the bishops and priests of his Church. Thus teach S. Ambrose, S. Chrysostom, S. Augustine, in language that no one has attempted to explain in any other sense than that which the appellant has in this cause asserted. And if we must needs quote fathers, through the medium of post-Reformation divines, it may be sufficient here to cite S. Chrysostom, *De proditione Judæ*, as given by Bishop Sparrow in his *Rationale:* 'Christ is present at the 'Sacrament now, that first instituted it. He consecrates this 'also: it is not man that makes the body and blood of Christ 'by consecrating the holy elements, but Christ that was crucified 'for us.'[1]

What is Bishop Wordsworth's answer to all this? Ignoring for a time the very existence of antiquity, he refers with extraordinary subtlety to the Scottish Office. We say extraordinary subtlety, forasmuch as we do not believe that any one before the Bishop of S. Andrew's ever dreamt of this interpretation of the single word on which his argument is based. The Scottish Office in the Prayer of Consecration, reads, instead of 'his *one* oblation of Himself once offered,' 'his *own* oblation.' Now, we never before heard, from friends or foes of that Office, but one interpretation of this change. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* What said, but a few years since, the Bishop of Manchester on this very point? He intimated, and his reasoning seems to us unanswerable, that the change (which he himself vehemently disapproved of) was made to avoid even the apparent condemnation of the sacrificial character of the Holy Eucharist. From the phraseology of the English Office, it might be plausibly argued there was not in any sense an oblation of Himself made by Christ our Lord in the first Eucharist. The Scottish Liturgy escapes the possibility of such an inference by the substitution of *own* for *one*, or at least was always supposed to do so before the fourth of November, 1858. On that day the Bishop of S. Andrew's announced that 'the word "own" . . . *I cannot* 'doubt, was purposely introduced in order to guard still farther 'against the confusion of our Lord's own sacrifice with that 'which *we* offer for the remembrance of Him.' Briefly, on this point the teaching of antiquity is to be set aside, not as contrary to Holy Scripture, not as repudiated by the Articles, but as inconsistent with a supposed interpretation of a single word in the Scottish Office which no one, we believe, ever before imagined to have the slightest bearing upon the subject.

[1] Rationale upon the Book of Common Prayer, p. 217 (ed. Oxf. 1839).

One more topic, and we shall be prepared to quit the patristic portion of the question. At p. 28 of the document under review, the Bishop does appeal to a *dictum* of an ancient father, in the following words:—

'It is a well-known rule of S. Augustine, that where there is a fit place for anything to be spoken, and it is not spoken, an argument may be drawn from the authority negatively.'

To assert that this rule is in our own day devoid of all force whatever, would indeed be the very blindness of partisanship. But it is, we believe, only simple truth to assert that, in cases where there has avowedly been much compromise for the sake of peace, this rule cannot safely be pressed. Is Bishop Wordsworth prepared to abide by it himself? Because, if not, he cannot have the slightest right to urge it against Mr. Cheyne. Now, in A. D. 1849, the Bishop of S. Andrew's, being then only a presbyter, in English orders, declared, in his very useful and excellent little work entitled *Catechesis* (p. 99), that Holy Communion was fitly called the *Unbloody Sacrifice*, and referred his readers to Malachi i. 11, and Heb. xiii. 10. Of course, *we* thoroughly accept this teaching; but how, we must ask, is it to be reconciled with the English Communion Office, if the Augustinian principle laid down by Bishop Wordsworth be accepted as one that is universally applicable? A presbyter, who is indeed no great authority with us, but who appears to receive the most kindly patronage from Bishop Wordsworth, throughout the trial of Mr. Cheyne, thus addressed the Court at Aberdeen:—

'Now, Right Reverend Sir, the mind of a church is surely to be gathered quite as much from what she *deliberately omits*, as from what she *formally* defines. And, on this doctrine, the Church Catechism is silent as the grave. When we pass to the Office of Holy Communion, as it stands in the Prayer-book, we find that service marked by a still more significant reticence. The ceasing of the daily sacrifice of the veritable body and blood is, according to the reverend defendant, the note of Antichrist; and here, shorn of all trace of such a sacrifice, is the most solemn formulary of the Church of England. There is such a manifest rejection of *this* view of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, that it might be taken for a rejection of *any* and *all*; it might seem that the idea of a *commemoration before God*, was abandoned for that of a mere *remembrancer* to *man*. So the emendations that brought this to pass were interpreted by contemporaries.'[1]

Now here is Bishop Wordsworth's own principle brought to bear against his own teaching, and the teaching of the Episcopal Synod in Scotland; which has, we are thankful to say, deliberately adopted the phraseology of the 'Sacrifice of the Altar,' as applied to the Holy Eucharist. Once grant that silence is conclusive, and we see no escape from Mr. Rorison's argument.

[1] Speech of Mr. Rorison, p. 43.

How then would those clergy in Scotland who have English Orders, or who use the English Office, defend the doctrine of a sacrificial character appertaining in any sense to the Holy Eucharist?[1]

They would have to give up, in the present case, the *dictum* of S. Austin as inapplicable; and they would employ, we presume, amongst other arguments, some such as the following:—

1. That the Sacrifice of the Altar, though not taught explicitly, *totidem verbis*, in Holy Writ, might be fairly inferred thence, and proved thereby: just as the personality and adoration of the Holy Spirit was inferred and proved.

2. That it was taught by saints and doctors of the undivided Church.

3. That it was taught by several of the greatest among the post-Reformation divines in England and Scotland, and even by some among the Lutherans.

4. That while they fairly and frankly admitted that it was but faintly recognised in the English Prayer-book, and repugnant to the popular and *primâ facie* view of the 31st Article, it is in reality compatible with that silence and with the proper interpretation of the Article, which (says Mr. Palmer) 'was directed 'against the errors maintained and countenanced by such men 'as Soto, Hardinge, &c., and not directed against the doctrine of 'the Eucharistic Sacrifice, as explained by Bossuet, Veron, and 'others, with which we have no material fault to find.' And if the charge of reticence in the English Office seem to savour of disloyalty towards their spiritual mother, they would reply, that truth was above all things; and that a living writer who, beyond all others, contends for the excellence (we had almost said, the *optimism*) of the English Prayer-book, was compelled upon this head to write as follows:—

'The revised Eucharistic Office of the English Church .... has confessedly laboured under a certain faintness as to the ritual expression of that mind and doctrine.... Her real mind in these respects has need to be written yet more legibly, and beyond all possibility of mistake, in her form of ritual administration, if she is to win the generality of her children to a universal and habitual conformity, through her nurture, with the ancient mind of the Church Universal concerning the higher and supernatural side of the Eucharistic Mystery.'[2]

Without arguments of this nature, we cannot, we repeat, see any answer to Mr. Rorison's insinuation that the English Church

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[1] That is, over and beyond the offering of alms, of praise, and of our own selves. We know that by negative induction it has been maintained that the English Office, by the explicit mention of the lesser, excludes the greater.

[2] 'Principles of Divine Service.' By the Rev. Philip Freeman. Introduct. to Part II. pp. 193, 213.

might be supposed to countenance a rejection of any and all views of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, save as a mere commemoration to man. But, if such arguments be allowable at all, they cannot be restricted to the point immediately under consideration; for (*mutatis mutandis*) they are one and all precisely applicable to the defence of eucharistical adoration.

III. We turn to the limitation of meaning which this 'opinion,' so far as it reaches and has influence, tends, for the first time, to impose upon the formularies. That no man in the Churches of England, Scotland, America, or the Colonies, has ever before been judicially condemned (far less deprived of the priestly office) for teaching any *modus* of our Lord's sacramental presence, saving and except that of Transubstantiation, is a simple historic fact. Nor is it less a matter of historical truth, that there was, as the Bishop of Brechin observes ('Opinion,' &c., p. 26), a Lutheran school of divines, who were not merely tolerated, but (as represented by Parker, Chesney, and Grote) were actually concerned in the framing of the Articles. 'The 'last revisers of our Prayer-book, . . . in their answer to the criti- 'cisms of the ministers, take credit that the Anglican Service 'Book was approved of by the better sort of Lutherans. Our 'Liturgy was never found fault with by those to whom the name 'of Protestants properly belongs, those that profess the Augustan 'Confession.' (Ib. p. 25; Cardwell, Conf. 338.) Such toleration is, however (if this judgment be binding), for ever at an end in Scotland. A presbyter of that communion may perhaps hold *in petto* the teaching of the Augsburg Confession respecting the co-existence of the *signum* and the *signatum* in the consecrated elements, but if he venture to proclaim it from the pulpit, he must do so at the risk of indefinite suspension from the priesthood. Happily, if we hear aright, there is no small proportion of the Scottish clergy who are ready and willing to undertake that risk.

Now, we can conceive a line of argument that might have been adopted by the Court on this occasion, and which, while dismissing the Appeal, might yet have preserved it from such deep committal of its authority to a particular line of teaching. It might have been said, 'We hold strongly by diocesan Episcopacy; 'Mr. Cheyne's language has at least been rash,—so rash as to 'hinder us from stepping in between him and his bishop.' But the Court has not been content with such a limited kind of decision. The 'Opinion' of the Bishop of S. Andrew's has been deliberately adopted by it, if not in all its arguments, at least in its conclusions. Mr. Cheyne is not merely unrelieved, but he is told that his teaching is 'erroneous, and more or less in contradiction to, and subversive of, the doctrines of the Church.' The Church professes to teach from Holy Scripture as interpreted by antiquity. Now, as every tyro in logic knows, the contradictory

of an erroneous proposition is necessarily true.[1] We are then, *inferentially*, called upon by the majority of the Scottish bishops to accept the following propositions, as being in accordance with the teaching of Holy Scripture and the Primitive Church :—

A. Whole Christ, God and Man, is *not* substantially present in the Eucharist under the form of bread and wine; the Sacrifice of the Eucharist is *not* substantially the same as the Sacrifice of the Cross. [It being apparently implied that neither the offerer nor the offering is the same.]

B. We do *not*, in the Lord's Supper, kneel to the Lord Himself, invisibly present under the form (or under the veils) of bread and wine. [It will be remembered that the divines who placed the Declaration in the English Prayer-book specially refer to those passages of S. Augustine and S. Cyril which teach that it is a duty so to kneel, and that two of them, Thorndike and Cosins, have taught eucharistical[2] adoration.[3]]

C. That the communion of the priest alone is *not* the only thing necessary to the completion of the Sacrifice. [Discipline is not doctrine; it would be against discipline for an English priest to celebrate and receive *solus;* but who, except members of this Court, ever ventured to imply that it would be no sacrifice? *Fieri non debuit, factum valet.* On the principle of the Court, a lonely shipwrecked priest could not offer a valid Eucharistic Sacrifice.]

It is a very solemn step, and one over which any man may well pause, to assert that these propositions reflect the mind of Holy Scripture and of the undivided Church.

Perhaps, however, the adhesion of the Scottish Presbyterate to these propositions is not looked for by the majority of the Court. The final meeting has taken place since we began our criticism. That meeting, which consummated the process (even now it seems hard to realize the fact!) of suspending from the priesthood such a man as Mr. Cheyne, upon such grounds as we have been considering, was held on December 2nd, a day henceforth to be remembered in Scotland, as it is, for other reasons, by her old ally the realm of France. But all allusion to the finding of November 4th appears to have been dropped. Is that finding then withdrawn? We should be glad to think so. Only, if it be withdrawn, let the fact be proclaimed in open day, not merely left to the dubious twilight of inferential guess and supposition.

However, our concern is with the 'Opinion' which supports the above propositions, and gives the arguments for them which were more or less fully sanctioned by two other members of the

[1] 'If *A* is false, *O* is true. If *E* is false, *I* is true. If *I* is false, *E* is true. If *O* is false, *A* is true.'—*Artis Logicæ Rudimenta*, with notes, by the Rev. H. L. Mansel, p. 52. (Oxford, 1852.)

[2] Bishop of Glasgow's Pastoral.

[3] Mr. Cheyne, on the Declaration.

Court. And just as we believe that the Bishop of S. Andrew's has explained away Holy Scripture and the ancient liturgies, even so do we consider that he treated our own formularies and divines. Such a process is, in this last case, somewhat less solemn and less formidable than in the two previous ones. If, as Mr. Freeman says, the Prayer-book labours under a certain faintness of expression; and if, as we must all admit, our Anglican divines but rarely display the general consistency of the greatest among the ancient doctors, the natural consequences must more or less ensue. Men who speak with ambiguous voice, though they may enshrine in their heart of hearts the highest views, will find that the majority of mankind are always desirous of appealing to those expressions in their writings which are calculated to lower the tone of doctrine.

And of course it must be fully granted that *majorem minor sequitur*. For our own part, accustomed for all our lives to read in the English Prayer-book that 'God our heavenly Father hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ . . . to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that Holy Sacrament,' we accepted such language in its natural and obvious sense. We imagined the Church by these words to mean — what nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of a thousand would interpret them to mean—namely, that (to adopt Mr. Palmer's paraphrase of the expression) 'we receive in the Eucharist, not only the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ, but Christ Himself, God and Man.' We did not know, and we much doubt whether any else knew, that the English Church was, on so solemn an occasion, employing a mere figurative expression, 'that most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for the whole.' ('Opinion,' p. 33.) But, of course, if our blessed Lord thus spoke; if, instead of explicitly announcing what is implicitly taught throughout the entire New Testament, He was uttering words to be interpreted by the figure *synecdoche;* then the English Church has done so likewise. And when the *consensus Patrum*, which supports the old and obvious interpretation, is proved to be fallacious or non-existent, then—but not till then—shall we be ready to interpret our Prayer-book in accordance with the new light thus thrown upon its pages. Meanwhile, we must suppose that the Scottish Church has not merely omitted, but has utterly repudiated, the language of the exhortation in the Prayer-book of a Church with which it professes to be in full communion. Such, at least, is the plain inference from the language of this 'Opinion.' 'Our Church does 'not presume to say, nor does she anywhere afford the least 'ground for the assertion on the part of others, that "whole 'Christ" is given, taken, and eaten in the Eucharist.' (P. 33.)

We pass over 'the strange illogicalness of the Bishop of S. Andrew's' argument, that, because the Church of Scotland nowhere uses the word *substantial*, therefore she condemns it; and not only condemns it, but condemns the words *really and truly* (which she does herself use), if employed in that same sense.'[1] That single sentence from such a pen will deservedly carry more weight with it than whole pages of reasoning from us.

But we turn to the writers who have been appealed to by Mr. Cheyne, in support of the eucharistical adoration. These authors are Ridley, Andrewes, Sherlock, Saravia, Bramhall, Jeremy Taylor, Thorndike, Sparrow, Beveridge; and in Scotland, bishops Lyndesay of Brechin, and William Forbes of Edinburgh.

We are gravely asked by the Bishop of S. Andrew's to believe that not one of these authors would have supported Mr. Cheyne in the teaching which he has put forth on this branch of the subject: that not one of them, that is, really meant what they have evidently said. If this position can be proved, the sooner some of the most honoured among them are deposed from the chair of authority the better, for nothing can surpass the evasion and sophistry of which they have, on this hypothesis, been guilty. For our own part, we could quite as soon believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Kôran.

For just let the reader consider what such a supposition involves. Bishop Andrewes is arguing against Cardinal Bellarmine; the bishop declares that 'Christ Himself, the *res Sacramenti*, in and with the sacrament, out of and without the sacrament, is, wherever He is, to be adored.' But, says Bishop Wordsworth, there is an acknowledged ambiguity in the use of the word '*adore*' and the expression '*in the sacrament.*' Now, as it is not to be supposed that such a man as Bishop Andrewes intended simply to deceive his opponent by employing, in *one* sense, words which he *knew* that opponent to be employing in *another*, this remark on ambiguity of expression simply falls to the ground. And precisely the same must be said of any—we will not say wise and saintly, but of any fairly honest and sensible opponent of Roman divines, who has made the same admission as that of Bishop Andrewes.

But some of them, proceeds the author of this document, wrote when they had to contend simply for the practice of kneeling at Holy Communion (p. 34). Undoubtedly; but in order to press this fact against Mr. Cheyne, we must suppose that the divines in question defended kneeling, upon grounds which they did not believe. As for the novel and unheard-of theory, that a change in doctrine passed over the English Church in 1662, so that

[1] Letter of Dr. Pusey. *Guardian* of December 8th, 1858.

language which was admissible before that time ceased to be so after, it is one of those assertions upon which we cannot think it worth while to waste an argument. Let us see the names of any three or four authorities, historical or theological, who can be said to countenance such a theory, and it may then be deemed worth consideration. Certainly, we should not imagine, from Mr. Hallam's account, that a suspicion of change ever crossed the mind of such historic authorities as Neal or Baxter, on the one side, nor of Burnet, Kennet, or Collier, on the other.

One word on an authority referred to at pp. 11 and 34 of this 'Opinion;' we mean Dr. John Forbes of Corse. We hear that in some *Notes* circulated among the clergy of his diocese, the Bishop of S. Andrew's has attempted to lower the authority of that truly great theologian and loyal son of the Church in Scotland, Bishop William Forbes of Edinburgh, while he leaves untouched, and even places on the highest level, the name of Dr. John Forbes of Corse. It is right, therefore, that the following facts, bearing upon the claims of this divine to the respect of Churchmen, should be known. *Firstly*, That he never had any but Presbyterian Orders: and this, after the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, so that he had not the excuse of hard necessity. *Secondly*, That the Covenanters admitted that he taught nothing that they did not consider orthodox. *Thirdly*, That after the meeting of the Glasgow Assembly in 1638, which excommunicated and deposed the bishops, he systematically and ostentatiously took part with the Presbyterians. *Fourthly*, That his system of theology denies the *jus Divinum* of Episcopacy, and barely tolerates Baptismal Regeneration. We make these assertions confidently, for we have received them from an authority in Scotland, than which a higher could not be found, if we were to search the length and breadth of the land. We are not, of course, objecting to the appeals to this questionable theologian for a mere statement of fact, such as occurs in the document under review; but we trust that we shall not hear any more of him as a theological authority, least of all as a rival to Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh, who bears such striking testimony to the traditionary character of Mr. Cheyne's teaching in the Scottish Church.

We are thankful to find that Dr. Pusey sanctions the correctness of our first impression of this document—namely, that 'in 'regard to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Bishop of S. Andrew's has 'strangely misrepresented the belief which he condemns. In re-'gard to this doctrine, then, he has condemned not this doctrine, 'but a doctrine which he has himself imagined.' No wonder that, having thus conjured up a very ghastly and distorted phantom, the Bishop of S. Andrew's assailed this offspring of his imagination in the strongest terms; until at last, as might well be

supposed, language utterly failed to express the strength of his sentiments.

But while we accept, most thoroughly, the whole of the valuable and consoling letter which the Regius Professor of Hebrew has sent forth from Christ Church, we would ask, with great submission to such authority, whether it may not be justly said, that the Bishop of S. Andrew's is almost as utterly mistaken respecting the nature of that view of the Real Presence which he condemns, as he is respecting that of the Eucharistic Sacrifice?

In speaking thus, we may seem to be offering an insult to the understanding, if not to the character and the office, of one whom (as we trust to show before we conclude) we have ever held, and wish still to hold, in the highest honour. But we think, not in poetry alone, *aliquando bonus dormitat:* we think that theology is a wide, nay a boundless, field; and that he who is justly regarded as an authority in one of its departments, and on particular questions, may be as justly held to have misconceived the points at issue in another.

Thus, for example, Christ's presence in the Eucharist is spoken of (p. 33) as if it were not only precisely identical with his presence in Baptism; but that this was the teaching of the Anglican Church. Of course we all know that such a view has the support of one honoured name, that of Hooker. But this is precisely the question in which Hooker gives the least satisfaction to any who go to the ancient liturgies for instruction. Of the unscriptural character of such a view, we have spoken in our last number. At present, let it suffice to cite the words of one from whom (amidst real points of difference often indicated in this Review) we are always glad to be able to quote:—

'The answer simply is, that it is nowhere said, that the water in baptism is the Holy Spirit; whereas it is distinctly said, that the bread and wine are the broken and poured-out body and blood of Christ. And on this is founded the difference of form and character between the two sacraments.' —*Freeman*, vol. ii. p. 208.

But this is not all. We find it impossible to believe that the Bishop of S. Andrew's can have grasped the very important point insisted on by the appellant; namely, that the substance of our Lord's body, though in form and dimensions in heaven, might yet be present with us after the manner of a spirit. 'The reverend accuser,' as Mr. Cheyne justly remarked in the course of the trial, 'made himself merry with the idea of "a body being present, not after the manner of a body."' And even the Bishop of Glasgow, though quite incapable of treating the subject with levity, yet says, in his recent Pastoral, 'This way of speaking conveys no real idea, and is a mere abuse of language.'

We cannot accept such criticism, because we believe 'this way of speaking' to be that of the Apostle S. Paul. S. Paul declares that the resurrection-body of the redeemed *is* to be a body, that lives and moves and has its being after the manner of a spirit: for so we must again venture to paraphrase that remarkable expression, a *spiritual body, πνευματικὸν σῶμα.* Lest, however, the mere repetition of our own words seem idle and inconclusive, we subjoin another comment on the Apostle's language, from a writer for whom the Bishop of S. Andrew's must surely retain some little respect :—'A *spiritual body!* what a profound 'unfathomable depth! A body, without *where* or *when!* A 'body, of which we only know, that being a true body, it yet 'unspeakably transcends every property of a body which we 'know upon the earth!' [1]

But if, as we believe, Dr. Moberly has rightly interpreted S. Paul, if even the bodies of the redeemed are not to be 'dependent on the laws of the material universe,' not to be limited by the conditions of time or space, then who shall presume to say, that the glorified body of the Son of Man is so limited? It was not so limited even on earth: that his sacred birth was *ex semper Virgine* is the constantly pious opinion of the fathers, contradicted by no one of authority among ourselves, maintained by Donne, Heylin, Hickes, Barrow, and above all (in the very strongest language), by Bishops Bull and Pearson. Yet how can this be true, had not the body of our blessed Lord acted as a spirit, just as subsequently, when He rose (as is believed) through the covering of the rocky sepulchre, and when, on two occasions, as S. John testifies, he passed through the closed doors? Few great Anglican divines have, so far as we know, resorted to the miserable trifling of Calvin to explain away this revealed fact. Rather have they been willing to acknowledge, with S. Austin :—'Moli autem corporis, ubi divinitas erat, ostia clausa non obstiterunt. Ille quippe, non eis apertis, intrare potuit, quo nascente, virginitas matris inviolata remansit.'—*Tractat. in Joann.* 121. We trust that the Scottish clergy are not yet expected to substitute for such patristic teaching the Calvinistic rationalism of Whitby, and the commentators of the eighteenth century.

But why do we, at the risk of wearying our readers, for the second time insist so much upon this point? We do so, because the author of the document before us appears to write like one who has never deeply meditated on words like those of S. Augustine or Dr. Moberly, so as to admit their obvious consequences. For, had he done so, it is surely impossible that he

[1] The Great Forty Days, p. 285.

could ever have penned the truly marvellous paragraphs which occupy the first half of the 26th page of this 'Opinion.' Bishop Wordsworth seriously argues, that such a presence, as the appellant contends for, involves a literal breaking of that sacred Body, of such kind as to again cause suffering. It would be just as fair to argue against S. Augustine, and others who teach with him, that as the passage of an ordinary human body through a hard resisting medium involves extreme suffering, our blessed Lord *cannot* have made a literal passage either through 'the stone lying on the sepulchre' (Theophylact *et alii*), or through the closed doors. That a very gross Roman school, such as Soto, Hardinge, and those against whom Ridley protested, may have taken up these shocking notions, we quite admit. But we fully, for once, agree with Mr. Rorison (pp. 38, 39) that it would be the height of injustice to charge these crudities against that more spiritual set of thinkers even in the Church of Rome, of whom Bellarmine is the ablest representative. And really, if we may without irreverence venture on a parallel from physics, it would be as reasonable to think of the magnetism or the caloric or electricity suffering, if the iron or amber containing it should be broken, as to dream of any suffering in the solemn case before us. Bishop Wordsworth's argument is only applicable to that gross belief in 'the presence of an organized living and moving body' which the appellant so distinctly abjured (p. 32). And here we shall take leave to quote the language of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, not when engaged in the excitement of controversy, which, after all, was surely not his forte, but when uttering the sentiments of his best and truest self, to inflame our love and devotion, and lead us to Him whose life on earth he is narrating:—

'In the Sacrament that body which is reigning in heaven is exposed upon the *table of blessing;* and His body, which was broken for us, is now broken again, and yet remains impassible. Every consecrated portion of bread and wine does exhibit Christ to the faithful receiver, and yet Christ remains one, while He is wholly ministered in ten thousand portions.'—*Life of Christ,* part III. sec. 15, § 4.

And again, further on:—

'As it is a commemoration and re-presentment of Christ's death, so it is a commemorative sacrifice; as we receive the symbols and the mystery, so it is a sacrament. In both capacities the benefit is next to infinite. 1. For whatsoever Christ did at the institution, the same He commanded the Church to do in remembrance and repeated rites: and *Himself also does the same thing in heaven for us,* making perpetual intercession for His Church, the body of His redeemed ones, by representing to His Father His death and sacrifice; there He sits a high priest continually, and *offers still the same one perfect sacrifice,* that is, still represents it as having been once finished and consummate in order to perpetual and never-failing events: *and this also His ministers do on earth—they offer up the same sacrifice to*

God, the sacrifice of the Cross, by prayers and a commemorating rite, and re-presentment according to His holy institution . . . . . As Christ is a priest in heaven for ever, and yet does not sacrifice Himself afresh, nor yet without a sacrifice could He be a priest, but by a daily ministration and intercession represents his sacrifice to God, and offers Himself as sacrificed: *so He does upon earth by the ministry of his servants;* He is offered to God, that is, He is by prayers and the sacrament represented or *offered up to* God *as* sacrificed, which, in effect, is a celebration of His death, and the applying it to the present and future necessities of the Church, as we are capable, by a ministry like to his in heaven. It follows, then, that the celebration of this sacrifice be in its proportion an instrument of applying the proper sacrifice to all the purposes which it first designed; it is ministerially and by application an instrument propitiatory, it is eucharistical, it is an homage, and an act of adoration, and it is impetratory, and obtains for us, and for the whole Church, all the benefits of the sacrifice, which is now celebrated and applied . . . . . And its profit is enlarged not only to the persons celebrating, but to all to whom they design it, according to the nature of sacrifices and prayers, and all such solemn actions of religion.'—*Ibid.* sec. 7.

The entire passage is well worthy of deep study. Its force is somewhat weakened by the omissions which we have made for the sake of brevity. But its perusal suggests to our minds only one or the other of two alternatives. Either there run through nearly the whole of Bishop Wordsworth's 'Opinion,' the most erroneous principles, or else the author of the above passage ought to have been summoned before Convocation, and deprived of his episcopate. Which of these alternatives the reader may prefer, we cannot tell. For ourselves, our choice is made. But if this critique should fall into the hands of any thoughtful students of theology, who are not yet prepared to condemn the memory of Bishop Taylor, such students may derive from the above passage much aid to the solution of the following most important series of questions. Is Christ our Lord still a Priest? Can there be a Priest who does not sacrifice? What sacrifice does our Lord offer and plead in heaven? Is it, like Melchisedek's, mere bread and wine? What sacrifice does He, through His ministers, offer upon earth? (or, as this question may be put in another form,—what sacrifice do His subordinates, the Priests on earth, offer as representative of the Great High Priest in heaven?) Is it mere bread and wine? Is it something different from His offering on high?

But the appellant, says Bishop Wordsworth, has met two arguments of the presenters with the very answers which a Romanist would employ. Undoubtedly, in reasoning against theories which are in the main identical with those of Calvin, it *is* difficult to avoid occasionally lighting upon some arguments which the fertile controversialists of that Church have employed. It would cost us, we believe, no great trouble to point out instances wherein our own divines have pressed Calvin and his

disciples with objections avowedly derived from the pages of Maldonatus and of Estius. But the truth is, that, in the instance before us, there is a remarkable freedom from such reasonings. It may be doubted whether, throughout his quarto of fifty-eight pages, and the additional pages of his other papers, Mr. Cheyne has employed a single argument that can with propriety be termed distinctively Roman Catholic.

The appellant produced a mass of arguments from Holy Scriptures, from the ancient liturgies, and from post-Reformation divines of England and of Scotland. Appeal to such authorities is not, we presume, distinctively Roman; and, indeed, it is on only two points that the Bishop of S. Andrew's does stigmatize his reasoning as Romanistic. The first of these is, the argument about the co-existence of the *signum* with the *signatum* not being disproved by the outward part being still called *symbols*, *types*, *antitypes*, of Christ's body. The second, the argument that 'this is not too hard for God.'

We submit, that it is scarcely generous to represent arguments as purely Roman, and thereby raise a prejudice against them, unless they are clearly such as Roman Catholics could at once adopt, or such as have been employed by them, and them only.

Now the argument of Mr. Cheyne, on the term *antitypes*, &c. we have shown to be precisely identical with the argument against Arius and Socinus for the real Divinity of our blessed Lord, albeit He is also called the 'Image of God.' Yet it does happen that no Roman Catholic can adopt it in its entirety, because, as Mr. Cheyne has virtually shown (p. 48), the dogma of Transubstantiation very seriously hampers and embarrasses the argument to be derived from S. Irenæus, S. Justin Martyr, S. Chrysostom, and Gelasius upon this head. We shall see, presently, that Mr. Freeman, assuredly no lover of distinctively Roman arguments, reasons on this point exactly as Mr. Cheyne has done.

And as respects the other argument, 'This is not too hard for God;' there is certainly one man, long prior to Mr. Cheyne, who may fairly claim, above all others, to have made that argument his own, by the extraordinary energy and fire of eloquence with which he urged it. If others, before his day, had used it, as they well might have done, yet no one, before the person of whom we speak, had so vividly brought it out in connexion with this particular subject. That man is not, however, usually considered to have been exactly a Roman Catholic: his name was Martin Luther. So completely does this reasoning, as applied to this controversy, belong to *him*, that two writers of the most opposite tendencies, and both equally opposed to

Luther, the Gallican Bossuet and the Genevan D'Aubigné, both dwell in the most emphatic manner on his use of it.[1]

But the truth is, that whoever will look calmly at the argument will perceive that it is a merely subsidiary one, applicable (and constantly applied) to almost every question of revealed truth. The primary question is, *Has God revealed this?* If He *has* revealed it, and the Catholic and undivided Church has so taught of old, then have we the inalienable right to answer him, who puts to us the rationalistic Nicodemus-like inquiry, 'How can these things be?' (S. John iii. 9) by the counter question, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' (Gen. xviii. 14.) Thus argued, either in words, or at least in substance, Origen against Celsus, S. Athanasius against Arius, S. Augustine against Pelagius, Martin Luther against Zuinglius, Bishop Butler against the Deists of his day: and, for our own part, believing the argument to be (in its proper place, *i. e.* a secondary place) alike scriptural and truly philosophical, even though a Roman Catholic may have used and possibly abused it, we shall certainly continue to employ it, despite the apparent counter authority of the Court at Edinburgh.

And now, turning from negatives, we must ask what is the positive teaching of this 'Opinion?' It is a teaching which, if silently acquiesced in by the Church in Scotland, may still leave that Church in possession, no doubt, of *some* of its gifts—may still leave it a more educated, polished, aristocratic community than the Presbyterian Establishment; but which must inevitably, we believe, for ever vitiate its claim to be the representative of the early Church, the true daughter of the first founders of Iona.

The 'Opinion' teaches, throughout, the theory of the virtual presence, and that in such wise as to represent it as the ONLY view which a member of any of the Churches of the Anglican

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communion can rightly and lawfully maintain. In what way this theory differs from that of Calvin, it is hard to see; save only that it apparently makes to depend upon the consecration of the priest the effect which the Calvinist ascribes to the faith of the believer. And even on this point of difference the 'Opinion' utters a most uncertain sound.

'*It cannot, I think, be doubted*, that in the 28th Article, which condemns Transubstantiation, the clause which follows respecting Faith, as the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper, must be understood as at variance with the notion of Christ's human Body and Blood being present in *any* way *substantially*, according to the sense in which the Appellant has explained that term.'—*Opinion*, p. 7.

Now the relation of faith to the sacraments is undoubtedly a question of great depth and difficulty. We have not space to go fully into it: but thus much is clear, that *any* view which recognises the reality of an objective gift at all, and further makes that gift depend upon priestly consecration, encounters precisely the same difficulty as Mr. Cheyne's view, neither more nor less. The Calvinist certainly escapes that difficulty, but he does so by falling into Scylla in his eagerness to avoid Charybdis. For against all Scripture, and against all antiquity and all reason, he makes faith become a creative power. Such a view has often been condemned by our divines. It is almost impossible to say whether the Bishop of S. Andrew's half adopted it or not, when he penned the above very singular assertion. But *it cannot, we think, be doubted* that his argument proves either too little or too much. It proves too little, if it only means that we may, despite the language of the 28th Article, believe in an objective gift which is made present, *not* by faith, but by consecration: it proves too much, if it would reduce us to the Genevese level, and make faith not the mere condition and means of beneficial reception, but the actual cause of the mystic presence.

'When' (says a well-known English divine, Johnson),—'when S. Paul saith that ignorant and profane communicants "do not discern the Lord's Body" in the Holy Eucharist (1 Cor. xi. 29), and that they are guilty of (an indignity toward) the Body and Blood of our Lord (ver. 27), he surely takes it for granted that the Body and Blood are actually there, whether they discern it or not.'

And similarly, too, Mr. Maurice (whom no one will surely charge with Romanizing) in one of his earlier works:—

'I do not object to the word recollection; there is nothing in it which is not applicable to a living, actual presence. What I plead for is the duty of recollecting that presence in the Eucharist, *because it is there* (Italics in original), . . . we shall fancy that we produce this presence by our acts of meditation or faith; we glorify ourselves for these acts, and for a reality we get a dream. . . . I no more suppose that our spirits can perceive a spiritual

Luther, the Gallican Bossuet and the Genevan D'Aubigné, both dwell in the most emphatic manner on his use of it.[1]

But the truth is, that whoever will look calmly at the argument will perceive that it is a merely subsidiary one, applicable (and constantly applied) to almost every question of revealed truth. The primary question is, *Has God revealed this?* If He *has* revealed it, and the Catholic and undivided Church has so taught of old, then have we the inalienable right to answer him, who puts to us the rationalistic Nicodemus-like inquiry, 'How can these things be?' (S. John iii. 9) by the counter question, 'Is anything too hard for the Lord?' (Gen. xviii. 14.) Thus argued, either in words, or at least in substance, Origen against Celsus, S. Athanasius against Arius, S. Augustine against Pelagius, Martin Luther against Zuinglius, Bishop Butler against the Deists of his day: and, for our own part, believing the argument to be (in its proper place, *i. e.* a secondary place) alike scriptural and truly philosophical, even though a Roman Catholic may have used and possibly abused it, we shall certainly continue to employ it, despite the apparent counter authority of the Court at Edinburgh.

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know that it is, that the liturgies have been tampered with, and those writers deceived thereby; but unless the whole structure of each of the independent rites has been absolutely taken to pieces, and that at a very early period, and the significance of their every line reversed, it must be acknowledged that the doctrine of the Elements being, independently of reception, the body and blood of Christ, is their unwavering and unanimous testimony.

'And the matter of appeal to antiquity, as concerns the Roman and the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist, stands thus. That the ancient Church for a thousand years gave no countenance to the doctrine of annihilation, though capable of being amply proved, is far from being obvious at first sight, because of the great predominance of warm and unreserved recognition of the Elements in their supra-natural character. But this very circumstance shows the hopelessness of proving the Calvinistic position. In a word, *the weight of ancient testimony, which breaks the Roman theory in pieces, crushes the Calvinistic to powder.*' (Italics as in original.)—*Principles of Divine Service* (Introduction to Part II. pp. 201, 202).

IV. The novel and unauthorized theories embodied in this judgment have in part appeared in the course of our criticism. But it may be well to recapitulate. Let it be remembered that the Bishop of S. Andrew's declares (p. 34), that 'the Appellant 'did not attempt to show that teaching like that of these sermons, '*as a systematic whole* [italics in original], has ever been put 'forth in our Church since the time of the Reformation.' We should really like to know in what work of any of the great post-Reformation Divines the following teaching, *as a systematic whole*, is to be found.

(*a*) That our blessed Lord, in saying, 'He that eateth Me,' &c., employed that form of speech whereby a part is taken for the whole (p. 33). [Or, rather, is it not, to speak logically, if a figure at all, the much rarer figure of the whole taken for a part?]

(*b*) That the words 'may become,' must imply transubstantiation, or else merely a change in virtue and efficacy. (Pp. 10, 11.)

(*c*) That there exists some distinction between what is present on the altar after consecration and what is received by the faithful. (Implied in p. 9.)

(*d*) That what is offered in the Eucharistic Sacrifice is not identical with that which is received in the sacrament. (Pp. 22-25.)

(*e*) That Christ our Lord is present in the Eucharist in some especial manner, according to the substance of his divine nature, but not substantially present in his human nature. (P. 33.)

(*f*) That it is penal to speak of the Church having taught a substantial presence of our Lord, because our Church has not employed this precise term (p. 6). [The author of the Judgment had, in 1855, used stronger language as embodying the Church's meaning—viz. that of 'a *real*, and in some sense a

bodily, presence of Christ;' clearly of Whole Christ, God and Man.]

(*g*) That the word 'own,' in the Scotch Office, 'was purposely introduced to guard still further against the confusion of our Lord's own sacrifice with that which we offer for the remembrance of Him' (p. 17). [The hitherto uncontradicted testimony of fathers is apparently, therefore, to be overthrown by this one word, as interpreted by Bishop Wordsworth.]

(*h*) That, consequently, an English divine is at liberty to employ language respecting the Eucharistic Sacrifice which a Scottish divine is not (p. 17). [How then can the two Churches be in full intercommunion?]

(*i*) That language respecting eucharistical adoration, which was lawful before A.D. 1662, has ceased to be lawful since that time, and cannot with propriety be appealed to.

(*k*) That the only doctrine that can be safely taught as that of the Scottish Church is a presence of virtue and grace. (*Passim.*)

We regard these ten positions as so many theories, resting mainly on the assertions of their writer; 'I cannot doubt' (p. 17), and the like, with the occasional aid of perhaps two living authorities. We are far from asserting that some other equally or still more questionable *dicta* might not be culled out of the thirty-six pages of this remarkable document; and in the meantime we should be curious to see how many Presbyters could be found to append their names to a set of propositions, in which the Bishop of Moray and Ross appears, to our intense astonishment, *entirely* to concur.

And now, leaving the *matter* of this 'Opinion,' we must respectfully ask, what is to be thought of its *tone?* When the passions of the hour have died away, will impartial inquirers turn to it as in anywise a model of the calm and dignified utterance which should issue forth from a judicial seat, more especially a judicial seat in an Episcopal Synod? We say nothing of the way in which each Communion Office (the English and the Scotch) is in turn ignored, or seized upon, accordingly as a point may be *apparently* turned against the appellant; though this is generally regarded as the function of an advocate rather than of a judge.[1]

[1] In the question of adoration, appeal is made to the English rubrics, which were not, when Mr. Cheyne published his Sermons, supposed to possess any legal force in Scotland. On the question of our Lord's priesthood being exercised in the Eucharist, the Scotch substitution of *own* for *one* is contorted into a meaning hitherto undreamt of. When, however, the bishop wishes to deny a tenet which Hooker (v. 67. § 7) declares 'is on all sides plainly confessed,' viz. that we receive in the Eucharist Christ's 'whole entire person' (*ib.*), the English Prayer-book is

But when we find a prelate on the judgment-seat actually addressing the appellant with a severity of tone and manner unknown in our courts of law, it is a solemn duty to call attention to conduct so unlooked-for, so extraordinary. We know that the scene affected some of the most respected of the Scottish laity very painfully. It was intimated to us by one who was present, that the delivery of pages 20 and 21 (which are directed against the creature of the writer's own imagination) reminded him rather of an attorney-general of the olden time dealing with a political prisoner, than a Christian bishop addressing one who had grown grey in righteousness, his senior in years, his senior in the ministry, and for whom he professed to feel respect. Another layman, a person of great and deserved influence, has also addressed us; disclaiming all pretensions to theological criticism, but urging that whatever other feature of the case might be left unnoticed, this startling and unheard-of procedure could not possibly be passed by.

This brings us to the more personal aspect of the case. Of Mr. Cheyne it is enough to assert, that his character is one in which friends rejoice, and at which opponents dare not cavil. But what shall be said of the able and gifted advocate, called in the technical language of the law 'the presenters,' but in whom his two colleagues in the presentation were as completely merged as ever, in the triumvirates of old, Pompey and Crassus in Julius Cæsar, or Mark Antony and Lepidus into Augustus.

Far be it from us to ignore his energy, his readiness, his fluency of speech; the ability with which he constructed his case, and carried it through; the patronage of authority which he has won, the reality of his temporary triumph. We are not conscious of ill-will or of any unchristian feeling towards him;[1] far rather would we pray (if it may be said without the appearance of presumption on our part, or offensive application to him)—as S. Augustine has somewhere done of certain whom he opposed,—that the *celerrima et fortissima ingenia* of his adversaries might be led into safer paths, into the ways of peace.

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ignored, and it is boldly averred that our Church nowhere 'affords the least ground for the assertion on the part of others [Hooker, &c.], that whole Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Eucharist.'

[1] Mr. Rorison appears to think that we intended to insinuate in our last Number that he had been guilty of some misdemeanor or impropriety during his residence in the place of which he ignored the name. We beg to assure him, and any of our readers who may have attributed such a meaning to our words, that we intended nothing of the kind. We thought that, in alluding to what seemed to us a slight display of contemptuous affectation, we might innocently employ a little sarcasm; a weapon of which Mr. Rorison is surely the last person to question the legitimacy.

And yet it *is* strange—it does, we confess, surprise us—to contemplate the degree of approbation which the Bench appears throughout its sittings to have lavished upon this gentleman. In English law-courts nothing is more common than for the authorities to express some little dissent, some marks of disapprobation, even as regards those whose cause they in the main approve. But here, with the exception of one just and honourable interruption on the part of the president of the court, no whisper of blame is suffered to fall upon the ears of 'the presenters;' but the arguments adduced by them (if we must, in legal strictness, employ the plural number) are treated with the greatest, the most uniform, respect.

We repeat, it *is* strange Mr. Rorison had laid a presentment framed with such a marvellous ambiguity, that while the Lower Court decided that it accused Mr. Cheyne of teaching *Transubstantiation*, the Upper Court ('Opinion,' pp. 3, 4) decided that it did *not* necessarily accuse him of Transubstantiation. (An ambiguity this, which, in any English court, civil or ecclesiastical, must have quashed the entire case!) Mr. Rorison had handed in to the Court a quotation from Bishop Thirlwall, in which he had omitted, without the slighest sign of omission, an entire page of very great importance; he had presented the bishops with a Catena, 'in which there is scarcely a single reference to the page of the author quoted,' 'in which six lines and a half are extracted from different parts of a volume of 906 pages folio,' and where a few asterisks twice denote an interval of at least four pages. Yet for all this he receives no hint of blame from the Bishop of S. Andrew's, who appears to have reserved the whole of his indignation to pour on the devoted head of the appellant.

'*Jam hoc ferè scitis omnes*,' says the Roman orator, '*quantam vim habeat ad conjungendas amicitias studiorum ac naturæ similitudo.*'[1] We should have imagined that there had been, in the case before us, the greatest possible *dissimilitude;* for certainly, if we desired to illustrate the meaning of the terms reverence and irreverence as applied to the subject at issue, we do not know how we could more fitly do it than by placing the following passages side by side:—

Bishop of S. Andrew's.	*Mr. Rorison.*
'Thus then we arrive at a general notion of what we are to understand by the name Holy Communion. The Lord's Supper is so called, because in it the body and blood of Christ	'Very freely are "rationalistic" and worse epithets of reproach, affixed to our views; and we might almost be persuaded of their intrinsic irreverence did we not happen to

[1] Cicero, pro A. Clementio, cap. xvi. sec. 46.

are communicated, under the consecrated symbols of bread and wine, to all who are worthy partakers of that holy table. This we also call a Sacrament, or great mystery. And such, my brethren, no doubt it is; so great, that we can never speak of it with sufficient reverence, or approach it with sufficient awe; still less be able to include so divine and infinite a marvel within the petty limits of our dull and darkened understandings. But some nearer approach to the apprehension of this high doctrine may well and innocently be sought for, and will, we may hope, be graciously vouchsafed, if we are not wanting in that reverent spirit of meekness, humility, and self-distrust, to which alone mysteries are revealed.'—*Three Sermons*, &c., pp. 19, 20.

remember that "the artifice of inculcating an 'awful and reverential manner' is the approved receipt, as the history of all superstitions shows, for sanctifying, in the estimation of the timid and the credulous, the most enormous deviations from truth and common sense."'—Quoted from the *Edin. Rev.*, vol. lxxvii. p. 561.

'. . . . What that Church [of Rome] being witness is "under the forms of an unconsecrated, or a spuriously consecrated Host, more than" under the form "of the oven in which the bread has been baked, or of the metal into which the wine has been poured!"'—*Speech at Aberdeen*, pp. 52-56.

On the utter contrariety of tone which these passages breathe, we need not dwell. But what has been the impression made on by-standers in Scotland by such advocacy and such a judgment? We cannot tell. Rumours, indeed, reach us, but we mention one or two which we *know*, on good authority, to be correct. We *know*, that a Presbyterian layman, a member of the Free Kirk, distinguished for the extent of his philanthropy and the brilliance and versatility of his genius, laid down the report of the presenter's concluding address with the exclamation: 'There is no religious sentiment in it,—there is not one 'word for the glory of religion. . . . . Such advocacy is enough 'to prejudice *any one* against the side which the speaker takes.' We *know* that the organ of that body, the *Witness* newspaper, has also maintained the impossibility of condemning Mr. Cheyne without at the same time condemning the Scotch Office. We *know* that the editor of another Scottish newspaper (of such ability that editors of the leading London journals do not hesitate to appeal to it, or occasionally break a lance with it, as they happen to agree or otherwise) has declared his conviction, that while, as a Presbyterian, he differs, *toto cœlo*, from the teaching asserted by Mr. Cheyne, the appellant was entitled, on the evidence before the Court, to an acquittal; and that the result would have been quite different from what it has been, had the case been argued in a civil court; because there the judges would have thought less of what might be their own individual sentiments, and more of the plain legal question before them, which was—not 'Do I personally take this view?' but 'Has it been

'upheld in the main by great divines, so that it may be pro-'nounced tolerable, and not deserving of ecclesiastical pains and 'penalties?' Our readers will have observed how completely such views of the legal defectiveness of the judgment are endorsed by our contemporary, the *Guardian*, and by the caustic and powerful letter of Archdeacon Churton.

To one more rumour only shall we at present allude. In the October number of the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal* (which is understood to have changed its editor since we last wrote), appeared the following remarks:—

> 'A report of the trial in the appeals of the Rev. P. Cheyne, from judgments of the Bishop of Aberdeen, will be found in another part of this paper. At present we shall only express our opinion that Mr. Cheyne has been successful in dispelling much of the misapprehension which his sermons excited.
>
> 'We regret that the explanations contained in his appeal were not before the Lower Court in some shape, as it seems possible that much of what has resulted from the proceedings there might have been avoided. In any event, we feel sure that the statements now brought forward will form a most important element with the Court of Appeal in coming to a final judgment.'

Misplaced as this confidence appears to have proved, we hear quite enough to convince us that the editor does not stand alone in his opinion respecting Mr. Cheyne's defence. The effect of that most straightforward, dispassionate, learned, and religious document,—so entirely in accordance with its author's whole life and character—must not be hastily judged by immediate and visible results.[1] It is, in popular phrase, *telling* on the mind of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and must inevitably continue to work a great and lasting, even if a slowly perceptible, effect — an effect not to be limited by mere geographical boundaries.

And now to return to the document more immediately under consideration. It seems to us to display so little of the usual ability of its author, that we cannot help imagining that it springs from a divided mind. That mysterious personage known (we believe) in Scotland as the *Panoplist*, a writer deserving all possible respect for learning and piety, avows with a frankness that all must admire, that the patristic teaching might be more properly termed that of a Real Absence than a Real Presence: and we, for our part, agree with him (as does also Dr. Pusey), *if* it can be proved, as he maintains, that the fathers taught the doctrine of equivalence, the virtual theory. Now the Bishop of S. Andrew's is supposed to have been influenced by this divine,

[1] Some of our readers may be glad to know that it is among the very cheapest publications of the day—one shilling for a quarto of fifty-eight pages.

and yet to be unwilling to follow him so far as to avow the phrase of the Real Absence as expressing the mind of the early and undivided Church. Hence, possibly, the confusion and indistinctness of the views set forth in this 'Opinion.'

How others, who have heard less or more than we have respecting the Bishop of S. Andrew's, who have less or more acquaintance with his writings, may feel towards him, we cannot tell. We only know, and shall presently give partial utterance to, the sentiments which we ourselves have been wont to cherish concerning him.

And just because those sentiments are what they are, do we so deeply regret that his honoured name should ever have appeared in conjunction with such assertions, and such arguments, as those which we have been considering. Had this document proceeded from one of no station, character, and authority; or, had its consequences been less tremendous to the appellant and the Church at large, we might gladly have let it rest in silence. But if organs of opinion are permissible in a free country, it would be the saddest dereliction of duty for us to have shrunk from the painful and uncoveted task of examining the grounds whereon Mr. Cheyne's condemnation rests. If any think it worth their while to impugn our reasonings, we trust that we shall be prepared to listen, and, if need be, to reply in a proper spirit. But far rather, if possible, would we part for ever with a document which looks to our poor judgment so deplorable.

For deplorable it surely is, alike in its general aspect and its separate details. Deplorable in its law, as requiring retractation on a point whereon the appellant had been acquitted by the Lower Court; in its logic, as assuming that whatever terms the Church has not distinctly adopted, she has thereby condemned; in its history, as claiming for the year 1662 in England, and even in Scotland, a change of doctrine of which no man ever heard before; in its representations of other men's tenets, as evidenced by the entire course of reasoning on the Eucharistic Sacrifice; in its setting forth of the author's own opinions, replete with novel theories, and disturbing even a position which Hooker (v. 67. § 7) declares to be 'that wherein all agree;' in its tone, as injudiciously reproving one who deserved so far different a treatment; in its conclusion, as apparently sanctioning to the full the merciless sentence of the inferior Court—a sentence that could hardly have been rendered much more severe if the appellant had been wilfully guilty of the most deadly heresy, or of the most scandalous forms of immorality. For the sake of the Church at large, for the sake of those who concurred, but, above all, for the sake of its author,

we would that this document might be buried in oblivion, and our criticism too become valueless and idle, by the disappearance of the pages which have called it forth.

Not such have been the sentiments with which we have been wont to regard the name and fame of him who wrote it. We have heard of him as a marvellous trainer of *Christian boyhood*, and know how some of his *alumni* were, at least in *one* University, oftentimes living witnesses of his influence for all that is good and pure, centres round whom others who were like-minded might gather. We know how the classic student owes to his labours in laying the foundation of all sound scholarship, and how those Latin lectures of his old friend Mr. Keble, on poetry (not yet appreciated as they deserve), received their last touch from his corrective and refining hand. We know how many a rural pastor has derived aid towards the instruction of his flock, especially in preparation for Confirmation, from the use of his excellent *Catechesis*. We remember how, at the price of much worldly obloquy, he set forth so forcibly, and with such deep research, the value of that aid to sinners, which for special cases lies open in private confession, made to God's commissioned servants; and how many a one has been led to that remedy, directly or indirectly, through the influence of his appeal. We have heard how munificently his private fortune has been expended on the college at Glenalmond, and other good works in Scotland; and how he has been the first among the bishops of that land to recognise the cathedral system in his diocese. And though we have never tasted of the waters of that river which the Roman of old hailed as a second Tiber, nor entered the fair city of S. John which stands upon its banks, yet thence too have reports reached our ears of the effectiveness of his discourses from the pulpit; thence have we heard of Presbyterians, unprepared indeed to submit to the crosier, yet compelled to recognise, in him who wields it there, the unmistakable evidence of spiritual life; compelled to acknowledge that he who spake thus to their hearts and consciences must indeed be a godly man.

And how then can we wish to be thus at variance? Sure we are that no one can detest more heartily than the Bishop of S. Andrew's the heresies to which (as we believe) his arguments, if pressed to their conclusions, would lead us. We still find it difficult to suppose that he can have intended to condemn the doctrine of the Real Presence. May not even he, and others, mean something more by a virtual presence in the Eucharist, than that vouchsafed by Christ our Lord in Baptism? May we not yet see cause to believe some, at least, of our opponents better than their language; and they, perhaps, in time learn to think the like of us?

Deeply as we deplore the severity of the punishment which has fallen upon Mr. Cheyne, it is impossible to say what effect on the minds of his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen his deprivation may be permitted to produce. In the contests of earthly powers the *prestige* of a victory is great.

> 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
> That party conquers in the strife.'

But it is far otherwise in contests for the faith. Confessors do not win, save by what, to the outward sense, looks like defeat. Again and again is it *Athanasius contra mundum.* And yet Athanasius is in truth the *immortal*, and ever in the end prevails.

We are wont to ask ourselves amid such conflicts—Where is sacrifice? where is consistency? There is sacrifice where a bishop, than whom none has laboured more hardly, receives public censure; where a tutor, than whom none is more distinguished and respected, is compelled to resign his charge; where a presbyter, than whom none is more loved and honoured, is deprived of his priestly functions.

There is consistency—not, we grieve to say it, on the side of authority. It is against all our desires and feelings thus to be sending forth continual protests. It is an abnormal state of things, and one deeply to be regretted. But there are times, as just after the Council of Ariminum, or as the epoch of the Reformation, when men seem thrown back for a season upon their individual religious instincts, and non-acquiescence in the teaching of authority may became a duty. The name of Archdeacon Churton is by no means the only one of the kind in England that has been mentioned to us as virtually countenancing the very course we are here adopting.

For in what, alas! throughout this sad controversy, has the majority of the Episcopal College exhibited consistency? In negations they may have shown it,—in the condemnation of the Bishop of Brechin and of Mr. Cheyne. But how poor a thing is a merely negative creed to live by and to die by!

We really know of only one other point wherein a kind of melancholy consistency may, perhaps, be said to have been preserved. It is—with much sorrow we write it—in appearing to divide the sacred Person of Him who is ἀδιαίρετος, whose two natures are, in the language of the 2nd Article, *integrè et perfectè in unitate Personæ inseparabiliter conjunctæ.* The declaration of the three Bishops, in 1857, appeared to hint at a presence of the humanity of our Lord without his divinity; the Pastoral of May, 1858, evidently taught that it was a less error to believe in the *substantial* presence of Christ's body and blood

without the presence of his sacred Person, than to hold (with all but a *very* few isolated thinkers) that the presence of Christ's body involved the presence of his entire Person, and to look on the opposite statement as tending (to say the least) towards Nestorianism.

Lastly, in the document we have now reviewed, it is taught that Christ is present in His substance as God, but not present in the substance of His Humanity.

We have a fair right to ask for more consistency, before we resign our own belief. That belief may be indeed for a time oppressed in Scotland. It may seem to lie powerless between unsound argumentation and the influence of terrorism;—but if it be, as we believe, the truth of God, it cannot possibly be extinguished. It will yet arise; it will find its own; it will assert its native majesty; and will triumph for time and for eternity. *Haud semper pendebit inter latrones Christus: RESURGET ALIQUANDO CRUCIFIXA VERITAS.*

APPENDIX.

ON THE ANALOGY OF PHYSICAL CHANGES.

WE have called this a subordinate point, and for this reason—even supposing that it were proved ever so distinctly that things earthly could not *become* something else earthly, without losing their own essence, it could not thence be inferred that such change was impossible, where the substance was confessedly supernatural and immaterial. So to reason is of the very essence of rationalism. It would not hold good, even of the primal union of 'the reasonable soul and flesh.' When at the first 'the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man *became* '(ἐγένετο εἰς, LXX.[1]) a living soul,' his body did not lose its substance nor cease to be what it was before that divine immission. And yet we are justified in asserting that it *became* something very different from what it was previously.

Mr. Rorison supplies the following physical illustration of his position (we give him the full benefit of his own italics and capitals, and a note of admiration at the end):—

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[1] A mere Hebraism for the simple ἐγένετο with the nominative of more classic Greek. Hebrew has no one verb without a preposition to express the idea.

'"Let this acorn *become* a grape" may mean (1), Let it be *turned into* a grape, and so cease to be an acorn; or (2), Let it *stand proxy* for a grape, still remaining an acorn; BUT NOT (3), Let it remain an acorn and have a grape *joined to it*, so that it shall be *acorn and grape in one!*'—*Speech*, p. 32, note.

Now this illustration is utterly worthless, unless it be a sample of the working of an *universal* law. If there be a single exception, much more if there be a whole class of exceptions, it will be impossible to argue from it. For who shall presume to say that the instance under contemplation is not similarly exceptionable—similarly, that is, so far as the supernatural may bear resemblance to what is merely natural?

At this point we will lay before our readers a paper which has been permitted to fall in our way. It is not, we need scarcely say, the composition of Mr. Rorison; but it is written, we understand, by one of his brother-Presbyters, now serving in a Scottish diocese.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

'*Axioms.*—All comparisons are imperfect. A similitude must not be pressed too far. Illustration must not be taken for argument.

'Take a bar of steel.

'Touch it with a loadstone.

'You do not perceive any change. Examine it with a microscope. Weigh it, measure it; to all appearance it is the same as it was before,—simply, a bar of steel.

'But it *is* changed: it has *become* a magnet. It does not become a magnet by contact with bodies affected by it. It is not merely a magnet in *virtue, power, and efficacy.* But it is a magnet *verily and indeed.*

'It is not *transubstantiated* into a magnet; for the steel is still steel, and retains all the properties of steel.

'The magnetic virtue (magnetism) exists *in, with,* or *under* the steel, and is *really present* with it.

'This you perceive by its *effects.*

'It points in the direction of the magnetic current.

'It attracts and repels.

'It imparts its magnetic virtue to other bodies.'

Here is surely a sufficient counter-example (and it is only one of a whole class of like phenomena) to the specimen of physical science and use of language, which the able and ingenious presenter has chosen to set before us. It has this additional advantage, that, whereas we do not commonly attempt to turn acorns into grapes, or accept them as proxies for the grapes, the magnetization of steel is no unusual process. When we say, 'Let this steel *become* a magnet,' we do *not* mean, (1) 'Let it cease to be steel;' nor (2) 'Let it *stand proxy* for a magnet;' but we mean (3), 'Let it become really, truly, and essentially a magnet without ceasing to be steel: let it be *magnet and steel*

in one.' (The illustration is of course only so far good as it implies a reference to co-existence and effect, and must not be taken to countenance the theory which has been termed consubstantiation.

It is not *we* who have been the first in this controversy to appeal to the things of earth. But since they have been again brought before us, let us have leave to remind our readers of a few of those terrestrial mysteries which are most difficult to accept, and yet impossible to refute. As for those who take no heed of such difficulties, what marvel if they stumble at the supernatural mysteries of Christ's kingdom? 'If I have told you 'earthly things, and ye believe not; how shall ye believe if 'I tell you of heavenly things?'

We ventured to assert in our last Number, that both the doctrine of atoms and the opposite doctrine of the infinite divisibility of matter are equally repugnant to common sense. It is with pleasure that we find ourselves supported in this assertion by the high authority of one of the first metaphysicians of the day, Mr. Mansel.[1]

It is likewise very remarkable, that the wonderful progress of physical science has in many respects only served to deepen the sense of their own ignorance entertained by the greatest philosophers, and intensify the degree of mystery thrown around the workings of nature. It was one of the sanguine dreams of Lord Bacon, that by prosecuting researches according to the inductive method, we should arrive at the knowledge of the essences of the powers and qualities residing in bodies. 'The fact, how-'ever, is,' says a philosopher who wrote in the early part of the present century, Playfair, 'that in as far as science has been 'advanced, *no one essence has been discovered*, either as to matter 'in general, or as to any of its more extensive modifications.' Mr. Hallam, who quoted these words, many years since, in his 'Literature of Europe' (vol. iii. chap. 3), appeared to think Playfair too despondent. But a recent writer of European celebrity, confessedly one of the most ingenious of explorers into the mysteries of nature, declines even to enter upon 'the metaphysical inquiry as to the constitution of matter,' regarding it as 'a question which probably human appliances will never answer.'[2]

We may mention, as a corresponding mystery in another department of science, the extreme difficulty that medical men

[1] Although our Number was published before the appearance of that gentleman's Bampton Lectures for 1858, yet his enunciation of this *dictum* from the pulpit must have been prior. His language (p. 138) is so similar that we can only trust to our readers' acceptance of our assurance that we were wholly unconscious that such statements had issued from the University pulpit.

[2] Grove on the Correlation of Physical Forces, p. 136 (3rd edit.)

admit in drawing anything like a clear line of demarcation between the mere effects of the nervous system and that which is due to intellect and will. The progress of that science appears to be equally unable even to approximate to any solution of the question so much agitated in the middle ages, viz. whether the soul of man was an emanation from his father's soul or imparted by a fresh act of creation; the two theories known respectively as Traducianism and Creationism.

Nor has mental science any cause to boast of a superiority over physical science. Mr. Mansel's 'Bampton Lectures' are a perfect mine of the difficulties which meet us at every turn in the paths of metaphysical inquiries; difficulties which cannot be evaded and must be allowed to exist, even by those who are not prepared to assent to the conclusions which the eloquent lecturer has with so much acuteness and in so reverent a temper drawn from them.

On the whole case, we submit to our readers that it is not wise, not philosophic (even supposing it were pious), to reject the ancient saints and doctors on the ground that it involves a mystery, or appears repugnant to, at the first hasty glance, the promptings of common sense. 'For who is there,' said S. Gregory of Nyssa, in the *fourth* century (and the *nineteenth* can but re-echo his words)—'who is there who has learnt to comprehend 'his own individual soul? who has made out its substance? Is 'it material or immaterial? purely incorporeal or with something 'of bodily semblance? how does it originate? how is it com-'mingled? whence is it introduced? how is it separated? what 'is that which links, and mediates between, it and the nature 'of the body? . . . . and when one has taken away from the 'body its colour, form, power of resistance, weight, size, localism, 'movement active and passive, relation (each of these things 'being not in itself a body, but yet all of them concerned with 'the body), what remains to which we can apply the definition 'of body? Neither by itself can we perceive it, nor have we 'learnt it from the Scripture: and *he that is ignorant of his own 'nature, how can he fully understand aught of those things that are 'above him?*'[1] In the words of our departed Laureate:—

> 'Desire we past illusions to recall?
> To re-instate wild Fancy, would we hide
> Truths, whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
> No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
> In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
> The universe is infinitely wide,
> And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,

[1] Op. Paris, 1615, vol. ii. p. 321, cited in the original Greek by Mansel, Bampt. Lect. (Notes, pp. 266, 367.)

Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,
Imaginative Faith! canst overleap,
In progress towards the fount of Love.'

Postscript.—We have received letters from the Right Reverend the Bishop of Glasgow, complaining of certain expressions which occur in our last article on *Ecclesiastical Affairs in Scotland*, as calculated to injure his character. These expressions occur in p. 451: 'entices,' 'a College tutor,' &c.; and p. 455, 'the garbled contents of a letter,' &c.

We are, therefore, anxious to state,—*Firstly*, That we never intended by the word 'entices' to insinuate that the Bishop of Glasgow had designedly laid a trap for Mr. Bright: that we greatly regret having employed an ill-chosen expression, which may have seemed calculated to suggest such a meaning. What we do mean is, that the Bishop's letter had (however undesignedly) the effect of inducing Mr. Bright to make an avowal in a private letter which, we assume, he would not have made could he have foreseen that it would become the basis of an official act.[1]

Secondly, That we accept at once the Bishop of Glasgow's assertion, that the exact mode of tearing the letter was a mere accident. Indeed, when we wrote the word 'garbled' we were thinking less of any intention on the part of the Bishop, than on the simple fact that the Primus did receive what is ordinarily termed a *garbled* extract, *i. e.* a communication shorn, however accidentally, of what the writer of the letter thought an important piece of context, and which (whether it would have affected the mind of the Primus or not) would certainly have had much weight with a large portion of the public.

Lastly, It will, we trust, be remembered that these two words occur accidentally in an article of forty pages. Without re-opening, in this place, the question between the Bishop of Glasgow and Mr. Bright, we must declare very solemnly that we never intended to injure the Bishop of Glasgow's character; that we are unconscious of cherishing any unchristian feeling towards his lordship, and that we are always ready to express our full recognition of his many claims to respect by character as well as office.

It is right to add, that it is only since the above was written, that Mr. Bright's recent *Statement of Facts* has reached us.

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[1] 'That inasmuch as the present Theological Professor, the Rev. W. Bright, has avowed his agreement with the doctrines contained in an essay on Eucharistical Adoration, lately published by Rev. J. Keble: due notice to be given to the said Rev. W. Bright, that his appointment is rescinded by the Bishops.'—[*Resolution by the Bishop of Glasgow to be moved at the Episcopal Synod, May 27th.*]

ART. VII.—1. *The Ordinance of Confession.* By the Rev. W. GRESLEY, M.A. London: Masters. 1857.

2. *An Essay on Confession, Penance, and Absolution.* By [Bishop] LAURENCE. Edited by the Rev. W. GRESLEY. London: Masters.

3. *Tractatus de Sacramento Pœnitentiæ in usum Seminarii Mechliniensis.* Mechliniæ: Dierickz-Beke. 1857.

IT is impossible to commence an article on *the* subject of the day without a deep sense of the responsibility which attaches itself to our task. The question is, beyond all others, surrounded with difficulty. It brings us into contact with those who make the outcry against the Confessional their pretence in a crusade against all earnest religion:—with those who see in it only the means by which they may acquire increased popularity as mere Protestant agitators:—with those, and they are many, who, earnestly religious themselves, tremble at what they regard as an unauthorized interference with God's one vicegerent, Conscience, and an unhallowed intermeddling with family relations, themselves of divine authority:—with those, finally, who behold in the whole system a wretched Anglican imitation of a Roman sacrament, a sham which exposes, beyond anything else, the utter hollowness and unreality of the Establishment. In how large a proportion of English households is the subject of confession at this very moment a cause of discord and misery;—or a Camarina which children and parents instinctively feel must remain unmoved! Again, what endless *views* find their different exponents in every newspaper and periodical! what countless meetings contribute their quota of folly, scurrility, and passion to the general torrent! Most gladly would we avoid all allusion to a question so fraught with difficulty, did we not feel that the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer*, no less in America than in England, have a right to our opinion on a matter of the deepest theological interest. We will endeavour to express that opinion in such a way as may give the least possible offence: endeavouring to throw ourselves, as far as we can, into the various points of view which the opponents of confession take, and only too thankful if we can remove any objections to that which it ought to be, and point out some not unimportant modifications of that which it is.

Now, the first thing that must be patent to those who look

calmly at the present agitation is this:—that it is an awful struggle between the principle of goodness on the one side, mixed up with however much of infirmity, shortcoming, folly, or occasional sin;—and that of evil on the other, however much it may at the outset attract to itself real earnestness and unmistakeable piety. What we mean is this: that confession is, as far as the mere consideration of the term goes, an attempt to grapple with sin. It is an appeal for religion against the world. And so even bystanders view Confession: that it really does succeed in combatting sin, let Mr. Thackeray, whose testimony we relegate to a footnote,[1] be a sufficient witness. About one hundred years ago England was rent, if not to the same, at least in a very similar, degree by the great contest between vital religion, under whatever form, —Evangelicalism, Wesleyanism, and the like—and worldliness, whether under the appearance of High Church apathy, of the old squirearchy, or of downright sensuality. Men like Venn, Cadogan, Walker of Truro, Simeon, Newton, Scott, preached the necessity of repentance to the forgiveness of sins—preached it with many a blunder, in conjunction with much that was mistaken, but preached it at the peril of their reputation, their property, sometimes of their life itself. They preached it, whether the world would hear, or whether it would refuse; and in the end, the truth that was in them made itself heard. They preached it when they could reckon up 'Evangelical' ministers by units;—they continued till those ministers were numbered by thousands.

The comparison is a rough one, but there is a sufficient resemblance in it. Religion now, as John Bunyan says, walks in her silver slippers: the world has, after a sort, become religious: people talk about faith and repentance, subscribe to religious societies, thank God for the spread of true Gospel truth, leave tracts in their districts, while all beneath is as hollow and unreal as the apples of Sodom. And herein is the worldliness of the nineteenth, worse than that of the eighteenth, century. That was not ashamed to seem what it was,—worldly to the backbone: its favourite text, 'Be not righteous overmuch:' objecting to religion because it was religion: condemning it because those that were of the earth ought to be earthly. Modern worldliness takes its *stand-point*, as the Germans would say, on religion: it proclaims itself

[1] 'In the midst of their gaiety, it must be remembered that the Irish are the chastest of women. . . . One has but to walk through an English and Irish town, and see how much superior is the morality of the latter. That great terror-striker, The Confessional, is before the Irish girl, and sooner or later her sins must be told there.'—*Irish Sketch-Book*, vol. i. pp. 112, 224.

Protestant, and its opponents are Popish: professes itself the champion of faith, and them clinging to dead works. A religious, self-deceiving worldliness—ten times as dangerous, because ten times as disguised, as the other.

England awakes from a religious sleep,—and what does she find? She finds, on the one hand, her huge manufacturing towns, her iron-producing counties, her cotton-marts, her metropolis itself, so far as its poor are concerned, in a state of neglect and practical heathenism which professing Christianity never previously knew. On the other hand, she finds, but more especially in her middle and upper-middle classes, a panting and yearning after a life holier than that of average Christians, such as she has never seen, to take it at the least, since the Wars of the Roses. And she finds, in consequence of two such opposing influences, a need expressed, a cry raised, for Confession.

We build churches, we map out districts, we multiply services, but still we cannot reach the soul: we do not, or we only rarely, convert souls. We want to get at the poor, and we find the rich; we want to stop the huge scum of wickedness that seethes up to heaven, the drunkenness, the blasphemy, the wife-beating, the infidelity,—above all the 'great social evil,'—and all our churches and all our clergy seem, on the old system, to bring us very little nearer to the goal. No! we must have something which will put the soul of the pastor in real, naked contact with that of the sinner, which will enable him to say, 'You *have* done all this,—but there is pardon; you *are* tempted in such and such a way, but there is strength;' and we come to Confession. Again, on the other hand: there are those who have been endeavouring for years to lead the life of the righteous, to deny themselves, to become more and more holy, till they find every sin a serious burden, till they cannot rest until every possible means has been resorted to to remove its guilt and its taint. And so we come to Confession again.

Meanwhile, what does the world say to all this?

Arrive in a provincial town on a dark, rainy, bitter November evening, and as you rattle along the High Street in the omnibus that carries you from the station, you see the town-hall blazing with gas, every dead wall placarded with papers, every shop window alive with bills: 'The Confessional' pinned on to the sheep hanging in the butcher's shop. 'Awful Disclosures!' glaring at you from among the grocer's figs: 'Petition to the Queen' lighted up by the many-coloured jars of a chemist's window:—the whole an announcement that a grand demonstration against the Confessional is to take place that evening in the town-hall. If you were to enter, what would you hear?

You would hear, perhaps, some vague attempt to prove that

the spirit of the Church of England is opposed to this practice —at all events, which is of much greater importance, that the spirit of the nineteenth century is: you would hear much about the necessity of adapting the Prayer-book—very good for the glimmer of a semi-reformation from Papal darkness—to the present wants of the British lion: you would hear, perhaps, a greater amount of nonsense talked than you could easily, elsewhere, cram into an equal space of time: you would be amused with the stupendous folly of the Colonel Vereker or Paul Foskett of the hour; at such addresses and arguments as those of which we are about presently to produce specimens; and if that were all, it would indeed be so far well. But what is it that crams the body of the room and the galleries with so large a proportion of young men?—of exactly that class which it is usually so difficult—rather say, so impossible—to bring to any 'religious' meeting? Because, in the placard, there is a notice, 'The character of the disclosures will be such, that ladies cannot be invited to attend.' Because they know that a tissue of filth and obscenity will be read, which could not be matched even in Holywell-street; because, without fear of blame or loss of character, nay, with the approbation of every staunch Protestant, visitors will be allowed, for two or three hours, to wallow to their filthy hearts' delight in obscenity. Yes, ministers of religion, of that 'religion which is first pure,' are not ashamed to read and to dwell on the most degrading extracts, the most infamous questions and answers,—though scarcely ignorant that they have absolutely been sowing the seeds of impurity that night, in the heart of many a lad, at the very time of life when it will take root with rank precipitancy, and from that very evening bear bitter and at last fatal fruits.[1]

What would the spirits of Venn, and Walker, and Grimshawe say, could they behold their degenerate successors actually alluring men, at the very time of life when their passions are most vigorous, when their curiosity is most active, to taste of the poisoned cup; when—as if the Casinos, the Cider Cellars, the Cremornes were not attractive and destructive enough—clergymen turn the platform into Satan's pulpit, and mingle the Word of God with the seductions, in their grossest form, of Belial! What would be said, what would be thought, of a public lecturer who should thus extract passages from the writings of physicians? who should investigate their accounts of the most loathsome and humiliating diseases to which poor mortality is subject,—and on this description found a charge against their

[1] This is no ideal picture. Those who had the unutterable misfortune to hear the speech delivered by Mr. Hatchard of Plymouth after the investigation into Mr. Prynne's case a few years ago, will not think that we speak too strongly.

moral character! We very much doubt whether the law would not take hold of so vile an offender against morality. And where is the difference between the two cases? It is a known fact that the authors of some of the works thus intruded on the inflamed and gloating imaginations of unbridled youth, never took pen in hand for their composition without some such safeguard to their own fancy, as a painful application, such as blister, or mustard-plaster, to the head or feet. They knew that mental, as well as bodily, diseases require a cure; but they knew the danger of meddling with that cure;—and they shielded themselves from it. Their calumniators spread wholesale among the mob topics which *they* would not approach without prayer and self-discipline.

Were it not for the enormous wickedness of the system, and for the consideration of the multitudes whose moral sense is grievously injured by it,—what more absurd can there be than the speech—it is always the same—at such a meeting? What is the end and aim for which the meeting is called? A petition to urge the Queen to put down the system of confession? Did these men ever ask themselves how this is to be accomplished? Did they ever realize what kind of law that would be which should have the effect they wish? The most aristocratic despot on earth,—the most cruel inquisition,—never devised a process of half such tyrannical minuteness. A priest is not, under most grievous penalties—Dr. M'Neile once said *death*—to receive a confession. What do you mean by a confession? A general one? That would be the most tangible thing; but, as the crime is one of which two people only can be conscious, how is it to be found out? Is it to be a case of grave suspicion when a clergyman pays a visit of an hour and a half or two hours, on business, to any member of his flock? Must a lady or gentleman whom he thus honours take care to have an ear-witness all the time?—Or, if you mean anything beyond a general confession, what do you mean? How can you have a statute which shall not embrace such confession of a past fault as is heard over and over again in ordinary conversation? Will any of our excellent vestrymen try their hands at it? We should like to see what kind of thing we are really threatened with by those worthy gentlemen to whom the proposition of drinking fountains and auricular confession seem equally obnoxious—who appear to have an equal horror of moral and physical purity?

But it is time to put on record a few selections from the mass of the united wisdom of Vestrydom. These guardians of public liberties,—can they not see that it is they who are attacking, it is we who are defending, the 'liberty of the laity'? After all

their tirades against the compulsory confession of Rome, is it a whit more tyrannical to say, You shall confess whether you wish it or not? than to say, You shall not confess if you wish it? And Rome, at least, employs nothing but spiritual censures to attain her end. Vestrydom would use fine, loss of property, bars and bolts, ay—and never let us forget it—death itself.

We can have no hesitation on whom we should bestow the prize of falsehood and folly. Mr. Westerton did wonders: Colonel Vereker was amazing: Mr. Harper soared far beyond the regions of ordinary nonsense: Lord Shaftesbury was—— himself: the vestrymen of S. Martin's Hall were overpowering; but they must each and all bow to a superior genius. The force of folly is surely exhausted. For, paradox though it may seem, your complete, positive, essential fool—your fool and nothing else—cannot attain such sublimity in his own craft as your half-brilliant speaker, your half-taught scholar, your half-eloquent demagogue. Let any one read Dr. M'Neile's speech in the Amphitheatre at Liverpool,—not the first Amphitheatre which has re-echoed to the shouts of persecution—and we think he will agree in our verdict. In that oration Folly culminated, and Falsehood put on the garb of Piety with a nonchalance that shows the hand of a master.

Dr. M'Neile was asked to take the chair at a grand Protestant demonstration.

> 'The deputation that waited upon me did me the honour to say they would not consent to hold the meeting unless I would promise to be in the chair, and I understood that to mean that they wanted me to make a speech; and when I promised to come to the meeting I felt that I was thereby pledged to do something more than take the chair. I have now done that something more, and now I will take the chair.'

He did indeed 'do something more.' Poor Dr. Blakeney and poor Mr. Lane had to squeeze their eloquence into a short compass; while still more unfortunate Dr. Taylor had to be put off with the promise of being heard on Queen Elizabeth's day, when Dr. M'Neile would come down from London by a late train, and 'take the chair' again—an announcement not very gratifying, we should think, to the speaker-designate.

Well; this *was* a meeting. Upwards of 2,000 persons were present; many wearing 'orange scarfs.' 'The occasion on which they were assembled was no ordinary one, but one of great solemnity,' as the chairman observed. Wherefore he and the principal speakers were received with 'Kentish fire,'—which ended, prayer began. Kentish fire, orange scarfs, and prayer; 'for the object was calmly to reason and instruct, not to provoke or retaliate.' And Dr. M'Neile evidently thought that his arguments were unanswerable.

'All I have now to do is to request that you will be on your watch, and see whether these arguments will be answered or not, or whether they will be evaded, and garbled statements from our standard writers circulated in tracts to deceive the people, instead of arguments like these being honestly and fairly grappled with.'

In another speech, at Brighton, he left the same message, 'with his compliments to Mr. Gresley and Mr. Richards.' Nothing, by the way, shows the debasing effect of such meetings more than the fact that balderdash like this—'My compliments to Mr. Richards and Mr. Gresley'—should be taken for easy humour.

But the speaker was right in one thing. Seriously to grapple with Dr. M'Neile's argument is impossible; had it been introduced into the 'Warden of Berkingholt,' or any similar tale, people would have said, 'Come, come, this caricature is a little too strong. An idiot would hardly talk so!' Very true, but a popular speaker may and does; *ecce signum*:—

'I now proceed to the service for the Visitation of the Sick. And here, at the outset, I invite attention to another fact, a simple but important and stubborn fact. It is this. If the minister and sick person be alone in the room without any third party, the service cannot be used. Why so? Because a part of the service belongs neither to the minister nor to the sick person. I refer to the responses in the versicles which follow the Lord's Prayer—

Minister.—O Lord, save Thy servant.
Answer.—Who putteth his (or her) trust in Thee.
Minister.—Send him help from Thy holy place.
Answer.—And evermore mightily defend him.

I need quote no more. I ask, who is to give these answers? Not the minister. They are answers *to* the minister. Not the sick person. They are prayers *for* the sick person, by some other who speaks of him or her. The answer is not constructed for the sick person, himself or herself, to say *my* or *me*, but for some third person or persons, who say *him* or *her*. If, then, any minister in the room alone, without any third person, go on with this service, he is guilty of a gross violation of Church order; he is in a state of practical revolt against the Prayer-book as it is. Let this be noted. Let this be sent to any clergyman who uses this service in a sick room *tête-à-tête* with a sick person. Let us have our answer to this before we are twitted with the rubric and Prayer-book *as it is*. The Prayer-book as it is prohibits auricular confession in a sick room. Its service for the sick room is so constructed that it cannot be used unless there is at least one other person in the room besides the sick person and the minister. If it be argued that the versicles in the service might be used by the sick person, though they speak *of him* as by a third person, we answer, doubtless, anything, however absurd and ungrammatical, *might* be said. But the question is, not what an absurd sick person might say, but what our Church designed. And this is made sufficiently plain by her use of similar versicles in other services. In the Churching of Women the very same versicles occur:

Minister.—O Lord, save Thy servant.
Answer.—Who putteth her trust in Thee.
Minister.—Send her help from Thy holy place.
Answer.—And evermore mightily defend her.

In the Marriage Service they occur—

Minister.—O Lord, bless these Thy servants.
Answer.—Who put their trust in Thee.
Minister.—Send them help from Thy holy place.
Answer.—And evermore mightily defend them.

In these services the use of these responses by third parties is undeniable. If, then, the Church had contemplated a different (*i. e.* a private) use in the Visitation of the Sick, we have reason to conclude she would have adopted a different phraseology. And by parity of reasoning, conversely, as she has not adopted a different phraseology, we have reason to conclude that she did not contemplate a different (*i. e.* a private) use. Whatever, therefore, may be the meaning of what follows in this service, there is no place in it for auricular confession, because there is no place in it for secrecy.'

Poor, poor Dr. M'Neile! But surely the patience of a Protestant meeting is unbounded! By the same rule, any one who uses the Lord's Prayer in private 'is in a practical state of revolt against the Bible as it is.' How dares he say, *Our* Father? —how dares he ask, Give *us?*—forgive *us?* Or, to come nearer the mark; were our lecturer requested to celebrate the Holy Communion for a soldier, ill in his tent, or dying on the field of battle, he would be forced to say, 'No: I should be in a state of practical revolt against the Prayer-book, if I did. Don't you know that the service begins, 'Peace be to this HOUSE, and to all that dwell in it?' Again we say, Poor, poor Dr. M'Neile!

But we are not going to let him off this notable illustration; because, curiously enough, it convicts him of ignorance and untruth in about equal degrees. The man came down to lecture on Confession; and by that very profession assumed, at least, to know something about it. He manifestly thinks that secrecy is of the essence of Confession. Thinks so? He says so. For observe; he gives a definition of auricular confession,—and expressly makes secrecy a part of it.

'By auricular confession is meant confession of sin by some individual, male or female, into the ear of a priest, no third person being within hearing at the time. *This is essential to it.* It is secret, and the seal of the secrecy is inviolable. Without this it would be powerless. It would lose all its mysterious solemnity.'

If Dr. M'Neile had ever looked into any systematic treatise on Confession, he would have found some such chapter as—*Quinam obligantur sigillo sacramentali*—'*who* are bound by the sacramental seal' (it is better, in arguing with the Verekers and M'Neiles of the day, to translate a Latin quotation). And one of the answers is, 'Illis coram quibus confessio facta est propter necessitatem, e.g. in incendio, naufragio,' &c. 'They, in whose presence the confession is necessarily made; as for example, in a fire or a shipwreck.'

Now, then, Dr. M'Neile, is secrecy 'ESSENTIAL TO' confession,

or not? How then, in the name of common honesty,—in the name of ordinary fair dealing,—did you venture to tell those two thousand people what you must have known to be untrue?

'But I did not know it.'

How, then, did you pretend to have the slightest understanding of the first principles of the subject about which you have been teaching for years,—on which you have been giving yourself out as an authority? What can be his ideas of honesty, who, with ignorance so gross, so crass, so bold, can profess to teach?

What then? Did the Church of England really mean that this confession was to be before bystanders? That it *may* be so, never can be questioned; and how often one has heard the broken voice of the poor penitent (especially to a wife), 'Don't go; I should like you to know all.' But, were the case as our lecturer says, we should conclude that, in an Office formed completely on the model of the ancient services, it was taken for granted, as it is by them, that the desire of the sick man—if it were his desire—would be attended to, and he himself, during that particular part of the service, left alone with the priest.

But, oddly enough, this very objection of Dr. M'Neile's does seem to have occurred to the compilers of the Office—*and they obviated it.* We can hardly believe that, if the objection struck him, he could have failed to see how it was removed. Did he ever observe the rubric, '*These words before rehearsed may be said before the minister begins his prayer, as he shall see cause*'? *Before he begins his prayer*—what does that mean? Before the service commences at all; it can have no other signification. What *words before rehearsed?* The examination which precedes, and is in fact the foundation of, the confession. So, if we are to be as strict rubricians as Dr. M'Neile has now become, we have here an especial rubric on behalf of 'auricular confession.'

It was no further worth while to enter into this subject than as it served to expose the lecturer; which we think it has done pretty thoroughly. But we have not quite ended with him yet. The next passage we shall quote exhibits, we think, a more stupendous mare's-nest than even the last. He is commenting on the invitation before the Holy Communion, and thus he writes:—

'Let him open his grief, "that by the ministry of God's Holy Word"—by the Scriptures which apply to his case, wisely and discreetly brought before him—"he may receive the benefit of absolution;" the benefit of having God's truth openly declared and pronounced to him.'

Well, we live and learn. So *absolution* means *the having God's*

truth openly declared and pronounced. How the long-headed Dissenter must chuckle, how an earnest 'Evangelical' must writhe and blush! It is rather funny, by-the-bye, that a man should go *privately* to his priest, in order that God's word may be *openly* pronounced to him.

'That I have here put the true and just interpretation on this passage of our Prayer-book is proved by comparing it, as it now stands, with what it was in the Prayer-book of 1549. There it stood thus—"And if there be any of you whose conscience is troubled and grieved in anything, lacking comfort or counsel, let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned priest, taught in the law of God, and confess and open his sin and grief secretly, that he may receive such ghostly counsel, advice, and comfort, that his conscience may be relieved, and that of us (as of the ministers of God and the Church) he may receive comfort and absolution, to the satisfaction of his mind, and avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness." In our present Prayer-book there is no mention in this place of either sin or secrecy. These important words are omitted; and the absolution is ascribed, not to the authority of the priest, but to the ministry of God's holy word. Let this be noted and accounted for by those who charge our Reformers with having retained auricular confession in the Church. What I have called attention to is a fact—not an opinion—a fact attested by a comparison of the two books—the book of 1549, and the book as we now have it of 1661—a fact which proves the careful exclusion from our present Prayer-book of this portion of our mediæval corruption. While our church was in a state of transition, struggling through clouds, and still within the penumbral shade of the papacy,' &c. &c. &c.

Why, the change is of no importance one way or the other. Put the two passages side by side, and the words *secretly*, and *of us, as of the ministers of God and the Church*, are the only words omitted. But *secretly* is the *bête noire* of Dr. M'Neile: or who in his senses would not see that the privacy is as much implied in the present, as in Edward's, Prayer-book?

There *is* a change, indeed, a momentous change, in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, to which our lecturer dared not refer; but to which we shall have occasion to recur again. Why was 'here shall the sick person make a special confession' changed into 'here shall the sick man be MOVED to make a special confession?' Will Dr. M'Neile, the next time he mounts the platform, dilate on *this* difference between the Prayer-books of 1549 and 1661? He could not but be aware of this change; and yet with such a *suppressio veri* as to be the most detestable of untruths, he palters with a verbal change which has clearly no meaning, and to remove which no 'Tractarian' would take the trouble of raising his hand, could it be so brought to pass.

The most amusing, however, of the many periodicals which have started up to the attack of confession, and which dilates most freely about S. Barnabas, Boyne Hill, Lavington, and the like, is one called *The Constitution.* This is published in *Agar-*

street—and one Harper appears the presiding genius; and it contains, therefore, accounts of the various meetings which this person has addressed. One of his favourite devices appears to be to challenge some hard-working parish priest, like Mr. Liddell, to a public discussion, and then to utter a jubilation of victory when the challenge is passed over in silence. These Protestant meetings remind one of the old French epigram:—

'Le coq Français est le coq de la gloire;
Par les défaits il n'est pas rabattu;
Il chante fort, quand il gagne la victoire:
Plus fort encore, quand il est bien battu.'

Senex, writing to *The Constitution* to know what its motto, '*This Protestant Kingdom*,' means, receives the following naïve answer: —

'We had always fancied that the readers of the *Constitution* could be at no loss to perceive that our principles are very tangible. In this place we cannot explain them at length, but we may observe that this *is* a Protestant kingdom; the Sovereign is the Temporal Head of the Established Church; that Romish and Puseyite influences have damaged both Church and State, and that we seek the purification of both.'

The most amusing thing in *The Constitution* is a draft of an Act of Parliament seriously propounded for putting down 'Puseyism.'

It is very clear that the opponents of confession are divided into two great parties: those who acknowledge that it is, to say the very least, allowed—under certain cases, enjoined—by the English Church; and that, therefore, the English Church must be reformed: and those who, like Dr. M'Neile, our friend Harper, and others, deny that it is to be found in the Prayer-book, and attribute nothing worse to the latter than a few 'lisping expressions.' We need not say with which party we sympathise: however much we may be amused with the advice of the vestryman at S. Martin's, who thought that it needed '*only*' one small change to make everything right: the obliging every candidate for ordination to make the simple declaration on oath, that he did not believe 'in Baptismal Regeneration, the Real Presence, or the Power of the Keys.' To be sure, such a declaration would very much simplify matters. Long ago, with regard to the Visitation of the Sick, Dr. Holloway, a light of those times, wrote, in a letter to the late Bishop of London:—

'The standard-bearer will here be-cumbered with his colours, and the Church made to assume a character, neither designed by the Articles, nor pourtrayed in the Liturgy: for by this the minister is sent with power to absolve the people from their sins. The form of absolution runs thus:—"And by His authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins." And suppose the sick man, in the fear of approaching dissolution, were to ask, "By what authority doest thou these things?—and who gave thee that authority?"—this would be rather an awkward situation. What is his apology or defence? Will he find his answer in the Word of GOD?

or in the Articles?' or in the Liturgical services? or anywhere else in the Prayer-book? In vain would he look. Here, then, is a predicament: here we are, all of us, my lord, one with another,—if these offices be the standard of the Church—here we are, one and all, High Church, Low Church, all floored together.'

A gloss, however, of these solemn words has been discovered, and we are told on authority that the meaning of the words, '*I absolve thee from all thy sins,*' as applied to the sick man, is 'the consolation of hearing from his pastor's mouth, before he dies, that God of his great mercy in Jesus Christ is ready to pardon him.'

Those who take the view of Dr. M'Neile and his followers prove, clearly enough, that no possible formula can express a truth so strongly that it will not want re-stating, amplifying, iterating, under different expressions in the lapse of ages. Let us calmly look at the facts as they stand.

We know that, at the period of the Reformation, auricular confession was compulsory once a year, and necessary at every reception of the Holy Communion.

We know that, in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., while the Church carefully laid down the maxim that auricular confession was not to be compulsory, it was left free to any man; it was rather recommended than not, and a form was provided for it.

We know that, between that epoch and the last revision of the Prayer-book, while several changes had been made, the only one of importance substituted, on the occasion of illness, an exhortation to confession, instead of leaving it as before to the sick man's entire option.

We know that the present state of things is this:—

α. At Ordination, the Power of the Keys is given to the Priest in as full a manner as it ever was, or ever could be, bestowed. 'Whose sins thou dost forgive,' &c.

β. That, before any celebration of the Holy Communion, those who decline to receive are invited, 'if they cannot quiet their own mind,' to receive absolution.

γ. That every dying man is to be 'moved' to confession.

Further, we know that for the century and a half succeeding the Reformation, auricular confession is upheld as in many cases useful and salutary by nearly all 'the great Anglican divines:' that it was boldly complained of by the Puritans: that there was never the slightest disposition to modify its practice: that a canon stipulated expressly for the inviolability of its seal: that, as matter of history, Laud was appointed confessor to the Duke of Buckingham as formally as a clergyman might be appointed domestic chaplain to a nobleman now-a-days: and that the only difference acknowledged by English divines

between English and Roman confession lay in the one question of compulsion. Further, we know that, even in the eighteenth century, a deathbed confession was, by worldly men, simply looked at as a thing *comme il faut:* Henry Fielding is ample witness to this.

But this is not all. The 19th canon of the Irish Church, enacted in 1634, re-enacted in 1711, is as decisive as any averment can well be. Observe:—it not only allows confession, —it not only recommends it to the sick,—but it commands the priest to press it on the consciences of his parishioners before every celebration. This most important document has certainly not received the attention it merits; and we recommend it to the especial attention of Agar-street,—the rather that the Irish Church and the Irish Clergy are objects of the especial sympathy of our Protestant friends. In 1634, the Archbishops were: the primate, Ussher; Dublin, Bulkeley; Cashel, Hamilton; Tuam, Barlow. Thus Ussher, the great 'Protestant' champion, was actually at the head of the Irish Church when this stringent canon was passed. In 1711, the Archbishops were: the primate, Marsh; Dublin, King; Cashel, Palliser; Tuam, Singe.

'Whereas every lay person is bound to receive the Holy Communion thrice every year, and many notwithstanding do not receive that sacrament once a year: we do require every minister to give warning to his parishioners publicly in the church at Morning Prayer the Sunday before every time of his administering the Holy Sacrament, for the better preparation of themselves. Which said warning we enjoin the said parishioners to accept and obey under the penalty and danger of the law. And the minister of every parish, and in cathedral and collegiate churches some principal minister of the church, shall the afternoon before the administration give warning, by the tolling of the bell or otherwise, to the intent that if any have scruple of conscience, or desire the special ministry of reconciliation, he may afford it to those who need it. And to this end the people are often to be exhorted to enter into a special examination of the state of their own souls; and that finding themselves either extreme dull or much troubled in mind, they do resort unto God's ministers, to receive from them as well advice and counsel for the quickening of their dead hearts and the subduing of those corruptions whereunto they have been subject, as the benefit of absolution likewise by the Power of the Keys which Christ hath committed to His ministers for that purpose.'—*Canon XIX.*

Now we freely confess that we do not exactly understand—and we could never find any one who could explain to us—the meaning of the Parliamentary phrase, 'The United Church of England and Ireland.' But it can scarcely mean less than this: that what is enjoined by the one, is not forbidden by the other Church. Now see what it is that the Irish Church recommends. She recommends confession to those who are '*either* extreme dull, *or* much troubled in mind.' The only persons, then, whom she would exempt from this duty are they who have so exactly attained the *via media*, as neither to be too much cast down nor

too little affected: neither inclined to despair, nor to presumption: neither despising the chastening of the Lord, nor fainting when rebuked of Him. Undoubtedly, there are some such persons. But who would think better of a man's state before God for believing that he was one of them? No; the sweep of this net is as wide as it well can be. Are you troubled with no especial grief for past sins?—You *may be* 'extreme dull.' Are you weighed down with secret sorrow?—You certainly *are* 'much troubled in mind.' In either case, you are exhorted to confess.

And notice another fact. The change, as we have seen, in the phraseology of the Communion exhortation, has given much subject of argument to our friends. It *was*,—'Let him come 'to me, or to some other discreet and learned priest, taught in 'the law of GOD, and confess and open his sin and grief secretly, 'that he may receive such ghostly counsel, advice, and comfort, 'that his conscience may be relieved, and that of us, as of the 'ministers of GOD and of the Church, he may receive comfort 'and absolution to the satisfaction of his mind,' &c. It *is*,—'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned 'minister of God's Word, that he may receive such ghostly 'counsel, advice, and comfort, as his conscience may be relieved, 'and that by the ministry of God's Word he may receive comfort 'and the benefit of absolution.'

Here, say they, the case is plain. Absolution means—not that formula of the remission of sins which you have usually considered it to signify—but (as Dr. M'Neile tells us) 'the having God's Word openly declared and pronounced.' Well, then; here, in this Irish canon, there is not a word about 'the ministry of God's Word.' No: it is 'the benefit of absolution, by the power of the keys.' Which also disposes of a smaller mare's-nest, the discovery of Harper. In the first Prayer-book of Edward VI. the penitent was invited to receive absolution; in our present exhortation he is called to partake the *benefit of* absolution: that is, the true 'declaration' of God's forgiveness, instead of the 'human remission used in the times of ignorance.' This Irish canon cuts away that ground; uniting the phrase, 'the benefit of absolution,' with the most ecclesiastical phraseology in regard to the power of the keys.

These various documents can hardly be regarded as less than a set of bulwarks erected in defence of one characteristic of a true Church, according to Parker and his fellows: 'Ecclesia 'Christi est, in quâ purum Dei verbum prædicatur et sacra-'menta juxta Christi ordinationem administrantur: *et in quâ* '*clavium auctoritas retinetur*.' What would Queen Elizabeth, the new Protestant saint, have said on this point to the anti-confessional agitators, when the authority of the keys was one of her

articuli stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ? Marvellously, marvellously far, has Protestantism drifted from its original moorings![1]

Let us now, for a moment, turn our attention to one of the principal among anti-confessional meeting grievances.

It is painful, deeply painful, to have to speak of the uproar which has arisen on the subject of the seventh commandment. In the first place, we have the vulgar and ribald accusations which would make those priests who practise confession lovers of filth for its own seeking, men who feed a prurient imagination with details of impurity, who subject women to disgusting and debasing interrogatives, in order to delight their own gloating and sensual fancies:—which denounces the Confessional as a Judas-hole, and him who occupies it as the base wretch who employs it. England, to do it justice, never believed this. Dean Close's description of the secret orgies of 'Puseyite ministers' was received with general execration. The *Times* very soon found it convenient to back out of its charge of *pruriency* against Mr. West. Mr. Sibley, one of the speakers in S. James's Hall, shall be allowed to speak. We will enshrine his words in a medium in which they will be innoxious—

'One word as to the pestilential doings of the Confessional. The priest was taught by the rubric, in taking the confession of a fair young woman, on no account to give absolution until he had extracted the inmost feeling of her soul; that if he does not at first succeed in getting the secret, if she hesitate and blush, that then he should go to other points; and if he should successfully overcome the first blush, he should deal for a time with other questions, and then return all at once to the old tale, and not give absolution until he had extracted everything from her heart. And further, if he cannot by dexterous dealing obtain all this, he is to postpone the absolution and take the confession at another time, when she is better taught. This was the practice, and he would appeal to fathers who had daughters, as he had, and ask them, "Would you like your daughters to enter these dark designing abodes, or would you like your daughters to associate with the daughters of those who do?" Let a chaste woman enter these receptacles of vice, and she would come out a polluted woman. She must hold criminal conversation with man, and she must tell him what she would not tell her own sister, or mother, or any family friend whatever. This bad-minded priest had the power of reading the soul and taking it captive to such an extent that its equal was only to be found in the power of the devil himself.'

God forbid we should debase ourselves by wasting one word on 'these filthy dreamers.' But there is another class of persons whose prejudices are sincerely and deeply religious, and who deserve the tenderest treatment at our hands. A good many correspondents of the *Guardian*,—which has lately teemed with letters on Confession,—will explain what it means—

[1] 'Hath your minister at any time revealed the confession of any made to him in secret . . . and so hath brought a scandal upon that ancient remedy of sin and sinners'?—*Articles of Visitation*, 1625; *Norwich*, 1627; *Peterborough*, 1633; *and previously in James the First's reign.*

'I believe that the wisest course for a Christian parent is to teach his child simply and fully the truths of his baptismal covenant; that he belongs to Christ; that his body, as well as his soul, is Christ's own property, to be kept pure and true for Him as his—to teach him the omniscience of the Saviour—to train him daily in habitual loving reverent sense of his direct *personal* relation to Him as his Lord. I believe that such faithful teaching may, by God's blessing, prove in most cases an antidote to the early attacks of that "corruption which is in the world through lust." I believe that this is *the* method to rely on, and that it is far more wholesome to the conscience and character than any *system* of confession, or any home system preparatory thereto.

'The child who in after years remembers that information on the nature of this sin was sparingly given by those who taught him, will recognise in their silence how jealously they valued innocency of thought in him; that silence will have its own eloquence, and their earnest positive teaching of his personal relation to Christ will be thankfully cherished.'

Again: it is impossible not to sympathise with the important truths expressed in the following letter, which strikes us as singularly well expressed, and eminently *real*:—

'Whether Confession be good or the reverse for grown-up people, is a question upon which I would upon no account enter. But it certainly seems that it can scarcely be engaged in safely or wisely by the young, especially females. Should the confession be left to themselves, their very ignorance of sin will, in many cases, render it useless; they will not know how to confess the offence which they do not understand. If, on the other hand, they are questioned, the instinct of a young girl's mind will lead her to shrink from the person who puts the questions, and though she may obtain no additional knowledge of evil, she will retire pained and shocked at the fact that she has been compelled to allude to it.

'Safety certainly seems to me to lie not in Confession—still less in entire ignorance; but in that careful, judicious information and warning which only a mother, or some female friend, can give.

'A young mind is always *curious*. The first thing, therefore, to be done, is to guard against the workings of curiosity. It is impossible to stifle it, and mystery will only increase it. To say to a child, "There are subjects upon which you cannot be allowed to talk now, but you will know all about them by and by," is to send the little mind forth on a journey of speculation, in which it must necessarily encounter ten thousand dangers. A child's questions, therefore, should, as much as possible, be forestalled. And the difficulty is not so great as may at first sight appear. Almost all persons—members of the English Church—will find that it first meets them in the Catechism. A child learns the Seventh Commandment, and asks what it means. There is an answer ready at once:—A husband who leaves his wife, and a wife who forsakes her husband, are both guilty of adultery. The child is satisfied and asks no more.

'As years go on, further explanation is required, and the same answer may be given, with this addition, that for married persons to give to others the attentions and the love belonging only to the husband or the wife is likewise a breach of the same commandment, although there may be no actual separation. But still further, as God has made a natural distinction between men and women, so that a girl can never be as free and intimate with her brother as she is with her sister, therefore for her to forget that distinction and behave with the same freedom towards a man as towards a woman, or even to attempt to draw upon herself his notice

and admiration, is, in the sight of God, a sin against the Seventh Commandment, because it is seeking for attention in a way which is forbidden.

'It is quite true—lamentably true. Yet God has not left us without safeguards, if we choose to employ them. A girl who is brought up with real delicacy and simplicity will guard herself, or, more properly, God will guard her, through her own instincts. But the delicacy must be *real*, not external; and there lies the great difficulty. Nursery habits, rudenesses with brothers and sisters, freedoms, which at a more advanced age would never be allowed, corrupt a little child's mind more rapidly than any one who has not watched the consequences can possibly imagine. It is impossible to be too strict on these points. I might almost say it is impossible to be too angry when rules relating to them are infringed. Mothers should on no account trust the regulation of a nursery *only to the nurse*, however good and experienced. She should lay down her own laws, *the same which would be observed as matters of decorum with grown-up people*, and never allow them to be neglected; and if they are, instantaneous punishment should follow, and one sufficiently severe not to be forgotten. A young girl so brought up will, as a general rule, instinctively preserve the delicacy of mind and conduct which form the most precious ornament that God has given her; whilst if any insidious temptation should be encountered, it may be met by two rules, which cannot be too early or too strongly insisted upon.

'It may be said—The moment you feel that you would not like a person whom you respect to know what you are doing or saying, leave off; the feeling is sent you by God as a warning against sin.

'Whatever questions you may wish to have answered upon subjects which perplex you, ask your mother, or some person whom you respect; never ask young persons of your own age. If you would be ashamed to ask a grown-up person *whom you respect*, then let the question remain unanswered.

'I believe myself that these rules carefully insisted upon would be a safeguard against any evil which may present itself in childhood, and they do not at all interfere with that yet more powerful consideration that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and must therefore be kept pure for His sake. Such a consideration cannot indeed be brought before any of us too frequently; but even before a child's mind is open to comprehend it, temptations will sometimes arise, and for these cases I believe the rules suggested may be useful.'

We have thought it right, at the risk of a long extract, to let these writers speak for themselves. They argue that natural safeguards are so sufficient as to render anything further not only useless, but absolutely injurious.

Now, let us calmly look the subject in the face, and see whether there are not cases, common cases too, in which this is not the case. And, first, let us speak of the upper classes. Not only such as are accustomed to confession, but those experienced in human nature, know this:—that in those cases where sins of impurity have left the saddest effects, they have generally been commenced, whether in men or women, at a very, very early age. Habits are indulged in before they are known to be wrong, which are continued after their guilt is discovered. It would seem as if Satan took especial pains to suggest the temptation before conscience appreciates it.

Most true what these writers say; that conscience *in time* will do its work. But the Tempter does not wait,—why should he?—that enlightenment of conscience. The evil is done—and when it is known to be an evil, the chain of bad habit is already round the child. This is equally true of boys and girls: it is more dangerous regarding the latter, because they have less chance of having the truth set before them. A father will sometimes speak plainly and boldly, to a son, on subjects which a mother would not even hint at to a daughter. It is of no use to shut our eyes, and to assert that the English female mind is instinctively pure. We know that the state of things in many girls' schools is quite as bad as, if not worse than, our public schools. A girl returns home from one of these,—her mind tainted, the innocence of ignorance at least gone: her parents profoundly ignorant of her real state. Might not the Confessional to such an one be an unspeakable blessing?

And, to take another case—no imaginary one—one that many of our readers will at once recognise. A girl is brought up at home: whether from a wicked nurse (a most fruitful source of evil)—nursery liberties, reading forbidden books—or whatever other cause—the purity of her mind is tainted. Confirmation comes on. She wishes to lead a Christian life; but she knows of thoughts which assail her—(and well if only thoughts)—and thinks that she has sinned as scarcely another of her own sex and age and rank has ever sinned before. This is by no means an uncommon case; and the relief which it would have been to her to 'open this grief' to a priest who understood it is scarcely to be expressed.

Now these facts really and truly exist. Those who set themselves against confession may affect to know nothing of them, but there they are. *They* may refuse to believe them; and they have, unfortunately, no means of testing the truth. The more valuable, therefore, is a letter which appeared in the *Guardian*, and which struck us very much at the time of reading it. We call our readers' especial attention to it:—

'I am the wife of an English gentleman, and the mother of his children. Years ago, when I was a girl at home, I went to Confession, and I humbly and thankfully acknowledge that if ever, by God's mercy, I stand at His right hand, the self-knowledge then for the first time gained will have been in no slight degree instrumental in placing me there; and I believe this is an experience which will find an echo in the hearts of many English ladies.

'The way in which the Seventh Commandment is ignored in almost all tuition of the young; the way in which they are left to meet the fiercest temptations that can assail young men or young women, without one word of definite warning, makes private confession of more importance than seems to be generally known. Englishmen like to believe that their wives and daughters have never broken the Seventh Commandment in thought, word, or deed. They believe and act upon the principle that ignorance of

evil is innocence, and keep all mention of it from them as though temptation came from without and not from within.

'The clergyman slurs over this commandment in catechising; the mother and the governess deal in the vaguest generalities in domestic instruction; while children gain information, but no warning, from any objectionable source that comes in their way, till the tide of passion rises with rising manhood and womanhood, and the faint resistance of an untaught conscience is swept away.

'Meantime, it is acknowledged on all hands that sins of impurity are overwhelming the country. It has been computed that one woman in every thirteen of the United Kingdom, and five-sevenths of its men, are in the habitual practice of this vice; and of the rest how many are pure from the forms of it that only the eye of God beholds?

'All mothers know, or ought to know, that this commandment is the *first* that children acquire habits of breaking. Many mothers do not know it; many allow and encourage it; and little know that they have themselves in a great measure to thank for the tears they shed so bitterly over their children's sins in after years. The immoralities practised at our boys' schools have been brought to light and amended of late years. I know that revelations quite as terrible may be made of our schools for young ladies. I know that I have often warned those who have had the charge of children that deep evil might lurk under their apparent innocence, and in all cases where they have been induced to investigate, I have been sorrowfully thanked for an unexpectedly needful hint.

'My children are still young, and as yet I can guard their words and actions, and know their thoughts; but the time will come, and that the most important time of their lives as regards this matter, when I can no longer command such acknowledgments, and when it would be unadvisable and unjust to them to require an account of their secret struggles, and temptations, and falls. Then is found the value of a friend and adviser with whom they are not on too intimate terms to make intercourse painful: and then I should thankfully see my children's consciences transferred from my care to that of such an invaluable friend.

'I am inclined to agree with a good deal of what is said about questioning on the Seventh Commandment. Undoubtedly it saves the penitent a great deal of pain; but I think this should seldom be set against the danger of putting new ideas of evil into the mind, and I do not think it necessary. I have never been asked any such question, and my confessor was one of the most experienced in London. It is very easy for any priest used to the work to tell if there is anything more he ought to know, and to draw it out with more safety than by direct questions, though at the expense of much greater suffering.

'Men, too, often wink at the sins of their sons and disbelieve in those of their daughters, but mothers cannot and must not do either. Year after year our lunatic asylums are filled and our homes are desolated by these sins, and every year I become more and more convinced that motherly watchfulness, and the practice of private confession, are the defences most required to stem the rapidly increasing evil.'

And, if this be true, or anything like true, in the case of the rich, how more, how unspeakably more so, in the case of the poor! Much has been said and written regarding the manner in which all ages and both sexes,—the married, the single, the old, the young, women in childbirth—are all crammed, crowded, crushed together in one close, fetid room; any appearance of

decency impossible; a necessarily brutal apathy regarding the lowest necessities of nature: and in this atmosphere of perpetual temptation on one side, and constant vitiation of natural instinct on the other, the Christian life is to be kept up. How can it be done? We believe that at least one, and that not the least effectual way, is by the Confessional. Of course, Lord Shaftesbury and his party would be as energetic in altering this miserable state of things as any who think that confession may as well be tried; and a better condition of affairs is very gradually, but very steadily being brought about. But what in the meantime? Are the thousands on thousands at present thus cabined together to be given up as hopelessly lost? If not, what machinery has the Evangelical at command to save them? Our Bishops, who forbid them to put an 'improper question' (save the mark!) 'to females,' what course do they recommend? Absolutely nothing. Even the worldliest newspaper tells of the idleness of that system which preaches, in general terms, purity, modesty, reserve, to the men, women, and children who every morning and every night dress and undress, and wash, if they wash at all, in the same crowded room, and that in the midst of the foolish talking and jesting, which are not convenient. Is it not an unspeakable privilege to see the gleam of joy which has lit up the countenance of some poor but yet unforsaken creature, when told that, for all that, she need not fall; when reminded of the verse, 'Yea, he shall be holden up; for GOD is able to make him stand'? Very wisely, speaking of children, say *The Instructions of Toul*, one of the best of the many French Diocesan Manuals:—

'Donnez aux enfans les remèdes convenables aux fautes qu'ils ont commises, aux tentations et aux occasions qui pourraient les séduire. Rémarquez que plusieurs enfans trouvent l'occasion de se perdre de la part de ceux avec qui ils couchent. On leur demandera donc quels sont ceux avec qui ils couchent: si c'est avec leur père et mère, avec leur frère ou sœur, avec le domestique ou la servante,—et hors de la maison, avec qui. Combien d'enfants perdent leur innocence en couchant, après l'age de quatre ans, avec leur père et mère, avec une servante ou un autre enfant d'un sexe différent! C'est ce qu'on doit défendre aux parents. On leur demandera aussi s'ils badinent en se couchant, en se levant, ou dans le lit; s'ils y font quelque mal et quel mal.'

And then, take again the case of female farm servants. There is no class for whom so little has been done—or of whom so little is known. Probably, many persons do not realize the situation of those girls—say from eighteen to twenty-five—hired at statute fairs, and for that year absolute serfs, unable to leave their masters' service, whatever be their danger, except in case of such gross ill-treatment as seldom occurs. Many a reader's blood must have boiled at the decision of a

Gloucestershire bench of magistrates, some few years ago, when a girl was brought before them, charged with having left the farm-service for which she was hired, because the only way to the loft where she slept was through a room in which several men lay, the loft and the room being without any door between the two. We have not the case before us, and cannot therefore state the exact number of days for which she was *imprisoned*. Often not in bed till twelve, obliged to be up at four, the poor farm-servant is everybody's slave: treated as if she had no soul; so worn out at night that she can hardly keep her eyes open to undress:—as to church, the thing is out of the question. Now then we ask, what can save—humanly speaking—such an one, but the earnest vigilance which confession, and that alone, can exercise?[1]

And will any one ever forget that the Bishop of Carlisle, in the very same charge in which he congratulated his clergy that they were absolutely exempt from 'the filth of the confessional,' complained that, in the statistics of impurity, that diocese,—with scarcely a large town to be a hotbed of corruption,—stood pre-eminent among the counties of England?

We do not deny the danger of thus dealing with the consciences of very early youth: and no earnest priest ever approached the task without an earnest cry to Him Who giveth wisdom liberally, and upbraideth not. *Plus profuit ignorantia mali quam cognitio boni* is a sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold. This, beyond all things else, has been insisted on by those who have treated on the subject of confession: that to keep a child in the innocence of ignorance is the greatest favour that you can bestow on that child. How difficult is the office of a confessor; but how difficult also to deal with souls at all!

But to pass to sins of a less dangerous character. And here

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[1] On the very day on which we are writing, the following occurs in the *Morning Star*, with reference to Carlisle; the very place, be it remembered, to which the Bishop's words, as above quoted, must principally refer:—

'Martinmas Hiring.—On Saturday, being the annual Martinmas hiring, the city was crowded with young men and women, farmers' servants, in search of fresh masters. From the early morning the streets presented a very lively appearance, the lasses, with rosy cheeks, decked in gay ribbons, and the lads donned in bran new corduroy, crowded into the town from the adjacent country. At mid-day the streets were almost impassable, and the public-houses and other places of public refreshment contained all day a perpetual bevy of country customers. There were the customary rejoicing and dancing parties, in some cases kept up till a late hour: and, so far as we were able to gather, less than the usual number of public-house brawls, and only one case of detected pocket-picking. On the whole, this rustic holiday had, perhaps, rather fewer exceptionable phases than would be presented by any equal number of English holiday makers from any other class of the community, and will, no doubt, be remembered in after years as among the sunny days of their youth.' Will it indeed?

we will avail ourselves of the words of a writer who is treating the same subject as ourselves:—

'Two priests, equally zealous, devote a certain portion of their time to the care of their schools. The one opens with prayer, questions in the catechism, interrogates the first class on the history of Elijah, and the second on that of Moses, and the third on that of our LORD; and after spending an hour and a half, returns home with a very comfortable notion of his efficiency. True, one of the boys who has distinguished himself above the rest, that morning stole a sixpence, which will be his first step in a downward course of dishonesty; true, one of the quickest and most intelligent among his girls has been hoarding up her money to purchase a piece of finery, which she will buy in the afternoon, and that finery will lead her step by step to her ruin. But what does he, what, with his present system, *can* he know of all this? He moralises, on his way back, on the high privileges which England enjoys in its schools and in its education; and when some three or four years hence, he learns that one of those of whose blessings he thought so highly, is in prison for shoplifting, and another an outcast from her father's house, and from society, he will think, How little can means avail without the grace of GOD! Undoubtedly; but he will not go on to inquire, *Had* these two guilty ones the means which they ought to have had? Does not the fault in some degree lie at his door?

'For, let us turn to the other priest; what does he feel of the manner in which his charge of these children is to be carried out? He knows where the battle with the wickedness of their hearts is to be fought, and how. Not in the school-room, but in the church, or (more probably) in his own study; not by learning that Jotham was the son of Uzziah, but being shown how to resist, and encouraged till they overcome, the sin that doth most easily beset them. That priest will soon have heard the story of the stolen sixpence; he will not be very long in finding out the covetous desire of finery. The sin is confessed, if need be, openly, and the shame manfully borne—and it is forgiven. The intended purchase is not made; the first step in the downward course is not taken, and the hour's work of the priest has, though he knows it not, saved two souls.'

Two questions of unanswerable importance have to be discussed, with those who hold that the practice of the English Church is in favour of confession—the one its frequency; the other its totality.

As to the first. Most true, say many of the so-called defenders of confession, most undeniable, that the Church of England teaches absolution, teaches confession, but as the exception, not the rule: it may be sometimes, it is not to be often; occasional confession she approves, habitual confession she dislikes. Now two questions ought carefully to be kept distinct, which are too often confused together. We are not going to lay down a trenchant rule either way; we do not say that everybody who confesses ought to confess habitually, nor do we say that nobody ought to confess habitually. If spiritual conditions differ, so ought spiritual remedies to differ. We speak now only of the law of the Church of England. A man has a perfect right to disapprove of habitual confession, to argue against it, to point out its evils, its possible abuses;

to say that it interferes with the proper functions of conscience; to maintain, especially in what is called *diduction*, that it enervates the intellect: but he has no right to say that the Church of England pronounces an opinion one way or the other. There is absolutely nothing, from one end of the Prayer-book to the other, which bears on the subject. We have no more right to say that she discourages frequent confession, than that she would have it weekly. We have allowed it to be said, till those who say it have really come to believe it, that 'the spirit of the Church is against it.' Witness, among others, the lucubrations of the *Guardian* on the subject in question; and in the midst of its nicely balanced antitheses of favour to this side and to that, of alternate encouragement and warning, incitement and restriction, on this spirit of the Church, it contained a sensible remark worth quoting:—

'But, in nine cases out of ten, the "spirit of the Church of England," means the spirit of the speaker. High Churchmen and Low Churchmen alike appeal to the so-called spirit of the Church, not because they have carefully ascertained it, but because they are resolved to appeal to something, and cannot appeal to her literal statements. And in most of these cases it is just as easy to make out a case on one side as on the other. No better instance can be taken than the present. The case of Confession lies in a nutshell. Three or four authoritative passages are all that can be relied upon. It is the common case of a limited command. One man says, The spirit of the Church is shown by the command. If she positively enjoins so much, she would surely approve much more. Another says, The spirit of the Church is shown by the limitation. Recommending so much, she would certainly, if she had thought it admissible, have recommended more.'

When, then, the Bishops, so generally, speak of habitual confession being discouraged by the English Church, the question may be fairly asked, Where? Many will take the stand which Pascal and his associates held with regard to the five famous propositions,—If they *are* in the *Augustinus* of Jansenius, they can be *shown* there; show them us, and the controversy is at an end. In like manner it will be argued, If the Church of England discourages frequent confession, she must do so *somewhere*; show the passage, and obedience will follow. In the meantime, men cannot be blamed for not obeying a law which cannot be pointed out. You say that she discourages it: it is replied that she neither pronounces for nor against it; that she leaves the frequency or the rarity to the especial case; and on that assertion people will act, and will go to confession habitually, if the exercise is found to be to their soul's health, till the passage forbidding it can be discovered.

It has been not unfairly asked:—

'It would have been well had the Bishop stated what "these rare and exceptional cases" are; I do not understand to what he alludes. Does

be mean before the reception of the sacrament? but that must be three times in the year at the least, and many persons receive it much oftener. Does he refer to sickness? but that happens to most men often in their lives; and surely the spiritual exercises lawful and profitable then are as much so in health. Does he allude to the case of a disquieted conscience? but in persons with strong religious feelings, the conscience is very often disquieted, and ought to be so in others who have them not.

'The assertion of the Bishop is, I think, shown to be without foundation by the authorities I have previously adduced. But there are other reasons which concur to prove this.

'1. It will be observed that the directions in the Prayer-book, and in so much of the preceding Canons as remain in force, are without any restriction or limitation whatever in point of time, and are entirely affirmative. But it is a well-known rule in logic, that you cannot draw a negative restricted or limited conclusion from an affirmative and unrestricted premise. So here the proposition being, that whenever a person before Communion is disquieted in conscience, whenever he is sick, he may confess: you cannot from this deduce any conclusion whatever as to any time when he is *not* to confess. The test is easy. Suppose a person to be a weekly communicant, to continue that habit for years, to have a very tender conscience, and consequently before each Communion to be disquieted in conscience, and to seek to have his mind quieted, by opening his grief, and confessing his sin to another according to the precept of S. James,—could it be contended with success that this habit was not sanctioned by the Church of England? I think not.

'But further, a *minimum* being recommended or directed, is no exclusion of a *maximum*, but rather presupposes it. Thus in the Westerton case, the direction to cover the Communion Table with "*a* carpet of silk or other decent stuff" was held to authorize several carpets of various colours to be put upon it at different and set times. "It is consonant to law," says Lyndewood, "to affirm that this mode of speech in the singular number, contains in itself the plural also." If I am recommended to attend Church on Sundays, does that therefore discountenance my attendance during week days? If the law compels me to go a mile, that is no reason why I should not go twain. When I am asked to give alms at the Offertory, that cannot imply that I am not to give alms at other times. So neither does the recommendation to "open griefs" to a "Minister" before Communion.'

Of far greater importance is the totality of confession, by which we mean the question, whether one sin may be confessed by itself and absolved by itself. And here, again, writers like Mr. Newland, and divines of his ingenious school, unhesitatingly answer, Yes. Now, were it not for one little word, we should say that, at first sight, the phraseology of the Prayer-book is on their side, so far at least as the exhortation in the Communion Service is concerned. Did we take the words as they stand there, without any further inquiry, we might be disposed to conclude that one 'weighty matter' might be confessed alone, and be absolved alone. And we know that, in point of fact, this is a very common practice. A man is troubled in mind for some especial sin—perhaps as often as anything else, dishonesty—summons up courage, goes to his clergyman,

confesses it; and the chances are that, if that Clergyman be a 'high Churchman,' he gives the penitent absolution.

But, in the first place, when we come to look at the formula of absolution itself, we find that it cannot be used, at least in any but a non-natural sense: 'I absolve thee from ALL thy sins.' What! absolve from all, if one only has been mentioned? The difficulty has been felt, and we know of more than one instance in which the form has been altered into, 'I absolve thee from this thy sin.' We need scarcely remark—but that we have heard the objection made *bonâ fide*—that the objection does not apply to all confession subsequent to the first. '*All* thy sins' means, of course, all that have to be confessed—all that are unabsolved, all which can, to speak technically, form the matter of the Sacrament.

Thus, then, were this all, we should call it a matter of gross negligence had the Church of England, intending to allow of partial confession, supplied us with a form only which cannot apply to it. But we have to remember something of far greater importance. The Prayer-book presupposes and assumes a large undefined, but therefore recognised, body of religious feeling and ecclesiastical practice. At the time of the Reformation, the whole theory and practice of confession was perfectly well known. No man would have dreamed of a partial confession. The Church must have laid down, clearly and unmistakeably, that she meant it to be allowed, had this been her intention, exactly as she *did* lay down, clearly and unmistakeably, that she meant confession no longer to be compulsory. She no more prescribed the matter, than she did the manner, of the rite. We, indeed, with enlarged experience, know how soon things which seem universally known, will be generally forgotten;—and can see that various matters, taken for granted in the Prayer-book, ought to have been put down in black and white. But it is only the simplest fact that the exhortation before Confession, the form of Absolution, and the following Prayer, in our present Visitation Office, are taken with scarcely a verbal change from the old Salisbury Manual, that is to say from the recognised, and so far established form of what is called Auricular Confession; the forms being retained retain the thing. Can there be a stronger proof that the Confession in both is the same? Again, there is another consideration.

Never be it forgotten that we are bound by the old English constitutions and canons, so far as they are not contradicted by some subsequent enactment of Church and State. To confess *every* remembered sin had been enjoined in many and many a constitution from the Council of Latern downwards. And other facts the Reformers might reasonably trust.

But, even had the Church of England seemed to allow the practice, we should have been taught by her in other parts of her ritual a more excellent way. In this surely, above all things, we are bound to regard, as she so expressly teaches us, the Lirinensian dogma. The question would then turn on this: Is partial absolution worth anything? Can it justify the sinner? Can it restore one who is out of grace to a state of grace? If, according to the rule which the Church of England has herself given us, it *cannot*:—then the fact that the Church had not forbidden it (even if it were so) could not justify us in using it. For example, if any priest choose to employ as his formula of absolution that in the Daily Service, or that in the Communion Office, he could not be said to impugn any positive precept of the English Church; but his employing this would not therefore absolve his penitent, or be equivalent to *I absolve thee from all thy sins.*

But is partial confession, therefore, by universal consent, invalid? We are not writing a theological article; and, therefore, we confine ourselves to this fact, which is capable of historical proofs. The necessity of a detailed confession of sins was never denied, except by confessed and acknowledged heretics, till the Reformation. Passages in the very earliest centuries, which ought to be *loca classica* on the subject, are:—

In Tertullian:—

'Plerosque publicationem sui aut suffugere, aut de die in diem differre præsumo, pudoris magis memores quam salutis: velut illi qui, in partibus verecundioribus corporis contractâ vexatione, conscientiam medentium vitant, et ita cum erubescentiâ suâ pereunt . . . videlicet si quid humanæ nolitiæ subduxerimus, proinde et Deum celabimus?'—*De Pœnitent.*

In Origen:—

'If we have done anything in secret, or have committed sin in the hidden thoughts of the heart,—all will be published by him who is at once the accuser of, and inciter to, sin. If, therefore, in our lifetime, we are beforehand with him, and become our own accusers, we shall escape the malice of the devil.'—*In Levit. Hom.* 3.

S. Cyprian:—

'How much better are they both in faith and hope, who, although forced thereto by no open crime of sacrifice or *libellus*, yet, since the thought of such a thing entered into their mind, confess this also to the Priests of God in simplicity and sorrow.'—*Serm. de Lapsis.*

S. Gregory of Nyssa:—

'Show with all confidence to him [the Priest] the hidden secrets of the mind, as thou wouldest make manifest hidden wounds to the physician.'—*Orat. in Mul. Peccat.*

These are the most striking of early passages: in later centuries the authorities are numberless.

It is not often that so fair a writer as Mr. Newland can be complained of resorting to mere ingenuity for his arguments: but, while these pages are going through the press, he has printed a letter which seems to require a brief notice. Mr. Newland is one of the most earnest advocates of the doctrine, that absolution may be given on a partial confession; in defence of which position he argues thus:—

'I would ask my friends, whether they hold that confession in the Church of England is *compulsory*. I feel no manner of doubt but that they would both, with one accord, exclaim,—"Not compulsory, certainly." In this I fully agree with them. I do not see how they could arrive at any other conclusion. But I would have them consider what they mean by this word. Strictly speaking, I know of no such thing as compulsory confession, except confession on the rack: all other is voluntary. What they mean by the expression "compulsory," therefore, is confession under pain of being refused absolution; for that is the only penal clause in the power of the Church.'

And, in illustration of this, he goes on to put a case from the Swedish Communion: and thus continues to argue with his antagonist, of whom he writes, that,—

'Instead of a Welsh priest, he shall be for the time a Swedish Pfarherr.

'He will not have been long in the enjoyment of his Præstgaard before some such scene as this will occur. A man or woman will knock at the door of his study, and will say to him:—"Reverend Sir, I desire earnestly to partake of the True Body and the True Blood of my Saviour (for thus our Scandinavian friends, not having the fear of Exeter Hall before their eyes, are accustomed to speak of the Holy Communion); but my sins stand as a cloud between me and my Lord. I do certify to you that I have recounted all of them before God; that I am sincerely penitent for them all; and that I do stedfastly purpose to lead a new life, in the strength of that blessed Sacrament which I seek. I, therefore, request humbly of you, reverend sir, that you will be pleased to grant me that absolution which my Lord has placed in your hands for the benefit of me, a penitent sinner." I will not undertake to say that these are the very words: for it is twenty years since I was in Sweden, and I have not thought much about it since; indeed, I have some doubts whether there is any *set* form of words at all in their Prayer-book for this part of the "Office of *Communion-schrift*;" but, at all events, this is the substance of what they do say.

'Now, I would ask my Welsh friend whether, under these circumstances, he would consider himself justified in refusing the absolution requested, and in compelling confession under pain of refusing it? If he would, then he and I are on different roads; for his notion of confession is as compulsory as any Church can make it.'

Now is it possible that any one, much more a clever writer like Mr. Newland, can fail to see that what makes confession compulsory or not, is not the giving or withholding absolution,—but the giving or withholding the Blessed Sacrament, according as confession is made or not? The compulsion the Roman Church does, and the English Church does not, exercise, is simply this: The former says, Confess, or I refuse you the Holy Sacrament of

the Lord's Body and Blood,—in other words, You shall not be in my communion. The English Church gives the same Blessed Sacrament without any other confession than that in the Communion Service. *This* is the compulsion: not the denial of priestly absolution, which Mr. Newland seems, in this same letter, to make essential to salvation.

But we will tell Mr. Newland what the co-religionists of his Swedish friends did about 180 years ago. In 1670, the ministers of Strasburg—at that time a German free city—revised their ritual; and, unable to make any alterations without the acquiescence of the civil power, included their proposed changes in thirty-one articles, under the form of question and answer. The document contained forty-nine pages, of which the article on private confession embraced twenty-seven. In this they deprecate the then existing custom of general confession, and dwell on the necessity of making it auricular and detailed. They quote the eleventh article of the Confession of Augsburg, the Apology of that Confession, the eighth article of Smalcald, a dozen of the most esteemed Lutheran authors, in its defence. And why was not their recommendation carried out? Because the magistrates wrote at the side of the proposal,—*This change must not be introduced.* So far, then, as the Lutherans of Strasburg are concerned, it is the civil, and not the ecclesiastical, power which agrees with Mr. Newland's views.

Do we, then, think it possible, that the practice of Confession should remain on the same footing on which it stands at present? Most certainly not. We want, strictly speaking, no alteration, but simply a development of those rules which still exist. Assuming—in common with almost all Anglican divines—that the Church of England meant to make no difference between her own confession before the Reformation and after it, save only in the one point of its being non-compulsory, we yet feel that rules are needed,—*α.* As to the minister; *β.* As to the form; *γ.* As to the place of confession. These we need in common with Rome: but the non-compulsory nature of our own rite renders yet another restriction necessary,—*δ.* As to those who are to be received to confession.

α. As to the minister. Now here, as every one knows, our Prayer-book, as it stands, gives the Power of the Keys as unrestrictedly as Christ Himself bestowed them. 'Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister,' allowing any penitent to go to any priest: here our Church breaks up,—*quoad* this office—the Parochial system,—and lays no further limit to her permission than that he who desires to confess should believe the priest to whom he 'opens his grief' to be 'discreet and learned.' But, as every one also knows, in the Roman Church,

not every priest, but only he who is 'approved,' and he only for the time that he is approved, can give absolution, except only *in extremis*. Further, that in most dioceses, certain cases of extreme sin are reserved to the Bishop; and certain others to the See of Rome. The case is the same, for the most part, in the Eastern Church, where we have a distinct office for 'making a confessor,'—and where he that is so made receives a document called the ἐνταλτήριον, whereby the λειτούργημα τῆς πνευματικῆς πατρότητος is conferred on him; though here there are no reserved cases. Now, surely it would be desirable to fix a certain age, beneath which confessions, except *in extremis*, are not to be received. A man—we had almost said a *lad*—of four-and-twenty, called to receive the confession of some hoary sinner,—or of some Belgravian *belle*,—would find either pretty much beyond his power of comprehension. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* Michelet, in his 'Priests, Women, and Families,' has some excellent remarks on this subject,—where he represents a Parisian lady, whose life is one long intrigue of fashion and its adjuncts, kneeling to the young priest but just set free from the seminary,—and here, instead of his directing her, it is she who in very truth is directing him, and in the wrong direction too. As a man can be a bishop at thirty, it would be impossible to fix the period at which he may become a confessor *later* than that: but surely it ought not to be very much earlier.

β. Then, *secondly*, There surely ought to be some kind of examination, as to whether the future confessor has mastered the first and easiest principles of casuistry. In the Caroline times they at least were more careful on this head. Jeremy Taylor and Sanderson—to say nothing of other divines—were able, if not always sound, casuists. But, as it is, a young man may find himself called on to hear a confession, who has never given a moment's thought to the subject;—never read a page on it;—is profoundly and confessedly ignorant of its first principles. Were the thing possible, how we should wish that a work on the general principles of confession, adapted to our times and to our nation, could meet with some, however faint, semi-official quasi-sanction, could be recommended by one of our prelates as 'a good book on the whole!' But were such a publication attempted, we know what would be the result:—how meetings would be summoned in a hundred town-halls against this second Dens,—and how the howl poured forth against it would soon dispose of any episcopal approbation which it might have received. If we had to recommend a few works on the subject—such as might be tolerably sufficient for the parish priest's library—they would be,

The *Institutio Confessariorum* of Saint Charles Borromeo;

The Mechlin Catechism, which stands at the head of this article;

The *Instructio Confessariorum* of Gaspar Loarte; and

The *Institutio Confessariorum* of Martin Fornarius (these two may be had bound together); and the *Amor Pœnitens* of Neercassel, Bishop of Castoria: a work, the deep learning of which is only exceeded by its piety and unction.

γ. But, *thirdly*, We are also inclined to believe that a confessor should be a married man. There are many reasons for this. The danger to himself under peculiar cases, if he be not: the far greater insight it gives him into the especial wants and failings of children, and, to some extent, of women: the greater obstacle which is opposed to any idea of earthly affection arising between the priest and the penitent. For let us have courage to look the matter in the face, and not concern ourselves for the laughter of our Roman friends or Roman enemies. This has been proved, by unhappy experience in our Church, no impossibility. As things stand at present, the mere declaration of a priest that he intends to live a celibate life is worth nothing: hence the desirability of having married confessors only. In the Eastern Church, where the marriage of the priesthood involves a complication unknown to the West, the custom is that the wives and families of the secular clergy should confess to the protopope of the district.

But however this may be, the necessity of some examination before a priest could be licensed as a confessor is self-evident. The profound ignorance of the commonest rules of casuistry, or the first principles of moral philosophy on the one hand, and the total want of acquaintance with the working of the human mind on the other, render this essential. But, in all these matters, we are at present met by an insuperable difficulty.

What, if the bishop of the diocese shall have declared his resolution 'to put down' confession? What, when he withdraws the licence of any curate who practises it, and refuses a curate to the incumbent who is known to approve it? If we are to go to such an one for licences to receive confession, the whole thing will be at once crushed. No: sad as the state of things now is, it must remain so, until the practice of confession, in health as well as in sickness, is openly recognised in, and sanctioned by, the Church of England.

But what, things remaining as they are, if an individual bishop were to forbid any of his clergy to receive confession (save *in extremis*) without undergoing an examination, and receiving a licence from him? while guaranteeing that licence, *bonâ fide*, to such as shall pass that examination, and promising a sufficient

supply of discreet and learned ministers for his diocese, what then would be the duty of his clergy?

We are not given to exaggerate episcopal authority, nor are we desirous to turn our bishops into little popes. But in such a case, the priests of that diocese would, without doubt, be necessarily bound to submit to such an examination, and to abstain from exercising their innate right without such a licence. We do not mean to say that, while the Church of England gives the exercise of the power of the keys so widely and unrestrainedly as she does, any such limitation on the part of a diocesan could deprive his priests of their jurisdiction, did they choose to exercise it. It would then be a case of *fieri non debuit, factum valet,* and the laity would probably give an emphasis to the authority of their diocesan, by resorting only to such priests as he should have approved.

For see, if the rite were publicly sanctioned, how much that is obnoxious to public feeling would at once be done away. The secrecy with which a confession is now almost necessarily conducted is one of the things most abhorrent to English ideas. Yet, to receive it, openly, before GOD and man, in a church would, as things are, be almost impossible. We do not mean that the so-called confessional which has sprung up on the Continent within the last two centuries is either necessary or desirable. Till after the Reformation, as may be seen in illuminations and similar drawings, the priest simply sat on an ordinary chair, and the penitent knelt by his side; and if it were ever felt that a material partition between them were desirable, all we can say is, GOD help the Church which is in such a state of corruption!

Again, the very position of the priest, strange as it may seem, needs to be defined. We have heard of more than one instance in which he, as well as the penitent, is in the habit of *kneeling.* Further, it is not unusual to lay the hand on the head of the penitent during the pronunciation of the words of absolution: a practice, it is needless to say, for which there neither is, nor ever was, the slightest authority.

It would be well, also, that a particular form of absolution should be authorized. We know, indeed, that the form has always varied exceedingly; and that while the words, 'I absolve 'thee from all thy sins, in the name of the FATHER, and of the 'SON, and of the HOLY GHOST,' are pronounced, the adjuncts are of little moment; yet it would spare much trouble, if one particular form of words were enjoined. Surely, this might be done by each bishop in his own diocese, till it shall be possible for the Church of England to authorize it in her corporate capacity.

δ. As to the other point of restriction of those who are to

go to confession, all that we say at present is that *some* regulation is necessary.

And now, one word in conclusion.

It is all very well, in complaisance to a howling Protestant public, to promise that confession shall be '*put down*,'—no doubt it is possible to persecute the incumbents, and it is very easy to ostracise the curates who practise it. But we would earnestly call on our Fathers in God to look at the question calmly and dispassionately. The number of those who confess is increasing daily; increasing in an accelerated ratio; increasing with a force that cannot be resisted: increasing too (to a far greater extent than authorities are aware of) among men; increasing, too, as we are assured, the more since public notice has been attracted to confession. Now, what do they intend to do with respect to these persons? Our Bishops know that the Church of England—to say the very least—*allows* confession. They know that if any of her priests were to refuse to hear one, he would render himself liable to civil penalties. They cannot stop it. It is only, we believe, the learning and judgment and wisdom which are so prominent in the present occupant of the see of Carlisle, which has ventured to denounce confession as such. Others may consider it to be only the result of morbid sentimentality on the part of penitents, or of arrogance on the part of the clergy. But this cannot be the case with all our bishops. As to the dangers—dangers accruing alike to those who make and to those who receive confessions—we are at one with those of our bishops who are most sensitively alive to them: and we would gladly believe that it is only in an earnest and devout dread of those dangers, certainly not to earn the questionable honour of being selected as 'model bishops' by that eminent preacher of righteousness, *Punch*, that some of our bishops have spoken only on one side with respect to confession. Of course they do not desire to drive those who know the blessing, the comfort, the untold benefits of confession, to seek absolution in another communion. But do they really mean this? Would any bishop venture to say,—'I had rather that those of my laity 'who are in the habit of regular confession, and will not give it 'up, went over to Rome'? If they would, God forgive *them*, and have pity on their poor flock!—but, if they would not, we conjure them to pause in their present system. Now we do not believe that the authorities would have expressed themselves as they have occasionally done, had they known the undercurrent which is setting in towards the object of their special hatred. Look at Evangelicalism in 1790 and in 1840. Hated, abhorred, ridiculed, persecuted at the former epoch, it becomes the dominant religious power at the latter;—and in half that

time had fairly put on its 'silver slippers.' It is not impossible that the doctrines and practices which are now so unpopular may, in twenty years (for the march of events is infinitely more rapid than half a century ago) be recognised and authoritative. But however that may be, we would earnestly entreat authorities to pause, ere they commit themselves to further opposition. Confession must and will prevail,—in the Church of England or out of it. We need not say that our most earnest prayer would seek for the regulation of such confession as the Church of England has always sanctioned;—it will be the fault of our bishops, if it assumes a development out of it. Let them regulate what they cannot prohibit, and what, giving them, as they deserve, credit for zeal for the salvation of souls, they really do not wish to prohibit.

We cannot dismiss this subject without appending to it a curious testimony to the reality of the movement which issues in the revived attention to Confession. The Irvingite communion is publishing a series of tracts called 'Tracts for the Church' (Bosworth). No IX. is dedicated to 'The Confessional.' In the theology, or theosophy, of this communion, every event is a sign of the times: and, without of course committing ourselves to the moral which Mr. Drummond's friends draw from the revival of confession, we accept this very independent testimony to the extent and importance of the fact itself. And although authorities may say that *we* speak only as party organs, 'Irvingites' may at least stand as unexceptionable witnesses to the mere matter of fact.

'One of the events of the present time which is greatly agitating the minds of men—at least in this land, where the signs of the times are to be looked for more than in any other, because in this land there is more liberty for that which is working in the heart of human society to show itself than in any other—one of the most stirring and troubling marks of the day is the effort which many of the clergy are making to lead the people into the practice of private as well as of public confession of their sins. They are re-asserting the doctrine of the power of the Priesthood—trying to lift up and to show to all men the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven which were given to the heads of Christ's priesthood in the beginning, to be used by them, and by those who should come after them unto the end—until the Kingdom of Heaven should be opened to the last believer. The things which men do, in every age, to change for the better, as they think, their moral condition, they either do as yielding to God's Spirit, who is introducing such changes by them; or as imitating His work which He has already begun to do by others; or as under evil inspiration forestalling, in order to mar some work which He is about to be engaged in. The efforts to revive the spiritual authority and power of the Christian priesthood in these days, good or bad, throw light upon what God has intimated that He

would do before the end of this dispensation, and which we believe He has begun. Before the end of the Christian dispensation, the highest moral phenomenon to be seen, "The sign in heaven," as it were, is a Divine revival of the power of Christianity. The state of the Church next in time before the very last, experiences this revival. God summons His people to meet Him, and gives them time and means to prepare for the meeting. One of the marks of that revival is the reproduction of the Key of the Kingdom of Heaven. In the setting up of His Church upon the earth the Lord gave the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven to His ministers; in the last revival of it, He announces Himself as still the holder of the Key—the key of the house of David, the key of the kingdom, the house of the king. He reminds His Church, towards the time of the end, of the doctrine of the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, as if that doctrine had been forgotten, or held in unrighteousness and in vain. He appears again as the giver of the key of the House of David, as if He had not given it long before; or, having given it before, had to renew the gift, because of failure and disappointment intervening between His first bestowal and His subsequent renewal. Those to whom He first entrusted the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven were not allowed freely to use them. The world would not receive the Spirit, and therefore saw no use or worth in the instruments of His conveyance. When the Head of the Church would perfect His body, when He finds a people with their hearts steadily fixed upon perfection, He reminds them of that which He gave for their perfecting in the beginning, which He hath still to give unto them. If they will allow His ministry of grace, then they shall know their sin, and shall confess it in the light of God's lov ; they shall receive His absolution, and receive the earnest of His kingdom. If God has revived truth of confession and power of absolution, let us take care that we receive into our souls all the blessing involved in this revival. He has shown us the sins which it behoves Christians to repent of, the sins which Christians alone of all men could have committed. He has put the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven again into the hands of men, that "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost" might be our portion. Let us be true and earnest with God, and He will not disappoint us. He will enable us to say that we have seen His salvation, to testify unto all "that He has visited His people." Let us not neglect His great salvation; but let us rather be of those by whom "the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, who take it by force." And let no one be surprised if that which provoked the anger of the religious, in the end of the Jewish dispensation, shall awaken the indignation of the same class in the end of the Christian dispensation also—even the right of men, the Ministers of the Son of Man, dispensing the salvation of God. Let us not say in pride we will go to God Himself for the forgiveness of our sins, and the cleansing of our hearts, and will not encourage priestcraft by seeking to have our forgiveness assured to us by men's lips, and God's Spirit conveyed to us by men's hands; but let us rather rejoice that He who become man for our sakes so dealeth with us, in all His ways of blessing, as always to keep in our memory and in our heart His first and greatest proof of His love and condescension towards us.'

NOTICES.

Mr. James Martineau's 'Studies of Christianity' (Longmans) are not likely to find or to seek acceptance in our eyes, or in those of our readers. Yet we can very well afford to say that they are the production of a remarkable man, written with great spirit and in excellent language. Further, Mr. Martineau has the merit, so rare among polemical writers, of throwing himself into the attitude, and even spirit, of those from whom he dissents. Of course the advanced liberalism of Unitarianism, and especially of that Unitarianism, and something more, or rather less, than Unitarianism which Mr. Martineau expounds with a prophet-like energy of conviction ought always to be candid and generous; but it is not. The more credit, therefore, to Mr. Martineau for fairly representing the liberal spirit which he professes. Of course he can afford to do this; for he looks with an equal disregard, which is only too passionless to be scornful or contemptuous, upon the divisions of Christendom. If, then, Mr. Martineau is not at the trouble of taking a side in the discussions and divisions which prevail in the extant Christianity, his testimony to the mere fact of what the wrangling disputants (whom he looks down upon with such superior impartiality) hold has remarkable value. On this account we extract a passage, which is not without its value:—

'The Office of Communion in the English Church contains even stronger 'marks of the same sacerdotal superstitions: and, notwithstanding the 'Protestant horror entertained of the Mass, approaches it so nearly, that 'no ingenuity can exhibit them in contrast. Near doctrines, however, like 'near neighbours, are known to quarrel most. The idea of a physical 'sanctity residing in solid and liquid substances is encouraged by this 'service. . . . The sacredness, by consecration imparted, is represented as 'surviving the celebration, and residing in the substances as a permanent 'quality. . . . What the particular change may be, it is by no means easy 'to determine; but it is certainly conceived that they cease to be any 'longer mere bread and wine, and that with them henceforth co-exist, 'really and substantially, the body and blood of Christ. Respecting this '*Real Presence* with the elements, there is no dispute between the Romish 'and English Church: both unequivocally maintain it; and the only 'question is respecting the *Real Absence* of the original and culinary 'bread and wine; the Roman Catholic believing that these substantially 'vanish, and are replaced by the body and blood of Christ: the English 'Protestant conceiving that they remain, but are united with the latter '. . . the Catechism of our Church affirming that "the body and blood of 'Christ are *verily and indeed* taken," &c. And this was not intended to be 'figuratively understood of the spiritual use and appropriation to which 'the faith and piety of the receiver would mentally convert the elements: 'for although here the body of Christ is only said to be "*taken*" (making

'it the ct of the communicant), yet one of the Articles speaks of it as '"*given*" (making it the act of the celebrating priest), and implying the 'real presence before participation. However anxious, indeed, many of 'the "Evangelical" school may be to disguise the fact, it cannot be 'doubted that their Church has always maintained a supernatural change 'in the elements themselves, as well as in the mind of the receiver.'—Pp. 51—53.

We are not saying that Mr. Martineau's language is always technically accurate; but his witness to the broad general meaning and doctrine of the English Church, written long before the Denison or Aberdeen controversy, is as important as full.

Since the days of the gentle Prioress Juliana Berners, we do not remember that a lady has given herself to the science of heraldry. Mrs.—or is it Miss?—Millington on 'Heraldry, its History, Poetry, and Romance' (Chapman and Hall), has revived the fame of the old 'Boke of St. Albans.' Not very methodical, but always interesting, and always of a right spirit, we know few books which serve better to vindicate the place which heraldry has in the study of history and archæology than this. Unless we are mistaken, the words quoted at p. 104 from Professor Blunt were said of religious houses generally, and not of the Hospitallers in particular.

The subject is not one in which we feel especial interest; and if any of our readers remember the Drummond schism in Scotland, they will, if so disposed, find in a long and lugubrious pamphlet called 'Truth Vindicated,' &c. (Simpkin) how Mr. Drummond quarrelled or parted with his curate, one Mr. Hibbs, and how Mr. Hibbs did not like to be parted with, and how divers recriminations passed about the relative 'acceptableness' of Mr. Drummond and Mr. Hibbs to the frequenters of Mr. Drummond's conventicle; and how in the end, Mr. Hibbs, having no bishop to appeal to, and being dismissed without remedy, set up a rival conventicle to that of Mr. Drummond. It appears that all this is an old, and far from interesting, story, and its only moral to us is, that schism has a polypus-like life, and tends to constant reproduction by abscission, or rather it sloughs off in particles which have just sufficient vitality to engender another separation and then to die. As a library curiosity, the pamphlet is valuable, as showing how gentlemen of Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Hibbs' views can say the most rude and insolent things of each other in the most unctuous and flabby language. Mr. Drummond dismisses Mr. Hibbs because, 'after 'prayerful deliberation, he has reason to fear that the desires of his beloved 'people after spiritual nourishment are not satisfied by Mr. Hibbs' ministra-'tions.' Mr. Hibbs says it was because he, Hibbs, preached against the opera. Taking the two statements together, we suppose it means that under Hibbs the pew-rents fell off. *Non nostrum est*, &c.

'Why are our Churches closed?' (J. H. Parker) is a warm and sensible appeal by a layman to those in authority, to wipe away a patent scandal from our Church. The writer, we believe, has a name which is identified with good service to our communion, and he is willing to carry on an ancestral service of loyalty to the Church of England. He can therefore endure to be assured, that the evil of which he complains is a consequence

rather than a cause. We have done, and are doing, our best to persuade people that religion consists in preaching and protesting, and we must take the consequences of our success. When they have learned that it means prayer, we can more safely open our churches for private devotions than we can do at present.

Mr. Masson, a Professor in the London University, has just published the first volume of a 'Life of Milton' (Macmillan), which, if completed on its present scale, promises to be about as long as the Byzantine Historians. Eight hundred pages of solid print bring us to Milton just returning from Italy; that is to say, before his real life, or at least that life about which anybody cares, had begun. We are not saying that Mr. Masson's book is devoid of interest, but it is about as tedious as anything we ever read. Not only does Milton's biographer run down every lane that turns off the high-road of his hero's life, but gropes in all the ditches and fishes in most of the ponds within, and in many without, his sight. Mr. Masson is strongly prejudiced against Laud and Strafford, so much so as to merge the historian in the partisan; but, except when he attempts to do a little in Mr. Carlyle's style, he generally writes agreeably, though with an insufferable prolixity. He is, however, much more at home in literature than either in politics or polemics.

The transfer of that useful institution, the Architectural Museum, to. Brompton from Westminster, has occasioned a change, or rather an expansion, of its purpose. There are now regular courses of instruction in Art to mechanics, and the course of the present season has been inaugurated by a lecture on the 'Common Sense of Art,' by Mr. Beresford Hope (Ridgway). Perhaps it is asking the lecturer to define the undefinable if we say that we miss any clear or exhaustive definition of 'Common Sense.' At one time it seems to mean all Mr. Ruskin's lamps lighted at once; and at another, Progress; and at another, Eclecticism: and though undoubtedly the lecture must be charged with this vagueness in its definition, yet it admirably fulfils the practical purpose of the writer, or rather speaker, and disposes effectually of the taunt that it is impossible thoroughly to maintain the supremacy of Pointed Art without narrowness and bigotry. Indeed, had we a fault to find, we should say that Mr. Hope's criticisms against the pedants of Gothic are almost too severe, simply because they are unlimited. The paper is well worth reading.

Mr. J. H. Parker's 'Church Calendar' is very useful. It is divided into two parts: one common to several issues, which are published, we believe, in several dioceses. Lichfield and Norwich at least have reached us. These local Almanacks are unusually full and explicit, and contain the ecclesiastical *Fasti* of the last year, a diocesan Clergy List, lists of Schools, Church Societies, and so on. In the general portion we must reclaim against the 'Liturgical Revision Society' appearing as a Church institution.

'Homely Rhymes' (Burns and Lambert) is a funny collection of little verses supposed to be taught to little Popish children. Very possibly they might be paralleled with effusions of bigotry and nonsense quite as objec-

tionable from little Protestant quarters; and when such are produced we shall be equally ready to denounce them. The author is a convert, and of course writes with the zeal, and something more than zeal, which characterises the *transfuga*. Here is a specimen of his satire in a piece called 'The Soldier's Child,' referring to a case which underwent recently a judicial decision. The School Committee and the Catholic child are the *dramatis personæ*:—

'How happy for you to be brought
From your idols of wood and of stone,
Where the Gospel's pure doctrines are taught,
And Popish corruptions unknown.

'Little Johnny cried:—"Gentlemen, no,
Don't believe all against us you hear;
No idols—" he stopp'd, for a blow
That moment came down on his ear.

'You were right; I was only a fool
To these vile Popish brats to be kind:
So take them away to the school,
Your method's the true one, I find.

'What, refusing to follow the laws!
Must the "Rules of the House" yield to you?
O then we will try with the taws,
And poor Johnny was whipt red and blue.'

Now, as this scene is simply untrue, and as it, and nothing like it ever occurred, it is rather difficult to enter into the state of mind of the writer of this abominable untruth.

'Short Lectures upon the Bible, by Prebendary Fowle' (Mozleys), is an unpretending but careful specimen of the sort of instruction given in a confirmation class to very ignorant candidates.

Mr. Lathbury is not a historian; he is gifted with little of the historical mind, and nothing of the historical method. But, for a collector of facts, he stands almost unrivalled. His literature is especially rich in contemporary documents; odd sermons, out-of-the-way pamphlets, unknown or neglected articles of visitation, local sermons, remote and vague allusions;—these he has both the faculty for apprehending, and unwearied skill and diligence in procuring. He collects, if he cannot group the materials of history, with astonishing pertinacity; and in his recent 'History of the Book of Common Prayer' (J. H. Parker) there is a review of facts which are indispensable to the student. This work will scarcely supersede any manual, but it must be used in connexion with all the extant productions on the same subject; and we welcome very heartily a volume which, as a collection of illustrative documents, has never been equalled.

An ingenious young gentleman, Mr. Bousfield, Curate of St. Andrew's Church, Islington, has spent much labour in writing what he is pleased to call 'A Sermon of One Syllable' (Hamilton); by which he means a sermon

in which every word is a monosyllable. To be sure, he can't quite make his text, 'We use great plain-ness of speech,' suit his own peculiar language. This notable fact of a monosyllabic sermon ought to be chronicled in the 'Annual Register,' and, of course, in the language which Mr. Bousfield most affects, somewhat, perhaps, after this fashion: 'In this year there 'was a goose, and he did preach in a church, and what he did preach was 'in short small words; and it was thought a strange thing that so great 'a goose should have place in which to preach at all, and type in which to 'print his goose talk.'

'The Bible History of Satan' (Hatchard) is an attempt to revive the old Dualism. The writer, a Cambridge Master of Arts, suggests that the Power of Evil is from all eternity equal to and independent of God. The *Record* is very angry with Mr. Hatchard for publishing this profanity and heresy; but really we cannot see on what grounds. The writer of it says, 'Let me not be met with the objection that what I suggest has been mixed up with the doctrines of this or that heretic who has been duly condemned by the councils of his times. What errors have not been sanctioned; what truth has not been impugned, at one time or other, by the same authority? We need have no difficulty; we have the same guide to refer to. On the Bible I base my arguments; by the Bible their truth must stand or fall.' And undoubtedly, were this all—if, as the *Record* tells us, we are not to listen to Church, Council, or Tradition—we must say, that the Cambridge Master of Arts has a perfect right, and duty too, to draw what doctrines he likes from the Bible, and the Bible only.

'Four Advent Sermons, on Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell' (Masters), by Mr. F. E. Lee, are warm and practical, and fair models of what awakening sermons should be.

'The Roman and French Empires compared by the Lamp of Scripture' (Sheffield: Leader) is written by Mr. James Whytt, Curate of Langford-cum-Little Farringdon [*sic*]. This interpretation holds out no pleasant prospects. The late Napoleon Bonaparte and the present Louis Napoleon are the first two heads of the beast, and, of course, five more are to come. 666 means Καῖσαρ Γάλλος; but though Napoleon III. is a head of the beast, he is no beast himself; and Mr. Whytt is perhaps looking out for the preferment across the Channel, which, we fear, his prophetic studies will not secure for him here, when he tells us that he 'has no doubt that it is 'highly conducive to the best interests of Christianity to pray earnestly for 'long life to the French Emperor.' The coming dynasty, however, is not likely to imitate the beneficent example of the reigning head of the beast: one of the coming five French Emperors is to transfer his capital from Paris to Jerusalem, where he is to receive divine honours—'by and by, he "will be considered the wise man who attaches himself to the cause, 'interests, and worship of the French Cæsar. Such a claim will be appre-'ciated. It will be called *the good part*, in mockery. "Are you with the 'good part, or on the good side? Are you with Bonâ Parte?" This will one 'day be a preliminary question before any business transactions.'—P. 50.

Nothing which Mr. Blew writes on his own subject—that of hymnology —can be neglected; and everything which he writes is replete with learning and spirit. His 'Letter to Mr. Upton Richards on Hymns and Hymn-books' (Rivingtons) is full of literature of a very recondite character, and of criticism on a subject on which he has a right to speak as a teacher. He speaks, and not altogether without reason, with considerable severity, both of the generality of modern hymnals, and of the mode in which they are compiled. There is something in the tone, or at least in the allusions of the latter portion of this able pamphlet, which might have been spared: we say so on critical grounds; for it is inconsistent with the general drift and argument of the Letter. Perhaps we might have alleged other reasons for regretting this conclusion of Mr. Blew's publication, had we understood it, which we are bound to say that we do not.

A publication by Mr. Parker Snow, Commander of the *Allan Gardiner*, under the title of the 'Patagonian Missionary Society' (Sherwood), places that body in a position discreditable to a Christian association.

One of the most important works of the quarter is the first volume of the 'Athenæ Cantabrigienses' (Deighton): a work which has been among the *Libri desiderati* of centuries has at length been attempted by the Messrs. Cooper, and a certain stigma is at last in progress of being washed off the University. As far as we have had opportunities of examining the first volume, which reaches to the latter portion of the sixteenth century, it appears to be executed both skilfully and carefully; at any rate, that it is begun, after so many failures, is a great thing. The chronological order has been adopted, and probably it was the only available method, though a formidable list of *addenda* and *corrigenda* attests the imperfection which must attend the principle of arrangement. In point of fact, such a work must always be considered inchoate, and its value is, to be pulled to pieces with a view to future distribution of materials. We miss—it may be prejudice—not only old Wood's folio, ugly as it was, but Bliss's Oxford *Athenæ*, in its clear and readable quartos. The references to the sources of information are highly important.

Blair's 'Grave' does not make a very cheerful Christmas book; however, it appears as such, 'sumptuously illustrated,' as the phrase for these furniture volumes is, and published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, of Edinburgh. We observe, and with gratitude, some slight innovation on the eternal Birket Foster of these gift-books, in some sketches of a grotesque character, by Tenniel, and of a religious cast by Mr. Clayton, who has done so much to improve glass-painting. A preface by Mr. Farrar exhibits ability, especially in some observations on the irony of the death literature, which might have been further illustrated by the *cyclus* of the Dance of Death, from the eleventh century down to Holbein, and by Blake's illustrations to this very poem. It must have been at the very bathos of poetry that Blair's 'Grave' could have taken rank as a work of high art.

Were we to choose among the Christmas books, our own choice would be with the sumptuous 'Selections from Wordsworth' (Routledge); that

is, taking everything into account, author, woodcuts, and printing. The care in selection displayed by Mr. Willmott is skilful.

Mr. Bright's 'Statement of Facts, as to certain recent Proceedings of the Bishop of Glasgow' (Masters), relates, in the main, to matters with which we are so intimately connected, that of course our judgment of it will go for but little. We may, however, express our surprise that a bishop, or indeed that anybody, in so very serious a matter as one which involves a Professor's dismissal from a responsible and honourable post, contemplating this dismissal and desiring it, should in an off-hand way, writing about something else, invite his correspondent to the expression of opinion on a delicate subject, in which it was quite possible that that correspondent might commit himself, and then make use of an equally off-hand, and indeed confidential reply, and found a serious charge upon it. The Bishop's answer is, that he fully expected that the mere mention of what he was doing would at once have induced Mr. Bright to offer his explanation or justification; and we believe the Bishop. But we must say that though, as far as the Bishop's intentions went, we acquit him of 'laying a trap' for Mr. Bright, still we cannot but feel that charges of heresy, even in their inchoate state, are a matter of business; and it is, to say the least of it, very unbusiness-like, and opens the door to all sorts of suspicions, which may or may not be unfounded, to find private letters thus made use of, and sent off in fragments. The Bishop fully believes that he sent Mr. Bright's letter to the Primus, and asserts—and we believe him—that he had no intention of doing Mr. Bright injustice, if, in the hurry of sending the letter, he sent it truncated of some expressions to which Mr. Bright is disposed to attach much, perhaps undue, importance. There might be no 'garbling,' because that implies a deliberate intention to do wrong; but there was extreme haste, and a most unbusiness-like contempt of order and regularity in what has turned out to be a very serious matter. We say all this really as bystanders. We only adopted Mr. Bright's own statement: the Bishop thought Mr. Bright not worth answering. He does us the honour of attributing weight to our words: and we can only say that had Bishop Trower taken the same pains and exhibited the same cautious spirit in other instances, which we are bound to acknowledge that he has adopted towards ourselves, much pain and some scandal had been avoided.

Among the deeper and more practical productions of the quarter, we desire to specify 'A Few Devotional Helps for Advent,' &c.; and another series, 'For Lent and Passion-tide' (Masters), as much above the average.

Mr. Malan's 'Letters to a Young Missionary' (Masters) are extremely serviceable, amidst the conflict of spurious liberality and *religiose*, rather than reliigous, bigotry, afloat on this subject.

THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

APRIL, 1859.

ART. I.—*History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*, 1713—1783. By LORD MAHON. 7 vols. 8vo. Fifth edition. London: John Murray. 1858.

HISTORY is always the more interesting, the more personal it is; but it is not enough that it is full of personal details, anecdotes of statesmen and warriors, the leaders of literature and of opinion. It must furnish us with the spectacle of complete characters, developed in the fewest lines and colours consistent with the number of essential traits in the portraiture. Some periods of our history, from the nature of the leading men themselves, and the relation of circumstances to them, as fitted to educe their chief faculties and tendencies, are peculiarly abounding in interest. The reign of Elizabeth, and the Commonwealth, and the epoch of Anne, stand out as stepping-stones for the student amidst the unsteady footing of the neighbouring marshes. The men and the times then perfectly accorded. The nationality of the Elizabethan era and its martial glories, and the social instincts of the reign of Charles I., found, or partly created, no more efficient representatives in the Cecils, and Drakes, and Sydneys, the Hampdens and the Cokes, than the dark conspiracies of one half of the nation against the other of the last period met with in the equivocating parliamentary *finesse* of Harley, or the subtle plots and fierce unscrupulousness of S. John.

The same mist of confusion which is spread over the struggle of great causes in the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, of James I., Charles II., his brother, and William, envelopes in yet darker folds the Georgian era. There are few persons who do not recognise the names of the authors of the Reformation, of the initiators of the great conflict between prerogative and privilege in the reign of the first James, and of the men who exhausted its dregs in those of his grandsons. There are as few to whom the names of Walpole, and Stanhope, Chesterfield, Pulteney, and Wyndham, convey no meaning. But, while ordinary

readers know little but the names of Wyatt, Gardiner and Pole, Philips and Earl, Halifax, Danby, and Shrewsbury, even well-read men are not ashamed of the same ignorance respecting the foremost combatants in the first half of the eighteenth century. There is a sort of maze and obscurity almost necessary to the beginning of a chain of events. We look upon the circumstances near the origin only as conditions of the final result, and reserve the title of cause for some one single and final effort. What are the motives of the chief actors, and, therefore, what their characters, we cannot as yet determine. They go off the stage, or give way to others, and we have no opportunity of discovering whether the enterprise were begun by them in the same spirit in which it has been concluded. In the preliminary actions themselves there is too much of what is tentative and experimental, too much of complication and combination with other more or less cognate schemes, to allow us to make them an index of character. Till we can contemplate the actions as a whole we can hardly succeed in doing so with the men themselves.

This is a difficulty which applies yet more peculiarly to the age of Walpole. The last relics of old-world history in England had been rudely shattered by the death of Anne. Politicians, except the few who looked (and even they did so as a matter rather of theory than of practical hope and calculation) to S. Germains, kept back nothing of the past but reminiscences of the Revolution of 1689. Even this itself, the inauguration though it were of the present state of things, was a mere matter of history, a *fait accompli*, not the actual basis of the constitution, but a kind of scaffolding no longer required but as a monument. The slender interest, or rather the gross apathy, with which rebellions in Scotland and inroads into England were regarded, was no test of popular regret for an expiring cause, and disinclination to draw the sword for their chosen dynasty. It arose much more from the incapability in the national mind of conceiving any danger to the established order, or of supposing that any could any longer believe that things were still in a chaotic condition, that the age of revolutions was not gone by. The same social interests as now, the same political questions, the reciprocal calumnies of the opposed coteries of fashion, the whispers of Piccadilly, and stories of maids of honour, the balance of power, the policy of subsidizing foreign states, or the limits and expediency of direct taxation, were the topics of discussion and interest. Except one broken range of low hills marking the epoch of the French Revolution, there is nothing to intercept the view over the vast plain which lies between our manners and theirs.

In all this space of time there have been many modifications

of feeling, and of the relations of society; there has been, since the portion especially before us, one continuous progress of reform. There have been various constitutional modifications, but no single mental revolution. Readers do not find any contrast with our own times to attract their attention, no reason for dwelling on discussions and contests, apparently on the same questions with those now agitated. It requires a peculiarly constituted mind, in fact, the historian's eye, to see history in the topics and form of a newspaper. Far from a deficiency of materials being the explanation of the neglect practised towards the period, the very abundance of them is a partial cause of this result. Letters, biographies, anecdotes and *vers de société* are among the most genuine sources of history, but are by no means history itself. Politicians and anecdote-mongers have always found in the last century materials for their several works. Our modern politics is a direct continuation of the politics of that day; our modern fashions and manners are just sufficiently modified and toned down from those to give all the force of contrast and the interest of eccentricity to tales of the fine gentlemen and court ladies of S. James's or Leicester House. The period has been used, like the palaces and temples of old Rome, as a quarry whence to hew out the thoughts and fancies of the present, while all the surrounding country has become, from the neighbourhood of the great city, and the very destruction of all the relics of its wild forests, a desolate campagna, where the student seems afraid to linger. The circumstances which should, under better auspices, have made these times the favourite sphere of the historical reader, have been turned into an occasion for their abandonment. No novelty or certainty of result is anticipated from a Parliamentary history crowded with discussions about yet unsettled and open questions, and no amusement from the lives of men which have furnished already the tritest anecdotes in collections of 'Elegant Extracts,' and the moral of many an obvious proverb.

Yet in that wilderness lie concealed many pleasant spots; and grand torsos may still be dug up from among its ruined monuments. Without turning the investigation into a barren controversy about Whig and Tory, there is a way of opening out a track of useful and productive considerations. To embrace the whole in one brief and comprehensive survey is all but impossible. There are too many, at present, apparently distinct centres of light and of action to allow of such a treatment. No one great idea pervading and tempering all the rest, at first can be discovered. The most that can be done is to find in some one section of the entire group of events a type and index of the rest; to concentrate our attention on the life and character of some representative

man, some disposer of circumstances, and, therefore, over the formation of whose temperament we have a right to consider circumstances must, according to the immutable law of action and reaction, have had in turn a control.

Above all, the nature of the period compels the use of such a method. With all its flatness and dull level it is the most biographical section of our history. It was, unlike the half-heroic half-feudal age of the Tudors, no age when great minds monopolised history; nor, as throughout the reigns of the Stuarts, remarkable for distinctions of doctrine and sentiment; nay, it was unmarked even by the socio-political medley, the club tendencies of the two post-Revolution governments, when high-born and low-born, statesmen and writers of squibs, courtiers and poets, had each their all-engrossing political schemes to elaborate, when every private circle had its public objects, and social distinctions were neutralized, though not annihilated or forgotten. On the contrary, it displayed very little sentiment, little of what is national, little even of what is personal. The biographical age of history, it yet adds scarcely any portraits, but the postdated ones of Bolingbroke and Wyndham, to the world's gallery of types the ideals of separate classes of character. Above all others, the age of Walpole was the era of social badges, when society was first and last, negligent of hereditary glories, loving a coronet much for the precedence it gave, and caring not whether it were bought by ancestral crimes or sacrifices, honouring a dukedom less than a blue riband, and wealth combined with fashion more than either. The boundaries of the social line were then most strictly defined; but the pride of long descent, with a parvenu dynasty and a like nobility heading society, was lightly overleaped. Society became all in all, and avenged itself for having been absorbed by politics in a former reign, by now drawing the latter within the relaxing fascination of its own sphere. This close union between the two, with the unnatural relation between them of inferiority and supremacy, invests the time with its most picturesque hues. Norman blood was indeed disregarded, but the recent epoch of the Revolution was admitted as a source of distinctions even in society, of a circle within a circle. Many pocket boroughs, or the commanding, even tyrannic, genius of a Pitt, were required to obviate the sneers of families which boasted of a representative among the founders of the Kit Cat, or some champion on one side or the other in the great conflict with Harley and S. John, against all who had not these glories to display. Within this line every one of riches sufficient for moving in the same circle knew every one. S. James's Square and Piccadilly had a vested right in the distribution of offices, or to be consulted in respect of the

manœuvres of the opposition. Each new ministry, or model for a new one, became a family—or clique—compact, and the choicest artillery of public warfare were furnished out of the storehouse of private life and old familiarity. The individuals, therefore, whose lives we select as representing this period, must be men like it, leaders of society, as well as of parliament, with all the personal gifts necessary for prominence in both, *i. e.*, the wealth and the Revolution-fame, which had become conditions of a sphere for their exercise. They must not be above the slanders of such a period levelled against themselves, or of characters too elevated to avail themselves of similar weapons. We must not look for heroes in politics, or for bold originators of a policy in statesmen whom we are forced to contemplate not as conspiring with other statesmen, or the referees of poets and essayists, but most remarkable—at least, too many of them—as denizens of the West End, and givers of sumptuous dinner-parties. But even among them we may discover some exceptions, incomplete heroes, it is true, as all the foremost then were, or they could scarcely have gained their rank in such times; but though imperfect in character, with many noble traits revealing what they might have, under other circumstances, become, or made themselves, under these. There were men then of undaunted courage, of an inexorable obstinacy against overtures and bribes, which we must approve, when the offspring of noble indignation, and which we cannot refuse to admire, even if arising from somewhat meaner sources. Eloquence had not died with S. John's expatriation; but, while losing something of its fire and strength, had gained in variety and interest. Add to all this, a bitter personality blending public with private animosity, condescending to calumnies, and then again rising to the solemnity of tragedy, and loudly calling for the blood of a tyrant-minister. Even that retribution which always, sooner or later, waits upon public spirit directed to private ends, and the awakening of national passions for the gratification of party, or lower than party, virulence, and without which there would be all that ambiguity and incompleteness of result which is the great obstacle to our taking interest in the history of our own day, is not wanting here. All their wealth and pre-eminence, great powers of mind, and the patriotism which some once may have possessed, and had deceived themselves into believing they still cherished, did not save the leaders of the mightiest and most obstinate opposition ever known from a most degrading fall. We are not left for a moment in doubt of the moral and completeness of the whole series of events. The same month which embraces the records of their triumph includes also the narrative of their humiliation and deposition.

One man, and perhaps only one, there is who is indicated by the meeting of all these circumstances—wealth and allowed rank, among Whig statesmen, wit, and social as well as parliamentary pre-eminence, rancour and eloquence, with the moral of his success and his fall—as, on the whole, the best representative of the period in which he flourished. Round him the chief captains in the camp of opposition group themselves; against him the most numerous assaults from the side of government are directed; his life is itself an index of all the landmarks in the social and political history of the time. The mere length of it makes a sort of bridge over from the old world objects of Anne's reign, to the to-day sympathies of the American Revolution. He had fought in that conflict, and was brought into direct connexion and relations with the opponents of the policy of that queen's last four years. With them he acted for a large portion of his political existence; but his sympathies and schemes had no tinge of the past any more than the mass of the nation whose idol he was. We naturally associate the name of his great rival with those of Marlborough, and Somers, and Godolphin; but it is hard even to think of *him* as haranguing against Sacheverell, and consoling Walpole in the Tower.

William Pulteney entered public life under good auspices. His father, indeed, had done little to increase the distinction of the family, which took its name from its original seat in Leicestershire, and laid claim to Norman descent. But his grandfather, Sir William, had been long member for Westminster, and a liberal sufficiently celebrated to introduce his descendant at once to the heart of the Whig party. Nature had done much to make a statesman in him; Westminster and Christ Church (where his Latin verses, spirited indeed, but with no ideas above a schoolboy's, recommended him to the favour of Dean Aldrich and the post of speaker of a very smooth and very tame address to Queen Anne, on her visit to Tory Oxford, spite of his Whiggish antecedents), along with the grand tour which he achieved through the greater part of Europe on leaving college, furnished his mind with that taste and judgment, which, at least in speaking, never forsook him. He entered public life at the stormiest period of our political history, full to the last of hereditary prejudices, augmented by those of his natural associates, and with a disposition to view all things through the medium of suspicion of men's motives, a tendency which the atmosphere he then breathed did not aid in changing, and which the character of the period in which the zenith of his strength and activity fell, made still more fatal. Hereditary wealth and adventitious riches, which flowed in till his fortune swelled to the then gigantic bulk of £1,200,000, based upon a marriage with a rich

co-heiress, Ann Gumley, and a bequest of £50,000 from a staunch friend, Guy, the secretary to the Treasury, perhaps only aggravated the natural defects of his temper. The love of money implanted in him by the growth of his possessions, made him envious of the great gains of his old friends and confederates, while a soul above corruption, and the consciousness of perfect independence in point of fortune, which made him almost by himself a party in the state, gave him all the eccentricity and impracticability of opposition already manifested in the career of Shaftesbury, and destined to have a third impersonation in Fox.

However, on his first entrance into parliament, where he obtained a seat through the influence of Guy in the borough of Heydon, these great defects of disposition and principles of action were themselves merits. All England was become one vast scene of intrigue and disaffection, and public aims had all the narrowness and viciousness of private selfishness. The sovereign herself was looked upon as a conspirator against her throne, and the principles which had established her on it, by the vast party by whom those principles had been confirmed; and the defeated adherents of the old policy were divided between sympathy with the queen as secretly their supporter and fellow-thinker, and dislike to the usurpation which this doctrine forced them to deem her authority. Pulteney's wealth and name, while they drew him over to the liberal side, soon gave him influence in the deliberations of the Whig confederacy. He was not eager to manifest himself as eloquent, for from the first his position was acknowledged; he took the best method to become so, by exercising himself in short business speeches, and accustoming himself never to speak without having something to say to the point. Yet more, by abstaining rigorously from all got-up demonstrations, but not from previous deliberation on the points most likely to be mooted, he rose gradually to such perfect ease and command over the interest of his audience, as, we are told, by the 'application even of a little story, to overset the best argumentation.' His first speeches did not, nor was it intended that they should, produce a great impression on the house. The Place Bill had called him up; but the country was first warned to expect a leader by his earnestness and vehemence in the prosecution of Sacheverell.

Through all the period of dejection, and, sometimes, despair for his party, Pulteney shrunk from no part of the burden. The Tories testified their opinion of his resoluteness by dismissing his uncle, no great partisan himself, from the Board of Trade. When Walpole was prosecuted for what seems a somewhat unjustifiable transaction in his secretaryship-at-war, if we

reason on abstract principles, but one which, according to the morality of those days, was rather to the credit of his heart, Pulteney, who had been more particularly introduced into the arena of politics by him, stood by his old patron, and was proud of being admitted as a partner at the games of nine-pins with which the silence of the old Tower was often broken. When the famous 'History of the Last Parliament' came forth from Walpole's pen, it was Pulteney who was chosen, and who gladly consented to take the office of editor. With Walpole and Stanhope he was S. John's guest in Golden Square, when that minister had at length plotted against and deposed Harley, and discovered, in his turn, in the plenitude of his absolute sway, that a prime minister must seek by a spirit of concession to be the ruler of the whole nation, and not one party's nominee and slave. But, at that very crisis, when it seemed that all hope for the old Whig houses was gone, and that nothing remained but to make the best terms possible with the conquerors, when the peace of Utrecht was ratified for good and all by the rise to supreme power of its chief author, and Pulteney had to bemoan the useless expenditure of his wealth in subsidizing the emperor, ever its main antagonist, the ruin of the Tories, and their subordination to their adversaries for more than half a century, was sealed.

On the final triumph of his friends, Pulteney's claims upon office were recognised. He was made lord-lieutenant and *custos rotulorum* of Yorkshire, admitted to the privy council, and, spite of the opposition of the commander-in-chief, the great Duke of Marlborough, to any adherent of Walpole, and the nominee, whoever he might be, to an office he claimed as within his patronage, elevated to the post of secretary-at-war, which in his case, as in those of S. John and Walpole, was regarded as the stepping-stone to greater appointments. But, though high in the ranks of his party, he was still but the follower of Walpole. In fact, he was never formed for a leader. He had no love of responsibility, and of the steadiness required for such a character, nor the necessary patience. Circumstances alone forced him into that post, and even then it was only in the desultory warfare of an opposition which can choose its own time for an assault, that he developed genius. In that secret committee, of which the lifelong enemy of the late aspiring secretary was the chairman, Pulteney was an efficient member, and the enthusiasm of his temperament, which sometimes amounted to fanaticism, had full scope for display.

Never of his own will and choice was his eloquence employed in vindicating a positive course of policy. He had acuteness at will to detect a flaw in the policy of an enemy, but not

the subtlety which elaborates a scheme of conduct for oneself. Under the guidance of Walpole, indeed, he was a most conspicuous defender of the expediency of a triple alliance between England, Holland, and France, which, under the auspices of the Orleans Regency, had laid aside the ambitious schemes of the former reign, and promised to be the guardian of peace in Europe. In allusion to this measure these and Stanhope bore the *nom de guerre* of 'the triple alliance.' However, soon again he reverted to the negative character, and burst out into a manifestation of that chronic fierceness which he had, in words, ever at command. To him it fell to impeach Lord Widdrington for the rebellion of 1715; and we find him, about the same time, haranguing against a motion to address the crown for a proclamation of amnesty to all rebels laying down their arms. Soon, too, he was hurried into opposition, a state from which he never again completely emerged, even in the days of his friends' triumphs. There was, however, in his character a sort of consistency which, no doubt, appeared greater to himself than to others, but still such, that *some* of his established principles he never violated. He felt obliged to send in his resignation when Walpole's influence proved inferior to Stanhope's in the cabinet; but, though we can scarcely agree with the author of 'Memoirs of the Life and Conduct,' a publication of the time, that 'he 'detested the proceedings of the former, condemned the false step 'he had taken, and stood firm as a rock in defence of his king and 'country,' it does seem from the correspondence of Stair with Stanhope (1716), that Pulteney, then at Paris, was averse to that open union between the Tories, as Tories, and Walpole's followers, which had led, the previous year, to the acquittal of the detested Earl of Oxford. Unlike Walpole, who affected, *ad nauseam*, the character of an old-fashioned English country gentleman, and whose vacation revels at Houghton were a scandal to the county, Pulteney loved the Continent, and embraced all opportunities of a tour. His present residence abroad, no doubt, was connected with his perplexity at his position as a voluntary associate in the defection from Government, while bound in conscience not to oppose their measures. The discontent and suspicion of Walpole, which his decidedly factious conduct at this period justified, was augmented and confirmed by his underhand manœuvring for a return to power. The reconciliation of the king and prince, and the trouble consequent upon the South Sea schemes, were the scaffolding of his elevation. The support and eloquence of Pulteney were his chief resource, and yet no place was found in the grand edifice which he reared for himself for that bosom friend.

It has long been the fashion to blame the great minister for

his folly in having, by his suspiciousness and jealousy, himself collected the opposition whence finally sprung his fall: that he did so, there can be no question. 'He could forgive great faults, but not great talents.' Yet, can it be for a moment supposed that, with a different policy, he could have grasped or retained that tyrant power, which he swayed of his own free will, and, so long as Hanover was safe, and enriched by English gold, without a murmur from the king, and, while he held the keys of the treasury, with no need of yielding to troublesome demands of confidence from his subordinates! Even had he kept that chieftainship, which already the companionship of Stanhope had wrested from his grasp, and that of Townshend threatened, how could he have played the dictator, as he delighted to do, with Chesterfield, and Pulteney arrogating an equal standing with himself, and ready to coerce each symptom of supremacy! Walpole was not a man to care for an empty name. He loved the reality of power, to feel the wills of other men bowing beneath his own. Though ungenerous, cold-hearted, and sordid, he resembled the elder Pitt in the self-reliance and courage which, depending on its own resources, chooses the incapacity and feebleness of the Pelhams, as coadjutors, in preference to sharing authority and responsibility with minds of infinitely larger proportions. Thus, perhaps taught by his friend's reluctance and impracticableness in changing his principles along with his position, he embraced the opportunity of his having joined himself in resigning office, to bar his return to prominence in the government. It was a base mean thing, and has its moral in that time when confused, dejected, seeing his friends flying on all sides, and the whole nation apparently thirsting for his blood, he gave way to his former companion. That the latter reaped little gain from the victory, that he '*animam in vulnere ponit*,' does not diminish from the pointedness of the moral, but doubles it. A friend's ingratitude is not an explanation (though an extenuation) of dereliction of principle.

For the present, the enmity of the two former friends only smouldered. Walpole returned to office, though with, apparently, less authority than he had possessed before his resignation. But all the fruits of that measure were gained. He had proved by his temporary absence of what consequence his cooperation was; and the death of Stanhope, with the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, carried him to the height even of his ambition. Pulteney he did not care to carry along with him. On the contrary, he did him the honour to be sufficiently jealous of his possible rivalry to procure the offer of a peerage for him, in the hope that his well-known wish to found a great house might seduce him to a desertion of the natural sphere of

his eloquence and popular manners, the House of Commons. The offer was civilly declined; and the interpretation of the motives of it left to rankle in the younger statesman's breast. He was the more bitter internally that it was impossible to commence opposition on such purely personal grounds. He only felt that his services had been slighted, and his friends neglected, without being able to persuade himself that the country had anything to do with that. We find the same emotions of ill-temper and indignation manifesting themselves on the grand occasion for a display of Walpole's financial abilities which the South Sea defalcations presented. He himself had once had an opportunity of speculating largely in the shares of the company; and he seems, even in the midst of his indignation at the misery of the kingdom as contrasted with the facts that 'the opera is very fine 'and very full, and the court very rich in foreign silks and vel-'vets,' to regret not having availed himself of the chance. 'Tis 'ridiculous to tell you what a sum I might have been master of,' he writes to his cousin.

Some faint hopes he still nourished of Walpole's fidelity to his old friends, and he was ready to catch at every indication of coolness between him and ministers. However, the all-powerful influence of the former with the bank directors and the moneyed interest, was too great and too necessary even for the jealousies of colleagues to disturb him. Meantime, Pulteney still spoke furiously on questions which ministers advocated; and, perhaps, with the greater zeal, to justify him from the suspicion of being actuated in his now known dislike, by private objects. It was he who moved for the confiscation of the ill-gotten wealth of the South Sea directors; and when Bishop Atterbury was charged with being implicated in the Stuart plots, he moved for the bill of attainder and the address of congratulation to the king. He even condescended to ask and accept the lucrative, but, for him, degrading post of cofferer of the royal household, to prove himself no renegade from his party, and not disaffected to the dynasty he had ever supported. He perhaps hoped that, once in office again, he would be too manifestly considerable for his place, and must rise to power with the most powerful. If he thought so, he was deceived. Walpole never swerved from his policy about men, however ready he proved to change his measures. He looked upon the cofferership as a pledge of peace given by Pulteney, not as his own guarantee of higher things. The other, who was changeable as the winds, soon repented of his course, and determined to show that he was not compromised by his position. In accordance with the traditionary rather than practical doctrine, that office bound the acceptor to the sovereign, not the minister, he concerted a scheme of opposition the most

irritating to the latter, a scheme of perfect independence. He interpreted his place as letters of marque granted by the monarch against Whig and against Tory. This was enough to satisfy his own mind, fretted as it was by what he deemed, and rightly, his old leader's ingratitude, into a morbid confounding of neglect of himself with a belief in the neglect by him of the ideal of Revolution principles. It was not enough to satisfy the country. A cry was still wanting; and a cry Opposition at last prevailed upon themselves to think they had found.

Thus the year 1725 drew on. There was a storm on the political horizon, the blackening of which Walpole had not foreseen. Like ministers generally, he was placed too high above the mass. The horizon which bounded their view did not bind his, or hinder him from seeing what an array of private anger and interests were ranged close behind the outside of patriotism. He thought the nation could see as far. When it was too late, and the tempest was just about to burst, he tried in vain to dispel it. His resolution and his principles of action were the same as ever. He was determined not to part with a jot of his power or absolutism; but he thought, and rightly, that the proffer even of a secretaryship of state to Pulteney was not really a departure from his policy. The latter was wise enough to see that he was already too far compromised with the minister's enemies to go back now, with any hope of retaining their friendship; or, at all events, his fury against him stood him in the place of sagacity. To a hint that Townshend would soon cease to hold the seals, he replied with a simple bow and smile. To a second and recent offer of a peerage he had already bitterly responded: 'Sir, if ever I should be mean enough to be 'sold, I promise you that you shall never have the selling of 'me. A peerage is what, some time or other, I may be glad of 'accepting, for the sake of my family; but I will never obtain 'it by any base method, or submit to have it got for me on such 'terms by you.'

It was not, in fact, concealed from himself or the country, that the contest was a personal one between himself and Walpole; but the principles which had led to that contest, affected the whole kingdom. When the nation rose against Walpole, it did not mean to impugn the Revolution of 1689. It was the natural mistake of the Jacobites to suppose that hatred of persons, and of the principles of which these persons were the authorised champions, was one and the same thing. No two things, at least at this period, could be more diverse. The people were incensed against the ministry, inclined to sneer at the sovereign, and with no feeling of sympathy or unison with the aristocracy. Yet it

could not understand the point of view of those politicians who wished to introduce the little court of Compiegne to S. James's. Tories it could comprehend; Old Whigs and New Whigs were become something obsolete; yet men knew that these were the former party names, and were ready to believe English principles were represented by them; but a champion for the indefeasible title of the Stuarts was a being quite beyond the reach of their analogies. It was their very fulness of recognition of the Revolution which made Pulteney a popular champion. The Cliffords and the Danbys had undermined the throne of the Stuarts, with their organized systems of corruption. They had forced the nation to learn that they must not trust to any body of delegates; that they must be themselves their own guardians against the aggressions of prerogative; that the chivalrous idea of mutual good faith between rulers and people was a chimera. But, at that time, they had a double task; they had, it is true, to watch that their representatives did their duty; but they had also to back them up, to guarantee them the free performance of what they believed their duty.

The Revolution had, once for all, marked out the boundaries between prerogative and privilege. Parliament had a right and perfect liberty to act for the kingdom's general welfare. To the nation, then, Pulteney cried, that it was betrayed by its own guardians, that the power it had extorted from the crown for them, they used not against the crown but for themselves; that the theory of the constitution was complete; that the Whiggism of the Revolution was the only true political faith, but that the practice of the priests was corrupt. He bade them look to the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, and see whether the Revolution had not pledged their rulers against threatening their liberties with standing armies, or armies of placemen, the Janizaries of a government; against robbing England for the gain of a foreign principality. He bade them mark the Treaty of Hanover, the Secret Service funds, Hessian and Hanoverian mercenaries. 'The time might yet come,' he exclaimed, 'when 'we should see a tyrant minister driving about with six members 'of parliament behind his coach!' To the parliament he used a different tone. To the Whig enemies of Walpole's power, angry at want of enough places to satisfy all expectants, he used one common argument. They were all alike victims of the minister's jealousy. In each the latter saw a possible rival, and each who had no sufficient post conferred upon him was, in his own belief, not despised, but feared. Walpole was too needy and prodigal, he warned them, to let them share the public treasure. Houghton needed all that was left from the buying of votes

and of boroughs. He appealed to the spectacle of a crowd of Whigs, known statesmen, ejected by the usurper; he terrified them with indicating that each new year of his power was only making him more absolute and more independent. To the independent he spoke of the nullity of their votes and wisdom, when one man had the command of power and wealth to purchase a majority at any time; to the corrupted, of the growing strength of their 'grand corrupter,' which would soon make votes a drug, and of the growing rage of their constituencies. The Jacobites he terrified with the friendship between Fleury and the Walpoles, and the care for the interests of the king's German patrimony. The Tories were roused with the hope of emancipation from their political disfranchisement, as it were, by glorious prophecies of a future, when parties should be no more, and declamations against the perversion now of party badges into standards of faction and the watchwords of licensed robbers.

The charge of general corruption of parliament by the minister, though levelled against the very assembly in which it was put forth, could not, true as it was, but undermine the power of a government. It was like a bomb, with a slow match, cast into the midst of the parliament and of the nation. The people could not tell what statesman on the ministerialist side was guilty or not, what measure was the product or not of bribery. All alike, both men and measures, it was inclined to condemn, in order to crush the guilty thing at all events. It had felt already that that assembly, with all the powers of the state won for it by the nation from the crown, was not a true representative of itself; it was an easy step from thence to infer its perfect selfishness and want of patriotism. The Commons, on the other hand, was convulsed with terror of the popular suspicions. Each man knew that both his neighbour's eye was upon his conduct, and the eye of his constituency; nay—for in those days of close boroughs and open bribery, that was not, perhaps, of so much consequence—the eye of the whole country. Every vote for Walpole was looked upon as the possible fruit of corruption; consistency in voting always on the minister's side would only be thought consistency in corruption, variation would lose a man the confidence of friends and foes. Even to the man's self an honest balancing of the arguments for and against any motion would be all but an impossibility. He would suspect the unbiassed truthfulness of his own conclusions. One way was open to no doubt. Co-operation with the tactics of Opposition was a certain policy. No suspicion of bribery could attach to the adherents of the struggling cause. The man could not suspect his own candour, when he decided against his manifest

interest. Even to the dishonest, that manifest interest was rather dubious. With the country exclaiming against the government, with all the talents ranged against it, victory and the spoils of the vanquished were the sure reward of Opposition, sooner or later.

But Pulteney was from the first not alone. The enthusiastic fervour, not to call it declamation, of Wyndham, the last relic of the by-gone Cavaliers, was ranged on the same side; and many a fierce sarcasm pointed by the minister's inveterate foe, from schoolboy days, Lord Bolingbroke, and many a pregnant idea hammered out on the strong brilliant forge of that statesman's mind, shone forth amid the grave full flow of Wyndham's oratory. For an elaborate and sustained attack, the latter produced a greater effect even than his parliamentary chieftain; but there was not the same variety and life, not the readiness and spontaneity, lastly, not the ἠθικὴ πίστις of a life's adherence to liberal principles, which concentrated so much interest on the latter. With him, too, were Shippen and his fifty followers, that systematic partisan, who could forget the services of S. John and vote against his restoration, and who could even desert his party in the final struggle against Walpole, consistent alone in the resolve to make all parties and doctrines the tools of his own policy. There was Sandys, ever ready to lead the onset which was to secure the spoils for his friends, and with a dangerous force, in making a statement based on topics supplied by Pulteney: he had Barnard, the representative of the section of the moneyed interest, opposed to the bank directors, Walpole's staunch supporters, for his leader and preceptor on all financial questions; and, later, in the Upper House, Chesterfield, the most finished, but not, therefore, the most effective orator of his time, with his studied passion and quaint thoughtfulness. The ranks of opposition in the Commons, were, at the same period, embellished by the polished taste of Lyttelton, and the fire and truthfulness of Pitt—the latter almost the only man of the epoch who seemed to have an actual object, a positive policy, to be elaborated in some future Utopia after the fall of the reigning cabinet, apart from private aggrandizement—about him alone there is, in these artificial times of 'Roman virtue and patriotism,' connected with whippers-in and Treasury agents, an air of reality. It is strange that he was condemned throughout the whole of his political career to association with, and instrumentality in the sordid selfishness of the least worthy statesmen of the period. Compelled into the lines of opposition by Walpole's sentence of exclusion from his adherents, for a single vote given against him, he fell naturally into the wake of

Leicester House, that organised scene of intrigue and domestic plots of the heir against the occupant of the throne. His was the fault and misfortune of lack of riches and influence enough to stand alone in so corrupt an age. It was his merit and glory that what were signs of factiousness in others, first, a high place in that little copy of a court's worst qualities, and, next, subservience to the craving for all a cabinet's patronage, the chief trait in the Duke of Newcastle's soul, were converted by him into a means of effectuating real aims. He was never completely a member of opposition, though he voted on that side, and aided it by his eloquence. That party could never thoroughly understand or control his flights, while they often profited by them.

Of Leicester House, under its second occupant, Pulteney was the regular oracle, but he was by that time too great to be its voice. He did not govern himself by its advice. Of George II., when prince, he had remained a consistent adherent. He had been excluded from official knowledge of the negotiation, which led in 1720 to a reconciliation between him and the king his father; and we have seen that he never forgave Walpole for a reserve which he believed originated in his jealousy. He was the more irritated that the communication to him of each step of the treaty by Mr. Edgcumbe, proved that others were thought worthy of initiation into the mystery. It seems that he even went so far as to warn the prince against letting himself 'be sold to his father's minister, by persons' (Walpole) 'who considered nothing but themselves and their own interest, 'and were in haste to make their fortunes.' 'What,' he declared he had cried to Walpole, when told with a sneer, that, as the reward for the pacification, the prince was 'to go to court again, 'and have his guards, and such fine things,' but not to be left regent in the king's absence from England—'What! have you 'stipulated for a share of royalty for yourself, and is the prince 'to live as a private subject of no consequence in the kingdom?' When the prince had discovered that his adviser was right, and that his interests were totally disregarded in the new arrangements, he reverted to the old course. At Leicester House the campaign was concerted, and there the wit of Mrs. Howard (Lady Suffolk) and the judgment of the Princess Caroline furnished even Pulteney with useful suggestions. There met all the wit and learning which had survived the establishment of the new dynasty. Pope and Gay were welcome guests, and a letter from Ireland, at times, revived reminiscences of that mighty intellect which was there ever agitating new schemes, talking of hatred for mankind, but showing his love for it by persecuting its oppressors, and projecting measures of enlarged

philanthropy. Mrs. Howard had her train of admirers, her Peterborough, and her poets, and *beaux esprits*, while ever and anon the meditative countenance of a Butler, a Clarke, or a Pearce, fresh from some discussion before the princess, on the depths and heights of metaphysics, mingled in her more brilliant levee. It was a pleasant contrast to the dull formalities of S. James's, where Walpole discoursed in bad Latin with his sovereign, and the clumsy graces of the Countess of Kimansegge and the Duchess of Kendal held heavy sway. The princess, with a great deal of French affectation of *esprit*, and much real sagacity, was herself well able to give a charm to the rival court; and a rightful jealousy of her 'good Howard's' influence with the prince was not displayed so openly (though politicians discovered by the event that they had totally miscalculated both the depth of her feelings, and of her power over her husband) as to cause anything like a spirit of party or a schism.

Leicester House was the natural centre of opposition. The spirit which had nourished the clubs of Queen Anne's reign was gone; the mark and object of political combinations was not measures but men; and no recognised society could now be formed on a basis sufficiently broad to comprehend all the members of an opposition founded on motives of personal connexion, rather than principles. The tendency of society itself was against such institutions; there could be no sympathy between Grub-Street and Piccadilly, when the denizens of Piccadilly actually made that their home, instead of the coffee-house and the tavern. The charm of the Kit Cat club, of which Pulteney had been a distinguished member, arose from the union there of wit with wealth and rank. It sat as a critical tribunal, adjudicating not only upon politics but upon literature. When wit was forced to show a pecuniary qualification, the vivacity of such meetings disappeared altogether, or they were exchanged for the clumsy humour and unadulterated politics of aristocratic gatherings, such as the exclusive 'Beefsteak and Liberty Club.' From the coffee-houses and taverns of Charles II.'s reign the passage had been short to the more select democracy of a club. Thence, under the Georges, to the political conferences of the fashionable coteries of the *salons* of S. James's Square, and, especially, of Leicester House, was no very sudden declension. Tories who were not Jacobites, could predict the rise thence of a true conservative policy, which should be consistent in not disturbing the present revolutionized state of things, and, at the same time, in not suffering fresh changes. Discontented Whigs beheld in it the seat of a prince who had no title but from the Act of Settlement, but who was bound thereto in principle, and not by personal obligations to a special

clique of ministers. Radicals, lastly, that negative party, which a period of revolution always throws up, men whose minds have got a bias to perpetual alterations, or whom the new order has not exactly suited, found there a perpetual hurly-burly of murmurs and complaints, nothing positive to be opposed, but resistance advocated to all that was so.

Pulteney's supremacy in opposition was without dispute. His place was consequently high in the little court. For some reason or other he was no favourite personally with the prince or princess, nor does his supposed mistake in guessing that the mistress must be more powerful than the wife with the husband explain this. In fact, after all, George II. and Caroline were as Hanoverian as George I. The measures which the former had once opposed he really loved, and as king advocated, and Walpole's cold temper and method of government were, spite of *esprit*, much more in harmony with Caroline's German feelings than the cleverness and popular ways of his rival. The men of letters his rival introduced, and who gave the court a popular air of patronage, of learning and wit, were men of Queen Anne's day, and more naturally betook themselves to flattering Lady Suffolk than her mistress. One person her influence introduced, whose name was destined to become sufficiently notorious at a later period. We are surprised to learn that the notorious Duchess of Kingston, the convicted of bigamy, and the prime enemy of Foote, was, as Miss Chudleigh, patronised by the statesman, and elevated by him to the place of maid of honour. He even condescended to watch over her studies, seeking to imbue her with a taste for good reading; but, with all his wit, the accomplished Pulteney, when he resorted to grave instruction, seems to have proved a dull companion for the young lady. The men of letters, such as Gay and Swift, Pope and Arbuthnot, who met at Leicester House, as formerly at the table of Harley, or the *Brothers'* dinners, had gained admission as his friends. They fell off from it when his interest there declined. Originally they were no companions of his. The sympathy of a common dislike to the existing condition of things brought them together, and when once brought into contact, Pulteney made the bond of political fellow-feeling a bond of personal friendship. Chesterfield, surely a competent judge, declares him to have been 'formed by nature for 'social and convivial pleasures . . . to have had lively and shining 'parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the 'most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, 'ballads, odes,' &c. 'Good humour and the spirit of society 'dictated his poetry,' writes the generally contemptuous Horace Walpole. 'So familiar and engaging was he that you could 'not be with him half an hour but you felt yourself entirely at

'ease. . . . He gained admiration by not seeking it; his wit 'was all natural and easy, arising from something then said or 'done,' is the testimony of his constant companion Bishop Newton. For social talents, Mrs. Grenville, who often saw all the chiefs of opposition together at her husband's table, thought no one comparable to him. A *bon mot* of his echoed through the town, as his speeches roused the kingdom. Add to this, he was enormously wealthy, and not sparing of his riches, at all events, in the appeals of literature, or in his domestic establishment. Gay, his rival in glory and odium, as Swift calls him, he loved as did all; he admired Pope, and Pope admired, and wrote of him,

> 'How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
> While Roman spirit charms or Attic wit.'

But the poet was too completely absorbed by his love for S. John to admit his coadjutors to perfect intimacy. With the great Dean over the water he maintained an intermittent but most cordial correspondence. Perhaps there was not enough of self-sustainedness, or steadiness, in Pulteney's character to satisfy Swift altogether, but for a time common hatred of the minister left no opening for caprice. Earnestly does he invite Swift over to England, engaging that there shall be 'no made dishes; he shall have half-and-half, or small beer 'and wine, no women at table if you don't like them, and no 'men but such as like you.'

It is strange to find one of their most rancorous opponents received thus cordially into the bosom of the '*Brothers;*' it is still stranger to see him and Bolingbroke, on the restoration of the latter in fortune, not peerage, in 1725, become the firmest and most systematic of allies. Surely, of all men we might have least expected these two, having been once foes, to have coalesced. There was the opposition, not of contradiction, between them, but of relation and emulation. With wit and eloquence at will, with a want of steadiness in politics, which, in the one, originated from a defect in strength of will; in the other, from too absorbing and constant a contemplation of distinction as the sole end of life, there was in each an overruling vanity, taking the form in the one of a determination to give the tone to every measure, and to society at large; in the other, not to submit to dictation; a similarity which was just as likely to keep them apart as were their other qualities to draw them together. Resentment against Walpole, to whose character theirs were equally a contrast, was the bond of union between the two; and which, as long as that was the general impelling motive of the policy of opposition, kept them united. The presence of

Bolingbroke in the contest is the most interesting feature in it. There was a self-reliance and unscrupulous originality and individuality in him, which startles us, when in contact with the weak nervelessness of his fellow-workers, even of their leader, men who made dislike of an individual the clue to guide them through the mazes of opposition to measures, which did not of themselves appeal to any sentiment in their souls of attraction or repulsion. We cannot help thinking, that men like Sandys and Barnard, Dodington and Lyttelton, were made into politicians by the minister. Even Pulteney himself might have been secretary of state, or even premier in other circumstances, but would never, had he at once triumphed over his rival, become 'the great commoner!' S. John must ever have been a marked and famous man at any period of our history. Probably he would have run a career analogous, though, it may be, a less historical and more peaceful one, to that which the anarchy of Queen Anne's reign opened out to him. He flits, like a dark shade, over the annals of the first two Georges' reigns, like a ghost behind the arras, with a tale to tell of the crimes and memories of a bygone period descended as an inheritance to the present, and which dare not confront the open light of day. With an outward semblance of conformity to the established constitution, he prompted measures inimical to it, yet not favourable to the restoration of the old order. He acted as a licensed conspirator, assailing the minister with strokes that fell with equal effect upon the king whom that statesman served. In a settled time he recalled that strange epoch when everything was in a state of change, and every scheme seemed to stand on a like footing of propriety and plausibility, from an absolute monarchy down to a republic.

The junction of S. John with opposition, while it terrified Walpole, furnished him with a whole armoury of weapons against his adversary. It was charged that Pulteney, the most vehement member of the committee which condemned the Peace of Utrecht, had coalesced with the author of that peace; that a Whig, he called for the blood of the champion of the Act of Settlement; that 'ambitious and aspiring, impatient and irre-'solute, unable to bear a superiority, conceiving unjust jealousies 'and discontents, full of himself and his own extraordinary merit, 'and determined to hold the highest offices in the state, and to 'censure and confound all the measures of the government under 'any other administration, he had at length renounced at once 'all former friendships and principles, vowing the destruction of 'those who had distinguished him by a peculiar regard, betray-'ing private correspondences, and endeavouring to distress that 'prince to whom he owed the highest obligation' (Dedication to

the Patrons of the Craftsman of Sedition and Defamation displayed). Pulteney fiercely rejoined, that 'a certain closet is 'the only place in the kingdom where such assertions can gain 'belief, or where the gentleman traduced can be thought a 'Jacobite, even for half an hour' (Answer to One Part of an Infamous Libel). 'That he voted with Tories,' he argued, 'was no proof that he had gone over to them rather than they 'to him.' He worked in harmony with S. John, because, enmity to the great traitor against the liberties of England, was a more powerful motive than the memories of old hostility, not that he repented of his measures then. One same principle implied the condemnation of the treaties of Utrecht and Seville. At least, Bolingbroke had never been equal in guilt to Walpole. 'If the ministers of that time did many things ill, have not you, 'sir, done things ten times worse?' The day of *his* power was, at all events, free from the infamy of unlimited votes of credit, profusion of presents, and secret-service money. And then, to compare these two men in point of capacity; what 'a *pedlar in politics*' was the one by the side of the other! But accusations on the score of desertion of old pledges were out of date. The age of parties was past, or revived as a matter of speculation only, by selfish placemen who gauge Whig and Tory principles by the standard of co-operation with, or opposition to government. Now, 'God be praised, the senseless distinction is almost 'sunk in general concern for the national interest.' In the 'Craftsman,' Bolingbroke advocated, with a deliberate eloquence never before equalled in the annals of English pamphleteering, the downfal of party. It was the only point of view in which the composition and conduct of opposition could be vindicated from the charge of mere personal pique, or shameless covetousness of the spoils of government. It was the only policy by which its leaders could reconcile to the kingdom at large, or their own consciences (for at least the Whig leader had a conscience), private with national objects. The thought had been long brooding and smouldering in the breasts of the people. S. John gave it a voice and a form. To this great party leader, to the man who was never aught but a partisan, and whose measures, in power as well as in opposition, were carried always by way of conspiracy, we owe the first steps towards the annihilation of the policy which made the constitution favoured by the majority a tyranny for the minority, and towards the development of the principles of the Revolution of 1689 into the national theory, and of the dynasty brought in by the Act of Settlement into the house of the nation's choice. Though excluded from Parliament, the natural sphere for his eloquence, publicly denounced as a traitor by the minister, and suspected, not on the whole unjustly, as

one by the party which he prompted, and the nation which accepted his views, he was yet never without fitting audience. From Wyndham's lips the Commons admired the sentiments conceived in S. John's mind, and every provincial politician could rehearse the arguments of *Caleb d'Anvers* and *Mr. Oldcastle.*

It is not difficult, even independently of external evidence, to distinguish the contributions of Pulteney and Bolingbroke, respectively, to their mighty party-organ. The same virulence against the tyrant premier marks both; but while in the elder statesman's invectives is discoverable a solid substratum of constitutional and theoretical opposition, his companion supplies the place of this by a more personal envy or jealousy, and perhaps a sort of renegado-like remorsefulness. Against S. John had been brandished, in no equivocal language, the menace of Westminster Hall or Tower Hill, and *he* retorted by a glowing appeal to the nation against prejudgment, for so he interpreted it, by a faction. Pulteney's wrath and *patriotism* were interpreted as the growth of malice, disappointed ambition, and all the littleness of spite. By Sir William Younge he was denounced as a brother conspirator with 'those infamous re-'tailers of lies, scandal, sedition and treason, and as a copartner 'with hireling authors of Billingsgate, who applaud the Dutch 'precedent of De Witting, a political foe. But he must know 'that a man is not a patriot because he desires another revo-'lution, nor fancy that the strutting and swelling Wat Tylers 'and Jack Straws of our days resemble the Northumberlands 'and Warwicks of old, or like them can make and unmake kings.' The retort was analogous to the attack. The great leader of the parliamentary opposition, unlike the statesman of Queen Anne's reign, appealed to no profound theory. He replied by a string of innuendoes and insinuations, most of which could not have been intelligible beyond the purlieus of Piccadilly. Lord Francis Hervey had been erroneously pointed out as the author, and him, accordingly, Pulteney proceeded to load with the most unmitigated abuse. 'The little quaint antitheses,' writes the pseudo D'Anvers, 'the great variety of rhetorical flourishes, 'affected metaphors, and puerile witticisms in this political nose-'gay,' had at first made him ascribe it to some precocious Etonian, then to a boarding-school Miss, till at length he was, in great confidence, told that it was by 'that circulator of tittle-tattle, 'and bearer of tales, and teller of fibs, that stationed spy, pretty 'Mr. Fairlove.' While opining, 'that the toil of forty pages, 'even of such stuff, must have been almost too great for the 'dapper little author's delicate brain,' and recommending in future a fan instead of a pen, he makes a fierce onslaught upon his patron. 'A person,' he bursts forth, 'of tolerable second-

'rate parts, below a genius, above the vulgar, of industry inferior 'to few, of impudence superior to most men, with a low educa-'tion, mean habits, and a narrow fortune; an adventurer never 'caressed by the greatest general or the greatest statesman of 'their time; buoyed up by the stream of party, and a series of 'lucky accidents, this child of fortune rises to the first post of 'government, with talents scarce equal to the tenth, and morals 'unworthy of the lowest. . . . . He never gained either man or 'woman but as he paid for them. . . . . Giddy with power, base 'to those who assisted him in his distress (*i.e.* Pulteney himself), 'ungrateful to those who were the instruments of his advance-'ment (*i.e.* Stanhope, Sunderland, and Townshend), and trea-'cherous to those who preserved him from disgrace, he endea-'vours to divert the general hatred of the people from himself 'by putting his master upon measures which naturally tend to 'alienate their affections.'

What should we think of a leading statesman who should in this age indite a composition so libellous, so insolent? The taste of that period did not condemn the style, nor even think it misbecoming the character of a prime minister himself. A pamphlet entitled 'Remarks on the Craftsman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons,' was popularly given out for the work of Walpole's own pen, spite of, or perhaps in consequence of, its going the length of denouncing his rival as 'a turn-coat, 'and tool of veteran Jacobites.' He was there represented as 'a sophist, who would prove that his sovereign, by his natural 'affection for Hanover, had violated the Act of Settlement, and 'thereby broken the solitary link by which his house held their 'crown.' He was reproached in the same document with blind inconsistency, in now inveighing against the negotiators of those treaties as traitors, to which he had himself, when in office, been a consenting party, and against a systematic corruption by which he had once not disdained to profit. It may well be imagined that Pulteney, with his views of the rights of controversy and particular talent for abuse, was nothing loth to accept the popular account of the authorship of the paper. Taking this point for certain, he at once assumes, in his 'Answer to One Part of an Infamous Libel,' that he has convinced the minister of a breach of confidence, on the ground of the divulging of certain unpalatable facts contained in the work in question, and to which he imagined no one privy but themselves. He thence, with that dangerous incapacity to pass by a good opening for an attack, which in some measure justified Horace Walpole's sneers at 'Lord Bath's treachery,' and the more modern censure of Lord Stanhope, that 'he sometimes attempted to prove that he could keep new secrets by revealing old ones,' he

took occasion to thrust open the floodgates of political confidences. 'Now that they were upon the heads of secret history, which Walpole had opened,' was the time for putting the public right as to the reconciliation between the late and the present monarch, which had inaugurated the quarrel between the two statesmen. As in that transaction, he attempted to show, Walpole had only learned to honour the present king when he could be advanced by him, so he still confounded servility to the minister with loyalty to the sovereign, and the profusion of the public treasure on himself and his family, even down to his menials, with public munificence. Pulteney, the pamphlet continued, had been upbraided with inconsistency in reviling the man now, whom he had formerly loved. But had he ever loved or respected Walpole? 'Do you think, most noble sir, that all those that played at 'nine-pins with you in the Tower, had for that reason regard for 'you on account of your personal integrity?' As it was in defence of sacred principles that he then sympathised with him, so now he would accept the help, in aid of his country, of men, whether Whigs or Tories, not in aid of factiousness or intrigue, as the other did, 'when a *country gentleman*, nay, as he does now.' He had on the same principle condemned the treaty of Utrecht, brought about by his present colleague Bolingbroke, and the treaty of Seville, the work of his ancient colleague Walpole. 'You, sir, have been an intemperate zealot against 'France, a most obsequious dupe to France, and seem to be now 'relapsing into your old aversion to the same.' He (Pulteney) had not participated in the making of those treaties which he now condemned, though nominally a party to them. He had neither countenanced nor shared the '*dirty job*,' by which the premier, having got himself, for form's sake, constituted, in addition to his regular office, a secretary of state, on the absence abroad of the two acting ones, claimed the salary, even the plate of a secretary of state, nay, even the secret-service money, though with no possible secret missions to defray. It had been said that, if he (Pulteney) could, through a secretary of the Treasury (Guy, whose heir he was), derive £9,000 a-year, and that through the intervention of the man he now sought to destroy, could the actual head of that Treasury be grudged his hard earnings? 'Impudent and silly falsehoods these!' £50,000 in all was the sum of Guy's bequest. By that economy (not scraping avarice) necessary to keep a man independent of the smiles and favours of a court, he had made it, with the addition of his paternal and his wife's inheritance, into the fortune he now possessed, a fortune which raised him above the suspicion that his wrath arose from disappointment at the loss of an office how-

ever lucrative. Could Walpole, he exclaimed, a man who at one time could not have raised £100 upon his personal security, account for his estate and expenditure in the same way, for that profuseness, miscalled generosity, to spies, and 'the scribblers of 'the atheistical stuff, and vile political magazines, propagated by 'him at the public expense,' and for which he was accountable in a much stricter sense than was Pulteney for the 'Craftsman.' 'Lord, sir, if an inquiry was to be made into your estate, what 'a scene of iniquity would be disclosed.' How much would be traced to the Treasury, how much to 'Change Alley! What jobs we should discover it took to build the new house, how many manors were bought by the sale of so many peerages and garters, places, pensions, pardons! In the list would be secret-service money, many exchequer bills, debentures, and public securities, 'from the infamous Bank contract down to the last 'bargain you made with the East India Company!' 'But one 'other establishment had ever been scraped together by such 'means, his whom you last saved from the gallows, from 'sympathy.' Well, 'that pedlar in politics' might go on misapplying the public treasure, and prostituting his royal master's name in his own dirty service, still the time of vengeance would come. He had already, doubtless, often seen his opponent (Pulteney), in his dreams, armed with axes and halters; he had, doubtless, often felt 'the same terror which, on the revelations of 'a penny-post letter, made him hurry, pale and trembling, to 'secure that gentleman's protection, as his neighbour, from in-'cendiaries.'—From disclosures affecting the private reputation of his family he was safe through his antagonist's honour. From menaces of illegal personal violence he was also secure. 'But 'let him know that the first condition in any treaty with his 'majesty's opposition, must be to deliver up the guilty minister 'to the justice of his country.'

Such was the spirit in which this famous conflict was carried on; such was the chivalry of men who pretended they fought only for liberty and national aggrandizement, while the goal of each one of them was a fancy picture either of a rival on the gibbet, or himself in a blue riband.

Walpole had, almost voluntarily, brought the fury and wrath of these men upon himself. He had despised them too much to guard against their arguments. Beside this, he was himself by no means guiltless as a statesman, by no means an innocent martyr to popular prejudices. There was in this mighty minister a narrow partisanship which converted the general Anti-Whig prejudices of the Tories (by which term we do not mean to signify the adherents of the exiled house) into an inveterate personal hatred. In the same way he disgusted a

large section even of the Whig party in the nation at large by a bigoted and superstitious adherence to the few maxims embodied in the Revolution of 1689, and to those exclusively. It was, indeed, the original and radical defect of his organization that a temporary state of things was looked upon by him as the regular and permanent system. He could never emancipate himself from the ideas of the tempestuous epoch when he had himself entered public life. He could not help believing that the nation still abnegated the functions challenged for it by the Bill of Rights, and Act of Settlement, of thinking for itself, and choosing its own legislators and administrations. Thus attending only to the feeling of the sovereign and of parliament, making them his infallible gauging rod and test of public opinion, he at length fell into the fatal error of fancying, that to persuade them, was the one only duty of a minister, and that, by whatever means. Thus, again, not endeavouring to guide the parliament by external and public opinion, but making its consent or opposition his only measure of popularity, he glided naturally, as ministers have often done, into disbelief in the superiority of one member of that assembly over another, into an arithmetical computation, in short, of men's powers by the votes they could command. Finally, he miscalculated as well the impenetrability to the allurements of office of *patriots* loaded with popular favour, as the energy and perceptions of the people at large. He ascribed too little force to the length of time during which the passions of the last century had been suffered to cool down without a single real menace to rouse them against the Tories and the allies of Tories, and to the weariness induced by the duration of his own rule, unvaried by any danger to make the Whigs themselves appreciate and feel the necessity of his judgment and foresight. At the same time he did not allow enough for the continuity of impulse and the shame of deserting a popular cause which a career of resistance under the guise of patriotism to his absolute supremacy so prodigally supplied.

But if Walpole had, in his most arduous position, failed from a misconception of the times, and circumstances, and his own position, what did his opponents, with their great opportunities, achieve? Walpole was their mark. As long as he was in, their principles and their tactics were always the same. Corruption in parliament, and without; the treaty with Hanover, and the confederacy with France, had been the key-stones of Walpole's policy in the reign of George I. They were so in the reign of George II. We seek in vain, in the conduct of his rivals, the development of any great principle in opposition to those objects. The destruction, indeed, of worn-out party-badges, even though

they were to give way to others, that result, in fact, which the French Revolution, acting upon the Whig antecedents of Burke, helped to consummate, was a noble aim. Even though we knew that their conversion to that principle had been the effect of self-interest, we should still have had reason for gratitude to the body of men who worked for that change. Unhappily, there is no fragment of evidence in proof that this, though the cry, was a guiding principle of the measures of this opposition. It is difficult to see, in their systematic resistance to the administration, any clearer manifestation of an absence of the spirit of party than in the conduct of ministers themselves. From either side came the constant reproach of dereliction of their old standard. An alliance with France against the empire (one of Walpole's pet plans) was not more opposed to the traditions of the Revolution than was Pulteney's co-operation with Bolingbroke and the Tories in endeavouring the repeal of the Septennial Bill, which was appealed to as evincing an enlightened readiness to reconsider former conclusions, and to coalesce with old adversaries. In fact, declamations against the evils of party are always equivocal, when proceeding from men, all of whom, without consideration of their special camps, have a decided interest in ejecting those already in possession of power. It is a profession so easy to make, and so hard to disprove, when there exists a multitude of common topics of hostility to those in, and is of such manifest expediency for those out. The points on which any two bodies of disappointed politicians disagree with a third are so many as to make their junction the easiest thing in the world. It is when the battle is won that the time has come for testing the truth of their professions of unanimity. If, *then*, the leaders of either party unite, on an equal footing, in forming a government; nor that alone; but if also, without taking refuge in the neutrality of a multitude of open questions, they think out and pursue a common positive policy, we have a right, and it is our duty to give them credit for having set out originally in good faith and honesty of purpose. Judging the great opposition by this test, it fails deplorably.

One positive end, and one only, it effected, and that was the elevating the Duke of Newcastle into the guiding spirit of a nation.

ART. II.—1. Ἐπιστολαὶ περὶ τῶν ἱερῶν Ἀκολουθίων τῆς Ἀνατολικῆς Ὀρθοδόξου Ἐκκλησίας, συγγραφεῖσαι μὲν Ῥωσσιστὶ, καὶ τὸ πέμπτον ἤδη ἐκδοθεῖσαι τῷ 1844 ἔτει ἐν Πετρουπόλει· μετενεχθεῖσαι δὲ εἰς τὴν ἡμετέραν διάλεκτον ὑπὸ Θεοδώρου Βαλλιάνου, συνταγματάρχου τοῦ Μηχανικοῦ τῆς Ἑλλάδος. Ἀθηνῆσιν· ἐκ τοῦ Τυπογραφείου Χ. Ν. Φιλαδελφέως. Παρὰ τῇ Πύλῃ τῆς Ἀγορᾶς, ἀριθ. 420.

Letters on the Holy Rites of the Eastern Orthodox Church, written in Russ, and published in a fifth edition, at S. Petersburg, 1844: *now translated into our language by Theodore Ballianus, Major in the Hellenic Engineers.* Athens: Ch. N. Philadelpheus, by the Gate of the Agora, 420.

2. *Slovo Katholicheskago Pravoslaviia Remskomou Katolichestvovo.* Moskva: v' Tipographie V. Gothe. 1857.

A Word from Catholic Orthodoxy to Roman Catholicism. Moscow: Gothe. 1857.

3. *O Razlichie Oucheniia Protestantskago ot' istin' Pravoslaviia.* Moskva: v' Tipographie V. Gothe. 1857.

The distinction of Protestant Teaching from real Orthodoxy. Moscow, &c.

4. *Beiträge zur näheren Kenntniss der Glaubenslehre der Orthodox-Katholischen Kirche, in Uebersetzungen und Auszügen vorzüglich aus Russischen und Slawischen Schriften.* Nos. 1—7. S. Petersburg.

Introduction to a more intimate acquaintance with the teaching of the Orthodox Catholic Church: chiefly in Translations and Specimens from the Russ and Slavonic. S. Petersburg.

5. *Pamiatnik Trudov pravoslavnich Blagoviestniekov Russkich s'* 1793 *do* 1853 *Goda.* Moskva. 1857.

Letters of Russian Missionaries, 1793 *to* 1853. Moscow. 1857.

6. *The Orthodox Companion: edited by the Spiritual Academy of Kazan.* Kazan. 1858.

7. *The Divine Liturgy of S. John Chrysostom, translated into the Tatar language.* Kazan. 1858.

8. *Documents connected with the Present State and Missions of the Eastern Church.* Translated, with Notes, by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A. London: Masters. 1859.

9. *A Selection of the Hymns of the Eastern Church: including the best Canons and other Poems of S. John Damascene, S. Cosmas the Melodist, S. Theophanes, S. Joseph and S. Theodore of the Studium, S. Andrew of Crete, S. Stephen the Sabaïte, Metrophanes of Smyrna.* Edited, with copious Notes and Explanations, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A. Warden of Sackville College. London: Hayes. 1859.

The Eastern Church is certainly exerting herself to make known her position to, and to enforce her claims on, Western Europe. Struggling against the disadvantages of employing languages which to general scholars are almost a dead letter, her sons are writing and translating in French, in German, and even in English. Witness the version of Plato's Catechism, which appeared some time since at Liverpool.

We may justly pride ourselves that the *Christian Remembrancer* has never been behindhand in noticing Oriental works; and the list which heads this article would afford us several most interesting subjects of discussion. The late M. de Stourdza's work on Russian Missions (it stands fifth on our list) opens to us the various attempts to evangelize southern Siberia and Tartary, interesting as a fair endeavour on the part of the Church to grapple with a nomad population. So does the Tatar translation of the Liturgy, recently published by the labours of the Spiritual Academy of Kazan. The 'Address of Catholic Orthodoxy to Western Catholicism,' translated in Mr. Neale's 'Eastern Documents,' would lead us to the battle-field between those two great Churches. But we propose rather to dwell on the first volume, which may be described as a *Handbook of Eastern Ritual.* The original letters of M. Mouravieff attracted, on their first publication, great attention in Russia, and have found a very competent translator in Theodore Ballianus, an old officer of the war of independence, a major in the Hellenic Engineers; or, to give him his more euphonious title, a *συνταγματάρχης τοῦ Μηχανικοῦ τῆς Ἑλλάδος.* Nothing is more curious, in these modern Greek books, than the list of subscribers (*συνδρομηταί*) for copies (*σώματα*). Here, the Athenian quota is headed by the Holy Synod, the Metropolitans of Athens, Cynuria, Damali, Locris; then the Archimandrite Misael Apostolides. Then we have a *ταγματάρχης τοῦ Πυροβολικοῦ*—a Colonel in the Artillery; then, again, we are in the cells of the 'Holy Mountain;' while 'The Venerable Metropolitan of Libya, Callistratus,' comes in strangely at Bucharest. The official appellation of a priest is inserted between his Christian and surname—*Ἰωάννης Ἱερεὺς Σταθόπουλος.*

The subject on which we shall take occasion to dwell from

M. Mouravieff's book, is one which has hitherto received no attention in England,—we mean Greek Hymnology. Some years since Dr. Daniel,—or rather Reinhold Vormbaum, under his auspices,—published a very small collection of Greek hymns. With that one exception, and a still feebler attempt of Ranke, nothing has been done to illustrate them: for the work of Rambach hardly deserves a notice.[1]

We must remember that whereas hymnology forms but a very small part of the offices of any Western Church, it is the staple of those of the Eastern. Fourteen or fifteen quarto volumes, as we shall directly see, present scarcely anything else but hymns, in various forms, and under differing names. To these everything else gives way; and this is what makes the Menæa, the Pentecostarion, the Triodion, so bulky. Again, Greek Hymnology had ceased to flourish before that of the Western Church began. We are carried up for its study into the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries; after this there are no great names. And, enthusiastic admirers as we are of Latin Hymnology, we are not afraid to say that that of Greece may contend against it at least on an equality. Cosmas of Maiuma may oppose Adam of S. Victor; John Damascene need fear no comparison with Notker; Andrew of Crete has poems as sweet as S. Bernard; Theophanes and Theodore of the Studium are in no wise inferior to the best of Sequence writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

In entering on this as a subject altogether untouched (we mean abroad as well as in England), except so far as it is very briefly discussed by Mr. Neale, in his 'Introduction to the History of the Holy Eastern Church,' we shall divide it into five heads:—

1. The Epochs of Greek Ecclesiastical Poetry.
2. Its principal authors.
3. The books in which it exists.
4. The theory of its metres.
5. Specimens of its character.

We may as well say at once, that if we have any fair readers, they had better skip over the first four heads, which will be rather 'stiff' reading; but we will try to make up to them by the last.

Like that of the Latin Church, Greek Ecclesiastical Poetry may be divided into three epochs:—

1. That of formation: while it was slowly throwing off

[1] Vormbaum's book is only a small octavo of 138 pages. It cannot be commended as correct. For example: under the head John Damascene, are inserted three very long Iambic poems, attributed to John Arklas, and utterly unworthy of the name they are made to bear by their editor.

classical metres, and inventing and adopting its peculiar style. And this may be said to end about the year 650.

2. The era of perfection: which nearly, as we shall see, coincides with that of the Iconoclastic controversy.

3. That of slow decadence, beginning with Joseph of the Studium, about 830, and lingering on to the fall of Constantinople.

The first epoch, however beautiful are the odes which it has left us, has impressed, as we shall see, scarcely any traces on the Greek Office-books. Passing by the singular ode attributed to S. Clement of Alexandria, S. Gregory Nazianzen comes first in our list; and his hymns, all written in classical metres, are, some of them, exceedingly beautiful. Deriving his inspiration from that great doctor of the Church, S. Sophronius of Jerusalem, in the seventh century, attained high reputation as a lyric bard. He scarcely ever employed any but the Anacreontic metre, and his sweetness and facility in that are quite remarkable. Take, as an example, the opening of his Ode on the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple:—

Ἀπὸ Βηθλεὲμ παρέλθω
Μετὰ Παρθένου τεκούσης
Βρέφος ἀγκάλαις φερούσης
Κλυτὸν ἐς δόμον Θεοῖο.
Βιβλίον κόμιζε Λουκᾶ,
Κιθάρην φέρε Προφήτα,
Ἵνα νῦν τεχθέντι Χριστῷ
Διφυὲς μέλος προσάξω.

Γενέτη γάρ ἐστιν ἶσος
Θεὸς ἐκ Θεοῦ παλάμας·
Ἶσος αὖ πάλιν τεκούσῃ
Βροτὸς ἐκ βροτοῦ γὰρ ὤφθη.
Διὸ σύνθετον καλέσσω
Τὸν ἀσυγχύτως φανέντα,
Δύο γὰρ φύσεις τελείας
Μετὰ σύνθεσιν δοκεύω.

Very pretty verses, but not the stuff of which the ordinary hymns of the Church are made. They may be read with pleasure, they may commend themselves to men of taste; but to be the heart-utterance of nature,—to go with the multitude, and give them voice in the house of God,—never! We may notice the occasional failure of the metre; whether arbitrarily, as in vv. 6 and 7, or on the principle of the accent, in v. 10.

S. Sophronius left no followers; but a new school was springing up, which was ultimately to draw into itself all the treasures of Eastern Hymnography.

The first poet of the new era, who emancipated himself from the tyranny of old laws (hence to be compared to Fortunatus in the West), and boldly struck out the new path,—harmonious prose,—was S. Anatolius of Constantinople. His commencements were not promising. He had been *apocrisiarius*—or legate—from the arch-heretic Dioscorus in the Emperor's court; and on the death of S. Flavian by the violence of the *Latrocinium* of Ephesus, he was, by the influence of his pontiff, raised to the Œcumenical throne. He soon, however, vindicated his

orthodoxy; and he procured the enactment of the famous XXVIIIth Canon of Chalcedon, by which, in spite of Rome, Constantinople was raised to the second place. Having sat eight years in peace, he departed this life in A. D. 458.

The second period of Greek Hymnology is very nearly, as we said, coincident with the Iconoclastic controversy. Its first writers, indeed, died shortly after the commencement of that stormy age, and took no share in its Councils nor sufferings; while the last hymnographer who bore a part in its proceedings, S. Joseph of the Studium, belongs to the decline of his art. With these two exceptions, the ecclesiastical poets of this period were not only thrown into the midst of that great struggle, but, with scarcely one exception, took an active share in it.

A few words on that conflict of one hundred and sixteen years are absolutely necessary, if we would understand the progress and full development of Greek Hymnography. No controversy has been more grossly misapprehended; none, without the key of subsequent events, could have been so difficult to appreciate. Till Calvinism, and its daughter Rationalism, showed the ultimate development of Iconoclast principles, it must have been well-nigh impossible to realize the depth of feeling on the side of the Church, or the greatness of the interests attacked by her opponents. We may perhaps doubt whether even the saints of that day fully understood the character of the battle; whether they did not give up ease, honour, possessions, life itself, rather from an intuitive perception that their cause was the cause of the Catholic faith, than from a logical induction of the results to which the Image-destroyers were tending. Just so, in the early part of the Nestorian controversy, many and many a simple soul felt intuitively that the title of the *Theotocos* was to be defended, without seeing the full consequences to which its denial would subsequently lead. The supporters of Icons, by universal consent, numbered amongst their ranks all that was pious and venerable in the Eastern Church. The Iconoclasts seem to have been the legitimate development of that secret creeping Manichæism, which, under the various names of Turlupins, Bogomili, or Good-men, so long devastated CHRIST'S fold.

We must keep the land-marks of the controversy in sight. Commenced by Leo the Isaurian, in A. D. 726, the persecution was carried on by his despicable son, Constantine Copronymus, who also endeavoured to destroy monasticism. The great Council of Constantinople, attended by 338 prelates, in 752, which rejected the use of images, was the culminating success of the Iconoclasts. Lulling at the death of Constantine, the perse-

cution again broke out in the latter years of his successor Leo, and was only terminated by the death of that prince, and the succession of Constantine and Irene. The Second Council of Nicæa, seventh Œcumenical (A. D. 787), attended by 377 Bishops, seemed to end the heresy; but it again broke out under the Iconoclast Emperor, Leo the Armenian (813), and after having been carried on under the usurper Michael, and his son Theophilus, ended with the death of the latter in 842. In the Hymnographers of this epoch, it may be noticed that the Second Council of Nicæa forms the culminating point of ecclesiastical poetry. Up to that date, there is a vigour and freshness which the twenty-eight years of peace succeeding the Council corrupted, and that rapidly, with the fashionable language of an effete court, and deluged with Byzantine bombast.

S. Andrew of Crete was born in Damascus, about the year 660, and embraced the monastic life at Jerusalem, from which city he sometimes takes his name. Hence he was sent on ecclesiastical business to Constantinople, where he became a Deacon of the Great Church and Warden of the Orphanage. His first entrance on public life does no credit to his sanctity. During the reign of Philippicus Bardanes (711—714) he was raised by that usurper to the archiepiscopate of Crete, and shortly afterwards was one of the pseudo-Synod of Constantinople, held under the Emperor's auspices in 712, and which condemned the Sixth Œcumenical Council, and restored the Monothelite heresy. At a later period, however, he returned to the faith of the Church, and expressly refuted the error into which he had fallen. Seventeen of his homilies, rather laboured than eloquent, remain to us; that in which he rises highest is, not unnaturally, his sermon on S. Titus, the Apostle of Crete. He died in the island of Hierissus, near Mitylene, about the year 732.

As a poet, his most ambitious composition is the Great Canon, which, partially used during other days of Lent, is sung right through on the Thursday of Mid-Lent Week, called, indeed, from that composition. His Triodia in Holy Week, and his Canons on Mid-Pentecost, are fine: but it is in his short spirited *Idiomela* that he principally excels.

S. Germanus of Constantinople was born in that city about 634. His father, Justinian, a patrician, had the ill fortune to excite the jealousy of the Emperor Constantine Pogonatus, who put him to death, and obliged Germanus himself to be enrolled among the clergy of the Great Church. Here he became distinguished for piety and learning, and, in process of time, was chosen Bishop of Cyzicus. In this capacity he assisted, with S. Andrew of Crete, in the several Councils which I have just mentioned;

and no doubt he was the more favourably disposed to Monothelism, from having been so deeply wronged by its great opponent, Pogonatus. He, however, like Andrew at a later period, expressly condemned that heresy. Translated to the throne of Constantinople in 715, he governed his patriarchate in tranquillity till the outbreak of Leo the Isaurian against Icons, and then his letters in opposition to the innovation were the first warnings of the impending danger which the Church received. Refusing to sign the decrees of the Synod convoked by the Emperor in 730, and stripping off his garments, with the words, 'It is impossible for me, Sire, to innovate without an Œcumenical Council,' he was driven from his see, not, it is said, without blows, and retired to his house at Platonias, where he led a private life. He died shortly afterwards, aged about a hundred years, and is regarded by the Greeks as one of their most glorious confessors. The poetical compositions of S. Germanus are few. He has stanzas on S. Symeon Stylites, on the Prophet Elias, and the Decollation of S. John Baptist. His best composition is perhaps his Canon on the Wonder-working Icon of Edessa.

S. John Damascene has the double honour of being the last but one of the Fathers of the Eastern Church and the greatest of her poets. It is surprising, however, how little is known of his life. That he was born of a good family at Damascus,—that he made great progress in philosophy,—that he administered some charge under the Caliph,—that he retired to the monastery of S. Sabas, in Palestine,—that he was the most learned and eloquent writer with whom the Iconoclasts had to contend,—that at a comparatively late period of life he was ordained Priest of the Church of Jerusalem, and that he died after 754, and before 787, seems to comprise all that has reached us of his biography. His enemies, from an unknown reason, called him *Mansur;* whether he were the same with John Arklas, also an ecclesiastical poet, is not so certain.

As a poet, he had a principal share in the *Octoechus*, of which we shall presently speak. His three great Canons are those on Easter, the Transfiguration, and the Ascension: of the first of which a translation appeared no long time since in *The Christian Remembrancer*. Probably many of the Idiomela and Stichera, scattered about the Office-books under the name of *John*, may be his also. His eloquent defence of images has deservedly procured him the title of *The Doctor of Christian Art*.

S. Cosmas of Jerusalem holds the second place among Greek ecclesiastical poets, and is known as *The Melodist*. Left an orphan at an early age, he was adopted by the father of S. John Damascene; and the two foster-brothers were bound

together by a friendship which lasted through life. They excited each other to Hymnography, and assisted, corrected, and polished each other's compositions. Cosmas, like his friend, became a monk of S. Sabas, and, against his will, was consecrated Bishop of Maiuma, near Gaza, by John, Patriarch of Jerusalem, the same who ordained S. John Damascene priest. After administering his diocese with great holiness, he died in a good old age about A. D. 760, and is commemorated by the Eastern Church on the 14th of October.

> Where perfect sweetness dwells, is Cosmas gone;
> But his sweet lays to cheer the Church live on,—

says the Stichos prefixed to his life. His compositions are tolerably numerous; and he seems to have taken a pleasure in competing with John Damascene, as on the Epiphany, the Transfiguration, and the Nativity, where the Canons of both the one and the other poet are given in the Office-books. To Cosmas a considerable portion of the Octoechus is owing. The best of his other compositions, besides those we have mentioned, seem to be his Canons on S. Gregory Nazianzen, the Assumption, and the Purification. He is the most learned of the Greek poets; and his fondness for types, boldness in their application, and love of aggregating them, make him the Eastern Adam of Saint Victor. It is owing partly to a fulness of meaning, very uncommon in Greek poetry, partly to the unusual harshness and contortion of his phrases, that he is the hardest of ecclesiastical bards to comprehend.

S. Stephen the Sabaïte, so called from the monastery of S. Sabas, was the nephew of S. John Damascene, who placed him in that house. He was then ten years of age, having been born in A. D. 725, and he passed his life in that celebrated retreat, dying there in 794. He was thus the first of the hymnographers who lived to see the restoration of Icons. He has left but few poetical compositions. His two best are those on the Martyrs of the Monastery of S. Sabas (March 20), on which a monk of that house would be likely to write *con amore*, and on the Circumcision. His style seems formed on the model of S. Cosmas rather than on that of his own uncle. He is not deficient in elegance and richness of typology, but exhibits a good deal of sameness, and has some very harsh metaphors, as where he speaks of 'the circumcision of the tempest of our sins.' He is commemorated on the 13th of July.

S. Tarasius, raised by Constantine and Irene from the post of secretary of state, though a layman, at one step to the patriarchate of Constantinople (784), was the prime mover in the

restoration of Icons and the Second Council of Nicæa. Strongly opposing the divorce of Constantine from Maria, he refused to celebrate the Emperor's nuptials with Theodota. But when they had been performed, he was with some difficulty persuaded to pardon the priest who had officiated at them. On this S. Plato and the monks of the all-influential Studium forsook his communion; nor was the schism composed till the Patriarch yielded and retracted his pardon. He died Feb. 25, A. D. 806, on which day he is commemorated both by the East and West. His hymns are unimportant. The longest is the Canon on the Invocation of S. John Baptist, May 25. It is in no wise remarkable.

S. Theophanes, who holds the third place among Greek poets, was born in 759, his father being governor of the Archipelago. Betrothed in childhood to a lady named Megalis, he persuaded her, on their wedding-day, to embrace the monastic life. He retired to the monastery of Syngriana, in the early part of the reign of Constantine and Irene. From the fiftieth year of his age he was nearly bedridden; but his devotion to the cause of Icons marked him out as one of the earliest victims of Leo the Armenian, who, after imprisoning him for two years, banished him to Samothrace. On the third day after his arrival in that inhospitable region, worn out with sufferings and sickness, he departed this life A. D. 818. He is chiefly famous for his History, with which we have now nothing to do. With the one exception of S. Joseph of the Studium, Theophanes is the most prolific of Eastern Hymnographers; and in his writings we first see that which has been the bane and ruin of later Greek poetry, the composition of hymns, not from the spontaneous effusion of the heart, but because they were wanted to fill up a gap in the Office-Book.

Because the great festivals and the chief saints of the Church had their Canon and their Stichera, therefore every martyr, every confessor, who happened to give his name to a day, must have his Canon and Stichera also, just for uniformity. How different the Latin use, where not even the apostles have separate hymns, received by the whole Church, but supply themselves from the *Common!* Hencē the deluge of worthless compositions that occur in the Menæa: hence tautology, repeated till it becomes almost sickening; the merest commonplace, again and again decked in the tawdry shreds of tragic language, and twenty or thirty times presenting the same thought in slightly varying terms. Theophanes, indeed, must be distinguished from the host of inferior writers that about his time began to overwhelm the Church. Many of his subjects are of world-wide interest. The Eastern martyrs whom he celebrates are

for the most part those who have won for themselves the greatest name in the annals of history. But still we find him thus honouring some, of whom all that can be said is, that they died for the sake of CHRIST. And though the poet brings more matter to his task than do others, many long stanzas, which keep pretty close to their subject, concerning a saint of whom there is nothing specific to say, must become tedious.

S. Theodore of the Studium, by his sufferings and his influence, did more, perhaps, for the sake of Icons than any other single man. His uncle, S. Plato, and himself, had been cruelly persecuted by Constantine for refusing to communicate with him after his illicit marriage with Theodota, at a time when, as we have seen, the firmness of even the Patriarch Tarasius gave way. Raised subsequently to be Hegumen of the great abbey of the Studium, the first at Constantinople, and probably the most influential that ever existed in the world, Theodore exhibited more doubtful conduct in the schism which arose regarding the readmission to communion of Joseph, the priest who had given the nuptial benediction to Constantine: but he suffered imprisonment on his account with the greatest firmness. When the Iconoclastic persecution again broke out, under Leo the Armenian, Theodore was one of the first sufferers: he was exiled, imprisoned, scourged, and left for dead. Under Michael Curopalata he enjoyed greater liberty; but he died in banishment, November 11, 826. His hymns are, in our judgment, very far superior to those of Theophanes, and nearly, if not quite, equal to the compositions of Cosmas. In those, comparatively few, which he has left for the Festivals of Saints, he does not rise much above the average: it is in his Lent Canons, in the Triodion, that his chief excellency lies. The contrast which is presented between the rigid, unbending, unyielding character of the man in his outward history, and the fervency of the penitence and love which his inward life, as revealed by these compositions, manifests, is most striking: it forms a remarkable parallel to the characters of S. Gregory VII., Innocent III., and other holy men in the Western Church, whom the world, judging from a superficial view of their actions, has branded with unbending haughtiness and the merest formality of religion, while their most secret writings show them to have been clinging to the Cross in an ecstacy of love and sorrow.

S. Methodius I., a native of Syracuse, embraced the monastic life at Constantinople. Sent as legate from Pope Paschal to the Emperor Michael the Stammerer, he was imprisoned by that prince in a close cell, on account of his resolute defence of Icons, and there he passed nine years. Having been scourged,

for the same cause, by the Emperor Theophilus, he made his escape from prison; and when peace was restored to the Church he was raised to the throne of Constantinople. His first care was to assemble a Synod for the restoration of Icons; and it is, properly speaking, *that* Synod which the Greeks celebrate on Orthodoxy Sunday. With this Council the Iconoclast troubles ceased. S. Methodius died November 4, 846. His compositions are very few, and are chiefly confined to Idiomela.

Naucratius, the favourite disciple of S. Theodore of the Studium, was probably the author of the very grand Canon on the re-erection of the Icons, which is sung on Orthodoxy Sunday, and which for its poetry, though certainly not for its spirit, may stand in the very first rank of Eastern hymns. The time of his birth and death is equally uncertain. Some MSS. Menæa celebrate him as a saint on the 8th of June.

The *third period* of Greek Hymnology opens with its most voluminous writer, S. Joseph of the Studium. A Sicilian by birth, he left his native country on its occupation by the Mahometans in 830, and went to Thessalonica, where he embraced the monastic life. Thence he removed to Constantinople, but, in the second Iconoclastic persecution, he seems to have felt no vocation for confessorship, and went to Rome. Taken by pirates, he was for some years a slave in Crete, where he converted many to the faith; and having obtained his liberty, and returned to the Imperial City, he stood high in the favour, first of S. Ignatius, then of Photius, whom he accompanied into exile. On the death of that great man he was recalled, and gave himself up entirely to Hymnology. A legend, connected with his death, is sometimes represented on the walls of the churches in the Levant. A citizen of Constantinople betook himself to the church of S. Theodore in the hope of obtaining some benefit from the intercessions of that martyr. He waited three days in vain; then, just as he was about to leave the church in despair, S. Theodore appeared. 'I,' said the vision, 'and the other 'saints, whom the poet Joseph has celebrated in his Canons, 'have been attending his soul to Paradise: hence my absence 'from my church.' The Eastern Communion celebrates him on the 3d of April. But of the innumerable compositions of this most laborious writer it would be impossible to find one which, to Western taste, gives the least sanction to the position which he holds in the East. The insufferable tediousness consequent on the necessity of filling eight odes with the praises of a Saint of whom nothing, beyond the fact of his existence, is known, and doing this sixty or seventy different times,—the verbiage, the bombast, the trappings with which Scriptural simplicity is *elevated* to the taste of a corrupt court, are each and all scarcely to be

paralleled. He is by far the most prolific of hymnographers—the Watts of Greece.

Metrophanes of Smyrna, Bishop of that See towards the close of the ninth century, is principally famous for his Canons in honour of the Blessed Trinity, eight in number, one for each Tone. They are sung at Matins on Sundays; and, if the writer has not always been able to fuse his learning and orthodoxy into poetry, nor yet to escape the tautology of his coeval brother-bards, his compositions are stately and striking, and very far superior to anything left by Joseph. Metrophanes was a vigorous supporter of S. Ignatius, and the partisan of Rome in her contest with Photius. He died about A.D. 900.

Our next name is that of a royal poet. Leo VI. the Philosopher, who reigned from 886 to 917, left behind him the *Idiomela*, or detached stanzas, which are sung at Lauds. They are somewhat better than might have been expected from an Imperial author, and the troubler of the Eastern Church by a *fourth* marriage. The same thing may be said of the *Exaposteilaria* of his son, Constantine Porphyrogenitus, whose life lasted till 959.

Euthymius, usually known as Syngelus (the same as Syncellus, the confidential Deacon of the Patriarch of Constantinople), died about 920. He is the author of a Penitential Canon to S. Mary, which is very highly esteemed in the East.

John Mauropus, Metropolitan of Euchaïta, flourished about 1054. He is sometimes considered the last of the Eastern Fathers. His hymns were printed at Eton in 1610; and, if not boasting much poetical fire, are at least graced with a gentle and Isocratean eloquence.

With this Metropolitan Greek hymnology well-nigh ceased; at least the only subsequent name which need be mentioned is that of Philotheus, Patriarch of Constantinople, who died in 1376. This man, the warm supporter of the dogma of the Uncreated Light, was the composer of several stanzas for Orthodoxy Sunday, and the Canon for July 16, on the Holy Fathers: both in the very worst taste.

Of Russian Hymnographers we need only mention three. S. Hilarion, born in the latter part of the tenth century, was a native of the village of Berestovo, the favourite residence of the great Prince Iaroslaff. He occasionally retreated to a small cavern on the banks of the Dnieper; and hence the Pechersky Laura, the most celebrated of the religious houses in Russia. The Metropolitical Chair of Kieff became vacant at the time when, on account of the cruelty of Constantine Monomachus towards his Russian prisoners, there was a cessation of all intercourse between the two countries. Hilarion was unanimously

elected to that dignity by a Synod, without reference to Constantinople, and he thus became the first Russian Metropolitan. This was in 1051, and he died in 1054.

S. Gregory, who lived about the end of the eleventh century, contributed largely to Russian Hymnology: his most celebrated Canon is that on S. Theodosius.

S. Cyril of Touroff was born about 1110, and became, at an early age, a monk in that place. He afterwards embraced the life of a Stylite; and finally was made by force Bishop of his native city. He died about 1183. His chief strength lay in his sermons, which have procured him the title of the Russian Chrysostom; his principal poetical work is his *Great Canon to Christ*, which has remained to this day a favourite composition in Russia.

We next have to speak of the books in which Greek Hymnology is to be found. They consist principally of sixteen volumes.

α. Twelve of the *Menæa:*—which would answer, in Western Ritual, to the Breviary, minus the ferial offices. But, whereas in the West, the only human compositions of the Breviary are the lections from the sermons of the Fathers, the hymns, and a few responses—the body of the Eastern Breviary is ecclesiastical poetry: poetry, not strictly speaking written in verse, but in measured prose. This is the staple of those three thousand pages—under whatever name the stanzas may be presented—as forming Canons and Odes—as Troparia, Idiomela, Stichera, Stichoi, Contakia, Cathismata, Theotokia, Triodia, Stauro-theotokia, Catabasiai,—or what not else. Nine-tenths of the Eastern Service-book is poetry.

β. The *Octoechus*, in eight parts. This is the Ferial Office for eight weeks—one week for each of the Tones—whence its name.

γ. The *Triodion:* the Lent volume, which commences on the Sunday of the Pharisee and Publican (that before Septuagesima) and goes down to Easter. It is so called for a reason more easily to be explained presently.

δ. The *Pentecostarion*,—more properly the *Pentecostarion Charmosynon*,—the Office for Easter-tide. On a moderate computation, these volumes together comprise 5,000 closely printed quarto pages, in double columns, of which at least 4,000 are poetry.

Now, the first thought that strikes us is this,—the marvellous ignorance in which English ecclesiastical scholars are content to remain of this huge treasure of divinity—the gradual completion of nine centuries at least. We may safely calculate that not one out of a hundred who peruse these pages will ever have read a Greek '*Canon*' through; yet what a glorious mass

of theology do these offices present! And how can any one presume to sit in criticism on the Eastern Church, to judge of the respective merits of the Oriental and Western Communions, without some moderately competent knowledge of her rites? If a man, criticising the Roman Church, were to say, 'Oh! I have never looked into the Breviary,' we should class him at once with the Closes and Westertons. Might not some of us be as justly amenable to an Oriental censure for passing our verdict on a Church of which we know so little? However, we must not be drawn aside from our more immediate subject by considerations of this kind:—

> We have (God wot) a largë field to sow,
> And wekë been the oxen to our plow.

We will again remark that, whatever excuse English scholars may have hitherto had from the difficulty of procuring Greek Office-books, the work which stands last on our list will now enable them, without any trouble, and at a very trifling expense, to study for themselves the best compositions of Greek ecclesiastical poetry. Mr. Neale has added such notes as beginners may find useful, if not necessary, in a new study.

We hope some day to draw the reader's attention to the laborious Apostleship of SS. Cyril and Methodius, the evangelizers of the Slavonian peoples, the pioneers of their literature, and, indeed, the very devisers of their alphabet. We mention them here for the mere purpose of observing what a gigantic task must have been the translation of all the Greek Office-books into such a tongue! A literary labour, all circumstances taken into consideration,—the absence of any pioneer, the novelty of the language, the hurried and eventful life of a Missionary, the want of all assistance, and the enormous size of the undertaking, —absolutely without a parallel!

We have seen that, as a general rule, the first poetical attempts of the Eastern, like those of the Western Church, were in classical measures. But as classical Greek died out as a spoken language,—as new trains of thought were familiarized, —as new words were coined, a versification became valueless, which was attached with no living bonds to the new energy, to the onward movement. Dean Trench has admirably expressed this truth in the introduction to his 'Sacred Latin Poetry,' and showed how the 'new wine must be put into new bottles.' Ecclesiastical words *must* be used, which rebelled against classical metre: in Greek, no less than in Latin, five words in eight would be shut out of the principal classical metres. Now, the Gospel was preached to the poor. Church hymns must be the life-expression of all hearts. The Church

was forced to make a way for saying in poetry what her message bade her say.[1]

Well, then, the Anacreontics of Sophronius would not answer: how was the problem to be solved?—In Latin, and much about the same time, it was answered by that glorious introduction of rhyme. Why not in Greek also?

Now it is no less true in Greek, than in Latin, that there was a tendency to rhyme from the very beginning. Open Homer: look for leonine rhymes:—

Νημερτής τε καὶ Ἀψευδὴς καὶ Καλλιάνασσα·
Ἔνθαδ' ἔην Κλυμένη, Ἰάνειρα καὶ Ἰφιάνασσα. Il. xviii. 46.

Ἄστεος αἰθομένοιο· θεῶν δέ Fε μῆνις ἀνῆκεν·
Πᾶσι δὲ θῆκε πόνον· πολλοῖσι δὲ κήδε' ἐφῆκεν·
Ὡς Ἀχιλεὺς Τρώεσσι πόνον καὶ κήδεα θῆκεν. Il. xxi. 523.

Οὐ μὲν γὰρ μεῖζον κλέος ἀνέρος, ὄφρα κεν ᾖσιν
Ἢ ὅ τι ποσσίν τε ῥέξει καὶ χερσὶν ἑῇσιν. Odyss. viii. 147.

Cristati are still more common. The reader's attention is particularly requested to those that follow:—

Il. ii. 220. Ἔχθιστος δ' Ἀχιλῆϊ μάλιστ' ἦν, ἠδ' Ὀδυσῆϊ.
484. Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι, Μοῦσαι, Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.
475. Ῥεῖα διακρίνωσιν, ἐπεί κε νομῷ μιγέωσιν.
iii. 84. Ὣς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἔσχοντο μάχης, ἄνεῳ τ' ἐγένοντο.
v. 529. Ὦ φίλοι, ἀνέρες ἔστε, καὶ ἄλκιμον ἦτορ ἔλεσθε.
vi. 243. Τὸν δ' Ἑλένη μύθοισι προσηύδα μειλιχίοισι.

Od. i. 40. Ἐκ γὰρ Ὀρέσταο τίσις ἔσσεται Ἀτρεΐδαο.
397. Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ Fοῖκοιο Fάναξ ἔσομ' ἡμετέροιο.
iv. 121. Ἐκ δ' Ἑλένη θαλάμοιο θυώδεος ὑψορόφοιο.
xiv. 371. Ἀσπίδας, ὅσσαι ἄρισται ἐνὶ στρατῷ ἠδὲ μέγισται.

And we might mark multitudes more: but these are enough by way of example. The question then occurs at once, Why did not the new life instilled into the Greek as well as into the

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[1] As an illustration of this remark, it is worth while noticing how very few examples of Hexameters occur in the New Testament. We believe that the following are all that are *tolerable;* that is, that can so be scanned without one or two false quantities:—

S. Luke xxi. 18. Θρὶξ ἐκ τῆς κεφαλῆς ὑμῶν οὐ μὴ ἀπόληται.
S. John xiii. 5. βάλλει ὕδωρ εἰς τὸν νιπτῆρα, καὶ ἤρξατο νίπτειν.
S. John xiii. 16. οὐκ ἔστι[ν] δοῦλος μείζων τοῦ κυρίου αὐτοῦ.
S. John xvii. 20. καὶ περὶ τῶν πιστευσόντων διὰ τοῦ λόγου αὐτῶν.
Titus iii. 2. μηδένα βλασφημεῖν, ἀμάχους εἶναι, ἐπιεικεῖς.
Heb. xii. 13. καὶ τροχιὰς ὀρθὰς ποιήσατε τοῖς ποσὶν ὑμῶν.

There are some which are very near a hexameter: as S. Matt. xxiii. 6—

καὶ τὰς πρωτοκαθεδρίας ἐν ταῖς συναγωγαῖς.

A tolerable pentameter occurs in Rom. vi. 13—

καὶ τὰ μέλη ὑμῶν ὅπλα δικαιοσύνης.

and a remarkable iambic in the Lord's Prayer—

τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δίδου.

Latin Church by Christianity, seize the grand capability of RHYME in the one case as well as in the other? How admirably it would have suited Anacreontics! How stately it would have been in anapæstics! Why was it neglected?

For this reason: the reader must remember that NONE OF THE RHYMES WE HAVE BEEN POINTING OUT IN HOMER WOULD BE RHYMES TO A GREEK EAR. Read them accentually, and you find *ἄρισται* and *μέγισται* are no more double rhymes to a Greek than *gloriously* and *ferociously* are to us: *μοῦσαι* and *ἔχουσαι*, no more than *glōry* and *victŏry*. Accent, in the decline of the language, was trampling down quantity. Now accent is not favourable to all rhymes, though many poems have been thus composed in the newer Greek:—

εὗρον φίλον κοματάκη
καθ' ὅπερ τετραγωνάκη.

But it was not flowing and easy,—above all, it was not dignified. There was an innate vulgarity about it which rendered it impossible to the Church.

Now, let it be observed, accentuation even in Latin was not without its difficulty. In the new style, dissyllables, whatever their real quantity, were always read—and so we read them now—as a trochee. Férox, vélox, scéptrum. Hence a verse in the early metrical hymns, such as—

'Castos fides somnos juvat,'

a dimeter iambic, would have been read in mediæval times, Cástos fídes sómnos júvat, and so have virtually become a dimeter trochaic.

Popular poetry soon devised its own metre, *political verse*, as it was called, because used for every-day domestic matters. This was none other than the favourite metre of Aristophanes, *iambic tetrameter catalectic*,—our own ballad metre:—

A Captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters.

And this, sometimes with rhyme, sometimes without, is the favourite Romaic metre to the present day. For example:—

μὴ διὰ θύρας βαίνειν δὲ λέγω τοὺς κλεπταββάδας
χωστοὺς, ἐγκλείστους, ἕλκοντας θήρια, στελοβάτας,
πάντας ὅσοι παρὰ τὰ νόμιμα δρῶσι τὸν βίον,
καὶ τῶν μονοτροπούντων δὲ, πλὴν ἐν ἐρήμου τρόποις.

The Church never attempted this sing-song stanza, and preferred falling back on an older form.

From the brief allusions we find to the subject in the New Testament, we should gather that 'the hymns and spiritual songs' of the Apostles were written in metrical prose. Accustomed as many of the early Christians were to the Hebrew

Scriptures, this was not unlikely; and proof seems strong that it was so. Compare these passages:—

Eph. v. 14. Wherefore *he saith:* ἔγειρε ὁ καθεύδων,
καὶ ἀνάστα ἐκ τῶν νεκρῶν·
ἐπιψαύσει σοι ὁ Χριστός.

Undoubtedly the fragment of a hymn. Again:—

Apoc. iv. 8. μεγάλα καὶ θαυμαστὰ τὰ ἔργα σου,
Κύριε ὁ Θεὸς, ὁ παντοκράτωρ·
δίκαιαι καὶ ἀληθιναὶ αἱ ὁδοί σου,
ὁ βασιλεὺς τῶν ἐθνῶν.

And nearly coeval with these we have the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the *Ter Sanctus*, and the *Joyful Light*. Also the Eastern phase, so to speak, of the *Te Deum;* the καθ' ἑκάστην ἡμέραν.

Then, not to pursue the subject with a detail of which this paper will not admit, we find that, by the sixth century, verse, properly speaking (and that with scarcely an exception), had been discarded for ever from the hymns of the Eastern Church; those hymns, occupying a space beyond all comparison greater than they do in the Latin, being written in measured prose. And now to explain the system.

The stanza which is to form the model of the succeeding stanzas,—the strophe, in fact,—is called the *Hirmos*, from its drawing others after it. The stanzas which are to follow it are called *troparia*, from their turning to it.

Let Ps. cxix. 13, be the Hirmos:—

'I will talk of Thy commandments : and have respect unto Thy ways.'

Accentuation:—

/ / / / / / / /
— — — — — — — — ‖ — — — — — — — —

Then verse 15 would be a troparion to it:—

'With my lips have I been telling : of all the judgments of Thy mouth.'

So would 17:—

'O do well unto Thy servant : that I may live, and keep Thy word.'

and Ps. cii. 16:—

'When the Lord shall build up Sion : and when His glory shall appear.'

Let verse 44 be a Hirmos:—

'So shall I alway keep Thy law : yea, for ever and ever.'

/ / / / /
— — — — — — — — ‖ — — — — — — — —

and 45 will be a troparion to it:—

'And I will walk at liberty : for I seek Thy commandments.'

The perfection of troparia is in a Canon, of which we shall say more presently. We need not trouble the reader with the minute distinctions between *troparia* and *stichera;* as a *troparion* follows

a *Hirmos*, so a *sticheron* follows an *homoion*, and then becomes a *prosomoion*. There are also *idiomela*,—that is, stanzas which are their own models,—and an infinite variety of names expressive of the different kind of troparia.

A collection of any number of troparia, preceded by their Hirmos, sometimes merely quoted by its initial words, sometimes given at length, and with inverted commas, is an *Ode*. And let this be most carefully observed: an ode is simply a *Sequence* under somewhat different laws. Just when the system of Greek ecclesiastical poetry was fully developed, S. Notker and the Monks of S. Gall hit out a similar one for the Latin Church. It was not copied from the East, for we have Notker's own account of the way in which he invented it. It prospered to a certain extent; that is, it became one, though the least important, branch of Ecclesiastical verses.

Now the perfection of Greek poetry is attained by the Canons at prime, of which we proceed to speak.

A Canon consists of nine Odes,—each Ode containing any number of troparia from three to beyond twenty. The reason for the number nine is this: that there are nine Scriptural canticles, employed at Lauds (εἰς τὸ Ὄρθρον), on the model of which those in every Canon are formed. The first: that of Moses after the passage of the Red Sea—the second, that of Moses in Deuteronomy (chap. xxxiii.)—the third, that of Hannah—the fourth, that of Habakkuk—the fifth, that of Isaiah (xxvi. 9—20)—the sixth, that of Jonah—the seventh, that of the Three Children (verses 3—34, of our 'Song' in the Bible Version)—the eighth, *Benedicite*—the ninth, *Magnificat* and *Benedictus*.

From this arrrangement two consequences follow. The first, that, as the Second Canticle is never recited except in Lent, the Canons never have any second Ode. The other, that there is generally some reference, either direct or indirect, in each Ode, to the Canticle of the same number. This gives rise, on the one hand, to a marvellous amount of ingenuity, in tracing the most far-fetched connexions—in discovering the most remote analogies;—it brings out into the clearest light the wonderful analogies which underlie the surface of Scripture narration; and so far imbues each Ode with a depth of Scriptural meaning which it could scarcely otherwise reach. On the other, it has a stiffening and cramping effect; and sometimes, especially to the uninitiated, it has somewhat of a ludicrous tendency. It would be curious to sum up the variety of objects of which, in a thousand *Sixth Odes*, we find Jonah's Whale a type. On the whole, this custom has about the same disadvantages and advantages which Warton points out as resulting from the four rhymes of

a Spenserian stanza;—the advantages,—picturesqueness, ingenuity, art, discovery of new beauties;—the disadvantages, unconcealed by art, tautology, imparity of similitudes, a caricature of typology, painful and affected elaboration.

The Hirmos, on which each Ode is based, is sometimes quoted at length at the commencement, in which case it is always distinguished by inverted commas, or the first few words are merely cited as a note to the reciter, for whose benefit the Tone is also given.

The next noticeable matter is that these Odes are usually arranged after an acrostich, itself usually in verse: sometimes alphabetical. The latter device was probably borrowed from the Psalms; as, for example, the 25, 112, 119.

The arrangement is not to be considered as an useless formality or *pretty-ism:* it was of the greatest importance, when so many Canons had to be remembered by heart. We know to what curious devices the Western Church, in matters connected with the Calendar, had recourse as a *Memoria Technica;* and not a few of her short hymns were alphabetical, either by verses or by lines: we know no instance of any other kind of acrostich. Besides the line which forms the initials of Greek Canons, the name of the composer likewise finds a frequent place. And it is worth noting, that, whereas the authors of the world-famous hymns of the West, with a few exceptions (such as the *Vexilla Regis,* the *Dies Iræ,* the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*), are unknown, the case in the East is reversed. The acrostich may, or may not, run through the Theotokia, of which we now proceed to speak.

Each ode is ended by a troparion, dedicated to the celebration of S. Mary, and thence named *Theotokion.* Sometimes there is another, which commemorates her at the Cross; and then it is a *Stauro-theotokion.* In long Odes, a stanza sometimes intercalated at the end of the third or sixth, is called a *Cathisma,* because the congregation are then allowed to sit. There is also the *Oicos,* literally the *House,*—which is the exact Italian *Stanza,* about the length of three ordinary troparia.

The acrostichs are usually in iambics,—sometimes none of the best: *e.g.*—

ἐκπλήττομαί σου τοὺς λόγους, Ζαχαρία,

on the feast of S. Zacharias the Prophet:—and generally bringing in some paronomasia on the Saint's name; as—

φερώνυμόν σε τοῦ Θεοῦ δῶρον σέβω, as that of S. Dorotheus.

Or again:—

τρυφῆς μεθέξειν ἀξίωσόν με, Τρύφων.

and of S. Clement:—

μέλπω σε, κλῆμα τῆς νοητῆς ἀμπέλου.

and of S. Xene:—

εἰκάδι οὐρανοῦ εἰς ξενίην Ξένη ἦλθε τετάρτῃ.

Again, (and that is especially the case in the acrostichs of S. Joseph of the Studium,) the name of the composer is given at the end; as—

Χριστοῦ φυτόν σε, Μάρτυς, εὐφημῶ νέον· Ἰωσήφ.

But there are examples of acrostichs which take the form of an hexameter:—

τὸν πανάριστον ἐν ἀσκηταῖς Μακάριον κυδαίνω·

and

Τιμόθεον τὸν Ἀπόστολον ᾄσμασι τοῖσδε γεραίρω·

and

τὸν θεορήμονα Γρηγόριον τὸν ἀοίδιμον ᾄδω.

We must repeat what we have said before: that while the Odes which treat of such subjects as the Resurrection, Ascension, Nativity, are magnificent specimens of religious poetry, those later ones, composed in commemoration of Martyrs, of whom nothing but the fact of their martyrdom is known, are grievously dull and heavy. Herein the Eastern Church would have done well, to have had, for such as these, a Canon of the Common of Martyrs, instead of celebrating each differently—if the tautology which composes such Odes can indeed be called *different*.

We shall now be in a condition to investigate an actual Ode: it shall be the first from the Feast of *Meso-Pentecost*. The first troparion we copy, (*as all are pointed*,) marked for chanting; it is this *commatism* which makes Greek hymns so difficult to read. In Mr. Neale's edition, the commas are very wisely left out. We have given the effect in the first stanza of the English:—

Κανὼν τοῦ Κυριοῦ Θεοφάνους
οὗ ἡ ἀκροστιχίς
μέσην ἑορτῶν τῶν μεγίστων ἀινέσω.

ᾨδὴ ἁ. ἦχος δ'. ὁ εἱρμος.

Θαλάσσης τὸ ἐρυθραῖον πέλαγος, ἀβρόχοις ἴχνεσιν, ὁ παλαιὸς πεζεύσας Ἰσραὴλ, σταυροτύποις Μωσέως χερσὶ, τοῦ Ἀμαλὴκ τὴν δύναμιν, ἐν τῇ ἐρήμῳ ἐτροπώσατο.

A Canon of Theophanes,
of which the acrostich is:
The greatest feasts' mid-point I celebrate.

Israel in ancient times passing on foot with, unbedewed steps the Red Gulf, of the sea, turned to flight by, the cross-typifying arms, of Moses the might of Amalek, in the wilderness.

Τροπάριον.

Μεγάλαι τῆς ὑπὲρ νοῦν σου, Δέσποτα, θείας σαρκώσεως εὐεργεσίαι λάμπουσιν ἡμῖν, δωρεαί τε καὶ χάριτες, καὶ θεῖκαὶ λαμπρότητες, ἀγαθοδότα, ἀναβρύουσαι.

Troparion.

Mighty, O LORD, and exceeding the intellect are the benefits of Thy Divine Incarnation which flash on us,—the gifts and graces, and divine splendours, which well forth from Thee, Giver of good things.

Ἐπέστης, μαρμαρυγὰς Θεότητος ἐξαποστέλλων, Χριστέ, τῆς ἑορτῆς ἐν μέσῳ προφανῶς· ἑορτὴ γὰρ χαρμόσυνος τῶν σωζομένων πέφυκας, καὶ σωτηρίας ἡμῖν πρόξενος.

Thou didst stand, O CHRIST, before the multitude, flashing forth the splendours of Deity in the midst of the Feast: for Thou art the joyous Feast of them that are saved, and the Patron of our salvation.

Σοφία, δικαιοσύνη, Κύριε, καὶ ἀπολύτρωσις παρὰ τοῦ Θεοῦ γέγονας ἡμῖν, ἀπὸ γῆς πρὸς οὐράνιον διαβιβάζων ὕψωμα, καὶ Πνεῦμα θεῖον χαριζόμενος.

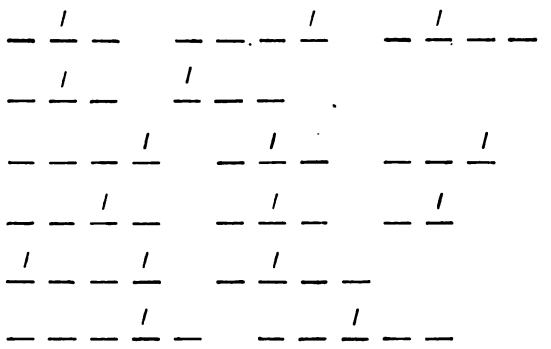
Thou wast made from GOD, O LORD, Wisdom, Righteousness, and Redemption to us, causing us to pass from earth to the height of Heaven, and bestowing on us the Divine Spirit.

Θεοτόκιον.

Ἡ σάρξ σου διαφθορὰν ἐν μνήματι οὐκ εἶδε, Δέσποτα· ἀλλ', ὡς συνέστη ἄνευθεν σπορᾶς, τὴν φθορὰν οὐκ ἐδέξατο, ἀκολουθίᾳ φύσεως ὑπερουσίως μὴ δουλεύσασα.

Thy Flesh, O LORD, beheld not corruption in the Sepulchre:—but, as it was composed without human seed, it gave no place to corruption, beyond the laws of essence, not being in subjection to destruction.

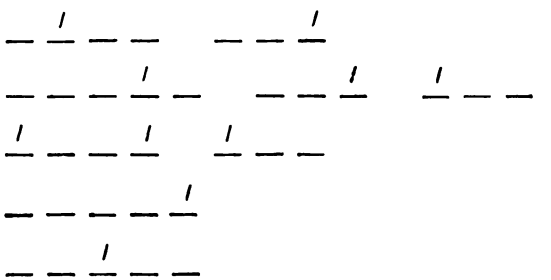
It will be seen that the accentual scansion of this Hirmos and its attendant troparia is as follows:—



Take the next Hirmos:—

Εὐφραίνεται ἐπὶ σοὶ ἡ Ἐκκλησία σου, Χριστέ, κράζουσα· σύ μου ἰσχύς, Κύριε, καὶ καταφυγή, καὶ στερέωμα.

Here the accentuation is:—



We said, some short time since, that the Greek Ode and the Latin Notkerian Sequence were essentially the same. This being so, it is to introduce confusion into the very axioms of hymnology to call that kind of Sequences, as Mone does, Troparia. The Troparion does not answer to the Sequence, but to each stanza of the Sequence. The differences between Odes and Sequences may briefly be summed up as follows:—

1. The *Hirmos* in the former has a number of Troparia following it and based on it, whereas in the latter the *Troparia* run in couples; that is, one *Hirmos* has one follower, or *homoion*, and there an end; then another follows another, and so on. There are sometimes triplets, but these are not common.

2. The *Hirmos* in Greek Odes is always an already existing Troparion; whereas, in Latin, the writer composed that as much as any other part of the Sequence. But in certain Sequences this was not always the case. Godeschalkus sometimes took a verse from the Psalms.

3. Sometimes, indeed, a whole Sequence was made *super* some other Sequence, and then it became a vast Troparion, the different verses taking the place of the *commatisms* in Greek Odes. In the February number of *The Ecclesiologist* is given a list of Hirmos-Sequences, from the Brander MS. of S. Gall. But even in these cases, it is better not to call them Troparia, as they have so little real resemblance to Greek stanzas of that kind: we had rather see them called Homoia.

4. The rhythm in the Greek is far more exact. Not only the syllabic arrangement, but the accentuation is the same; whereas in Latin, the accentuation is often *counter;* that is, an iambic dimeter in the Hirmos is answered by a trochaic dimeter in the Troparion. Such a licence would not for one moment be allowed in the Greek. For example, if the Hirmos were,—

'The Lord is great in Sion: and high above all people,'

i.e. — — / — — / — — — | — — / — — / — — — —

the requirements of a Sequence would be satisfied with the Troparion,

'Look upon my misery: and forgive me all my sins.'

i.e. — — / — — / — — / — | — — / — — / — — / — —

We now proceed to give some specimens of the Ecclesiastical poetry, the laws of which we have been pointing out. And to commence with the first epoch.

It is not our intention to dwell on the poems of S. Gregory Nazianzen, and others of that epoch, because we intend to confine ourselves to ecclesiastical poetry properly so called, and

used in the services of the Eastern Church. The first quotation we therefore shall make shall be the magnificent *Idiomelon*, or irresponsive stanza of S. Anatolius, for the *Proheortia*—one of the preparatory festivals—of the Nativity:—

In Bethlehem is He born,
Maker of all things, everlasting GOD!
He opens Eden's gate,
Monarch of ages! Thence the fiery sword
Gives glorious passage; thence,
The severing mid-wall overthrown, the powers
Of earth and Heaven are one;
Angels and men renew their ancient league,
The pure rejoins the pure,
In happy union! Now the Virgin-womb
Like some Cherubic Throne
Containeth Him, the Uncontainable:
Bears Him, Whom while they bear
The Seraphs tremble! bears Him, as He comes
To shower upon the world
The fulness of His Everlasting Love!

We will now give some specimens of the poets who flourished in the second age of Greek Hymnography. Whether the peculiar construction of the ecclesiastical stanzas is better represented in verse or by prose, we can scarcely decide; and shall therefore adopt the one or the other, as chance may suggest. The verse, though the work of the writer of this article, does not, *all of it*, now appear in print for the first time.

S. Andrew of Crete claims our first notice. It would be unjustifiable not to quote some small portion of that which the Greeks regard as the king of Canons,—the *Great Canon* on the Thursday of Mid-Lent week. It is a collection of scriptural examples, turned to the purpose of penitential confession. It is impossible to deny the touching beauty of many parts, and the ingenuity of some. But its immense length,—for it consists of about 300 troparia,—and necessary tautology, must render it wearisome, unless devotionally used under the peculiar circumstances for which it is appointed. The following is a part of the first Ode:—

Whence shall my tears begin?
What first-fruits shall I bear
To CHRIST, of sorrow for my sin?
Or how my woe declare?
But O, Thou merciful and gracious One,
Forgive the many sins that I have done!

With Adam have I vied,
Yea, pass'd him, in my fall;
And I am naked now, by pride
And lust made bare of all:
Of Thee, O GOD, and that celestial band,
And all the gladness of the promis'd Land.

No earthly Eve beguil'd
My body into sin:
A spiritual temptress smil'd,—
Concupiscence within:
Unbridled passion pointed out the sweet;
Most bitter,—and for ever,—was the meat.

If Adam's righteous doom,
Because he dared transgress
Thy one command, lost Eden's bloom,
And Eden's loveliness;
What recompense, O LORD, must I expect,
Who all my life Thy quick'ning laws neglect?

By mine own act, like Cain,
A murderer am I made:
By mine own act my soul was slain,
When Thou wast disobey'd:
And fleshly lusts are quicken'd, warring still
Against the soul with many a deed of ill.

Thou formed'st me of clay,
O Heavenly Potter! Thou
In fleshly vesture didst array,
With breath and life endow:
Thou Who didst make, Who didst redeem, dost know,
To Thy repentant creature pity show!

My guilt for vengeance cries;
But yet Thou pitiest all·
And whom Thou lov'st, Thou dost chastise,
And mourn'st for those that fall.
Thou, as a Father, mark'st our tears and pain,
And welcomest the prodigal again!

I lie before Thy door;
O cast me not away!
Nor in my old age give me o'er
To Satan for a prey:
But at the end of life and term of grace,
Thou merciful! my many sins efface!

The priest beheld, and pass'd
The way he had to go:
A careless eye the Levite cast,
And left me to my woe:
But Thou, O JESU, Mary's Son, console,
Draw nigh and succour me, and make me whole!

Thou Spotless LAMB Divine,
That takest sins away,
Take Thou away the load that mine
Upon my conscience lay:
And of Thy tender mercy grant Thou me
To find remission of iniquity!

The last Ode pleads the examples of penitence and forgiveness shown to and promised by our LORD, and it ends with great fervour and tenderness:—

Κριτά μου καὶ γνῶστά μου, ὁμέλλων πάλιν ἔρχεσθαι σὺν τοῖς Ἀγγέλοις, κρῖναι κόσμον ἅπαντα, ἰλέῳ σου ὄμματι τότε ἰδών με φεῖσαι, καὶ οἰκτειρόν με Ἰησοῦ, τον ὑπὲρ τὴν πᾶσαν φύσιν τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἁμαρτήσαντα!

Of a different kind are the following stichera, said at Vespers on Easter-Day:—

The eternal Generation
And the earthly Incarnation
Of the Word That brings salvation,
Let us hail with one accord:
He endured the Cross and Passion,
Was entombed in mortal fashion,
Rise again, Life's victor, LORD!
He hath ransom'd, at that cost,
Me, the wandering and the lost.

CHRIST, our GOD, in love delighting,
Now hath nail'd the dread handwriting,
That condemned us, to the Tree:
He, by death, Death's reign hath ended;
Wherefore heart and voice be blended
To proclaim His victory.

Thou, Thyself the Resurrection,
Thou, our Ransom and Protection,
Who the debt of sin hast paid;
GOD, once man, in pomp returning,
Shall, the orb around Thee burning,
Judge the world that Thou hast made.

The Ode for Easter-Day.

The following Ode,—it is the first in the Canon for S. Thomas's Sunday (Low Sunday),—is well worthy of S. John Damascene:—

Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness:
GOD hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loos'd from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters,—
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'T is the Spring of Souls to-day:
CHRIST hath burst the prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a Sun hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the Royal time of times
Comes its own to render:
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who, with true affection,
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
JESU'S Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of Death,
Nor the Tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But, arisen, midst Thy friends
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy Peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing!

We will now give a Canon of S. Cosmas of Maiuma, for Christmas-day. The love for typology which distinguishes this poet, and which entitles him to the name of the Oriental Adam of S. Victor, will be noticed very strikingly in the last three Odes.

Χριστὸς γεννᾶται· δοξάσατε.

ODE I.

CHRIST is born! Tell forth his fame!
CHRIST from Heaven! His Love proclaim!
CHRIST on earth! Exalt His Name!
Sing to the LORD, O world, with exultation!
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation!
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

Man, in GOD'S own Image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of Salvation,
To-day CHRIST maketh him a new Creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

For the Maker, when His foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the Heav'ns, and came below,[1]
And, in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,
Became True Man, man's very nature taking;
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

He, the Wisdom, WORD, and Might,
GOD, and SON, and Light of light,
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was, that we might Heav'n inherit:
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

[1] The reference is to Psalm xviii. 8:—'And he bowed the heavens, and came down.'

Ode III.

Him, of the Father's very Essence
Begotten, ere the world began,
And, in the latter time, of Mary,
Without a human sire, made man:
Unto Him, this glorious morn,
Be the strains outpoured;
Thou That liftest up our horn,[1]
Holy art Thou, Lord!

The earthly Adam, erewhile quicken'd
By the blest breath of God on high,
Now made the victim of corruption,
By woman's guile betray'd to die,
He, deceiv'd by woman's part,
Supplication pour'd,
Thou Who in my nature art,
Holy art Thou, Lord!

Thou, Jesus Christ, wast consubstantial
With this our perishable clay,
And, by assuming earthly nature,
Exalted'st it to heavenly day.
Thou, that wast as mortal born,
Being God ador'd,
Thou That liftest up our horn,
Holy art Thou, Lord!

Rejoice, O Bethlehem, the city
Whence Judah's monarchs had their birth;
Where He that sitteth on the Cherubs,
The King of Israel, came on earth:
Manifested this blest morn,
As of old time never,
He hath lifted up our horn,
He shall reign for ever!

Ode IV.

Rod of the Root of Jesse,
Thou, Flower of Mary born,
From that thick shady mountain[2]
Cam'st glorious forth this morn:
Of her, the Ever Virgin,
Incarnate wast Thou made,
The immaterial Essence,
The God by all obeyed!
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay
To Thy wondrous might to-day!

In Balaam's ancient vision
The Eastern seers were skilled;
They marked the constellations,
And joy their spirits filled:
For Thou, bright Star of Jacob,
Arising in Thy might,
Didst call these Gentile first-fruits
To worship in Thy Light.
They, in holy reverence bent,
Gifts acceptable present.

The Gentiles' expectation,
Whom Jacob's words foretell,
Who Syria's pride shall vanquish,
Samaria's power shalt quell;
Thou from the Root of Judah
Like some fair plant dost spring,
To turn old Gentile error
To Thee, its God and King!
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay
To Thy wondrous might to-day!

As in a fleece descending
The gentle dews distil,
As drops the earth that water,
The Virgin didst Thou fill.
Tarshish and Ethiopia,
The Isles and Araby,
And Media, leagued with Sheba,
Fall down and worship Thee.
Glory, Lord, Thy servants pay
To Thy wondrous might to-day!'

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[1] The repetition of this phrase is, of course, referable to the Ode's being based on the Song of Hannah; in the same way that the 'For He hath triumphed gloriously,' of the First Ode, is derived from the Song of Moses.

[2] The reference is to Habakkuk iii. 3, which in the LXX. runs thus:—'God shall come from Teman, and the Holy One from the thick and shady mountain.' S. Augustine (De Civit. Dei, xviii. 32) and S. Gregory the Great (Moral. xxxiii. 1) understand this mountain of the Scriptures prophetic of the Incarnation.

ODE V.

Father of Peace, and GOD of Consolation!
The Angel of the mighty Counsel here,
Thou sentest peace to herald with salvation,
And with Thy knowledge and Thy light to cheer:
Whence, with the morning's earliest rays,
Lover of men! Thy Name we praise.

Midst Cæsar's subjects Thou, at his decreeing,
Obey'd'st and wast enroll'd: our mortal race,
To sin and Satan slave, from bondage freeing,
Our poverty in all points didst embrace:
And by that Union didst combine
The earthly with the All-Divine.

Behold! The Virgin, prophecy sustaining,
Incarnate Deity conceived and bore:
Virgin in Birth, and Virgin still remaining:
And man to GOD is reconcil'd once more:
Wherefore in faith her name we bless,
And Mother of our GOD confess.

ODE VI.

As Jonah,[1] issuing from his three days' tomb,
At length was cast, uninjured, on the earth;
So, from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
The Incarnate Word, That dwelt there, had His Birth:
For He, Who knew no taint of mortal stain,
Willed that His Mother spotless should remain.

CHRIST comes, Incarnate GOD, amongst us now,
Begotten of the FATHER ere the day:
And He, to Whom the sinless legions bow,
Lies cradled, midst unconscious beasts, in hay:
And, by His homely swaddling-bands girt in,
Looses the many fetters of our sin.

Now the New Child of Adam's race draws nigh,
To us, the faithful, given: This, this is He
That shall the Father of Eternity,
And Angel of the Mighty Counsel, be:
This the eternal GOD, by Whose strong hands
The fabric of the world supported stands.

ODE VII.

The Holy Children boldly stand
Against the tyrant's dread command:

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[1] Here is a striking instance of the impropriety into which too close an adherence to the principle of the Nine Odes occasionally leads the Greek poets. In the first place, to keep up the metaphor, it should have been the whale, and not Jonah (that which contained, not that which was contained), which was spoken of as unhurt. And, next, it is manifest that the whole type is beneath the dignity of the subject, and never could have suggested itself but from the accident of position.

The kindled furnace they defy,—
No doom can shake their constancy:
They in the midmost flame confess'd,
"GOD of our Fathers! Thou art bless'd!"

The Shepherds keep their flocks by night;
The Heav'n glows out with wond'rous light;
The glory of the LORD is there,
And Angel words their King declare:
The watchers of the night confess'd,
"GOD of our Fathers! Thou art bless'd!"

The Angel ceas'd; and suddenly
Seraphic legions fill'd the sky:
Glory to GOD, they cried again:
Peace upon earth, good will to men:
CHRIST comes!—And they that heard confess'd,
"GOD of our Fathers! Thou art bless'd!"

What said the Shepherds?—Let us go
This new-born miracle to know.
To Bethlehem's gate their footsteps drew:
The Mother with the Child they view:
They knelt, and worshipp'd, and confess'd,
"GOD of our Fathers! Thou art bless'd!"

ODE VIII.

The dewy freshness that the furnace flings
Works out a wond'rous type of future things:
Nor did the flame the Holy Three consume,
Nor did the Godhead's fire thy frame entomb,—
Thou, on Whose bosom hung the WORD:
Wherefore we cry with heart's endeavour,—
"Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever!"

From Sion David's sons, with sword and spear,
Babel's proud daughter led to bondage drear:
She bids her wise men now, with gifts in hand,
Before King David's Royal Daughter stand,—
The Mother of the Incarnate WORD;—
Wherefore we cry, with heart's endeavour,—
"Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever!"

From music grief held back the exiles' hand:
"How sing the LORD'S song in an alien land?"
But Babel's exile here is done away,
And Bethlehem's harmony this glorious day
By Thee, Incarnate GOD, restor'd:
Wherefore we cry, with heart's endeavour,—
"Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever!"

Of old victorious Babel bore away
The spoils of Royal Sion and her prey:

But Babel's treasure now, and Babel's King,
CHRIST, by the guiding Star, to Sion brings.
There have they knelt, and there ador'd:
Wherefore we cry, with heart's endeavour,—
"Let all Creation bless the LORD,
And magnify His Name for ever!"

ODE IX.

O wondrous mystery, full of passing grace!
The grot becometh Heav'n: the Virgin's[1] breast
The bright Cherubic Throne: the stall that place,
Where He, Who fills all space, vouchsafes to rest:
CHRIST our GOD, to Whom we raise
Hymns of thankfulness and praise!

The course propitious of the unknown Star
The Magi follow'd on its heav'nly way,—
Until it led them, beckoning from afar,
To where the CHRIST, the King of all things, lay:
Him in Bethlehem they find,
Born the SAVIOUR of mankind.

"Where is the Child," they ask, "the new-born King,
Whose herald-light is glittering in the sky,—
To Whom our offerings and our praise we bring?"
And Herod's heart is troubled utterly.
Armed for war with GOD, in vain
Would he see that Infant slain.

Of the same date are the following troparia, which occur in the Sunday Liturgy for the week of the First Tone. They are sung after the Beatitudes, which are always recited on Sunday; and just before the Gospel is solemnly brought in with the rite called the *Little Entrance.*

By fruit the ancient Foe's device
Drave Adam forth of Paradise:
CHRIST, by the Cross of shame and pain,
The dying thief brought back again:
"When in Thy Kingdom, LORD," said he,
"Thou shalt return, remember me!"

Thy Holy Passion evermore,
And Resurrection, we adore:
With heart and voice to Thee on high,
As Adam and the thief we cry:
"When in Thy Kingdom Thou shalt be
Victor o'er all things, think of me!"

Thou, after three appointed days,
The Body's Temple didst upraise:
And Adam's children, one and all,
With Adam to new life didst call.
"When Thou," they cry, "shalt victor be
In that Thy Kingdom, think of me!"

Early, O CHRIST, to findThy Tomb
The weeping ointment-bearers come:
The Angel, cloth'd in white, hath said,
"Why seek the Living with the dead?
The LORD of Life hath ris'n again,
Whom here ye mourn and weep in vain."

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[1] This is one of the commonest of Greek metaphors. So in the Canon of the same author for the Purification: Θεώμενος Συμεὼν Λόγον, τὸν ἄναρχον, μετὰ σαρκὸς, ὡς ἐν θρόνῳ Χερουβινῷ, Παρθένῳ ἐποχουμένον.

The Apostles, on Thy Vision bent,
Towards the appointed mountain went:
And there they worship when they see,
And there the mission comes from Thee;
That every race beneath the skies
They should disciple and baptize.

We praise the FATHER, GOD on High:
The Holy SON we magnify:
The HOLY GHOST with equal praise
We laud,—and thus our prayers we raise:—
"This grace, blest TRINITY, we crave:
Thy suppliant servants hear and save!"

Next we give the Stichera which occur in the First Vespers of S. Stephen's Day. They are by Anatolius, Bishop, we believe, of Cyrene, who sat in the Fifth Œcumenical Council; and who has contributed some few stanzas to the ecclesiastical treasury of Menæa.

The LORD and King of all things
Upon the earth is born:
And Stephen's glorious offering
His birthday shall adorn.
No pearls of orient splendour,
No jewels can he show,
But with his own true heart's blood
His shining vestments glow.

Come, ye that love the Martyrs,
And pluck the flowers of song,
And weave them in a garland
For this our suppliant throng:
And say, Oh thou that shinest
In grace and wisdom's ray,
CHRIST'S valiant Protomartyr,
For peace and favour pray!

Thou first of all the Martyrs,
Of all the deacons crown,
Of every following athlete
The glory and renown;
Thou boast of all the faithful,
Who mark thy blood-stain'd way,
Thy venerable festal
We celebrate to-day;
Make supplication, standing
Before CHRIST'S royal Throne,
That He would give the Kingdom,
And for our sins atone!

We will now try a portion of S. Andrew's Canon for Meso-Pentecost, in that which perhaps gives the truest idea of the original, rhymeless lyric metre.

ODE I. *Eighth Tone.*

Thou turn'dst the sea.

Exult, ye Gentiles! mourn, ye Hebrews! CHRIST,
Giver of life, hath burst
The fetters of the Tomb:
And raised the dead again, and healed the sick.
This is our GOD, Who giveth life
To every soul believing in His Name.

Marvel of marvels! Thou, O LORD, didst turn
The water into wine,
As once Thou spak'st the word
To Egypt's river, and forthwith 't was blood!
All praise to Thee, O LORD, Who now
By laying down Thy glory, man renew'st!

O overflowing stream of truest Life!
Our Resurrection, Lord!
Thou for our sakes didst toil,

Thou for our sakes,—so nature will'd,—didst thirst,
And, sitting down by Sichar's well,
Of the Samaritan didst seek to drink.

Thou blessest bread, Thou multipliest fish—
Incomprehensible!
Freely Thou fedd'st the crowd,
Gav'st Wisdom's endless spring to men athirst.
Thou art the SAVIOUR, O our GOD!
Giver of Life to them that trust in Thee!

Glory.

Three co-eternal, co-enthroned, I laud:
The unbegotten Sire,
And co-existent Son,
And Spirit, co-eternal with the twain:
Tri-hypostatic Essence! One
In might and monarchy and Godhead sole!

Both now.

Mother of GOD! Thou only didst contain
The Uncontainable,
And brought'st the Infant forth
Ineffable in thy Virginity.
Hence without ceasing, O most pure,
Vouchsafe to pour down mercy on Thy flock!

Catavasia.

[*i.e.* The Hirmos, employed as a kind of termination and shading off of this Ode into the next.]

Thou turn'd'st the sea to land, when thou didst whelm
Pharaoh and all his host,
His chariot and his horse:
And ledd'st Thy people to Thy Holy Mount.
Sing we, said they, to Thee, our GOD,
Mighty in war, this Ode of Victory!

Of the same date, again, are the following *Idiomela*, at the beginning of Vespers on Friday in the week of Tyrophagus; that is, of Quinquagesima. At this period of the year the weeks are named, not from the Sundays that precede, but from those that follow them. Quinquagesima is termed Tyrophagus, because up to that time, but not beyond, cheese is allowed. The Friday previous is appropriated to the Commemoration of All Holy Ascetes; in order, as the Synaxarion says, that, by the remembrance of their conflict, we may be braced for the race that is set before us.

Δεῦτε ἅπαντες πιστοί.

Hither, and with one accord,
Sing the servants of the LORD:
Sing each great ascetic sire;—
Antony shall lead the choir:
Let Euthymius next him stand;
Then, in order, all the band.
Make we joyous celebration
Of their heavenly conversation;

Of their glory, how they rise,
Like another Paradise:
These the trees our GOD hath plac'd,
Trees, with fruit immortal grac'd;
Bringing forth, for CHRIST on high,
Flowers of Life that cannot die;
With the sweetness that they bring,
Mortal spirits nourishing.
Filled with GOD, and ever blest,
For our pardon make request!

Egypt, hail, thou faithful strand!
Hail, thou holy Libyan land!
Nurturing for the realm on high
Such a glorious company!
They by many a toil intense,
Chastity and continence,
Perfect men to GOD upreared,
Stars to guide us have appeared:
They, by many a glorious sign,
Many a beam of Power Divine
To the earth's remotest shore
Far and wide their radiance pour.
Holy Fathers, bright and blest,
For our pardon make request!

By what skill of mortal tongue
Shall your wondrous acts be sung?
All the conflicts of the soul,
All your struggles towards the goal;
And your virtues' prize immense,
And your victories over sense,
How perpetual watch ye kept
Over passion, prayed and wept:
Yea, like very angels came,
Visible in earthly frame,
And with Satan girt for fight
Utterly o'erthrew his might.
Fam'd for signs and wonders rare,
Join to ours, great Saints, your prayer:
Ask that we, ye ever blest,
May attain the Land of Rest!

We will now take one of the very numerous Canons of S. Joseph of the Studium, and it will be sufficient if we translate it into prose. We will take that for the 2d of January, one of the Proheortiai of the Epiphany. It is alphabetical; a distinction which we will observe. The Hirmoi, here given at length, do not reckon in the acrostichs.

Ode 1.—*Hirmos.* "To the LORD, Who dried the pathless and billowy sea by His Divine Command, so that the multitude of the Israelites went on foot through it, to the LORD let us sing: for gloriously is He magnified."

A s he perceives the Coming of the LORD, forth from the wilderness he goes, the Divine Forerunner, loudly proclaiming: 'Redemption is at hand, hath been manifested: repent, and be ye purified with water.'

B egirt as I am with the tempest of my sins, O WORD, Co-eternal with the FATHER, cleanse me wholly with the sprinkling of repentance: Thou, Who through Thy measureless loving-kindness, dost ever, by Baptism, bestow Redemption on Thy faithful.

C ome, and, as it is written, O Land of Zebulun, be illuminated, while thou beholdest the inaccessible light! for lo, it is present by the streams of Jordan! Hymn the GOD over all, and cry: 'Let us sing unto the LORD: for He hath triumphed gloriously!'

D aily spake the God-inspired Forerunner, as he beheld all the people coming to him: 'Which of you intendeth to flee from the wrath to come? Bring forth the fruits of repentance, being saved by Grace!'

Ode 3.—*Hirmos.* "Stablish us in Thyself, O LORD, Thou that didst on the Tree destroy Sin: and implant Thy fear in the hearts of us that hymn Thee."

E xclaimed the Forerunner: 'CHRIST hath appeared, and enters the streams of the Jordan! Let us haste to meet Him, illuminated with pure understandings!'

F or Thou didst seek me in my wanderings, O GOD! Thou didst put on my poverty, and didst make it most rich! Thou, the Ransom of all, didst vouchsafe to be baptized!

G OD, the Benefactor of all, is baptized: let Heaven and Earth rejoice! He plunges in the deep the multitude of our measureless transgressions.

Ode 4.—*Hirmos.* "Thou didst come of the Virgin,—no Priest, no Angel, but the LORD Thyself, Incarnate,—and didst save me wholly. Wherefore I say to Thee: Glory to Thy Might, O LORD!"

'H ow I marvel, O merciful JESU, at Thy coming!' Thus cries to Thee the greatest Forerunner, as he abaseth himself. 'Thou art a Fire, O LORD: consume me not; me that am called, and that am grass!'

'I will to stand in these waters: draw nigh, as thou seest me, O John, and baptize me: that I may work out for the race of men the grace that is by water.'

'L o, O my GOD,' saith John, ashamed, 'I know Thee in the body as a Sun in clouds. How then dost Thou put off Thy garments, as Thou surroundest Thyself with the waters?'

M an's race receiveth illumination and redemption from the darkness that is by sin. And from above it is washed with Divinity, while Thou art stripped of Thy raiment.

Ode 5.—*Hirmos.* "Thou That art the Supplier of light, Thou That art the Maker of the world, lead us in the light of Thy Commandments! For beside Thee we know no other GOD."

'N ow is the Kingdom of GOD at hand; repent ye!' Thus proclaimeth the holy Forerunner who hath appeared from the waste: indignant over us that are laid waste.[1]

O f old said the Law and the holy band of Prophets; 'CHRIST hath come to form us again by Holy Baptism, us that were grown old through our many sins.'

P assing strange and terrible are the things which John saith to-day. How hath the fountain of immortality come forth from a little drop: put on Baptism!

Ode 6.—*Hirmos.* "The deepest abyss of transgressions hath enclosed me in! Yet do Thou, O LORD, bring up my life from destruction, as the Prophet Jonas!"

Q uell my transgressions, O Lover of men, by raining upon them Thy Grace: Thou That didst, of great mercy, plunge in the streams of Jordan the offences of the sons of earth!

R oyal sea of Righteousness! Thou goest forth into the river Jordan, to overwhelm the Dragon and to wash out the transgression of Adam.

S aith the Forerunner, glorifying Thy great long-suffering: 'How can the streams of the river contain Thee, O CHRIST, Who art verily the stream of Immortality?'

Ode 7.—*Hirmos.* "Thy Three Children rebelled against that most unholy commandment touching the golden idol that was to be worshipped in the Plain of Dura. And cast into the midst of the fire, they sang, while bedewed with cool moisture, Blessed art Thou, God of our Fathers!"

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[1] In the original, a kind of paranomasia. *ἐφάνη ἐκ τῆς ἐρημίας, τοὺς ἐρημωθέντας ἡμᾶς ἀγανακτώμενος.*

T hou, O CHRIST, whilst enduing with the holy garment me, who had been stripped by the plot of the Wicked One, didst vouchsafe, through the riches of Thy goodness, Thyself to be unclothed, and to enter the water. I will hymn Thy loving-kindness, and will worship Thy marvellous counsel.

'U nutterable, O CHRIST, is the depth of Thy counsel for us! What is Thy poverty? What is Thine ineffable and transcendent condescension?' So spake John, when he beheld Thee unclothed, and desiring to be baptized of him.

V isibly, O CHRIST, while Thou didst set on fire Thy majestic frame, as a taper, didst thou seek in mid-Jordan an image, while it rose up and was piled around Thee, of Thy suffering and our sin;[1] and having found it, Thou didst beautify it, O good LORD, with Thy Baptism. Whence we hymn Thee.

Ode 8.—*Hirmos.* "The GOD Who was in the furnace of fire, condescending to the children of the Hebrews, and changing the fire into dew, praise, O ye His works, as LORD, and exalt Him for ever and ever!"

W hile as the Voice of one manifestly crying, thou dwellest, O John, in the wilderness, Thou didst turn deeply repenting hearts to glorify Him That was made manifest in the Jordan, the Saviour and Master.

Y ea! Thou art a torrent of pleasure, Thou That didst form the seas and the fountains! And why goest Thou into the waters? What seekest Thou to wash away, Thou that art the washing and cleansing of all that hymn Thee for ever?

Z ealously didst Thou seek to cool the words of the wickedness of the enemy, and to check the seas of passions, and to well forth to the faithful reconciliation and remission, O LORD! and therefore Thou comest to be baptized in the streams of Jordan.

[2]J oyfully didst Thou, O Maker of times, become subject to time: and Thou That didst shine forth before time was of Thy Eternal Father, didst take on Thyself to wash out the offences of all men, committed in time, in the streams of Jordan.

O SAVIOUR, when John beheld Thee advancing to him, and asking Baptism from him, he was ashamed and in fear, and dared not even to touch Thee, Who touchest all the mountains, and they smoke.

S o does the swallow foretell the spring, as the Baptist foretold, to them that were in water, the spring of their souls: to them that were always in fear of the might of opposing spirits, and in grievous sufferings.

E ven Thee, Brilliancy of the Splendour of the Father, to them that sat in the darkness of fearful ills, O LORD and Sun, Thee, who camest to enlighten all by Thy Holy Baptism, in our hymns we magnify.

P erilously does the axe of death, laid to the root, threaten the cutting down of the tree, when it looks at thy fruitlessness, O my soul! Remain not then fruitless, but cry to GOD, with deep repentance, 'I have sinned against Thee: save me!'

H oly Voice of him that crieth, it hath been heard in devout hearts. Rejoice! CHRIST is at hand to give repentance to all. Be hallowed, O sea, and fountains, and rivers, and glens, and woods, and everything under the Sun!

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[1] This seems the meaning of this difficult passage: a reference to the usual representations of our LORD in his Baptism, with the water swelling up around Him.

[2] Here begins the acrostich of the composer, Joseph.

We will now conclude our specimens with a Canon which, next to that of S. John Damascene, for Easter-day, is our own favourite; and the authorship of which is rather curiously divided. 'This Canon, in its 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th Odes, is the 'composition of Mark, a monk, and Bishop of Idrus; the 'acrostich, without the Hirmos, being, *καὶ σήμερον δέ*. The 'others by Cosmas of Hagiopolis,' [of the Holy City, Jerusalem —the same as Cosmas of Maiuma,] 'having its acrostich with 'the Hirmos, *Σάββατον μέλπω μέγα*. The Hirmoi are the 'composition of a woman, Cassia by name.'

ODE 1. *Tone* 7.

Hirmos. 'The children of the ransom'd
Saw, from the shore, the deep-sea wave entomb
The tyrant that pursued,
The tyrant that had bade the earth enfold
The victims of his wrath:
But sing ye to the LORD,—as then they sang,—
Jeshurun's maiden band:—
"For He hath triumphed gloriously!"'

Troparion. To Thee, O GOD and Saviour!
The hymn of exodus,—not less the hymn
Of sepulture, I raise:
To Thee, Who by Thy tomb didst open wide
The gates of life to me:
And by Thy death didst work the death of Death,
By Thy descent to Hell
Didst burst Hell's gates, and free his bound!

Thee, in the Throne of Glory,
Thee, in Thy resting-place, the heart of earth
Did things above the sky,
Did things of earth and 'neath the earth, adore;
Trembling, as Thou dost yield
Thyself a prey to death; O Mystery
Beyond created thought!
O Corpse, O primal fount of Life!

That Thou might'st render all things
The vessels of Thy glory, Thou wast laid
Deep in the cavern-tomb,
Didst visit thence the lowest parts of earth:
My substance was not hid
From Thee, and by Thy sepulture, Thou gav'st
New, better, life to that
Corrupt and lost in Adam's fall.

Catavasia. The children of the ransomed.

ODE 3.

Hirmos. 'Thee, Who upon the waters hang'st the earth,
Thyself creation saw
Hanging on Calvary:
And, in her agony of terror spake,

"None, none save Thee is holy," was her cry,
"Lover of men, O LORD Most High!"'

Troparion. The symbols of Thy tomb Thou gav'st to view;
The secrets of Thy might,
To them whom Hades held.
Thou, in Theandric[1] virtue, madest plain:
"None, none save Thee is holy," was their cry,
"Lover of men, O LORD Most High!"

Thou, stretching forth Thy hands, didst so unite
The things as yet apart;
Thou, in the grave-clothes bound,
Didst loose the prisoner, shackled by his sins.
"None, none save Thee is holy," was his cry,
"Lover of men, O LORD Most High!"

By tomb and seal, Thou, Uncontainable!
Wast of free-will contained:
The glories of Thy might
Thou to the Heavenly Virtues madest known:
"None, none save Thee, is holy," was their cry,
"Lover of men, O LORD Most High!"

Catavasia. Thou, Who upon the waters.

Tone 1.

Cathisma. The soldiers, Lord, kept watch and ward
Around thy tomb:
Angelic light flashed clear and white
Amidst the gloom:
Astonied, they like dead men lay
In terror and dejection;
While seraph-voices bade rejoice,
And told the Resurrection.
Yea, we laud and worship Thee,
Ender of mortality!
As to-day Thou didst arise,
Only good and only wise!

Glory. Both now. The soldiers, LORD, kept watch and ward. (*again.*)

These examples may assist in giving our readers some idea of the general character and type of Eastern Hymnology; and heartily glad shall we be, if the foregoing article shall help to send any student to the Pentecostarion or Triodion for themselves. The Ex-Prince, Gagarine,—though, like all renegades, none too favourably disposed to the Church of his Baptism, yet nevertheless, in his pamphlet,—*La Russie sera-t-elle Catholique?*—speaks of the admirable arsenal of orthodox answers to be found in Eastern hymns, on account of their dogmatic character. It is so:—and those who mourn over the intolerably vague lax theology of modern English preachers,

[1] This expression could scarcely, in the sequence of thought where it occurs, have been used after the Sixth Œcumenical Council.

even of those who mean to be orthodox, might well recommend the study of these venerable poems as a corrective of unintentional heterodoxy, and untheological, unscholarlike formulæ of expressions. They *will* be known some day; and fifty years hence, should any one, in turning over an old set of *Christian Remembrancers*, stumble on the present article, he will probably have no feeling but that of simple astonishment, that it was, in 1859, necessary to direct attention to the Canons and Stichera of the Eastern Church, as to a subject then almost unknown to English readers.

ART. III.—*Civilized America.* By THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN, late Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the State of Massachusetts. London: Bradbury and Evans.

WHEN Touchstone is asked his opinion of pastoral life, he thus lucidly delivers himself of the results of his philosophic observation, and sums up his experience: 'Truly, shepherd, in 'respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is 'a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, 'I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very 'vile life. Now, in respect that it is in the fields, it pleaseth 'me well; but in respect that it is not in the court, it is tedious. 'As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as 'there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach.' Just such nice discrimination, such close and delicate distinctions, such balanced and guarded conclusions on the life it undertakes to delineate, characterise the work before us, and by the same process of noting where the real strength of epithet lies, may we arrive at each speaker's true opinions, setting down all the compliment as an expression of philosophic liberality, a complacent display of candour; the censure as alone the voice of the heart and inclination. Perhaps we may carry the parallel still further and say that, just as the wittiest of fools was scarcely suited to judge fairly of the remote and contemplative life he was analysing, which, though 'naught,' 'vile,' 'tedious,' and counter to *his* stomach, might, nevertheless, be an excellent life in itself, the fault of his distaste lying, at least in part, in his own discursive turn of thought, and over-activity of brain; so Mr. Grattan's previous education of mind and habits of life may have disqualified him from entering into the spirit of what he saw: of judging fairly of the new life into which he was thrown, or of correctly estimating, or even understanding the distinctive characteristics of a great people, intent on wholly different objects and pursuits from those which had conclusively occupied himself, and which he therefore alone thought worthy of interest.

In fact, we cannot but regard this ponderous work, of two thick volumes, as a double mistake, and as bringing to light a complicated blunder. Mr. Grattan having once been a British consul in the United States, has, in his own person, wronged both good feeling and national interest by writing and publishing

such a book; and he shows us very distinctly that his original appointment was a great error: the selection altogether a bad one, and flagrantly unsuitable. Whatever it might have been considered at the time, we now see that a worse adaptation could scarcely have been found than the man for the office, in spite of a certain leaning to the theory of democracy which may have been set forth as a qualification. A merely literary man, the writer of now forgotten tales, and unsuccessful plays, whose *dillettante* politics are not of the sort to influence his practice or his preferences; who can see nothing but what is sordid in all the concerns of commerce, and every mercantile question, however large and important to the prosperity of great nations; who writes as if he valued a certain *savoir vivre* beyond all practical or theoretical powers of thought, and esteemed himself and others, by a real or fancied success in drawing-rooms; a man who is equally proud of his specialities and deficiencies; who is contemptuous to religious zeal, ignorant of science, indifferent to all questions of philanthropy, internal government, and social institutions; who can so little square his principles and his likings that the one are uniformly at variance with the other; withal—we gather—of an indiscreet tongue, and querulous temper; for such a man to be established as the representative of Great Britain in Boston, among the keen, clear-sighted, Yankees *par excellence*, does seem about as strong an instance of a man out of place as could well be devised. Of course he did not get on with them; of course he did not like them;—equally, of course, though he does not say so, they did not like him. It is very clear that he soon wore out his welcome, which, by his own showing, was a cordial one. Perhaps neither party could well help this; but Mr. Grattan is determined that the false position shall be permanent, the mistake irremediable; that the sting shall rankle and fester in the wound; and so, having hated the Bostonians for being cold-hearted, economical, devoted to business, and satisfied with themselves, and no doubt for being blind to the merits of Mr. Grattan, he thinks it consistent with the office he held, and the kindly relations it was his duty to maintain as far as in him lay, to publish a book full of unfriendly strictures on the people he had become acquainted with only in his official capacity; embodying every irritation, sneer, captious detraction, and more sober disparagement, which grew out of irksome years spent in their society. Surely a man proves himself to have been unfit for a public position who revenges himself for the spites and annoyances of private intercourse in this fashion.

Whether such scruples would, under other circumstances, have had weight we cannot tell. No doubt he felt it impossible to

publish his strictures while his son and successor held the office of Consul at Boston; now *he* is succeeded by Mr. Lousada this restraint is removed. We infer besides, that Mr. Grattan's irritation has been growing all through the period intervening between personal experience and utterance from the ill success of a course of investments in American securities, all of which have proved losing concerns, though we are assured each speculation was entered into (just as we do those things in England) under the auspices of the best advice. A cause of provocation very apt to break through delicacy of feeling, and to exasperate old grudges; only we would suggest to a man whose pride it is that he knows nothing of business, that it would have been his wisdom to keep out of such affairs altogether, and be satisfied with the legitimate remuneration of his office.

In spite of the date of the current year on the title-page, this is really an old book. Most of the actual observation is nearly twenty years old—a fact which is hardly made sufficiently apparent to the reader, and which may account for much of the contradiction which perplexes him in every chapter. When Mr. Grattan sailed from England, July 12th, 1839, he evidently planned a work on America, and sedulously wrote his impressions and observations as they arose: these he has incorporated into the body of his work, with very little attention to consistency, and generally without explaining when they were written. Thus facts are recorded in one temper, and the comments upon them are given in another; some of these comments being written in America during his seven years residence—some last year. His own personal intercourse with Americans ceased in 1846, when he left their country in the hope of being transferred to some post in Europe. This could not be effected; but he persuaded his original patron, Lord Palmerston, to transfer his consulate to his son; an office which he vacated so recently as can only just have allowed time for the preparation and publication of his father's book. It is thus that the man writes whose professed business it has been to facilitate intercourse between two nations who spring from the same fathers, and speak the same language:—

'Reflection and experience satisfy us that the only true element of union between the Old and New World is a common interest. To maintain that in every fair and honourable way should be the leading policy of both; to acknowledge it frankly their pride; for it is reasonable as it is true, creditable as it is natural. What more so than such a partnership between two nations? And how useless the feigned assumption of a congeniality which would not form a tie half so strong or binding? The members of a mercantile firm do not, and need not, love each other with brotherly love; but they hold together for mutual benefit when family attachments are often and often torn asunder. Sympathy has no existence between America and England.

No powers of steam or electricity can convey a spark of it above or below the ocean. * * * I hope to see those futile efforts abandoned altogether; that the mockeries of "*brother* Jonathan," and "our cousins," may fall into disuse; that England and America may, if they like the familiarity, respectively call each other "John Bull" and "Uncle Sam," the national jocose appellatives; that all whining and coaxing appeals to sympathies and sentiments may be renounced, and the plain, sound, language of common sense be used, to point out the mutual advantage of fair play and honest conduct in the transaction of a gigantic business for reciprocal profit. America would respect us the more, and not like us the less. She cannot and will not love us. She disbelieves our praise and despises our advice. And who after all can be surprised at her incredulity or her arrogance?

'America knows well that for seventy years England has viewed her commercial progress with mixed feelings of astonishment and jealousy, her political institutions with dislike; her social organization with disdain. A shrug, a frown, or a sneer were the outward and visible signs of what England thought and felt. Did she conceal her thoughts and feelings? No. On the contrary, no opportunity was lost in giving them utterance, and that in no measured phrase. The style of all the travellers, tourists, or essayists, whether in books, reviews, or newspapers of any influence, was in unison. Blame and ridicule formed the staple of all those; and the few who accorded faint praise, or larded with overstrained encomium, utterly failed to produce any countervailing effect.

'This is plain truth, evident and undeniable. It was all perfectly natural. Why not avow, or why attempt to excuse it? These were the true sentiments of England in reference to America. Time has modified them no doubt. Partial improvement has rendered them inapplicable to an altered state of things. But is there not enough left for censure and for sarcasm? I think there is; so do all English observers whose experience has been contemporaneous with or even later than mine. It is therefore in vain that benevolent or interested attempts are made to delude the Americans into a belief in the sincerity of unlimited admiration, on the part of any English subject who really knows the entire working of institutions which are in theory admirable, and in practice of great but still imperfect utility.'—Vol. ii. pp. 175—177.

Mr. Grattan's logic here is as much at fault as his temper. He proves that the Americans had reason at one time to be offended at the tone of the mother country, and argues from it that they are insatiable of unbounded flattery and laudation. By his own showing, America is civilizing in those points which first awoke English ridicule; while, on the other hand, intercourse has improved the feeling of England towards America, and yet regards the friendly efforts of both sides as utterly futile. He must know that the language which amused English readers even thirty years ago, would be received with displeasure and mistrust now, and yet maintains that the same sentiment remains. What good, we should like to know, does he propose to himself by thus holding men to what they have said in an unfriendly spirit, and establishing it as an axiom that unkindness and sarcasm can never be forgiven? How, we would ask, could,—not neighbour nations and brother races,—but own brothers and

next-door neighbours, live in amity if they acted on these principles? Indeed, the person who argues that any of the concerns of life, where man has to act with man, can get on better without friendly feeling, at once proves himself, in our estimation, incompetent to treat of social questions; and where he records his own want of success, and resents his failures, we only see an inevitable consequence of a certain turn of mind exhibiting itself in a corresponding line of conduct. It is not that we dispute that the Americans have national vanity—and that circumstances may make the quality morbid in its development; we believe all nations are vain, only the old-established ones are more quietly complacent. But it is not this quality which makes them dissatisfied with extorted praise joined with hearty disparagement. Communities, like individuals, wish to be *liked;* human nature has a craving for sympathy and affection, and can be satisfied with nothing less. No praise which does not embody this testimony of the heart is of any real lasting worth; we are not so constituted as to care for it; while a great deal of fault-finding will be tolerated where we detect sympathy at bottom. And yet, how hard it is for nations to like one another! Who *do* the English like? Writers like Mr. Grattan speak as if Europe were one country, with the same habits, social economy, and ways of thinking; one vast society. Yet, what names we call one another! what accusations we mutually bring! One charge he brings against Americans—a favourite clincher of many others, as though it were an idiosyncrasy—is that they want *heart;* that their civilities are not cordial; their hospitalities are an affair of vanity, or deliberation; their intercourse with one another cold-blooded.

This is, in fact, the commonest of all charges brought by one nation against another; and, therefore, uniformly to be received in any sweeping sense with distrust. What country is there that does not think itself the exclusive possessor of real deep feeling? The mercurial temperaments pronounce the phlegmatic without it, because they show *nothing;* these, on the other hand, sneer at their lively rivals, because they are superficial and show *all.* Whether boasted of as a national attribute, or the want of it made a national charge, such assumptions must be received with the most sceptical caution. Who of those who claim for England the patent of genuine warmth of heart see it abounding in their own immediate sphere? The same man who will rail at an American or an Italian for his social sins, we shall often find on anything but good terms with his English neighbours,—thinking himself, probably, unlucky in his neighbourhood, having an abstract idea of British perfection which he *never* finds realized, never will find, for every man's own neighbourhood is

the bit of nationality he knows best, and what, if he had the gift of calm penetration, he could best judge from. On this subject, especially, when reading of countries with which we are ourselves unacquainted, by persons of whom we know nothing, we must be on our guard in our reception of their statements and impressions; so much *must* depend on the temper, qualities, and *agrémens* of the writer. Let us sometimes say to ourselves, if this person were suddenly set down in our own circle, by our own hearth, should *we* be cordial to him; should we press our civilities upon him, and from these proceed naturally to intimacy and friendship? and if the answer is doubtful, if we trace cynicism, or any ungenial quality, let us not blame others if they have betrayed backwardness at starting, or the still greater, more unpardonable offence, of retreating from civilities once paid.

When Mr. Grattan first landed in America, the people of Boston, out of respect to the man—for he intimates that his literary reputation preceded him—and his office, received him with hospitality. *Strangers*, thus circumstanced, should receive the kindness as feeling themselves on trial. It is absurd to suppose such demonstrations to mean more than overtures; there can be no real friendship or esteem in a first acquaintance. The entertainer commits himself to no more than his act of welcome; but here it is made a grievance, a fault on their side alone, that, after seven years, they did not like Mr. Grattan as much as they did at first. It *may* be so; but there is nothing in the bare facts to prove it. It was their duty to receive him well; but there is an end to all hospitality to strangers if there can be no retreat from first advances.

'And analogous to this feeling (awakened by the *mirage*) is the moral reaction which oppresses almost all Europeans who remain in this country for more than a short period. At first, they see everything in bright and flattering hues. Vivacity of manners, professions of regard, dinner parties, and balls, look like sincerity, friendship, and hospitality. But the erroneous impression is soon dissipated. The astonished stranger, who has believed himself revelling in the cordial enjoyments of the old world, is quickly satisfied of his mistake. He is painfully taught that he felt through a false medium; that the chains which had bewitched him lay only on the surface of society. That the roses which gave their hue to everything had no root in the soil. That the affections in America are without any solid basis. That men are too much absorbed in self to enter on the cultivation of the nobler feelings. And that even women are so driven by the force of things from the impulses of their nature as to have little more than the semblance of those generous qualities which elevate them, in other parts of the world, to the very height of human excellence.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

Our author's main experience of America is of Boston; and, probably, because he has seen the most of that city, it stands lowest in his esteem: his fashionable tastes are meeting constant rubs in this sober, business-loving place. But the picture

is not in itself repulsive. He complains, for instance, of 'the unrefined habits of the people carrying early hours to a 'ridiculous extent.' They breakfast at seven; and all their evening engagements end at twelve. If all are agreed to keep these hours, we really can't see the hardship of them; nor can one climate dictate the hours of another. He constantly charges them with narrow ideas of expense. 'Having no spring of 'sociability in their hearts, they are glad of any excuse for 'living on a mean and thrifty scale in the routine of their homely occupations.' Really, after hearing so much of American extravagance of late, we welcome the idea of economy and thrift as attaching to any locality. The people of Boston boast of their pure English descent; he grants that 'all the social sym-'pathies of the people are English;' but they are *old* English, —'exclusive, narrow, selfish.' He admits that there is no lack of kind manners; 'on the contrary, there is a good deal of 'general civility, an almost universal good temper, or command 'of temper, which comes to the same thing, and an abundance 'of superficial attentions.' Indeed, he says, as a sort of disparagement, that small instances of kindness are more numerous in America 'than in those countries where powerful impulses 'absorb the mind, and leave it no leisure for the *pétits soins* of 'life.' He laments over their deficiency of benevolence in a general, extended sense, but qualifies the charge by noting the 'happy absence of wretchedness and destitution among the 'working classes.' Nor does he deny 'numerous charitable 'institutions;' but attributes these 'to a judicious system of 'government rather than spontaneous philanthropy.' We may be slow in giving credit to the charge of want of natural kindness where the lower class are all well off, and where provision is made for accidental distress and want, by whatever machinery provided. He complains of their sordid caution, and will not allow them any elevation of mind; but his proofs do not convince us. He first charges them with want of forethought, and then says that what they have has always taken a downward direction.

'Even when the people talk of lofty destinies, they educate for reverse of fortune, loss of property, a depressed position. They do not prepare for a rise in station, or with elevation of mind. Boys are taught hardships for the rough work of life; girls are brought up with a view to going down. They are practised in the menial duties of household work, prepared for a change, not for the better, but the worse, and taught, rationally perhaps, a somewhat stingy prudence, instead of a refining, but possibly a deceptive, elegance.'—Vol. ii. p. 470.

Mr. Grattan's theory is that perfect manners cannot exist under a perfect government. That elegance and refinement

are incompatible with the greatest happiness of the masses. His quarrel with the higher and educated classes of Americans is, that they will not all see this, that they will aim at an ideal absolutely beyond their reach; and waste their lives in futile aspirations. He bids them not 'attempt the high tone of Eng-'lish manners, nor the overstrained refinements of a class which 'could not exist without an inferior multitude to lord it over.' In Boston, from his report of it as he knew it twenty years ago, and as these passages show, republican simplicity predominates; the masses are happy, and their wealthy employers are homely in their habits; but neither does this satisfy him. While believing democracy the ideal government calculated to secure for its subjects the greatest amount of liberty, and all the material blessings of life; and while full of sarcasms at a grasping oligarchy and the evils and injustice of our social inequalities, he yet carefully shows that these are the only conditions in which a gentleman can enjoy himself; nay, in which a gentleman can be made. That, in fact, society is like 'bread stuff,' you may separate the fine flour from the bran, and have white bread and brown; or you may mix altogether into the homely household loaf, and live content in wholesome mediocrity.

Now, we will not believe that real civilization, all that is worth educating for and aiming at in manners, is inconsistent with the general weal, nor does Mr. Grattan's work at all persuade us out of our conviction. Himself an Irishman, he really knows very little of England: speaking as he does with complacency of his twenty years' experience of foreign society previous to his residence in America. All his comparisons therefore of the 'masses' of the two countries must be mainly guess-work and inference. When he speaks of the 'servility and the degrading impulses superinduced by want' in the poor of Europe—the British Isles inclusive—contrasting these with the sturdy independence of the lower orders in the United States, we are convinced the great working classes in our own country have never come under his consideration, have probably never once occupied his thoughts. Ourselves believing in a constitutional monarchy as the best form of government, we are quite willing to grant that manners must assume their really best form under its influences. What Mr. Grattan so often, however, indicates as his *beau ideal*—the polish won by a few at so large a cost of human happiness and virtue—is a thing rather of foreign growth, of intimacy with courts, and certainly what no nation need be ashamed to want. After all, where we agree with Mr. Grattan in his strictures, we do not see that forms of government are mainly concerned. Certain domestic arrangements need to be set to rights; some social changes such

as we cannot but think friendly and sympathetic intercourse with the mother country may gradually effect; for we know that Americans are themselves becoming alive to them.

We have already alluded to the little pains our author takes to reconcile his statements. In reason this is not to be complained of, and no doubt we attain a better notion of his real opinion than if he had set himself to produce a seeming accordance. In any new scene we are liable to contradictory impressions. So it is only where an evident object in view, a case to make out, or a grudge to satisfy is discernible, that we quarrel seriously with the practice. A few instances will show what we mean.

On manners, he says in one place,

'Manners in the United States are of this nature. There is no standard for them, from the want of a permanent class in society to be looked up to and imitated. As the whole of its ingredients are mixed and incongruous, almost each individual follows his natural bent; and we find in the same circles most striking contrasts of style—"every one" being, as might be said, "his own gentleman." '—Vol. i. p. 190.

A few pages before we find,

'There is very little originality in the American mind; and not much variety in the national manners, except in some occasional specimens of a keen "down-easter,"—the Sam Slick genus—or a rough "far-wester,"—of the Colonel Crocket school. The sameness among people in the Atlantic cities is perfectly tiresome.'—Vol. i. p. 124.

'The whole human family met with in the Atlantic cities seems not only cut out of the same piece, but often of the same pattern.'

Of their natural powers he says:

'I maintain that the American people are the most clear-sighted and intelligent in the world,' and 'that there is no parallel on earth to their system of equalized well-being.'

Yet for this people he insists that only a medium civilization is practicable; that their country may be a paradise of mediocrity, but nothing more, confining them rigidly to 'a medium 'quality in mind and manners, respectability of talent, moderate 'acquirements, and unpresuming tastes.' (Vol. i. p. 22.) In America

'Superiority of intellect is, in fact, a curse not a blessing to its possessor.'—Vol. i. 278.

He spends chapters in exposing the discontent of the wealthier classes at being cut off from the distinctions their wealth would procure for them in the Old World; and yet we find him, in another place, thus summarily dismissing the subject:

'This creates, of course, great jealousy and much heart-burning. But all things considered, I am still disposed to believe that there is a much greater amount of general contentment here than elsewhere.'—Vol. i. p. 124.

This book is written to show the inferiority of American civilization, and yet he charges those who would assimilate their country to Europe, 'the leading classes in social position, as 'well as the chief leaders in political life,' as 'deeply infected 'with the disease of European tendencies.'

After disparaging, in the coolest terms and on various occasions, the value of the profuse hospitality he himself received from Americans, we shall find him devoting pages of indignation on Webster because he did not make the civilities he had received in England the staple of his speech on his return to his own country. He brings a constant charge of change of opinion against their public men, drawing inferences very much against their probity; then he proceeds to say, they *must* change if they are to do anything; that the main questions are experiments not principles, and that it is perfectly excusable, nay, necessary, to abandon theories which cannot be made facts.

After stating that the Americans have no great passions—or only the passion for change; that they have even no love of country; that no one in the Northern states ever died for love; that a generous affection even is very rare, he takes the line of proving marriages an affair of interest: and argues as much from the two facts that the husband never expects fortune with his wife, and bears disappointment in his expectations with serenity. In the one case it is the pride of authority and the pride of trade which forbid it; in the other, the mercantile view he originally took of the conjugal tie: all is traced to the love of money.'

'I must say, that the disappointment frequently following the hopes of a large fortune with a wife, never, I believe, leads to ill-treatment on the part of the husband. It is looked on as an unlucky speculation, or a bad debt, falling on the firm, of which the woman has become joint partner. As such she suffers her share of chagrin, but no more. The marriage having been a matter of trade, its vicissitudes, be they what they may, are nothing more nor less than so much profit or loss, of which each party reaps the benefit or bears the burden, share and share alike.'—Vol. ii. p. 68.

Common sense seems to us to suggest a kinder comment, and to infer that where the result is so good, good motives have been at work. In a like system of blundering disparagement, he at one time makes love of the soil the highest form of patriotism, and at another an inferior instinct. The men 'have no love 'to country.'

'He knows nothing of the ties which bind the denizens of the Old World to the home of his fathers. Patriotism with the American is not a passionate regard for the soil and its associations; it is a mere abstract notion made up of personal interest, prejudice, and pride, and falsely denominated love of country because the dictionary calls it so.'—Vol. ii. p. 99.

But the women *have* this sentiment; he complains of their home sickness as an affectation, after quarrelling with the term

itself as suggestive of a sea voyage and other unpleasant associations, and evidencing the vulgarity of the American vocabulary.

'I fear this boasted passion of American women for their birthplace is but a forced effort of sentimentality. It is at best an epidemic, another instance of the want of originality in the American mind. And admitting it to exist in some cases—for there are no doubt exceptions to the general pretext of its existence—it is strongly indicative of coldness in the American female heart. Love of country or of kindred is at best but a secondary passion in comparison with the love of husband and of children. The woman of true sentiment finds her home where *they* are; their country is her country, and their people are her people. But wanting that higher order of attachment, she may possibly possess the inferior kind in question. Deficient in affection, she may be strong in adhesiveness, and she may be fond of place in proportion as she is indifferent to person.'—Vol. ii. p. 78.

There are numerous like instances where, less ingenuous than Dr. Fell, who could dislike and frankly give no reason, he is thus moved to find reasons contradictory or at random for a feeling contracted on quite other grounds. Of course there may be good cause for dislike when it is not easy to give the reason; and many people are reasonable in their prejudices who are *un*-reasonable in their alleged grounds for them; but we only point out these cases as examples of our author's very peculiar notions of cause and effect.

His grounds of commendation are sometimes equally singular. On the question of domestic servants (chap. xv. vol i.) in America, on which hitherto all parties, native and foreign, have been agreed, he reverses the general judgment by a process of induction of his own; and proves, not from facts, but theory, that the American help *must* be the best servant in the world. He starts with the statement that service is degradation. In America there is less acknowledgment of service than in Europe, therefore less sense of degradation. Insolence generally proceeds from sensitiveness; a sensitive mind must now and then rebel against the ignominy of service, and therefore must now and then indulge in insolence at all costs. The American mind is not sensitive, therefore not insolent. The merits of American helps, as he states them, are personal economy, yet they dress like their mistresses; regularity, but to hours of their own fixing; good conduct, but they are the object of constant mistrust to their masters and mistresses; the least sensible of degradation of any class of servants in the world, as (in contradistinction we suppose to English servants) not conscious of having forfeited their self-respect, yet growing every year more jealously suspicious of their position: to these merits he subjoins the general statements, that a servant 'that will make herself useful, and turn her hand to all things 'out of regard for the family, is almost unknown in Yankee

'Land.' That they have no attachment to their employers, and their employers no confidence in them; and that the relation 'creates an antagonistic influence which soon amounts to dis-'like.' To which are added personal experiences of servants leaving at a moment's warning, and of bad Sunday dinners due to the cook's religious prejudices and chapel-going propensities, for which our author has very little sympathy.

Perhaps the following passage will put our readers in a position to understand our author's peculiarities, without multiplying instances of what seems self-contradiction. We find from it that it is no part of his creed that good trees bring forth good fruit. He can hold a theory intact and without a misgiving, and at the same time set himself deliberately to prove its failure. If manners make the man (and certainly the proverb must be believed in by him), the whole gist of his book is to show that American manners are lowest in that social scale, of which he has any experience, yet he never retracts his faith in democracy as the best government in the world. After all, there are many whose hearts are set only on the elegancies of life, who really do think, what Mr. Grattan's line tends to, that agreeable society is worth *any* cost, and that if it can't be procured without the sacrifice of nine-tenths of the human race, the sacrifice must be made. What a hecatomb of victims to servility, oppression, want, and misery, set alight by pride, tyranny, and injustice, does he sometimes represent Europe to be, and yet how infinitely he prefers it to live in than liberty and defective manners! how complacently does he accord the term civilization to this state of things! It is the same with the question of Slavery; he avows a recoil and repugnance to slavery which would more than satisfy the most ardent abolitionist; but how he likes the slave-owners! They are the only gentlemen; they alone have warmth of heart, or generous passions; they alone exercise a liberal hospitality, and know what social life ought to be. The experience of their amiability and good qualities, the conviction even which he professes that the negro race is morally and intellectually inferior, does not modify in the least the fierceness of his denunciations; nor, on the other hand, do these in the smallest degree interfere with his estimate of the sharers in, and perpetrators of, so much iniquity:

'The wholesale difference between the two countries seems to me to be this. Most of the better qualities of man's nature are brought out by the working of things in England, and that as the consequence of our national faults. All the lower qualities are developed in America, in spite of national advantages. Englishmen are at once, in well-balanced degrees, men of business, and politicians. Americans are absorbed by business, and by what they call politics, which is nothing more than a business of a

mean and contracted sort. The mere business occupations of Englishmen would necessarily make them in most respects similar to Americans, were it not that the politics of England are of so elevated a kind that they throw their influence into all the pursuits of life, and raise the community into a lofty and expansive sphere of thought. But as the domestic political questions agitated in America chiefly hinge on some sordid consideration,—almost all being matters of pecuniary profit and loss, such as banks, tariffs, currency, commerce, manufactures,—the nobler aspirations of intellect are dragged down by their attraction, and the trader in politics is of necessity a retail dealer. He sets up his business as another man opens a shop. He only works for the lucre of gain. * * * Many of the evils of the English system are greatly modified, if not entirely obviated by the institutions of America. The oppressions of high rank and its debasing patronage; the subserviency of the middle classes; the degradation of the lower. But, on the other hand, no high-minded motives for action exist. * * * The framers of the republic, in wishing to establish a state of things opposed to the European system, falsely believed that the opposite to wrong must of necessity be right. That is no doubt good logic (*sic*), but it is not practical truth. * * * When Washington, Franklin, and the rest, founded a republic on the ruins of monarchical forms, they should have laboured to bring the people's minds to a level with the new institutions, instead of attempting to uphold the same tone of feeling as that which prevailed under the old ones. They should have adopted a new vocabulary for national topics. Words being only the types of thought, a change of expression should have followed the total change of thought. The standards up to which the new republic should have been taught to act, are probity, industry, justice. Such words as fame, glory, greatness, in their old and general sense, should have been altogether laid aside. They are associated with exaggeration of sentiment, and excess of civilization, out of the comprehension and reach of the New World. The people of America should be taught, that if they will insist upon putting themselves on a par with England, they must take her example for better for worse. They must have her inequalities of rank, with her concentration of power; her debt, with her conquests; her vices with her wealth, her worst ills, in short, with those concomitant glories which dazzle the beholder to blindness.'—Vol. ii. p. 95.

Our author's notions of politics as an elevating pursuit have, we see, very little to do with the moral and domestic government of states, the principles which secure for a people internal peace, prosperity, and well-being, in which a man can scarce keep his fingers from the pitch of trade in some of its ramifications; but they refer to whatever gives room for the subtleties of diplomacy, and brings a gentleman into good company and the society of his betters. The American people are not without longings of this sort, if circumstances were not so much against their indulging them; and in a strain of mingled amusement and irritation, a good deal is said against their assumption of an aristocracy,—'one of those words which ought to be struck out of their vocabulary.' Of course, it is simply quarrelling with human nature to be angry with people for wishing to rise in the world, but no doubt it is inconsistent with republicanism; and there are some good stories here of bakers and grocers lifting up their heads, and calling

themselves aristocrats; but all the heat Mr. Grattan expends on the question betrays, we cannot but think, some personal soreness, otherwise we cannot see, with his way of thinking, why he cannot sympathise with aspirations after gentility. Still, words do seem not quite to know themselves in the following passage, which he extracts from a New York paper, in its obituary of a certain Mr. Hone, of 'humble origin:'—

'And afterwards engaged in auction and commission business in Pearl Street, always standing at the head of the auctioneers. In the fashionable world Mr. Hone always held a high rank, being always considered a leader of the *ton*. Indeed, it has been said, that if an order of nobility had existed in this country, Mr. Hone would have claimed the right of being numbered in their ranks. His bearing, though courteous towards his fellow-citizens, was aristocratic, and self-confident.'—Vol. i. p. 191.

Fancy the *habitué* of polite European circles receiving the 'aristocratic' courtesies, or 'aristocratic' slights of Mr. Hone, the auctioneer! The word 'gentlemanly' is as exceptional in its use, being, Mr. Grattan assures us, mainly applied to waiters, hotel-keepers, box-keepers, and railway conductors. As for the real gentleman, he proves by a syllogism that the thing cannot exist in America, as it takes, everybody knows, three generations to make one: 'and such a thing as grandfather, father, and son in 'one family preserving their fortune and station is almost unheard 'of.' But even here we are left in perplexity as to Mr. Grattan's real experience, for he tells us in one place that there is 'a total want of pride of birth in America' (Vol. i. p. 199); and 'no descendants of their great men are looked up to in honour 'of their name;' and in another:—

'A vain emulation of England, and all that is English, is one of the leading features of the Yankee mind. To have had an ancestry is the prevailing point of pride.'—Vol. i. p. 60.

Which accords more with what we read elsewhere. Our readers will remember in 'Dred' a jealous pride in old English descent, nor can we give credit to the absence of so natural a sentiment, though, kept down by the fluctuating fortunes of American cities, and the impossibility to give the weight of territorial importance to a name, there can be comparatively few opportunities for its development. Under such circumstances, wealth must form the real 'aristocracy;' that is, wealth must be the *head;* and we can well believe in some of the anomalies Mr. Grattan has witnessed in privileged and fashionable circles. He dwells much on the discontent that wealth brings, owing to the want of a proper field for its display; and especially for its failing to give political importance. Here he has no sympathy, and is sternly democratic. He rejoices in a 'downward tendency' (Vol. ii. p. 103), 'by no

'means tantamount to national deterioration, but simply a 'descent to a wholesome level.' He charges the upper classes with cabals against the popular supremacy, which they have not spirit to carry out, and twits them with the example of nobler conspirators,—'Coriolanus who scorned the mob, and 'Cataline who bought them up.' 'A tyrant should be brave, 'and a conspirator prodigal. These cotton-spinners of New 'England and New York do a paltry business with a trembling 'hand. Defeat is their desert and their destiny:' with a good deal more of the same Irish vein of eloquence, on the point of men of the best social position standing aloof from the polling booth, the public meetings, the legislature, and the offices of state in sullen discontent. Having thus sunk the country to the desired low level, he seems to tell her she must remain there, saying that it is in keeping with 'the scheme of American progress for its moral greatness to be nearly undeveloped' (Vol. ii. p. 105); and telling her that 'she has to do the labours of the 'world, and all the higher duties of human improvement are 'done for her,' intimating 'that she must be satisfied with 'this for all time, and not emulate a lot more elevated, but less 'happy.' (Vol. ii. p. 106.) A set down to a great people, which would be more keenly felt, if it could be proved that Mr. Grattan had any distinct idea of what was 'moral greatness,' or 'real elevation.' We say this because it is evident that the loftiest hopes and interests of mankind enter very little into his calculations. Science is a dead letter to him; indeed, he boasts of the want of it, and seems to think it low; those who look beneath the surface in Nature being mere utilitarians. His philosophy is confined to its 'speculative' manifestations,—in spirit-rapping, and the more extravagant developments of Mesmerism,—to both of which he gives in his adhesion; and his religion is finely vague, resisting every form of definition or compression. 'I have ever,' he says, 'regarded theological 'disputation with amazement, and sectarian feuds with con-'tempt. (Vol. ii. p. 337.) He owns to a suspicion of all persons who attend divine service twice on Sunday; he abhors all jealousy of religious belief. Our readers will judge how far he is a competent witness and exponent of the deeper interests of the country he was going to delineate by the following initiatory remarks and inferences on a watering-place service. *We* do not recommend the waiving of essential differences for the sake of convenience they disclose; but for one who, while aware of the existence of differences, liked their occasional suppression, the language is somewhat bitter, and shows a more blundering ignorance on such topics than we could have supposed consistent with a liberal education:—

'On reaching the little church we were somewhat surprised to see all the hotel lodgers, with many persons from the neighbouring cottages, making their way together,—so many votaries coming to lay their offerings at the same shrine. The plainness of the little chapel, and its utter want of distinctive marks, evidently told it was not sacred to any particular sect; and the simple service which followed,—a prayer, a chapter from the New Testament, a hymn, a sermon, and the parting benediction,—were in all points so free from any allusion to any doctrinal differences, so imbued with the essence of true morality, so catholic in sentiment, that I felt as though transported back to the primitive ages of Christianity, when the priest was personified piety, and religious worship the type of practical virtue. * * * I felt really better for this attendance on worship, which *had* something divine in it, and I looked round with feelings of respect I can scarcely describe at the congregation which joined so decorously in a service that combined all that seemed required by religion and philosophy.'—Vol. i. p. 56.

After describing the preacher, a German, he goes on:—

'Great as was my admiration in the first instance for all those who formed the congregation of this exemplary person, it was increased tenfold on my being informed that they individually belonged to almost every variety of sect in which Christianity is split, with the exception of Roman Catholicism; and that they gathered together for the performance of their duty, in the little church of Nahant (there being only one in the place), by an understanding that no doctrinal points should be touched on in the service; so that, during the eight or ten weeks which constitute "the season" at this neutral ground, as many clergymen of different persuasions,—the Calvinist, (which is called the Orthodox Church in the United States,) the Unitarian, the Baptist, the Episcopalian, and several et ceteras,—came down on successive Sundays from Boston, free from all the bitterness of theological dissension, and one vying with the other in offering up prayers, and preaching sermons, to which all denominations of believers might conscientiously listen.'—

This state of things made him at once infer that in America there could be no acrimonious opposition of sects:—

'But in forming this conclusion, jumped to I confess too hastily, I was woefully at fault. I very soon found out that this Sabbath assembling at Nahant was a mere meeting of convenience, for decency's sake, a matter of form, to chime in with the general feeling that a Sunday ought not to be passed without going to church, a mere salve on the consciences of those who, in escaping from the heat and the week's labours of the city, could not be content with a cool day of rest, and with the informality of mental devotion, in a place where Nature itself appealed to every religious sentiment. I too soon discovered that in the touching observances of that day, and the others which followed it in like simplicity, not one out of a hundred of the listeners of Dr. Follen and his fellows sympathised in what they heard. No one entered thoroughly into the spirit of these admirable moral discourses, or quite approved of them. For some they were too tame, for others too lax. One hearer wished they were more orthodox, another that they were more episcopalian. Nobody, in fact, acknowledged them as particularly speaking their own sentiments, though all might have been proud to claim a participation in them. In one word, this Sabbath service at Nahant is but a mockery. It is not inspired by morality or holiness. It has neither the odour of sanctity, nor the flavour of philosophy.'—Vol. i. p. 56.

How intolerant does ultra-toleration make people! On the subject of religion, to which he devotes a chapter, Mr. Grattan owns it best for him only to skim the surface, confessing himself unequal to the 'sacred mysteries of Faith, Doctrine, and *Doxology*.' As far as he touches it, the favourite principle of see-saw, which is his only approach to candour, rules his pen. The voluntary principle, and the absence of a State Church, show 'religion in an aspect truly sublime;' while religion in America, under precisely these auspices, is, as we have just seen, by no means sublime to him. The 'fanaticism of Puritanism' is less to his taste than the 'intolerance of the Roman Catholics.' Revivals 'bring disgrace and shame upon 'the very name of religion.' 'The *odium theologicum* is per-'petually in action, and rival sects hate one another;' but 'society is not seriously damaged by theological divisions that 'can in no way affect political interests.' 'Thousands of men,' —'for the most part heartless hypocrites,—enter into holy 'orders as a speculation, trusting to the exciteable element in 'the American mind to live on the weakness and wretchedness 'of their dupes.' But 'assuredly Christianity, in its largest 'and best sense, has not suffered in America from state in-'dependence; in no country of the world is there more reli-'gious fervour than in America, and nowhere a more strict 'observance of forms.' After a few more sentences on this pattern, with a testimony to Dr. Channing's preaching, he passes off to dwell at comparative length on Millerism and Shakerism, having previously given his experience of a popular preacher amongst 'the Bashi-bazouks of theology.' We English are derided and upbraided so much for our dull sermons that it is not amiss now and then to learn how the evil is obviated in other communions, and therefore we venture to extract our author's sermon-notes on Elder Knapp's discourse:—

'He now began, with a most comical leer and a jocular air, to teach his hearers the folly of pride, and to give an instance of its humiliation. This moral was conveyed through the medium of a story, of which the hero and the heroine were a certain Colonel, "off in the far West," and his wife. These, it appeared, were a very proud, though not an irreverent pair. They approved of Elder Knapp's doctrine, acknowledged themselves of his congregation, lent him a large barn for his preachings, but would on no account consent to disgrace themselves by walking through the only way which led to it—a building known as the "Pork-House," where the slaughtered animals hung up in large numbers, preparatory to the process of salting—long resisting the persuasions of the Reverend Elder to renounce their obstinate objection. The sketch given by the preacher of this stiff-necked Colonel, and his equally unmanageable helpmate, the way in which they rejected his imploring appeals that they would humble themselves, by going through the degrading passage to the temporary place of prayer, the various emphatic intonations with which he pronounced their dogged determination not to go "through the *pork-house*"—"No, indeed, they would *not* go

through the pork-house"—"They wouldn't go *through* the pork-house."—"Others might, but *they* wouldn't go through the pork-house."—"They *would'nt* go through the pork-house"—was irresistibly ludicrous. Some smiled, many tittered, but the majority of the audience laughed outright. In the words of the French reports of debates in the *Chambre des Deputés*, in the good old times of constitutional government, there was *hilarité generale dans la chambre;* and when the climax came of the gradual yielding of the recusant Colonel and his wife before the triumphant efforts of the Elder to soften their obdurate breasts, and they actually *did* walk arm-in-arm through the obnoxious pork-house to attend the service, I expected every moment a burst of boisterous applause.'—Vol. ii. p. 344.

But passing from Mr. Grattan's views and opinions, we may now proceed to his actual observations, Not that the one can actually be separated from the other; for men *see* as well as judge according to their prejudices. Still, people who have seen with their own eyes, who have had actual experience, have such an advantage over those who have not, that if they do not wilfully deceive, we must, with due use of our own judgment, learn much from them. One point that he brings out with unusual consistency, which struck him at first, and which impresses him still, is the power of the American people to act in concert; a love of order and discipline which shows them to advantage on all public occasions. This feature came out as soon as he set foot on board an American steamer. There was no pushing and squeezing; 'a spirit of forbearance seemed to pervade the 'whole; the passengers defiled from the deck to the quay with 'the steadiness of a regiment on parade; everybody seemed to 'be perfectly drilled.' Even the national reproach was conducted with propriety:—

'They walked in straight lines, sat erect on the stools or benches, smoked their cigars, and spat on the upper, and chewed their quids and spat on the lower deck; or read their newspapers and spat in the cabin, and had their "drinks," and spat in the bar, with marvellous regularity. It was, take it all in all, a most curious specimen of living mechanism, completed and brought into action by the irresistible force of public opinion and general habit. But the first aspect of this monotony was imposing, and it created a certain feeling of respect, which being partaken by each individual in regard of his fellows, was sure to be returned to him by the mass. The total absence of every thing discourteous, of quarrelling, disputation, and cursing, of vehement language or violent gesticulation, gave to every group of talkers the air of a knot of business-men transacting their affairs.'—Vol. i. p. 26.

And in his concluding remarks, he thus sums up his experience:—

'The Americans appear to me to possess beyond all other people, the instinct of discipline. I mean this in the highest sense, according to the distinction pointed out by the Duke of Wellington, in one of his letters,—"Habits of obedience to orders, as well as military instruction." This peculiarity extends in a very extraordinary degree through the portions of the country which I have visited; and its development has decided me in

ranking the United States among the military nations of the earth. * * Obedience to authority is supposed, by superficial observers, to be repugnant to the spirit and practice of the American people. This is a great mistake, and I account for it by believing, that those who formed the opinion have only had in view the positive and, at times, obstinate resistance offered by the people at large to certain encroachments of executive power, or to judicial decisions which the general sense pronounced to be unjust.' * *—Vol. ii. p. 448.

After attributing to the good sense of the people the successful working of the Federal Constitution, which its framers issued with little confidence—a constitution originally designed for four millions of men, which now works for the government of more than thirty millions—and after a hit at their leaders, and public men, who are his constant object of attack, he goes on:—

'Indeed, the greater my experience of the country, the more did I esteem the masses, and the less did individuals seem to merit regard. It is certainly in public that the national character appeared to most advantage—at large meetings, political or otherwise, at great festivals, in steamboats, railroad trains, &c.; and the thing which of all others was the most striking and most wonderful to me was that instinct of discipline by which the greatest portion of the general good is established and maintained. This pervading quality may be seen through all the social system. Beginning with the immense concourses which are brought together during election times, such as I have described in a preceding chapter, many thousands meet together, are regularly organized like military bodies, divided into platoons, companies, battalions, brigades, under the command of "marshals;" and thus commanded, these large bodies manœuvre and disperse with an order and regularity as complete as any army at a review. Interruptions, or accidents of the slightest kind, are extremely rare on these occasions. The spirit of subordination is perfect, and is a guarantee against all harm. It is the same with regard to public entertainments. On such occasions, the Americans are not satisfied, as with us, that each individual should buy his ticket and repair to the banquet-hall as best suits his convenience. With them, a certain parade-ground is always fixed on, where the president of the feast, his assistants, invited guests, and all who hold tickets by purchase, are called on by advertisement to assemble; and being duly marshalled into proper order, they march, preceded by a band of music, to the dining place, through the most public thoroughfares. It has been my lot to walk in these processions, which are by no means confined to military celebrations. I have had for my right and left hand file, Judge Story, Governor Everett, the venerable ex-president John Quincy Adams, and other distinguished civilians, on such occasions, and I have invariably remarked the precision with which they all attended to the keeping of time and distance, and the other duties of the drill.'—Vol. ii. p. 450.

Here we must acknowledge an absolute departure from the old type. Institutions have worked a change in what we fancied a feature in the Anglo-Saxon race, when once trained to a sense of independence. We do not boast of it, it is a peculiarity which spoils all our attempts at effect, but who has not observed what a shambling, shuffling, sheepish concern is a procession of English gentlemen: every one ashamed of his place and his part, and looking as if he was striving to hide

himself from a pitiless storm of imaginary eyes, while really resenting the infringement on his absolute liberty of movement and his morbid susceptibility to restraint. Such pictures as these seem to throw a light on the passing of the Maine Law, and other unintelligible facts of American doings.

'Large public balls are conducted with much the same management. Committees are formed to supervise each particular branch of the matter in hand. * * Let us next look at the management of the hotels and inns, great and small, and of the boarding-houses, which abound throughout the country. In every one of of these establishments rules are made with a severity, and observed with a strictness, which would be remarkable anywhere, but which, in a country of such boasted independence, are truly surprising. The master of the hotel very often a colonel or major in the militia (titles that are frequently borne even by the bar-keepers), is a perfect despot. He fixes and changes hours, orders his waiters, and controls his customers, with an air of command that might be supposed to arise from his military rank; but the merest old woman who is mistress of a boarding-house exercises an equal amount of authority. The most arbitrary and capricious regulations are submitted to by the lodgers with a deference that is at times laughable. They fly to the sound of the gong or bell with the forced alacrity of soldiers, rushing from the barrack rooms at the bugle's call. To be a minute late for any meal seems looked on as a breach of duty. The ease, comfort, or convenience of individuals is never thought of in the arrangements of the house. Gentlemen are removed from one room to another without their consent being asked, and often in defiance of their wish. Every one submits, if not cheerfully, at least without remonstrance, to the rules for the general convenience. * * In all public institutions or private places of business, in schools, poor-houses, hospitals, prisons, workshops, or factories, the military system of tactics is universally observed. I remember, on one occasion, when I accompanied the directors of a house of correction for females on their inspection, observing with admiration the clever manner in which the head matron conducted her scores of women-prisoners, as though they were soldiers on parade. "Ah, sir," said one of my conductors, "she *is* the true grit, and no mistake. Yes, sir, Mrs. Kidder is considerable of a General Bonypart, more than any lady I ever met with anywheres."'—Vol. ii. p. 451.

Perhaps this instinct of combining and acting in concert may interfere with originality of character, and power of individual action. We are willing to believe it, or the people who possess it would become too powerful among the nations. Part of it may proceed from the publicity of their lives, their gregarious habits, the custom of assembling in numbers and doing things together. Their need for privacy, certainly, is not equal to our own. We have a sense of impatience or unsuitableness in a crowd which can hardly belong to people who so constantly meet and act, and perform the routine of life together. But this being the case, it is natural that the virtues called for by a life in public should be developed. A certain sullenness amongst strangers, which is apt to be an English characteristic, seems exchanged there for good temper and forbearance. Much as Mr. Grattan dislikes American society, he always notices this

feature—a prevalent command of temper—as a national characteristic. On first landing, the manners of cabmen and Custom-house officers, 'obliging, but not obsequious,' impressed him favourably. In the crowded streets he is struck with the absence of rudeness and bad language, which was only heard from Irishmen. Even in a hopeless entanglement of vehicles, the drivers quietly 'commune with their horses,' instead of railing on one another. When a multitude disperses under the most discouraging auspices, their temper stands the test. After a monster meeting at Bunker's Hill, when a tempest came on—

'The rain came down in torrents, the lightning streamed all around. But the heavy tramp of the thousands rushing across the wooden bridges deadened the thunder. The mixture of deep sounds was most impressive, but among them no utterance of voices. No one spoke. Every one seemed intent on his business, which was to reach his home as fast as he could. The Yankee character was strikingly exemplified in the whole scene. * * On our drive home, I remarked, that of the many hundreds we saw drenched to the skin, their best suits spoiled, and their day's sport broken up, not one gave the slightest symptom of dissatisfaction, or seemed to have lost his or her temper.'—Vol. ii. p. 325.

From his report, indeed, they are not grumblers over the inevitable evils of life. His spleen is raised by the serenity with which an American will submit to be cheated where there is no redress, and he illiberally infers that the victim only waits for his time to avenge his losses on the community at large, complacently recognising a principle of action in the transaction from which he suffers, and out of which he ultimately hopes to make his advantage. The passage is curious as a specimen of our author's vein:—

'The selfishness generated by this system accounts for the amazing coolness with which one Yankee suffers another to impose on him. He scarcely ever grumbles, rarely remonstrates, and it may be said, never resists. He pays the overcharge or admits the cheatery; because he knows that impunity is the common right, and that what he submits to in one instance he will exact in another; for all the Yankees are traders of some kind, either in stock, goods, land, or money. They all buy and sell. No one lives on a fixed income, to which he is born and which he leaves behind him. Therefore each is sure, some time or other, to have his revenge. Outwitted in one bargain, he outwits in another. What he overpays to his tailor or boarding-house keeper he overcharges to his next customer or client. It is not worth while to quarrel about an exaction for which he can recompense himself, nor wise to set an example which would be sure to react upon him. Thus non-resistance is essentially the principle of the social compact, as resistance is that of political life.' —Vol. ii. p. 93.

Our author considers numbers and mutual action as so necessary to the development of American character, that even their wit will not flow in a solitary channel. After saying that the

spirit with which they act in bodies can scarcely be believed compatible with the mean and timid tone of individuals, and that the enthusiasm exhibited at their meetings is inexplicable to him who has observed them in cold and cautious singleness, he describes a *Phi Beta Kappa* society dinner, where a perfect *feu de joie* of wit and repartee was kept up by 200 guests, whom afterwards he met separately, as dull and reserved as their less gifted neighbours, from which he infers that no man single-handed ventures to make a joke, and he laments over the voluntary bondage to public opinion, and the willing sacrifice of independence which subservience to the general standard brings upon them. While constantly quarrelling with this natural defect as a drawback to social intercourse; in the arena of political life, where *we* seem to recognise its most injurious workings, Mr. Grattan appears to enforce it still further, though it is difficult to get at any distinct view. That is, his sympathies are with the people and the masses, and his quarrel is with those who are not satisfied with things as they are, and have wishes vague or defined for a change. His line is to crush aspirations as disloyalty to the Republic. But as his principles on English politics are so opposed to our own, and destroy our value for his judgment, we do not enter upon this part of his work, or his dissertation upon their public men, for whose principles, patriotism, and even honesty, he professes a very low opinion, treating them rather as misleaders of the people than as governed by them.

In his sympathy with a pure democracy, Mr. Grattan has no prejudice against Lynch law, and thinks the 'wild justice' of the multitude a wholesome check, giving no ground to fear for the stability of their institutions (Vol. ii. p. 454). For ourselves, we never more fully realize the practical difference of forms of government, than when some startling incident reveals to us the slight hold that the law of the land has on the mind of the American people, and that, when any popular feeling against or sympathy with an offender is awakened, there is scarcely an affectation of listening for the voice of legal justice, or of waiting for a sentence. Their judges cannot have the weight of ours, their courts cannot be invested with the awe of ours. We feel they can know nothing of our national submission to a power as of divine authority, when we read, in the first notice of a murder, such cool comments as the New York papers furnish on the recent terrible revenge of Mr. Sickles on the betrayer of his honour. In England, though there would be no want of sympathy for his wrong, there would be an immediate appeal to the law. 'What will the law say?' A sense of suspense. Here the papers composedly lay out his future plans for Mr. Sickles,

as though he had no ordeal to pass through. They seem to recognise a sort of purism or pedantry of subordination in the slayer being in prison, after having killed his enemy, an unarmed man, with three distinct shots. 'It may,' they say, 'subject him to some inconvenience,' but the freedom from annoying discussion of his case will perhaps be more than an equivalent advantage. As for a trial, it is regarded as a mere form to be gone through.

'If the aim of the law is entirely exemplary, its action is entirely unnecessary in such a case as this. No judicial action could point a moral with more severity than do the circumstances attendant upon the killing of Mr. Key by Mr. Sickles.'

'The effect of this melancholy affair upon the public life of the survivor will be temporarily disastrous; the people of New York, whatever may be said to the contrary, have a deep-seated respect for the law, and under any circumstances will view its abrogation with repugnance. They may excuse the act, but will hesitate to reward the author. But the services of a brilliant man like Mr. Sickles will not be altogether lost to the country, which is wide enough for all. In some of the border territories, where from the laxity of society, the weakness of infant governments, the theory of violent remedies for violent social evils is necessarily recognised, he may commence a new career unstained by social ban. We hope and trust he may do so. Few young men in public life had more promise than Mr. Sickles previous to this affair. He was the recognised leader, as he was the cleverest man in the delegation from the commercial metropolis of the country. An eloquent orator, a keen debater, and a hard-working man in committee, and withal not losing sight of those social amenities which adorn the life of the public man, he had all the pre-requisites for a first-class statesman. There will be those who will be glad to return him again at Washington, after time shall have in some degree softened the bitterness of the cup which has been presented to his lips.'—*New York Herald*, March 1, 1859.

But to return to lighter subjects, where Mr. Grattan should be more at home than in the analysing of deep motives of action and search of first principles. He devotes a chapter to the question, 'Are the Americans a happy people?'—a question which perhaps his Hibernian temperament, which sees happiness in excitement, can hardly answer fairly, as he assumes them too deficient in the power of strong emotion to be capable of extremes either of joy or sorrow:—

'They laugh and weep, are glad or sorry; but true to the general principle in all things, the community at large, with occasional exceptions, springing from religious fanaticism, cannot be said to rise or fall from the ordinary level that precludes all susceptibility of either an elevated or depressing nature. Undoubtedly this middle state of existence is far better for the mass of mankind than the whirl of passionate feelings which keeps both body and mind on the rack; but ardent individuals, who live on excitement and flourish in excess, have little to look for in America but disappointment, except in the resources of gambling and dissipation.'—Vol. ii. p. 315.

In immunity from many of the cares of life, and especially

from those anxieties which press upon parents in the old world, connected with the provision of their children, they are singularly fortunate. Even where change of fortune does come the fall is not so great, nor the feelings so deeply involved. Things seem to have the power of righting themselves more easily than with us; while in the more common career of prosperity—

'The Yankee looks on his young brood complacently as it grows quickly into manhood, rough and ready for anything, and with infinite variety of resources, and abundant fields for the exercise of industry and talent.'—Vol. ii. p. 316.

But freedom from care is not happiness, and either the climate, with its extremes and its dryness, or the enervating effect of that indoor atmosphere of which all foreigners complain, arising from hot air and furnaces; or the indisposition of the people to active exercise and vigorous efforts, or all combined, deprive them of that exhilaration, that enjoyment of existence as such, that holiday feeling, which is happiness in itself without other aid. He dwells upon what American authorities themselves now so feelingly deplore—the want of physical energy, and of its natural sequence—robust health. The children are grave, 'showing none of the mischievous vivacity so common in 'Europe.' Their games are tame, and English sports cannot win a place in their affections. The people do not care for cricket or similar activities. Hunting, in our sense of the word, is unknown. Even in winter their out-door diversions are languid. The ladies shiver in sleighs instead of bracing themselves by walking exercise. The aspect of the population is grave, thoughtful, and decorous. His report confirms what has been always said, that the period of *youth*, which with the English lasts longer than with any race in the world, is with them quickly run through. The following passage reminds us of French adolescence:—

'These children soon go from the nursery to the school-house. If they are boys they run through their boyhood with marvellous rapidity. As soon as they can read they begin to study the public papers. About the same period they are turned loose into the streets, and they straggle into news-rooms, election-wardrooms, places of business, markets, caucuses, etcetera. They walk in political processions with miniature banners and small music. They enter at once into public life. They, in fact, do almost everything which is unbecoming to their early years, and very little, and that very imperfectly, which would give a grace to them. Their sports, as I have before stated, are mere caricatures of the sports of England, and absolutely painful to one who remembers the animation of the old world, whose greatest blessing is its spirit of long enduring youth. A "Boston boy" is a melancholy picture of prematurity. It might be almost said that every man is born middle-aged in that and every other great city of the Union. The principal business of life seems to be to grow old as fast as possible. The boy, the youth, the young man, are only anxious to hurry

on to the gravity and the care of "the vale of tears." There is a velocity in their movements, as though the hill they mount were a mere mole-hill, and that their downward course commenced before the youth of other countries had gained a third of the upward path. The toils of life—the destiny of the poorer classes of Europe—form the free choice of the rich men of America, always excepting the indolent Southern planters.

The boys are sent to college at 14: they leave it with their degree at about 17. They are then launched at once into life, either as merchants, or attorneys' clerks, medical students, or adventurers in the western states of the Union, or in foreign countries. The interval between their leaving school and commencing their business career affords no occupation to give either gracefulness or strength to body or mind. Athletic games, and the bolder field sports being unknown, nothing being done that we do—I mean, alas! that we used to do—at home, all that is left is chewing, smoking, drinking, driving hired horses in wretched gigs with a cruel velocity, or trotting on jaded or hard-mouthed hacks, at a speed that makes humanity shudder, and with an awkwardness that turns our pity for the one animal into contempt for the other. I doubt if there exists an American gentleman who could take a horse over a three-foot rail in England, or an Irish potatoe trench; yet they constantly talk of such or such a one as being a "good rider."'—Vol. ii. p. 318.

This spirited picture may be exaggerated, but it makes evident the bearings of American manners and institutions upon youth. We know that they themselves are alive to the evil and desire a change—the slowest and most difficult of all things to bring about where universal custom is concerned. We cannot but think that this early introduction to public life has much to do with that *subservience* of which so much is said, and sameness to one model. Neither idiosyncracies nor family types can have fair play where what should be character is so early thrust into one mould. Not that anything can entirely suppress individuality; but as intercourse with society prevents its becoming eccentricity, so living in a crowd may check its due development, and reduce each mind to the condition of a tree in an overcrowded forest, which, however fine its effect with the rest, looks bare and unpicturesque when deprived of companionship, besides failing in girth and strength of stem. The education of women in America is not less a peculiar national feature, and must even more influence what is technically understood by *society*, than the training of the men.

To every nation the maxim, 'whatever is, is right,' applies with more force to the condition, training, and standing of its women, than to any other question. It seems as if home would not be home, if they altered their course in any respect; the comfort and happiness they infuse around them is something so precious that the universal pleading is, to let well alone, and bring in no new-fangled innovations, the bearings of which we do not know, the results of which we cannot foresee. It is, therefore, a hopeless as well as delicate matter to suggest

improvements or to criticise standing institutions on this matter. But even on this question of happiness we will take our ground, and maintain that there are defects in the customs which relate to female early training in America, which, we believe, affect the cheerfulness of society by depriving women of their proper influence. The independence of women there seems to us to begin too soon and to be over too soon. We all know that the girls of America, as children, go to day-schools with their brothers. We do not suspect them of getting the harm from this plan to morals or delicacy of feeling which so many would fear from it; on the contrary, learning from men and *with* boys, under proper regulations, may be even a safeguard from certain gossiping evils which haunt large English girls' schools; but the familiarity with the streets is, we think, objectionable, especially as Mr. Grattan describes them, as feeling so perfectly at home in the public thoroughfares as to use them as their *play*-ground: as also their early sympathy with public matters, which become an excitement before they can in any sense be a rational subject of interest, and which consequently pale before the real absorbing pursuit of a young lady's life who is left to herself, and to the influence of companions of her own age at the precise period of her existence when the advice, the example, the presence of maturer minds of her own sex would be of the most inestimable service to her.

All American books, and books on America, show the substantial truth of the following picture. English readers were shocked at the revelation on this head made in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Dred,' whose pretty silly heroine so scandalized our notions of propriety that in many houses the book is not considered a *proper* one; and the serious readers of 'Uncle Tom' lament over the sinning chapters as over a great fall in a mother in Israel. Mrs. Stowe simply describes what *must* happen constantly where young girls are left to their discretion without guardian or guide. Our author is not likely to represent the national manners on this point in more engaging colours than a compatriot:—

'At the age of 12 or 13, when female children rejoice in the appellation of "Misses," they begin to enjoy all the privileges of self-management. They go to school until a more advanced period; but they go there alone, take what route they like best, return home unattended, and in the intervals of the class hours, from morning until dusk, they are entirely their own mistresses. At about 15—and then they are styled "Young Ladies"—they begin to visit, go to parties made up of both sexes, all of their own age or thereabouts; give them in their turns, sending out their invitations quite independently of their mothers. From these "young parties" every one bordering on years of discretion is excluded. Girls over twenty are considered quite *passées*. No one, in fact, is tolerated who could prove the least restraint upon the company, except the mother of the entertainer, or

aunt, or grandmother, whose indulgence is sure to offer no check. Now, from the earliest age at which those "Misses" begin their preparation for their career as "young ladies," until their progress is finished by matrimony or old maidishness, a never-ceasing series of what they call flirtations, but which takes the most decided form of what we call coquetry, is carried on with intense ardour. As far as I could observe or learn, the initiative in these affairs is generally taken by the female partners in the adventure. The intrepid defiance of what is considered in Europe a prudent reserve shows great courage, but is not always successful. To make conquests—so to call the poor result of attaching a young fellow as a partner for the balls, or an escort to the lectures of the season, or a companion for walking about the streets—is the business of a "young lady's" life. To reckon the number of her "beaux" is her pride; to cast them off her pastime. She is not, however, much to blame for this levity. They are commonplace and insipid to an inconceivable degree. They are certainly little worth loving, for they know little of love but its name. They can but feebly make it, and imperfectly inspire it; for the power of doing the first earnestly is essential towards effecting the latter completely. Therefore the girls rarely experience the delight of a genuine passion. Their dangling admirers amuse, and may even at times interest them; and no doubt the general rule has its exceptions. But I say positively, from various testimony, that a generous affection is very uncommon in what pass for love affairs in the northern portions of America. In the natives of the fiery and ardent South, great indeed is the difference."—Vol. ii. p. 58.

Now, as far as this is true, and wherever it is true, the fault lies in young people being deprived of the natural check from the presence of mature years and experience. They may fancy this would be a bar to enjoyment, and probably our suggestion of a bevy of chaperones would be received with double displeasure, as a doubt of their power to take care of themselves, and as the infusion of an element of dulness and restraint; but there can be no greater mistake than to suppose that cheerfulness is promoted by the exclusion of middle life, or even old age. We are convinced that all ages benefit by an admixture, and that young people especially, are never so joyous, so free from care, so full of youthful spirit, as when their happiness not only stimulates their companions, but wins the smile and wakes the tenderness of friends who can never know youth again but through their sympathies. It is not at all a question whether young people get into serious mischief, or do themselves substantial harm by being left to themselves. We know that this is not the case; that no women are more correct in life and conduct. But a period of unchecked flirtation, where a girl is betrayed into it by custom and example, should be, and we have no doubt is, a period of feverish worry and chronic remorse,—tincturing the memory with regrets, and in many an instance sobering the real lasting connexions of life with a premature hue of the common-place. A fitful season of unrestrained excitement and unchecked liberty of action in girlhood may even dispose the wife to subside into a monotonous exist-

ence. She may have sown her modified, and, so to say, innocent wild oats, and feel that society can do no more for her; that it can never be anything to her, henceforth, but the dull and objectless repetition of old dissipations. But this is by no means one of the least evils of the system, and we are sure that in matron life and middle life in America, women must pay a penalty of insignificance and loss of influence for the leading part they played when youth was all the pre-eminence they needed, without the control of the social circle and the direction of the business of society. On these points we may feel certain a course of flirtation is an evil, and yet it is inevitable under the system generally described. Nor can we acquiesce in that liberty which allows of the following anomalies,—not such in America, but actually in themselves, because we may be sure that much thoughtless, giddy, and unprofitable talk must be induced, and the question of love affairs and offers be kept more than needlessly uppermost in young heads of both sexes. This system *seems* to render a successful *first* love a rarer thing there than even with us; but perhaps we speak on insufficient data, and we must not forget that Mr. Grattan was used to the external show of reserve in foreign manners, where even English liberty is misunderstood:—

'It is quite startling, until one gets accustomed to it, to witness the way in which young girls go on, or *get along*, to use the American phrase. Their intercourse with men is without restraint. They invite them to their homes, receive their visits, walk with them and ride with them alone, at all times and in all places. They go to parties and return home in the same carriage with any man of their acquaintance, quite unattended by any female relative or friend. We used to be much amused at first, in several of the cities, to see young couples come into ball-rooms arm-in-arm together, taking it for granted they were affianced lovers; and were not a little amazed at the first instance which came to our knowledge of a youth of twenty years of age being invited to escort a dashing *belle* to a soirée, in the same carriage, without any third person. We soon, however, got accustomed to the general habit.'—Vol. ii. p. 62.

There is no such thing as match-making in America. The young people arrange these things for themselves, and the mammas do not seem influential in such affairs. It is very rare to refuse consent to a match on which the daughter has set her mind; and though there are some mesalliances, there are few unhappy marriages, which is an admission for a censor to make. But neither does marriage seem quite the same thing there as with us. The national institution of boarding-houses, which to English tastes sounds so dreary and strange, interferes where it is adopted with what we understand by domestic life. Whenever, on the wedding day, the husband settles his bride in the common drawing-room of one of these establishments, to 'stare

'and be stared at,' to share her meals with him in company of strangers, with no retirement, and no privacy, a perfectly different compact is entered upon, another existence opened before her, from our ideal either of the honeymoon or wedded life. All descriptions of this boarding-house life are the same; and so they must be, because all people must sink in them to one level. Persons show their differences, their degrees of moral elevation, by their *choice* of modes of life. If this is chosen for them—if they must live in a crowd of strangers, deprived of the natural occupations of their position, and without privacy for intellectual pursuits,—women will, and, by a certain law, must all sink into gossip, trivial curiosity, love of dress for its own sake, and all the inanities of vacant life. All will do it, but all will not be happy in it, and will, in time, find some means of escape. The habit, universal to the nation, of occasionally adopting this mode of life (of course, it is its adoption for a permanence which we mainly object to), may probably be one reason for American society not encouraging informal social gatherings so common in our more genial circles. People meet in this way at the *table d'hôte* and at boarding-houses, and, therefore, their deliberate efforts to be sociable must be in more formal style, and the guests collected on a different principle. Mr. Grattan complains of their dinners, with scarce any infusion of ladies, as being strictly on the national rule of reciprocity, and, therefore, confined to men 'of grey hairs, or none;' for Americans, he says, are averse to small obligations; and younger men, not being in a position to return hospitality of this sort, are not expected to share it. Balls, on the other hand, are affairs for the young, and so on; while his sensibilities are wounded by the point that is made at all evening *réunions* of profuse fare, and the steady application on all hands to the business of the table. But the years which have intervened since he shared these entertainments, may have changed all this; and in distinction from his experience, we have heard the society and hospitalities of Boston warmly commended by our countrymen, and gratefully and feelingly acknowledged.

In some respects, American life reminds us of the pictures of English society presented to us by the writers of the last century. The portrait of an American flirt finds its counterpart in the 'Spectator' or in Richardson rather than our modern drawing-rooms. There seems a dash and independence about them which we find in the fine women of the days of powder and fans, though, happily, without the coarseness which sullied the past age. In the same way, we read of their being attended to places of resort and entertainment by their beaux, and keeping an inventory of 'conquests.' And even this term *beau* itself, which Mr. Grattan

thinks so vulgar, and which by this time jars sadly on English taste, may be only a still undiscarded relic of that day, kept for old England's sake, and as good *ton* as when first adopted as an expressive and graceful novelty. There is a resemblance, too, in the acquaintance with and participation in household labours which universally characterized that age, and which the nature of their institutions imposes upon American women—occupations very much opposed to Mr. Grattan's notions of civilization, but which probably exercise a salutary and sobering influence upon the airy, external life belles of all ages are tempted to lead. It was when our fair ones were surrounded by 'crowds of white-gloved beaux' that the poet insinuated the moral use of such avocations—

> 'Oh, if to dance all night and dress all day
> Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away;
> Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
> Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?'

Much of the phraseology, both colloquial and otherwise, which is strange to our ears, as quoted by Mr. Grattan, is inherited from our joint ancestors; while slang, in either country, must be of indigenous growth, and while gaining a gradual incorporation into the dialect of one nation, viewed from without, must always seem a vulgar abuse in the other, and be an element of separation and divergence. That nasal peculiarity even, universal in New England, may be traced back to British conventicles, and must have been tenderly cherished in the new land, for its associations, as well as its supposed necessary connexion with spiritual religion. There is no doubt that it is an inheritance of the Puritans, who were never in general favour enough here to stamp their manners on the habits of the people, but have been more successful in the land of their adoption.

Our author dwells on the impatience of criticism, and censure in the mildest form, betrayed by the Americans. His own style towards them is so little friendly that we do not wonder if his personal experience all tends this way. If he has spoken anything like what we find in his book, of course they have taken it amiss. But his illustrations to prove general angry feeling are from too remote quarters to show universal susceptibility. As there is no central point for the American press, it is a custom to put forward the lucubrations of the Union generally as all of equal weight. We cannot tell whether our provincial papers are as much quoted there as the opinions of their remote journals are here, whenever a case has to be made out against America; but, at any rate, we do not accept every chance country newspaper as exponents of our views on important questions; and we, therefore, are not disposed to believe that similar effusions

express the feelings of the great leading Atlantic cities. Mr. Grattan quotes from a recent work, by a Mr. Ward, as conveying national sentiments, who describes himself as an unknown individual from Arkansas, so 'accustomed to attack rampant 'bears at home that the *cavortings* of the British lion seem less 'terrible to him than to his civilized countrymen.' Wherever this gentleman got his style it is so forcible, and conveys his meaning so well, that we would greatly prefer having his good word; but the fates deny this, so we must be content to be generous foes. His spirit is stirred by the fuss we make about the national habit of spitting, which, he says, we hate because it is American, not for its own sake. And, really, there is some truth in this; for Mr. Grattan's previous residence abroad must have familiarized him with the practice, and its attendant nuisance of smoking, wherever it is possible to indulge in it; and yet he thinks continental cities very pleasant places to live in, where men spit in public and in private, in halls, churches, pulpits, altars—everywhere the spittoon, or the want of it. Mr. Ward would have John Bull taught better manners than to sneer at it in America:—

'When he is convinced that we have attained such a position in the world as to enable us to spit with impunity, he may still attack the habit, but will no longer attempt to ridicule it. If spitting be, as the English would fain have it, a nationality, let us boldly spit it into respectability. I believe it is often inconvenient to him who indulges in it, but for the life of me I cannot discover anything in it so especially offensive. * * I contend that it is superlatively disgusting to the English merely because it is an American habit. Hating us with an intensity that helpless rage can only know, it is their chiefest delight to cavil at us; and finding nothing more serious to object to, our earlier traducers seized upon this; and each hireling caterer to the morbid feeling against America in England attempts a facetious improvement on the stereotyped jokes of his predecessors. But, (continues Mr. Ward,) if we Americans *must* spit, let us spit out courageously before the whole world. I beseech again, let us spit fearlessly and profusely. Spitting on ordinary occasions may be regarded, by a portion of my countrymen, as a luxury; it becomes a duty in the presence of an Englishman. Let us spit around him—above him—beneath him—everywhere but on him, that he may become perfectly familiar with the habit in all its phases.'—Vol. ii. p. 384.

There is complaint, too, against the extravagant self-laudation of the American press. But here, of course, the quarter where this style is indulged is everything; for scarcely anything can exceed in extravagance the literary notices in our own provincial papers—as any one may judge who reads the string of commendations attached to the works of some local poet, whose name he never heard of. It is curious that Mr. Grattan's main instance, a grandiloquent notice of a Mrs. Brooks, whose name and works were alike unknown to him, and who is

described by her eulogist as one of the most remarkable women that ever lived, and her poem 'an effort of genius which will 'work its way into the great public heart of the country, and 'her fame grow with time,'—finds almost a counterpart in the language of panegyric with which our Southey, in a gallant mood, introduced this same flighty poem of 'Zophiel' to the notice of this country, at the time of its publication. We do not deny that the American strain towards their literary men is forced and over-done; but, at the same time, we perceive a disposition in Mr. Grattan to underrate them. America has, for instance, just right to be proud of Bryant, and even to compare him with our own poets; but he only recognises him as a writer of 'pleasing verses, familiar to many readers in 'England.' Altogether, America, and especially its leading cities, pay this penalty for their assumption of importance, that they are made responsible for everything. The Atlantic cities wish to pass for capitals, and are judged by their rules, while it is evident that many of them should rather be compared with our great mercantile towns than with London or Paris, a comparison from which, perhaps, they would not suffer. Their politics, too, have a touch of our provincial politics, in the nature of their interests; and society is obviously more on this town footing than on that of our metropolitan higher circles, where, in fact, country people congregate for a season of the year. That there is a class in America which bears a resemblance to our gentry in some points, we are often told, though they hold a different political position; nor can we sympathize with that notion of refinement which induces them to leave the government of their country in hands they can neither trust nor sympathise with.

'Persons are to be found in America of really good *ton*, even according to European estimate, but they are infrequently met with in the business or political world. You must look for them on the banks of the Hudson, the Delaware, or the Ohio; in villas with the appurtenances of refinement; in the remote valleys of New England; or on the plantations of the Southern States; and *there* surrounded by the repulsive associations of slavery, which neutralize the graces to whose culture they administer. All the men of that superior stamp, to mix with whom it was occasionally my good fortune, were (with rare exceptions) out of the whirl of politics, and what is called, in the phraseology of the cities, "high life." They do not come into contact with the pushing inelegancies of the mass, from which the leading party men and the highest functionaries, whether state or federal, are chosen. Many of the secluded gentry of whom I speak have been partly educated in Europe, or have extended their adult experience there long enough to appreciate the tastes and habits of the old world; and they do not hesitate to choose between the obscure enjoyments of their country homes, and the ambitious vulgarities of public life. It was most gratifying to join those delightful circles. But it was not in them that I was to find materials for a *book on the* general characteristics of civilized America. It was among

the motley crowd of the millions that I had to make my way, and among whom my temporary lot was cast.'—Vol. i. p. 190.

We have also a few words of praise for the superior refinement over Boston of New York and Baltimore, but our author's commendations are rapidly run through, in a sort of gulph; as though the process were unpalatable, and there were grievances not to be forgiven associated with every form of intercourse in this ungenial clime. Once his Irish sympathies were heartily awakened by an exhibition of the turn for practical joking which sometimes relieves the oppressive national gravity. We introduce it in somewhat sudden contrast to the picture of elegant unpatriotic idleness he has been describing, and as an instance of the universal passion for political excitement which pervades the mass of the people, but which these choicer spirits withdraw from:—

'Many of the election freaks throughout the country are still more evident examples of droll devices and mirthful agitation. Among these the curious wagers that are laid vary, by their ludicrous conditions, the otherwise too eager gambling for money rushed into on occasion of such events. One of the most original of these was between two violent politicians respectively candidates for the State Senate and for Congress, by name and title, Colonel R. J. Burbank and Major Ben Purley Poore; the first a Fremont "Free-soiler," the latter a Fillmore "Know-nothing," the wager being for a barrel-full of apples, the loser undertaking to transport the same in a wheelbarrow from West Newbury to Boston, a distance of about forty miles; the feat depending on the Presidental election and the greater or lesser amount of votes polled by their respective favourites. As Fremont was the fortunate man and Fillmore the beaten one (both, however, being out-voted by Buchanan), Major Ben Purley Poore feeling himself bound to pay the penalty of his confidence in the defeat of "Free-soil Freemen and Fremont," (although released from his pledge by his courteous adversary) manfully set out on the day fixed upon by the conditions to perform his stipulated engagement, a real debt of honour, with nothing sordid or mercenary either in principle or practice.

'The excitement on this ludicrous occasion was intense throughout the line of country traversed by the loser, to cheer whom as he advanced on his road, thousands of spectators awarded the best compensation for his bad luck and the troublesome redemption of his promise in shouts of laughter and complimentary addresses, and all sorts of convivial entertainment, in return for the one for which he afforded the public. As he "progressed" towards the accomplishment of his journey, and during the two days of its continuance, the telegraph announced his advances hour by hour; the newspapers gave reports of them, the whole population within any reasonable distance of the line of march hurried to the best places for seeing the hero, who conquered the whole country by his good-natured submission to the penalty of his defeat. He was met at Charlestown, a before-mentioned suburb of Boston, by a delegation from the city, his escort of the Boston "Independent Volunteers," headed by the Boston "Cornet band." Next came the Major dressed in a fancy costume, a brown hat, green-baize jacket and blue trowsers, wheeling his barrow which, with its load of apples, weighed one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Above it floated the American Eagle handsomely painted on a banner, and another flag was

borne close behind with this inscription, "Major Poore—may the next administration prove as faithful to their pledges as he was to his." Behind was an open carriage drawn by four horses and occupied by the two judges. A countless crowd followed the procession through the streets, sending forth loud acclamations as the dust-covered, sweltering, and jaded—but still smiling—Major, harnessed by a strap to his barrow, with blistered hands and shoulders, triumphantly deposited his load in front of the Tremont Hotel, without having dropped a single apple on the whole length of route. Many a hand shook his on that proudest moment of his life; while many a tongue uttered a pitying transposition of his names from Ben Purley Poore to Poor Ben Purley—a change which the legislature would doubtlessly have confirmed in consideration of his memorable and unique exploit, which was celebrated on the spot of its accomplishments by a sumptuous banquet, wine without stint, and humorous speeches without end.'—Vol. ii. p. 333.

The story is a creditable one, and shows that public virtue has not been wholly demoralized by declared principles of repudiation. In conclusion, in reading this work it is necessary always to bear in mind that its author is an Irishman, strongly imbued with certain national characteristics, which we think indispose him to understand the people whom he has undertaken to pourtray; to feel their faults with a peculiar repugnance, to estimate their counterbalancing virtues below their worth. We recognise his country in the contempt for thrift and homely virtues in the charges of 'niggardliness,' and 'meanness' in their hospitality; in his disparagement of trade and commerce; in his exaltation of impulse above the sense of duty, so that what is done under this motive he sets down as a 'cold and worthless sacrifice to decorum;' and, we may add, in the contradiction and self-refuting nature of many of his charges. There are some inherent and inextricable confusions in his mind between real and seeming good. His conclusions are constantly at variance with his statements—his preferences with his principles. We speak of men having a *line* and a *view*; he often has no line and sees everything round a corner. He proves it a misfortune to have good institutions, and tells his compatriots in the same breath that they groan under intolerable evils; that our aristocracy is a curse; and that we owe to it all our moral, intellectual and national greatness. He is fond of drawing a broad distinction between public and private virtue, and is often in the way to prove that the one cannot exist with the other. He blames the general prosperity of America as checking benevolence; the general civility as incompatible with warmth of heart; prudence as interfering with sincerity; economy with refinement; industry with eloquence. His style images forth the different phases of his mind. When his principles are paradoxical, this is obscure; when he attempts reason and induction, it is heavy and inelegant. He has no

power of working out an abstract idea, so as to carry his readers along with him; but in the field of narrative and direct observation, where he is at home—it does him more justice; and there are many entertaining pages, some interesting chapters, and a good deal of positive and valuable information for such readers as have learnt to discriminate as they read, and to keep their judgment in working order. But if this book obtains, as its author seems to hope for it, a general circulation in America, we can truly say that it ought neither to be received as an expression of English opinion nor as likely to elicit English sympathy.

ART. IV.—*The Limits of Religious Thought Examined. In Eight Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford in the year* 1858, *on the Foundation of the late* Rev. JOHN BAMPTON, M.A., *Canon of Salisbury.* By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B.D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, at Magdalen College, Tutor and late Fellow of St. John's College. Second Edition. Oxford: Printed by J. Wright, Printer to the University, for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London. Sold by J. H. & Jas. Parker, Oxford, and 377, Strand, London. 1858.

THE faint and feeble whispers that began to be heard about a quarter of a century ago in Oxford against the celebrated work of Bishop Butler have developed, in the present reactionary period of scepticism, into distinct and audible complaints against the principle of the argument from analogy. The preliminary questions as to why it is that the argument has force, what are the limits of true analogy, and how far it should be allowed to have weight, are indeed alluded to by this great thinker, but are remitted to the science of logic for their solution, with a very intelligible hint as to the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of reducing the whole of this subject to exact system. Bishop Butler builds upon the unquestioned and unquestionable fact that analogy is of weight, that this general way of arguing is evidently natural, just, and conclusive. And it is the disagreeable feeling that they cannot escape from the truth of this observation that has driven sceptics and their admirers into the course which they now pursue, of denying the relevancy of this mode of argument. They cannot get over the fact that all minds capable of following the 'Treatise on the Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature,' are deeply impressed with the strength of the case made out, and unavoidably compelled to adopt the conclusions to which that work points. The current of the stream is too strong to be stopped, and they direct all their efforts to foul the source from which it flows. And because it is easy to find objections which it is difficult to answer, partly too, because it carries with it the appearance of liberality to admit the force of a difficulty, these opinions make some progress in an age in which so many are desirous to gain credit for liberal and enlightened notions. We are very thankful, therefore, to find the author of the Bampton Lectures for 1858

placing upon record, in so prominent a place, his firm conviction that sound religious philosophy will flourish or fade in the University according as the works of Bishop Butler are studied or neglected. This piece of advice or warning, whichever it may be called, comes with a peculiarly good grace from one who professes that he owes the development of his powers mainly to the teaching of that University, and whose Lectures alone are sufficient evidence that Butler's works are the mould in which his mind has been formed.

We rejoice that one with whom we have so many points of sympathy and agreement, and whose intellectual powers are evidently of the highest order, should be content to sit humbly at the feet of our great Moralist; but though we respect the unwillingness to criticise or to deviate from Bishop Butler on the subjects of which he treats, we must confess a desire to see Mr. Mansel less trammelled by his allegiance to the metaphysics of Sir William Hamilton. We are far from wishing to derogate from the praise which is due to Sir William Hamilton as an acute and profound thinker; but we have our misgivings of an author whose statements are not always to be depended upon for their accuracy. On the reverse of the title-page of the volume which we have undertaken to review, are two propositions which contain the germ of the argument of the Bampton Lectures—one taken from Bishop Berkeley, that 'the objections 'made to faith are by no means an effect of knowledge, but 'proceed rather from an ignorance of what knowledge is;'—the other, quoted from Sir William Hamilton, that 'no difficulty 'emerges on theology which had not previously emerged in 'philosophy.' What this author means, and what he ought therefore to have said, is, that 'no *class* of difficulty is incident 'to theology which cannot be shown to be also incident to philo-'sophy.' It may appear ungracious to attempt to pick holes in the mode of expression of a truth about which we have no real difference of opinion; but we cannot help thinking that the whole tone of Mr. Mansel's work is affected by the views of this author, which seem to us rather to have interfered with the proper development of Mr. Mansel's vigorous mind.

The most valuable parts of the author's work are those in which he has most closely followed in Butler's footsteps, whilst in the more metaphysical portions of his argument there are many statements that, to say the least, appear to us very questionable. And he is himself the best practical evidence of the value which he sets upon the teaching of Bishop Butler. Not only is the whole volume coloured with his great master's tone of thought, but it is easy for one familiar with the writings of the author of the 'Analogy' to place his finger on the particular

passages which are the germ of many profound thoughts scattered through the pages of the lecturer. Not only are there direct allusions to well known parts of the 'Analogy,' but we can trace the influence which the Sermons, particularly those on the Love of God, the Ignorance of Man, and Resentment, have exerted on the author's mind, and we trust that Oxford will be wise enough to retain these volumes as her text-books, in spite of those present appearances which seem to have drawn from Mr. Mansel the warning note in his preface. Indeed, we do not doubt it will be so. These lectures of themselves are indicative of the reaction which was sure, sooner or later, to occur, and which has set in very strongly against the absurdities of German rationalism. And not only are they an indication of what already exists; we feel sure that they will exercise a powerful influence in guiding the course of opinion in that University, and thence in controlling the vagaries of philosophy throughout the country. Here is the work of a great thinker, who has ventured to hint pretty intelligibly that the speculations of Hegel have been misunderstood and misinterpreted by his own disciples, and that, for the simple reason that the master did not understand his own meaning. The interpretation that others will put upon this is, that the Hegelian philosophy is mere nonsense, and hundreds of dabblers in metaphysics will gladly follow in the wake whenever they have discovered that they can make such an assertion without subjecting themselves to the imputation of being unintellectual.

We proceed to give some account of the volume before us. The general view which it advocates is well summed up at the end of the sixth lecture; and we advise such of our readers as mean to study the volume and judge of it for themselves, to read the last paragraph, occupying the last three pages of this lecture, before they begin a systematic perusal of the whole. The work itself is an attack upon rationalism; but the indefiniteness of the term presents a considerable difficulty in our estimate of the author's performance, as we doubt not it did to himself throughout the whole preparation of his lectures. What one man will call rationalistic, another will designate as natural and reasonable; and we must be content to leave the border territory undefined, and speak generally of rationalism as that theory which would extend the province of reason beyond its proper and legitimate bounds, whatever those bounds may be. In coming to the practical application there is less difficulty, in proportion as we become familiar with the subjects upon which rationalism has been exercised, and the mode of argument which it has adopted. And it is easy to see that the Bampton Lectures of 1858 have shaped their course to meet, amongst

other opponents, the views concerning the Atonement which have within the last few years made their appearance. We conceive that the persons who are the principal object of Mr. Mansel's attack, which is formally directed against the principle of criticising the contents of a Revelation, are those who object to the Revelation which has been given in the general, or who, accepting it in the general, object to certain portions of it on the ground that they cannot reconcile them with their preconceived notions of what ought to be. Mr. Jowett has not yet gone so far as, in words, to express his disbelief in the Bible, as in some sense containing a Revelation from God. He only denies certain dogmas which are unquestionably the doctrines which the Church of England professes to find in Scripture, and which the great majority of Christians in this country have unhesitatingly adopted. Others, such as Mr. Froude, Mr. Francis Newman, and some American and German critics, have, whether consciously or unconsciously, succeeded in divesting themselves of a belief in any Revelation couched in human language. Against both these classes of opponents the fire of Mr. Mansel's artillery is directed indiscriminately; and it is not always easy to see which of them in any given portion of the work he is specially aiming at. The conclusion of the sixth lecture, which, as we have said, contains a summary of the whole, is as follows:—

'I have thus far endeavoured to apply the principle of the Limits of Religious Thought to some of those representations which are usually objected to by the Rationalist, as in apparent opposition to the Speculative Reason of Man. In my next Lecture I shall attempt to pursue the same argument, in relation to those doctrines which are sometimes regarded as repugnant to man's Moral Reason. The lesson to be derived from our present inquiry may be given in the pregnant sentence of a great philosopher, but recently taken from us: "No difficulty emerges in Theology, which had not previously emerged in Philosophy." The intellectual stumbling-blocks, which men find in the doctrines of Revelation, are not the consequence of any improbability or error peculiar to the things revealed, but are such as the thinker brings with him to the examination of the question;—such as meet him on every side, whether he thinks with or against the testimony of Scripture; being inherent in the constitution and laws of the human mind itself. But must we therefore acquiesce in the melancholy conclusion, that self-contradiction is the law of our intellectual being?—that the light of Reason, which is God's gift, no less than Revelation, is a delusive light, which we follow to our own deception? Far from it: the examination of the Limits of Thought leads to a conclusion the very opposite of this. Reason does not deceive us, if we will only read her witness aright; and Reason herself gives us warning, when we are in danger of reading it wrong. The light that is within us is not darkness; only it cannot illuminate that which is beyond the sphere of its rays. The self-contradictions, into which we inevitably fall, when we attempt certain courses of speculation, are the beacons placed by the hand of God in the mind of man, to warn us that we are deviating from the tract that

He designs us to pursue: that we are striving to pass the barriers which He has planted around us. The flaming sword turns every way against those who strive, in the strength of their own reason, to force their passage to the tree of life. Within her own province, and among her own objects, let Reason go forth, conquering and to conquer. The finite objects, which she can clearly and distinctly conceive, are her lawful empire and her true glory. The countless phenomena of the visible world; the unseen things which lie in the depths of the human soul;—these are given into her hand; and over them she may reign in unquestioned dominion. But when she strives to approach too near to the hidden mysteries of the Infinite;—when, not content with beholding afar off the partial and relative manifestations of God's presence, she would "turn aside and see this great sight," and know why God hath revealed Himself thus;—the voice of the Lord Himself is heard, as it were, speaking in warning from the midst: "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."'—*The Limits of Religious Thought Examined*, pp. 197—199.

Such is the scheme of the Bampton Lectures of last year; and before we go on to offer any criticism on the mode in which the idea has been worked out, we may notice the very singular popularity which these lectures have attained. Those who remember the dreary courses of lectures which have been delivered from the pulpit of S. Mary's, year after year, for some time past, may well wonder at the change which has taken place. And not only were these sermons listened to with avidity by the crowds who assembled week after week to hear them, but the public at large has indorsed the opinions of the residents at the University, and a second edition has been called for and published within a very few months of the publication of the first. Such a demand for a book of this kind is, we suppose, quite unprecedented; and though like any other extraordinary phenomenon, accountable, it is not what we should ourselves have pronounced probable beforehand. The difficulty of the sermons is so great that we suppose scarcely any of the most intellectual hearers could have entirely followed the preacher in his argument; and the great mass of his audience must have been very much in the dark as to his meaning. The unusually large attendance at these lectures may be explained partly by their being really lectures of a very high character, partly by the attractions of a style at once vigorous and gracefnl, and partly, perhaps, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. For though an audience, composed mainly of the higher style of Oxford undergraduates, may be unable to understand the full meaning of what they hear, yet, upon the whole, they are quite able to distinguish between mere verbiage and profound thoughts. There is real and great ability displayed in these lectures, and the fact that the appearance of power is greater than the reality, has not been without considerable effect upon the amount of their popularity. Still, it would be doing great injustice to Mr. Mansel not to recognise

those other elements of popularity which have told, not only in the mode of attracting large audiences in the University Church, but on the reading public; for we believe a second edition of a Bampton Lecture, bearing the same date as the first, is quite unique as a literary phenomenon; and we shall not be wrong in ascribing much of their success to their depth, their eloquence, and their reality. And though we cannot accept Mr. Mansel altogether as a teacher, either of metaphysics or theology, we are under great obligations to him for the able method in which he has pointed out, though vaguely, certain limits to the domain of human reason. The conclusion which he arrives at in the first seven of these lectures is, that the attainment of a philosophy of the Infinite is utterly impossible under the existing laws of human thought; and the eighth and last lecture develops the resulting inference that philosophical criticism is unable to test the claims of a supposed Revelation. 'Reason,' says Bishop Butler, 'is the only faculty wherewith 'we have to judge anything, even Revelation itself.' The two statements are by no means inconsistent. Mr. Mansel would bow to the latter proposition with all the deference which we should ourselves claim for it; and his own reconciliation of these two apparently conflicting statements is contained in the avowal that 'the legitimate object of a rational criticism of 'revealed religion is not to be found in the contents of that 'religion, but in its evidences.' The contents, so far forth as they are evidence, on the ground of their adaptation to the circumstances of man, may indeed form an object to reason, but this is a very different thing from exalting them into the rank of a sole test of a revelation, upon the question of their conformity to the nature and purposes of God, according to what a given investigator chooses to suppose for himself that nature and those purposes to be. The practical conclusion from the whole argument is, that no one faculty is entitled to claim pre-eminence over the rest as being of itself able to ascertain the truth or falsehood of a supposed revelation.

Mr. Mansel deprecates the objection which may be urged against this conclusion, that it is a kind of truism; but he justly observes, that however true it may be, and however little it may be denied when proposed as an abstract truth, religious disputants have, in point of fact, very commonly neglected it. It is creditable to the Bampton Lecturer that he has abstained from saying the hard things which it would have been easy to say at this point of the argument, and which it would have been very telling to accuse his adversaries of; such, for instance, as the extraordinarily disproportionate value which they assign to intellect in divine matters, their indifference to certain moral obligations, their entire deficiency in devotional

habits and tone of mind. Nothing of the kind appears in the course of these lectures, though their author must be fully aware how all these allegations might be substantiated in lamentable instances of persons who once promised well, but who have lost, with their faith, their keenness of perception in morals, and even intellectual power in grasping religious truth. The obviousness of the conclusion is no objection to the elaborate nature of the inquiry which has resulted in it, if the argument be indeed a good *argumentum ad hominem* to those to whom it is addressed; and nothing is to our view clearer than that the whole school of rationalists has wrecked itself on the pride of human intellect; and has, in fact, taken no account of the principles, affections, and faculties of human nature, which are distinct from the speculative faculty. The conclusion itself we have no wish to quarrel with, regarding it, as we do, with Mr. Mansel, as an obvious truth. How far the rationalist will feel that on his own principles he is forced into the recognition of this truth, or whether most rationalists would not in theory adopt it without any argument at all, however little careful they may be to adhere to it in practice, we will not stop here to inquire. Bishop Butler once remarked upon the *reasonable* scheme which some persons had set up; so very reasonable, he says, in one of those sentences of his so full of irony, as to make no account of the affections of human nature which are distinct from the speculative faculty. And rationalism really, though not professedly, adopts the same principles in a different application. It is also true, though it is by no means a new remark, that the defenders of Christianity have frequently been content to rest the whole stress of the case on a single line of argument, apparently quite regardless of the accumulating force of various considerations converging towards the same point.

We would, therefore, earnestly contend for 'internal evidence' being allowed its proper weight; a weight which we have no hesitation in saying Mr. Mansel has enormously undervalued, when, after saying that an argument derived from the internal character of a religion may prove in certain cases that a religion *has not* come from God, he goes on to say that—

'To advance a step beyond the merely negative argument, it is necessary that the evidence contained in the character of the doctrine itself should be combined with that derived from the exterior history. When, for example, the Divine origin of Christianity is maintained on the ground of its vast moral superiority to all heathen systems of ethics, or on that of the improbability that such a system could have been conceived by a Galilean peasant among the influences of the contemporary Judaism, the argument is legitimate and powerful, but its positive force depends, not merely on the internal character of the doctrine, but principally on its relation to certain external facts.'

We are sorry that this extract is fortified by a reference to 'The Christ of History,' a work, whatever may be its value, written by an author whose reading of Scripture we should suppose was far different from Mr. Mansel's. This view appears to us to be as far removed from the truth on one side, as that propounded by Mr. Francis Newman on the other, that the human mind is competent to sit in moral and spiritual judgment on a professed revelation, and to decide, if the case seems to require it, in the following tone :—'This doctrine attributes 'to God that which we should all call harsh, cruel, or unjust in 'man; it is therefore intrinsically inadmissible.' We speak of these two representations in a logical point of view, when we say that they are equally removed from the truth. We do not wish for a moment to hesitate in expressing our abhorrence of the latter view as arrogant and profane; but the fact, that if compelled to adopt one of these views, we should fall in with Mr. Mansel's as the safer and more reverent, does not blind us to its unreasonableness. The one writer evidently entirely ignores the duty which is incumbent on fallible beings to wait and see whether the *primâ facie* impression is impugned or verified by subsequent evidence; and the other appears, as far as the mode of expression goes, to forget, what he does not really forget; for immediately afterwards he gives due weight to it, viz., the increasing power of adaptation there may be in spiritual doctrine, quite independently of any external facts, to the requirements of man's moral nature.

The primary and direct inquiry which human reason is entitled to make concerning a professed revelation is, how far does it tend to promote or to hinder the moral discipline of man. It is, he continues, but a secondary and indirect question, and one very liable to mislead, to ask how far it is compatible with the infinite goodness of God. In the instance adduced, of a direct command to do that which, but for that command, would have been vicious and immoral, we entirely acquiesce with the author in the remarks made on the subject by Bishop Butler, which are quite conclusive, and the whole object of which is to show that it is not incompatible with the idea of goodness. But the very reconciliation proposed and made out is sufficient to show that there is a true *à priori* idea of the infinite goodness of God, to which we attempt to adjust what is at first sight a seeming discrepancy. To leave man to form his estimate of the contents of a revelation by what appears to be their tendency in the long run to promote or to hinder the moral discipline of man, is very near akin to the error in moral philosophy, of estimating right by the rule of expediency, and is likely to be productive of similar evil results with the denying the existence of any such

faculty as the moral sense, distinct from the power of judging what will eventually be advantageous or pernicious to the general happiness of the race. The whole of this part of the last lecture is full of profound and interesting thoughts, and we think it probable that many readers will say, upon studying it, that after all there is no practical difference between the view adopted by Mr. Mansel and his reviewer. We are not anxious to find points of disagreement, but we are bound to express our conviction that the difference between us is not merely verbal, and that what we object to, is the result of the metaphysical view which the author has so carefully elaborated, that there can be no philosophy of the Infinite; or, to drop scientific expressions, that finite beings cannot grasp the infinite, and that human morality is not identical with the morality of God.

There are in mathematics *à priori* truths, our certainty of which is utterly independent of all experience; yet the student, when first he touches those branches of modern science which deal with the infinite and the infinitesimal, finds a difficulty in reconciling what he is taught with the principles which he fancied he fully comprehended; and some minds may, perhaps, be unable to grasp the principles of the higher *calculus* till they see them verified in their consequences and practical applications. And so we hold that the *à priori* knowledge which we have of morals is really of their abstract existence, and not merely of their development in human language. The language of the sixth commandment, for instance, 'Thou 'shalt not kill,' (possibly from the necessary and inherent imperfections of human language,) may not be at first understood in the exact limits of its application; and cases like the command to Abraham to slay his son Isaac may occur, which may at first sight seem to contravene the human expression, and what is judged to be the abstract nature of the law itself; but the very power which faith, such as Abraham's was, possessed of discerning the case, proves that we are somehow or other in possession of the knowledge of the abstract law itself, and not of its mere human development. The mathematical illustration which we have adopted will serve to show that the knowledge we possess of the principles is quite certain, and that the ignorance is only as respects certain cases of their application. There is no uncertainty as regards the first axioms of mathematics, which we know no amount of subsequent experience will be able to shake or confirm our belief in. The reading of the first section of the 'Principia' may create a prejudice in our minds against the writer, a prejudice which may be fortified by an hundred additional considerations, the weariness of pursuing the subject, the uselessness of wasting time on it, and the like;

but it would be the height of extravagance and absurdity for a student to declare that the work could not contain the true theory of the universe, because he was unable to master the preliminary information necessary to understand it, and because he professed to find contradictions in its first page. Now this case precisely corresponds to Mr. F. Newman's 'competency of 'the human mind to sit in judgment, and decide that a doctrine 'is inadmissible because it seems to attribute to God that which 'we should call harsh, cruel, or unjust in men.' If the analogy which we have been pursuing is worth anything, it seems to prove the wisdom in such cases of suspending the judgment, and waiting for a subsequent confirmation or reversal of the first impression. There is, we need hardly say, a wide difference between the cases which we are comparing. In mathematical science the difficulties must be overcome as best they may be; there may or may not be much of moral probation in the case: in religion, these are the very trials which we ought to expect; or, to take the lowest ground, we have no sort of *à priori* ground for being surprised at their existence; and they do, in point of fact, exercise an important influence in the way of discipline.

To continue the analogy; if any one were to argue from a comparison of the axioms of Euclid, with the principles of the Differential Calculus, that we had not seen truth as it is, but only in its adaptation to human intelligence, his position would very much resemble that taken up by Mr. Mansel in regard to the intuitive view of moral truth.

The analogy between what he calls 'temporary suspensions of 'the laws of moral obligation,' and the suspension of the laws of nature, which we call miraculous, is not altogether new, and has been used with effect in illustrating the inability of human language to embody the abstractions of Divine law—and, granted the fundamental position with which this lecture starts, is very close and striking; but from our point of view there is a very remarkable failure in the analogy. The laws of the physical world neither are nor can be known with certainty, just because they are established by an inductive process. The fortunate guess upon which they were established may, perhaps, be verified by the observations of a succession of ages; yet it is impossible to pronounce that they may not be modified or altogether superseded. That the theory of gravitation accounts for elliptic motion is a truth which, in the abstract, can never be gainsaid, because it is the necessary consequence of undeniable *à priori* axioms. That the universe is governed by a law of force, varying inversely as the square of the distance may hereafter be ascertained not to be the exact truth. It is certainly useful as

a *regulative* doctrine (we have borrowed Mr. Mansel's word), but after all it may not be *speculatively* the exact truth. Now the analogy between the axioms of mathematics and those of morality is much closer. They are both *à priori*. They are not established by induction. They derive no conceivable confirmation from any number of proposed cases, for or against.

We do not here think it necessary to refute the absurd and shallow theory of Mr. Mill, and some other modern writers, that even the axioms of mathematics are truths known by induction, and Mr. Mansel would not contend that the axioms of morality are inductively made known to us. Our argument would altogether fail to make any impression upon the minds of those who think that the principles of morals and mathematics, or either of them, are attained by the inductive process. We are sure that the firm conviction which they create in the mind, of their being in their own nature unalterable, is sufficient to remove them from this category, and is equally available in the defence of the position that, in both cases alike, we *do* understand the true nature of the abstractions themselves, and not the mere human phase of them. Man's judgment with regard to divine things may be, nay is, fallible; but his knowledge of God's attributes, as, for instance, that of Love, is real as far as it goes; quite real enough for him to determine, for instance, the impossibility of God's creating moral beings under a law of hatred—enough to confound Hobbes' shallow and impious theory, (natural enough in one who does not believe in the being of a God), that war is the natural state of human beings. Mr. Mansel has himself, in his seventh lecture, alluded to the parallel between the mathematical and moral sciences, but has made use of a most unfortunate mode of expression in speaking (p. 207) of the 'principles' of both 'being 'equally liable to error;' and though his meaning is obvious, in spite of the awkwardness of expression, it is worth while drawing attention to the point, if it only gives us the opportunity of repeating what we conceive to be the true state of the case; viz., that the liability to err is owing to the inability to estimate the circumstances of the case to which the principle is to be applied, and not to any obscurity in the principles themselves, or any misconception of them existing in ourselves. It does not follow that our estimate of the precept, 'Thou shalt not 'kill,' was in any the smallest degree erroneous or imperfect, because at a given time it had never occurred to us to think whether it would bear application to the case of public execution for crime. Our moral sense *does* enable us to comprehend that law of love, the particular injunctions of which it may perhaps be impossible for human language to give expression to,

without admitting of exceptional cases,—cases, that is, exceptional to the expression, not to the law itself. It is implied in the very trial of Abraham's faith that he *did* understand the abstract nature of the law which was afterwards embodied in the precept of the sixth commandment—that faith by which he knew that the command enjoined upon him was only a seeming, and not a real violation of the moral law.

The analogy of which we have been speaking will, we think, bear a further illustration from a comparison with the principles of taste in the fine arts. If the principles of art to which we could attain were merely regulative and not speculative, we might expect indeed to find the elegant and accomplished, the educated and refined, able to pronounce judgment, and we might reasonably defer to such judgment in cases of productions of art with the purposes and applications of which they were fully familiar and conversant. Supposing the abstract principles of art were beyond our reach, and we were condemned to the position in which we could only see just so far as might suffice for our guidance in life, it would be unaccountable that persons of refined taste should be able to judge of beauty in the abstract in cases where they were unable to comprehend the uses for which the piece of art was intended,—should feel the artistic beauty of a poem or a painting, without even understanding more than the barest outline of the subject. Yet it is surely no exaggeration to say that this is the especial province of taste, that these are the very cases which serve to distinguish the man of genius from one who is only empirically skilled in such matters.

Further on in this lecture Mr. Mansel states the issue of the controversy for the warning of those who have not yet ventured on the slippery ground of rationalism. We will give it in his own words:—

'Taking into account the various questions whose answers, on the one side or the other, form the sum total of Evidences for or against the claims of the Christian Faith;—the genuineness and authenticity of the documents; the judgment and good faith of the writers; the testimony to the actual occurrence of prophecies and miracles, and their relation to the religious teaching with which they are connected; the character of the Teacher Himself, that one portrait, which, in its perfect purity and holiness and beauty, stands alone and unapproached in human history or human fiction; those rites and ceremonies of the elder Law, so significant as typical of Christ, so strange and meaningless without Him; those predictions of the promised Messiah, whose obvious meaning is rendered still more manifest by the futile ingenuity which strives to pervert them; the history of the rise and progress of Christianity, and its comparison with that of other religions; the ability or inability of human means to bring about the results which it actually accomplished; its antagonism to the current ideas of the age and country of its origin; its effects as a system on the moral and social condition of subsequent generations of mankind; its fitness to satisfy the wants and console the sufferings of human nature;

the character of those by whom it was first promulgated and received; the sufferings which attested the sincerity of their convictions; the comparative trustworthiness of ancient testimony and modern conjecture; the mutual contradictions of conflicting theories of unbelief, and the inadequacy of all of them to explain the facts for which they are bound to account;—taking all these and similar questions into full consideration, are you prepared to affirm, as the result of the whole inquiry, that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor, or an enthusiast, or a mythical figment; and his disciples crafty and designing, or well-meaning but deluded men? For be assured, that nothing short of this is the conclusion which you must maintain, if you reject one jot or one tittle of the whole doctrine of Christ. Either He was what He proclaimed Himself to be—the Incarnate Son of God, the Divine Saviour of a fallen world,—and if so, we may not divide God's Revelation, and dare to put asunder what He has joined together,—or the civilized world for eighteen centuries has been deluded by a cunningly devised fable; and He from whom that fable came has turned that world from darkness to light, from Satan to God, with a lie in His right hand.'—*The Limits of Religious Thought Examined*, pp. 247—9.

The author claims that the external evidence of revelation having been once admitted, as sufficient to outweigh the arguments that can be alleged against it, all such arguments should be set aside as worthless; that men are no longer at liberty to make an eclectic system, believing such of its doctrines as may appear to adapt themselves to their enlightened reason, and rejecting at pleasure such as they do not, on whatever ground, choose to accept. The spirit of the Sadducees, who said that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit, is exactly similar to that modern semi-rationalism which makes its selection from the doctrines of revealed truth, and which he truly observes is far less reasonable than either the firm belief which accepts the whole, or the total unbelief which will accept nothing.

'Christ can be our Redeemer only if He is what He proclaims Himself to be, the Son of God, sent into the world, that the world through Him might be saved. If He is not this, His moral teaching began with falsehood, and was propagated by delusion. And if He is this, what but contempt and insult can be found in that half-allegiance which criticises while it bows; which sifts and selects while it submits; which approves or rejects as its reason or its feelings or its nervous sensibilities may dictate; which condescends to acknowledge Him as the teacher of a dark age and an ignorant people; bowing the knee before him, half in reverence, half in mockery, and crying, "Hail, King of the Jews." If Christ is a mere human teacher, we of this nineteenth century can no more be Christians than we can be Platonists or Aristotelians: He belongs to that past which cannot repeat itself: His modes of thought are not ours: His difficulties are not ours: His needs are not ours. He may be our Teacher, but not our Master; for no man is master over the free thoughts of his fellow men: we may learn from him, but we sit in judgment while we learn: we modify his teaching by the wisdom of later ages: we refuse the evil and choose the good. But remember that we can do this, only if Christ is a mere human teacher, or if we of these later days have received a newer and a better revelation. If now, as of old, He speaks as never man spake;—if God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the

prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son,—what remains for us to do but to cast down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. The witness which Christ offers of Himself either proves everything, or it proves nothing. No man has a right to say, "I will accept Christ as I like, and reject Him as I like; I will follow the holy Example; I will turn away from the atoning Sacrifice: I will listen to His teaching; I will have nothing to do with His mediation: I will believe Him when he tells me that He came from the Father, because I feel that His doctrine has a divine beauty and fitness; but I will not believe Him when He tells me that He is one with the Father; because I cannot conceive how this unity is possible." This is not philosophy, which thus mutilates man: this is not Christianity, which thus divides Christ. If Christ is no more than one of us, let us honestly renounce the shadow of allegiance to an usurped authority, and boldly proclaim that every man is his own Redeemer. If Christ is God, no less than man, let us beware, lest haply we be found even to fight against God.'—*Ibid.* pp. 253—5.

Now, valuable and true as all this is, there is an apparent weakness in it, regarded in a logical point of view, which Mr. Mansel's opponents will not be slow to detect. There is really substituted in the place of the letter of Scripture, the Church's scheme of doctrine; it will be called a *petitio principii* by many who will deny that they are rationalists, and who profess to hold by the truths of Scripture as they are there stated. The previous lecture certainly in some degree prepared the way for this, and takes away somewhat of the character of abruptness which it wears; but it matters not at what point the objection is taken, whether at the end of the eighth or at the beginning of the seventh lecture. The plea will be urged, and that perhaps honestly by some, that they do not object to the sacred doctrines of the Trinity in Unity, the Atonement, &c. because they are repugnant to reason or common sense, or their moral sentiments, but because they are not, upon the whole, the doctrines that best represent the different statements scattered ovet Holy Scripture, or the tone which seems to pervade it. Ir is, however, a sufficient answer to this objection, that so far forth as this allegation is true, the objector puts himself beyond the scope proposed to himself by the lecturer, who only proposes to show the unreasonableness of those who, on rationalistic grounds, object to such and such acknowledged doctrines of revelation; to which, no doubt, it may be truly added, that such persons are far more under the influence of the rationalistic spirit than they themselves know, or at least than they are careful to avow—and it would be no satisfaction to such objectors to allege, what is nevertheless most true, that on descending from generals to particulars, from abstractions to exemplifications, it is impossible not to imply some scheme of doctrine.

The state of present controversies apparently has left

Mr. Mansel no alternative. He was obliged to rest the issue between himself and the rationalists on the written Revelation which they do in various degrees profess to accept as an historical record of some authority, and not on the scheme of doctrine which the Church proposes, and which they have entirely rejected. He must be content to have removed some ground of objection to the doctrines of the faith, and leave his *argumentum ad hominem* to work its way in spite of the disclaimers, which will be loudly uttered by those who either think, or profess to think, that they are beyond its reach. The effect too will be more powerful with the bystander, who witnesses the controversy, and who may see further than the rationalist disputant himself into the motives which influence his disbelief.

Holy Scripture does not indeed contain any scheme of doctrine, drawn out ready for the reader. It was not to be expected that it should; and Mr. Mansel, in taking for granted as he does in the above extracts, that it teaches the doctrines of the Eternal Trinity in Unity, and the Atoning Sacrifice on the Cross, has undoubtedly confined himself to the barest fundamentals of the faith,—doctrines in which the great majority of Christians, both those who follow the teaching of the Catholic Church, and those who profess to derive their faith direct from the Bible—acquiesce. In point of fact, his argument is directed mainly against those who are glad enough to admit that these doctrines are the teaching of the Scriptures, persons who perhaps began with the attempt to explain away the statements of Scripture in order to reconcile them to reason, and who, on finding the task hopeless, have adopted another tack, and insist upon these very doctrines with the view of disproving the claims of the book in which they are contained, to be divinely inspired or entitled to credit.

We have begun with the last of these lectures, in the hope of making our remarks upon them more intelligible and interesting; and we trust that the account we have given of the conclusions arrived at, will induce some of our readers to read the book for themselves, and perhaps afford them some assistance in the task, which they will find no light one. It remains that we should give some account of the lecturer's plan, and the method by which he has arrived at his conclusion.

The first lecture is occupied with the statement of the case and the explanation of the necessity for the investigation which follows; a necessity which the writer seems to think forced upon him by two classes of thinkers, who are respectively denominated dogmatists and rationalists; who have this characteristic in common, that they unduly use reason upon divine things, the former defending revelation, the latter attacking it either in

whole or in part with the same weapons. The mode in which the doctrine of the Atonement has been handled by writers, on both sides, the one party attempting to prove that man's Redemption could not have been brought about by other means, the others arguing its inconsistency with Divine Justice, &c., affords a specimen of the state of things which the Bampton Lecturer attempts to meet. He enters protest against the measuring divine truth by human reason, whether it be attempted to support or refute; and in explanation of this protest proceeds to examine first the limits of human thought in general, and then the limits of religious thought in particular. It will be thought by many that the argument is double-edged, and tells as much against dogmatism as rationalism. Neither does the author at all disclaim the imputation, though nothing can be plainer than that the whole tone of the book is meant as an attack on rationalism, and not on dogmatism. It must not, however, be supposed that anything contained in the Bampton Lectures at all militates against any scheme of dogmatic theology. The author is not concerned with any such arguments, for instance, as those which attempt to show the consistency of the system of the Church, as such, with itself or with Holy Scripture. For all that appears in these lectures the author may believe with Protestants that each man may find his faith for himself in Holy Scripture, or may interpret the sixth article of the Church of England in a way more consonant with Catholic doctrine. Their argument stands altogether aloof from this subject. No question is raised, as might have been raised, between the Church as the depository of the traditions of revelation, and her opponents. This may afford subject for subsequent inquiry. The present issue lies between those who have drifted far away from this position, who have given up all faith in a living body, authoritative in matters of doctrine, but who hold with more or less of deference to the Book which contains the written revelation of truth. The author has indeed been unguarded in his expressions on this subject even in his first lecture, and we think misrepresented in his text, the expression as quoted from S. Anselm in the notes. But this is perhaps only one instance of the uncertainty of the boundary which he fixes for human reason, though we must admit we should have been glad to see a little more light thrown upon this matter. However, a theory may be worth something, though it may not be all that we could wish; and the establishment of certain lines within which the limits of human thought lie, may have its use, though it be impossible to lay down the exact line of demarcation. And we may well be content if, in any stage of the discussion, the distinction can be clearly pointed out between that union of philo-

sophy and religion which contributes to their mutual support, and that which 'undermines the foundations, and preys upon 'the life of both.' Accordingly, Mr. Mansel hopes to show in his succeeding lectures that the limits of religious and philosophical thought are the same, and to cut away the ground from rationalism in religion, by showing that, in philosophy, human reason is encumbered and embarrassed with precisely the same kind of difficulties. He appears unable to wait for the natural course of his argument, but, as it were by anticipation, in his first lecture bursts out into an eloquent invective against the inconsistency of rationalism. It is a long passage, but the reader will thank us for presenting him with it entire :—

'They may not, forsooth, think of the unchangeable God as if He were their fellow-man, influenced by human motives, and moved by human supplications. They want a truer, a juster idea of the Deity as He is, than that under which He has been pleased to reveal Himself; and they call on their reason to furnish it. Fools, to dream that man can escape from himself, that human reason can draw aught but a human portrait of God! They do but substantiate a marred and mutilated humanity for one exalted and entire: they add nothing to their conception of God as He is, but only take away a part of their conception of man. Sympathy, and love, and fatherly kindness, and forgiving mercy, have evaporated in the crucible of their philosophy; and what is the *caput mortuum* that remains, but only the sterner features of humanity exhibited in repulsive nakedness? The God who listens to prayer, we are told, appears in the likeness of human mutability. Be it so. What is the God who does not listen, but the likeness of human obstinacy? Do we ascribe to Him a fixed purpose? our conception of a purpose is human. Do we speak of Him as continuing unchanged? our conception of continuance is human. Do we conceive Him as knowing and determining? what are knowledge and determination but modes of human consciousness? and what know we of consciousness itself, but as the contrast between successive mental states? But our rational philosopher stops short in the middle of his reasoning. He strips off from humanity just so much as suits his purpose;—"and the residue thereof he maketh a god;"—less pious in his idolatry than the carver of the graven image, in that he does not fall down unto it and pray unto it, but is content to stand afar off and reason concerning it. And why does he retain any conception of God at all, but that he retains some portions of an imperfect humanity? Man is still the residue that is left; deprived indeed of all that is amiable in humanity, but, in the darker features which remain, still man. Man in his purposes; man in his inflexibility; man in that relation to time from which no philosophy, whatever its pretensions, can wholly free itself; pursuing with indomitable resolution a preconceived design; deaf to the yearning instincts which compel his creatures to call upon him. Yet this, forsooth, is a philosophical conception of the Deity, more worthy of an enlightened reason than the human imagery of the Psalmist: "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers."

'Surely, downright idolatry is better than this *rational* worship of a fragment of humanity. Better is the superstition which sees the image of God in the wonderful whole which God has fashioned, than the philosophy which would carve for itself a Deity out of the remnant which man has mutilated. Better to realize the satire of the Eleatic philosopher, to make

God in the likeness of man, even as the ox or the horse might conceive gods in the form of oxen or horses, than to adore some half-hewn Hermes, the head of a man joined to a misshapen block. Better to fall down before that marvellous compound of human consciousness whose elements God has joined together, and no man can put asunder, than to strip reason of those cognate elements which together furnish all that we can conceive or imagine of conscious or personal existence, and to deify the emptiest of all abstractions, a something or a nothing, with just enough of its human original left to form a theme for the disputations of philosophy, but not enough to furnish a single ground of appeal to the human feelings of love, of reverence, and of fear. Unmixed idolatry is more religious than this. Undisguised atheism is more logical.'—*Ibid.* pp. 17—20.

This passage affords a good specimen of what may be expected to appear as the general result of the whole inquiry; which, as far as the argument is concerned, and omitting such pieces of oratory as are dispersed pretty uniformly over the sermons, and which form agreeable interludes in the reading, as they must have proved resting-places in the hearing, proceeds systematically and in a very business-like manner.

Most people who have thought at all upon religious subjects know something, if not theoretically yet practically, of the limits of religious thoughts. According to the different period in which he has lived, the different school with which he has been connected, each has, in some way or other, crossed some one or more of those great questions which stand out, and seem to bid defiance to inquiry. Even the least intellectual class of minds have encountered difficulties, which must necessarily have presented themselves, at the very outset of religious thought. The deep questions of the origin of evil; the compatibility of its existence with the infinite perfection of the Creator; the co-existence of foreknowledge on the part of God and freewill on the side of man, and many others, present themselves to the learned and the unlearned alike. They appear at the outset, and in the course of every investigation, and they recur with undiminished mystery at the conclusion of the most elaborate inquiry. They are very often approached from the side of religion. Minds well disciplined and trained in religion light upon them very early; and the effect produced by them varies considerably, according to the strength of the intellectual character or the devotional habits of the individual. But in most cases we apprehend no ill effect is produced by their occurring in this way. An unsophisticated mind soon settles the matter for itself. It discerns, in fact, a limit which, whatever may be the case with others, it is at least hopeless for itself to transcend. It possesses an instinctive or intuitive power, call it which you will, which defines the boundary of the intelligible and the mysterious; which points out the depths where no

glimmering of light can penetrate, and from which it returns to those twilight regions into whose recesses a practised eye may gradually gain a clearer insight. The subjective limits of religious thought are known, with almost unerring accuracy, to a mind well constituted, and not warped by the pride of intellect. We might almost go further;—we should not be far from the truth in ascribing to a well-balanced mind the power of ascertaining what subjects are within the range of human cognisance, and how far they afford proper objects for human faculties in the abstract, and without reference to itself or any given class of minds.

Unfortunately, however, these same limits are often approached from an opposite quarter; and there is a current belief that mysteries may be made to disappear before the advancing tide of human intelligence. To one who will pause here, and fairly put before himself the questions—What has human reason done for the solution of those mysteries which presented themselves in the very infancy of philosophy?—and What light are rationalistic systems throwing upon the questions with which they profess to deal?—the practical reply to rationalism, as it is called, will present itself with unmistakable force: and the thought that action, not speculation, is manifestly our business in this world, will come in with additional weight, when coupled with the undeniable fact, that, up to the present moment at least, mankind have been left wholly destitute of information on theories which are the sum and substance of all rationalistic philosophy. The rationalist, with whom the intellectual advancement of the race is everything,—the people who vaguely talk of the Church of the Future, regardless of the temporal and eternal interests of the millions of souls existing in the Church of the Present,—will not, indeed, be affected by such thoughts; but we must confess we have some confidence that that common sense, which seems the peculiar inheritance of Englishmen, will repudiate such unpractical vagaries, and detect the inconsistencies which lurk beneath the high-sounding terms and the abstractions of metaphysical science. For the sake of those who can go deeper into the matter (who are acquainted with the language of philosophical works), the show-up of the different theories of rationalism, by exhibiting their inconsistencies with each other, and then the contradictions which each system taken by itself involves, is done by Mr. Mansel in most masterly style. He knows his men, and is perfectly familiar with his weapons. The Absolute and the Infinite are brought into collision with damaging effect to both. That these subjects are beyond the boundaries of human thought, is shown, both by the absurdities into which writers

on the subject have been plunged, and by the contradictions which the very ideas themselves involve. The truth is, these terms are but the invention of those who would get rid of the intuitive belief in a Personal God, to whom man is responsible. They represent nothing but negatives; and are, as it were, abstractions, which their originators dress up with qualities of their own invention, and reproduce in the concrete for the deception of themselves and their followers. *The Infinite* does not mean either infinite goodness, or infinite wisdom, or infinite power; much less does it mean the infinite aggregate of all these qualities. When we speak of a line in mathematics being produced indefinitely, whatever difficulties may be engendered by the introduction of the term *indefinitely*, we at least do not lose sight, or in any degree obscure, the idea which we had previously formed of the finite line which we suppose produced. Whatever difficulties may be involved in the contemplation of infinity, the idea itself, in connexion with its subject, is not *merely* negative. We can argue about them as about positive existences. Thus, every mathematician is accustomed to argue about lines which, though produced indefinitely, do not approach each other; and again of lines which approach each other and are asymptotic, and again of lines which approach each other without being asymptotic. Infinity is not a mere negation, but an extension of that which is positive; and we can form no idea of it except in connexion with and from the side of the positive. Many calculations involving the infinite can be gone through on certain hypotheses of its connexion with the finite; as, for instance, it is easy to compute the exact amount of area contained between certain lines which are produced indefinitely, provided only there is something finite in the problem; but infinity in the abstract is a mere negation of the finite, and as such is subject to no computation, because it is no subject for thought.

There is, if possible, still more of vagueness connected with the use of the phrase '*the absolute*.' Indeed, if the definition quoted by the author (p. 300) from Calderwood's 'Philosophy of the Infinite,' be accepted, viz. 'that which is free from all '*necessary* relation, that is free from every relation as a con-'dition of existence,' the philosophy of the absolute starts from a glaringly false hypothesis of the Deity. If, however, the safer plan be adopted of avoiding a definition altogether, the idea of the Absolute merges, like that of the Infinite, into a mere negation. In reality, both these terms are mere inventions of modern philosophy to get quit of the natural idea which people, who are not philosophers, find forced upon them from every point of view. Neither in nature nor revelation has

God presented Himself to man's view either as the Absolute or the Infinite. Natural religion does indeed give us intelligible hints of His power, wisdom, and goodness; and Revelation sanctions the conception which we form of His power being almighty, His wisdom infinite, His goodness perfect. And the approach to the contemplation of the nature of God from this side, whatever mysteries it may present to our view, is certainly not involved in the absurdities and contradictions which arise from the constrained position in which metaphysicians have placed themselves. As to the impossibility of making any consistent theory from the starting point of the absolute and the infinite, we entirely concur with the author: yet his argument is pushed beyond its proper limits when he recounts the contradictions involved in the particular modifications of infinity. The collision of infinite power, able to do all things, and infinite goodness, unable to sin, presents no semblance of contradiction; for from whatever side the idea of power be approached,—whether infinity be first understood and then applied in this particular category, or whether we begin with power, presenting itself to us in a finite form, and thence form our conceptions of infinite power,—power must of necessity have its objects; and to do wrong is no object of power; and, therefore, inability to sin is no derogation from Almighty power.

There remains yet the conception of the Deity as First Cause; and the conclusion which the author arrives at in his second lecture, from the collision of the three ideas of the *Absolute*, the *Infinite*, and the *First Cause*, which he has succeeded in exhibiting, is, that 'We must begin with that which is within 'us, not with that which is above us; with the philosophy 'of man, not with that of God.' Our own conclusion would have been somewhat differently expressed; namely, that we should begin our investigations in the method which nature points out and revelation seems to sanction. Thus the feeling of weakness and dependence perhaps naturally suggests the idea of One who shall be a supply to its wants, and a support under affliction; a sense of isolation may naturally lead him who is conscious of it to One who may be able to supply the void; a consciousness of sin may direct the way to One gifted with the power to put it away, and the will to absolve; and again, the habitual view of the relation of cause and effect certainly points in the direction of a First Cause and Originator of all things; whilst the contemplation in any given individual of the workings of his own mind, naturally develops towards the belief in a superintending Mind, of which his own is in some sort a resemblance. We differ from Mr. Mansel in placing the idea of a 'First Cause' in quite a distinct category from those of the 'Absolute' and the

'Infinite.' These are but evidences of an attempt to get away from the suggestions of nature; whereas the idea of a 'First Cause' seems like the necessary supplement to the idea of cause. And it is quite worth while to observe, that all the arguments adduced to show the antagonism of the ideas of the *Absolute*, the *Infinite*, and the *First Cause*, are quite harmless when levelled against the remaining one of these ideas, after they have succeeded in shattering the other two. It remains, that any objection against the doctrine of a First Cause should take the ground of the idea being inconsistent with itself, and involving contradictions in itself.

Our author's strong point in his second lecture is, the irreconcilableness of the idea of the Absolute and the First Cause. But the Absolute is not the conception which we naturally form of the Deity. To our mind the term does not convey any idea at all. It would, however, be absurd to say that the idea of First Cause is unintelligible; neither can it be truly said of it, that it involves contradictions, whatever inscrutable mysteries may cluster round it. We do not here enter upon the question of the origin of this idea, whether it is from within or from above us. Neither do we know exactly how far we differ from Mr. Mansel; but we seem to be able to trace here the germ of that difference of opinion which we have insisted on in the earlier part of this paper. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Mansel throughout views matters in too exclusively a logical aspect. After the distinction is once laid down between the philosophy of the object and the philosophy of the subject of religion, there is little recognition in these lectures of the truth, that, however theoretically distinct these modes of philosophy may be, yet in practice they will be always entrenching upon each other's ground; the teacher and the disciple being alike ignorant at times to which science their lucubrations belong.

Consistent with himself, the author proceeds, after having argued at some length, that a philosophy of the Infinite, the Absolute, and the First Cause is impossible, to lay down that the *finite* only can be conceived by the human subject; that a commencement of time is therefore inconceivable; which, by a strange confusion of thought, seems to him to involve also the truth that an act of creation is inconceivable. And by the help of the postulate—that to understand part of a subject is the same thing with understanding it partially—we are landed at the conclusion that what we can know positively of God is only relative and finite; though it may point to, and lead us to believe in, that which is infinite and absolute.

We need not follow the author minutely through his third

lecture. We believe we have fairly represented its scope. We are glad to be able to acquiesce in most of what is advanced in the fourth lecture as to the origin of religious ideas; though we should wish to have seen the '*consciousness of sin*' substituted for the '*conviction of moral obligation,*' as the state of mind which leads the way to, or enlarges the view of the goodness of God. But we must beg to enter our protest against the statement which again, however, is quite consistent with the author's theory,—that 'the fiction of an absolute law, 'binding on all rational beings, has only an apparent univer-'sality; because we can only conceive other rational beings 'by identifying their constitution with our own, and making 'human reason the measure and representation of reason in 'general.'—P. 111.

We will give the result of Mr. Mansel's considerations as summed up by himself in the fourth lecture.

'The result of the preceding considerations may be summed up as follows. There are two modes in which we may endeavour to contemplate the Deity: the one negative, based on a vain attempt to transcend the conditions of human thought, and to expand the religious consciousness to the infinity of its Divine Object: the other positive, which keeps within its proper limits, and views the object in a manner accommodated to the finite capacities of the human thinker. The first aspires to behold God in His absolute nature: the second is content to view Him in those relations in which He has been pleased to manifest Himself to His creatures. The first aims at a *speculative* knowledge of God as He is; but, bound by the conditions of finite thought, even in the attempt to transgress them, obtains nothing more than a tissue of ambitious self-contradictions, which indicate only what He is not. The second, abandoning the speculative knowledge of the Infinite, as only possible to the Infinite Intelligence itself, is content with those *regulative* ideas of the Deity, which are sufficient to guide our practice, but not to satisfy our intellect;—which tell us, not what God is in Himself, but how He wills that we should think of Him. In renouncing all knowledge of the Absolute, it renounces at the same time all attempts to construct *à priori* schemes of God's Providence as it ought to be: it does not seek to reconcile this or that phenomenon, whether in nature or in revelation, with the absolute attributes of Deity; but confines itself to the actual course of that Providence, as manifested in the world; and seeks no higher internal criterion of the truth of a religion than may be derived from its analogy to other parts of the Divine Government. Guided by this, the only true Philosophy of Religion, man is content to practise where he is unable to speculate. He acts, as one who must give an account of his conduct: he prays, believing that his prayer will be answered. He does not seek to reconcile this belief with any theory of the Infinite; for he does not even know how the Infinite and the finite can exist together. But he feels that his several duties rest upon the same basis: he knows that, if human action is not incompatible with Infinite Power, neither is human worship with Infinite Wisdom and Goodness: though it is not as the Infinite that God reveals Himself in His moral government; nor is it as the Infinite that He promises to answer prayer.'—Pp. 126-8.

Mr. Mansel's view seems to us to amount to this:—that

rational beings, instead of dimly seeing the reality, see but the shadow of the eternal laws of morality; thereby scarcely leaving room for that increasing power of perception which is the inheritance and the promise of the humble, the docile, and the pure in heart. He distinctly implies that we can know *that* God is, but that we cannot know *what* God is; whereas some degree of knowledge as to what God is, is at once involved in the assertion that God is. The very text which the author has chosen for his third lecture, in which he develops his ideas of man's inability to get beyond the relative and the finite, is singularly inappropriate. Such expressions must not be pressed beyond what they can bear; and we should have hesitated to allege it in defence of our position, that what we *may* see is reality and not shadow, had it not been brought to support the opposite view. We will quote it, and leave it with the reader to decide with which hypothesis it squares best. 'And he 'said, Thou canst not see My face; for there shall no man see 'Me and live. And the Lord said, Behold, there is a place by 'Me; and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to 'pass, while My glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a 'cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with My hand while I 'pass by; and I will take away My hand, and thou shalt see 'My back parts, but My face shall not be seen.'[1]

It will have been seen, from what has been already said, that one grand point of Mr. Mansel's theory is, that the highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain are *regulative* and not *speculative*. We take upon ourselves to say that it is also the weak point of the theory. Great as Mr. Mansel has shown himself to be in the work of destruction, and cleverly as he has used his weapons against rationalism, he has not succeeded in constructing a theory which will commend itself either to religious or philosophical minds. If we were disposed to caricature the style of argument adopted by this author, we should represent the matter somewhat as follows;—either God represents Himself to us as He is, or as He is not;—and leave our readers to make their choice. But, we believe, more fallacies lie beneath these bipartite divisions than is commonly suspected. Dichotomies are almost always arranged for a foregone conclusion; and we, therefore, prefer stating the case more directly;—that it is involved in the very idea of God that He will reveal Himself to His creatures, if at all, in a mode which is *speculatively* true. We do not like the term, but have no other whereby to express so distinctly our disagreement from the theory of the *regulative* as against the

[1] Exod. xxxiii. 20—23.

speculative. If it be true that the highest principles of thought and action do not tell us what things are in themselves, but how we must conduct ourselves in relation to them, we should like to know how it is that the innocent and the saintly have such deep intuitive insight into abstract theological dogmas, such keen perception of false doctrine, in cases where philosophic minds of inferior degrees of holiness are utterly at fault. We want to know why it is that in arguments, where the deepest minds can scarcely follow the chain, and recognise the truth or falsehood of the conclusion,—the simple and the pure can pronounce at once, though they know not, at the moment, what applications the abstract proposition may admit of when reduced to practice? It is no solution of this difficulty to say that they recognise it in its relative capacity. Any one who has had the happiness to be conversant with such persons, must have seen how this power of fastening upon truth is independent of any supposed consequences to which it may lead, if on no other ground, because of the intellectual inability of the parties to follow principles out to their consequences. If truth were only revealed to us in a form such as should suffice to regulate our conduct in life, it would be indeed reasonable to suppose that the promise, that they who do the will of God should know of the doctrine, meant that such persons should be guided into right action; but we submit that the case we are now supposing shows that the meaning of it is, that the good not only shall be directed aright in the various relations of life, but shall be guided into all *truth.*

In the sixth and seventh lectures the *argumentum ad hominem* is resumed; and here we are presented with a masterly comparison between the difficulties of revelation and the difficulties of philosophy. We may refer the reader back to an article on 'Natural Theology' in this Review,[1] where we made some remarks on the origin of evil, in its relation to philosophy and revealed truth. The comparison here exhibited is on a more extended scale. In the sixth lecture the parallel is drawn between such dogmas of the Church as are urged to be in apparent opposition to the speculative reason, and those, whether the same or similar principles, which philosophy is obliged to adopt, but of which it can give no reasonable account; and in the seventh the author proceeds to those doctrines of revelation which have been pronounced by modern writers repugnant to man's moral reason. The comparison is well drawn out, and is, to our view, not in the least impaired by detracting from it that which the author no doubt considers

[1] See the Article on Natural Theology, *Christian Remembrancer,* January, 1857.

its very essence. The argument from analogy holds; and is just as conclusive against the rationalist, whether Mr. Mansel's view of the merely regulative nature of principles commend itself to the reader, or whether the more ordinary, and what appears to us, the more intelligible theory advocated in this article be adopted. There is, no doubt, remaining the refuge of denying the force of analogy,—and to this the bigoted rationalist will of course resort,—but the analogies pointed out will, we venture to say, nevertheless, be felt to be real. True analogies commend themselves to ordinary as well as to philosophic minds. It may not be easy, or it may even be impossible, to give an account of the matter, or to lay down any laws which shall form an unerring guide to arguments from analogy; yet most will feel that there is no evading its force when the analogy is real: and we doubt not that many of those who are loudest in its condemnation, and want, as it were, to move the previous question (why analogy is of weight?), are the more vehement in their complaints against it in proportion to the sense they have of its fretting and galling their own necks.

The real difference between Mr. Mansel and ourselves is, that he attempts to explain the principle on which the seeming contradictions, which meet us, not only at the outset of an investigation into religion, but on the very threshold of philosophy, may be accounted for. We, on the contrary, though declining to accept his explanation, offer no counter-theory, but leave the difficulties as we find them; quite content to recognise them as insoluble, and entirely concurring in the author's *argumentum ad hominem*.

Beyond this, we may be permitted to say, that we think Mr. Mansel has been very happy in his choice of subjects for comparison. Thus, the principle of causality, which is the foundation of philosophy, is paralleled with the existence of the Deity, on which the superstructure of theology is raised. Advancing further, and passing on from religion in general to Christianity in particular, we have the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity in Unity, matched against the mystery of plurality in unity; infinity of different attributes, making up one Infinite Essence. And here we again must caution our readers, and remind them that our agreement with the author is limited to the point of his argument being *ad hominem*. We cannot follow him in this point, where he appears to agree with the rationalist; viz. 'That there can be but one Infinite appears to be a necessary conclusion of reason.' On the contrary, we protest, as we have before explained, that an abstract infinite is a mere name for nothing; a term which means only 'not finite,' and to which no positive idea can be attached.

The next great doctrine of the Faith,—the doctrine of the co-eternal Son, begotten of the Father,—is compared with the philosophic difficulty of the relation between the Divine Essence and Attributes. In all these instances the case is well made out; and we shall only add, that we think Mr. Mansel might have spared the explanation, that he does not adduce metaphysical parallels as proofs of Christian doctrine. No reader who had followed him thus far could possibly have so far misunderstood the drift of his argument; and the reverential tone in which the whole work is conducted, renders such a statement wholly unnecessary. The last doctrine regarding the nature of the Godhead alluded to, is the union of the two natures in the One Person of our Blessed Lord; and is paralleled with the philosophic difficulty of the co-existence of the finite and the infinite. We must confess that we were thoroughly surprised at the sentence which meets us at the conclusion of these remarks. Nothing could have been more natural than that a writer, who held, as we do, that the knowledge we may attain to of the divine nature is real and positive, as far as it goes, should express himself as follows:—

'Having thus endeavoured to exhibit the limits of human reason in relation to those doctrines of Holy Scripture which reveal to us the nature of God, I shall next attempt briefly to apply the same argument to those representations which more directly declare His relation to the world.' —p. 183.

But that this sentence should have come from Mr. Mansel's pen does surprise us, because it seems to admit a distinction between our knowledge of the nature of God in the abstract and our knowledge of it in relation. We do not for one moment suppose that we have caught Mr. Mansel tripping; we have no doubt that the answer would be ready, and probably would be couched in language somewhat of this kind,—That there is a regulative knowledge of God as He exists in the abstract, and a regulative knowledge of what He is in relation to the world. Still, we have thought proper to draw attention to the inconsistency which, as it appears to us, exists between this division of the subjects which are said to be opposed to the speculative reason, and the theory that all we can know is of the relative and not of the absolute.

The comparison adduced by the author under this head is much less forcible than those we have been considering, though the subject itself is full of interesting suggestions. The twofold representation of God as acting by general laws and special interpositions,—the former mode being admitted, the latter denied, by the rationalist,—is represented as only a particular case, involving precisely the same difficulties as the rationalist's

own conception of the creation of the finite by the Infinite. To our view this analogy does not appear to have much force, neither is this part of his subject handled with the ability which many parts of these lectures would have led us to expect. Fortunately the analogy is not needed, for the objection against the efficacy of prayer and the special interposition of Providence is just the weakest point in the whole domain of rationalism. These would-be philosophers ordinarily indulge in such vague generalities that the statement of their views, as well as their refutation, is alike beyond the power of ordinary readers to comprehend. It is only when they descend to those lower regions which are within the reach of common sense and of logic that we have any chance of exposing their crude conceptions to the scorn and contempt which they merit. The desire to get rid of the irksome duty of prayer finds its philosophical support in the supposed absolute uniformity of the laws of nature, which uniformity, under the pretence of doing homage to the Deity, is virtually substituted for the will of God. We should have no quarrel with such persons if they would but be consistent, and go on to deny the freedom of the human will and the responsibility of man either to his fellow-men or to his Maker. This they cannot, perhaps do not even wish to, deny; but whilst arrogating to the created being his dignity of being free to act and to do, they would bereave the Creator of this attribute, and reduce the idea of God to a mere general law. We can easily imagine the answer which will be tendered to this remark. It will be said, 'We do no such thing. We do not assert that the 'Creator is bound to act in one way more than in another. 'What we assert is, that the laws of nature, as elicited by induc- 'tion in the material world, are, as a matter of fact, not interfered 'with, and that the conclusions of the more advanced of the 'material sciences afford sufficient indication of what may be 'expected from the application of the same processes to those 'sciences which are at present in their infancy.' We cannot surely be accused of overstating the case, or of putting it in an unfair light, for the purpose of dealing with it and refuting it. It will, we think, be admitted that this is a fair representation of the case as against the probability of special interferences of Providence and the efficacy of prayer, the value of which mainly depends upon God's power and will to interfere in answer to prayer. Some writers extend their investigations somewhat further, and include in their generalizations the statistical results which exhibit a uniformity in the caprices and vagaries of human will, and we are told that crime in general and its particular developments are the necessary consequences of certain combinations of circumstances, of climate, natural configuration,

early habituation, and the like. We do not, of course, wish to disparage the useful amount of information which under these heads has been collected together, or to undervalue knowledge of this kind which is of the highest interest to those whose business it is to legislate for the education of a people. We have only mentioned it for the sake of distinguishing two well-defined classes of thinkers; the first of whom are absorbed in the material world, and forgets to take any account of the world of mind; and the other, less narrow-minded, who push their speculations to the very verge of fatalism. Both these classes of thinkers, on whatever other wrong grounds they may adopt those principles of rationalism, which deny the reality of any mode of Divine interference except in the way of law which is cognizable by human faculties, are alike involved in an intellectual error as to the nature of the inductive process. It is assumed by both these classes of thinkers that there are no other inductions beyond those on which the results of physical science depend, and those statistical tables which predict the probability of the future of human conduct by numerical calculations founded on the past. We have never seen fair weight given to the allegation that, if everything is to be proved by induction, the principle of the efficacy of prayer is entitled to be weighed in the same balance. People cannot always depend upon their own experience for the facts on which they build their theories. If it were so, these rationalists would have been, on their own showing, quite incompetent judges of the matter: for it can be no breach of charity to suppose people do not practise that which they vehemently condemn. It must be reasonably supposed, moreover, that they have no past experience of this kind to rely upon, for if they had they could not, on reasonable grounds at least, have so entirely ignored it.

However, it would be very absurd to deny people the benefit of the experience and observations of others. We suppose few of the physical sciences would have made much progress had philosophers been debarred from the chronicled observations of their predecessors. So we think we need make no apology for referring the rationalist, who would be enlightened on this subject, to the experience of those who alone are capable of supplying him with the required facts. Perhaps it would be found that the efficacy of prayer is as soundly established a principle, to those who are capable of judging of the evidence, as many of the laws which are supposed to govern the material universe; whilst, unquestionably, it has this advantage over some of them, that it has not been forced from time to time to give way beneath the accumulating weight of facts which it was unable to account for. However, we have no desire either to compare or contrast the

evidence that may be produced for the efficacy of prayer with that for the bygone theories of geological science on which some people so confidently relied for overthrowing the Scriptural account of the Creation, and which have long since been scattered to the four winds of heaven. Neither do we mean to say that we rest our belief on this doctrine on any scheme of induction whatever. What we do mean to assert is, that it has a right to be tried by this standard, and that it is unphilosophical in the highest degree to refuse to entertain the evidence which it possesses, or to prejudge the question at issue, because in the judgment of the objector its abettors are pronounced superstitious enthusiasts or fanatics.

In this comparison the consideration is by no means to be neglected, that the inductions of the material world cannot from the nature of the case be perfect. There is no absolute certainty even of the principle on which the most magnificent of all physical sciences has been reared; we mean, of course, the principle of gravitation as evidenced in the various processes of physical astronomy. It is impossible that any law of nature can be so established as to leave no room for the possibility of variation therefrom. That the province of prayer may extend even into these high generalizations is quite conceivable, however improbable it may appear; whilst it seems to us there is a peculiar significance, in the subjects to which its province is mainly restricted being such as are least reducible to the dominion of abstract law. We can easily imagine the pleasant mode in which a pious individual might be represented as pleading for a reversal of the fixed order of things by which a planet will appear at a given moment at the place assigned for it by calculation; but, in truth, there is nothing ludicrous in the fact of an ignorant person hoping to prevail with God to prevent that which another person may have good reason to think inevitable; nor anything again unreasonable in the religious man profiting by the advance of science, and abstaining from requests which previously to such knowledge he might have preferred without rebuke.

Elsewhere in this Review[1] we have alluded to the uncertainty which must of necessity attach to the best established conclusions of induction, and we make no apology for the repetition of the same here; for it is a truth, if not actually denied, yet much ignored by all writers on these subjects; and it is of the utmost consequence, because the establishment of certainty in any one case would afford some colour to the pretentious assertion that certainty may be attained in all cases. The provinces of general

[1] See the Article already referred to, and another on The Will Divine and Human, *ibid.* April, 1857.

law and special interposition not only have always been as they at the present moment are, indefinite as to their precise limits, but, as we have said, from the very nature of the case, must ever remain so. Overlapping the boundaries of each, and perhaps occupying ground which belongs to neither, lies the domain of the miraculous, stretching out indiscernibly into the territories of each. And here lie so many of those mysteries which must for ever continue to baffle the researches of reason, and which can only be quietly and contentedly viewed by the eye of faith, ever exercising itself, and gaining a clearer insight, not of the boundary lines themselves, but of the absence of any necessity for such distinctions.

In the seventh lecture the author proceeds to exemplify his principle of the Limits of Religious Thought in the examination of certain doctrines of Christianity which have been considered repugnant to the Moral Reason. We have already said enough to indicate that in quoting the following extract we demur to the general principles involved in it. The extract itself will serve to show more plainly than perhaps has yet appeared, what the author's view is; and, moreover, affords a good specimen of the mode in which he attacks rationalism with its own weapons, and the skill with which he arranges his *argumentum ad hominem* with his opponents:—

'The Atoning Sacrifice of Christ has been the mark assailed by various attacks of this kind, some of them not very consistent with each other; but all founded on some supposed incongruity between this doctrine and the moral attributes of the Divine Nature. By one critic, the doctrine is rejected because it is more consistent with the infinite mercy of God to pardon sin freely, without any atonement whatsoever. By another, because, from the unchangeable nature of God's laws, it is impossible that sin can be pardoned at all. A third maintains that it is unjust that the innocent should suffer for the sins of the guilty. A fourth is indignant at the supposition that God can be angry; while a fifth cannot see by what moral fitness the shedding of blood can do away with sin or its punishment. The principle which governs these and similar objections is, that we have a right to assume that there is, if not a perfect identity, at least an exact resemblance between the moral nature of man and that of God; that the laws and principles of infinite justice and mercy are but magnified images of those which are manifested on a finite scale; that nothing can be compatible with the boundless goodness of God, which is incompatible with the little goodness of which man may be conscious in himself.

'The value of this principle, as an absolute criterion of religious truth, may be tested by the simple experiment of applying the same reasoning to an imaginary revelation constructed on the rational principles of some one of the objectors. Let us suppose, then, that, instead of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement, the Scriptures had told us of an absolute and unconditional pardon of sin following upon the mere repentance of the sinner. It is easy to imagine how ready our reasoning theologians would be with their philosophical criticisms, speculative or moral. Does it not, they might say, represent man as influencing God;—the finite as controlling, by the act of repentance, the unchangeable self-determinations of the Infinite?

Does it not depict the Deity as acting in time, as influenced by motives and occasions, and as subject to human feelings? Does it not tend to weaken our impression of the hatefulness of sin, and to encourage carelessness in the sinner, by the easy terms on which he is promised forgiveness? If it is unworthy of God to represent Him as angry and needing to be propitiated, how can philosophy tolerate the conception that He is placable, and to be softened by repentance? And what moral fitness has repentance to do away with the guilt or punishment of a past transgression? Whatever moral fitness there exists between righteousness and God's favour, the same must exist between sin and God's anger: in whatever degree that which deserves punisment is not punished, in that degree God's justice is limited in its operation. A strictly moral theory requires, therefore, not free forgiveness, but an exactly graduated proportion between guilt and suffering, virtue and happiness. If, on the other hand, we maintain that there is no moral fitness in either case, we virtually deny the existence of a moral Deity at all: we make God indifferent to good or evil as such: we represent Him as rewarding and punishing arbitrarily and with respect of persons. The moral objection, in truth, so far as it has any weight at all, has no special application to the Christian doctrine: it lies against the entire supposition of the remission of sins on any terms and by any means: and if it has been more strongly urged by rationalists against the Christian representation than against others, this is merely because the former has had the misfortune to provoke hostility by being found in the Bible.'—Pp. 211—14.

Such, we believe, is a fair account of Mr. Mansel's work. It is possible that the reader who has taken the trouble to master the book itself, and then proceeds to the perusal of the remarks we have thought it our duty to make upon it, may think we have occasionally misrepresented or misunderstood him. We trust this is not the case, but in such abstractions it is very difficult for two writers, differing in their views, to throw themselves entirely into the theory which they do not embrace; and the propositions from which we dissent are so mixed up with others to which we give a hearty assent, that it has not been easy to represent the exact point at which we part company from our author.

To repeat what we have elsewhere implied, Mr. Mansel seems to think that we can know that certain ideas which we form have real existences corresponding to them, but denies that we know more than *that* they exist, refusing to admit that we at all know *what* they are. Thus we are supposed to be furnished with the knowledge that God *is*, and to be entirely in the dark as to *what* He is, except so far as He is revealed,—that Revelation being, from the nature of the case, *regulative*, and, as it were, a *mere* condescension to human infirmity.

Similarly,—the knowledge to which we can attain of justice, for instance, is not of justice as it exists in the Divine nature, but only of justice in its human manifestations; we may know that there is such a thing as justice, we cannot know *what* it is except in a representation adapted to our faculties.

In contradistinction to this view, it seems to us that it is necessarily involved in the knowledge that God is, that we have some true idea of *what* He is,—*e.g.* that He possesses the attributes of power, justice, goodness, love. And again, to be able to pronounce that justice exists at all, implies some faint knowledge at least of what it really is; just in the same way as the person who can pronounce upon the existence of the five regular solids, and the impossibility of any others, has a true view, however imperfect, of what they really are by the very ability which he possesses of distinguishing them from other impossible combinations of faces, edges, and angles. To be able to pronounce that a regular tetrahedron exists, is to know something of its real nature; it is the first step in a progress which admits of indefinite extension, which can never be deemed complete till all that can be said or thought about it is known. It is no reply to this to deny the analogy on the ground that we are comparing the finite with the Infinite. We have already said, that to speak of God as being *the Infinite*, conveys to our mind no positive idea whatever. And we are utterly unable to see why, in the contemplation of the attributes of power, wisdom, goodness, the knowledge that these attributes are infinite or perfect, should be thought to alter the nature of those finite portions of them which are subjected to our view; or how it can be denied that we may push our investigations into the infinite, when it is notorious that mathematical science can take cognisance of numbers continued to infinity, and of lines produced *ad infinitum*.

In moral science as well as in speculative reasoning, we approach the infinite from the finite: as in mathematics we must know what the nature of the curve is before we can ascertain anything about its infinite branches, so in theology there is an absurdity in speaking of the infinite unless you apply the term to some nature of which you know something in the finite. Nothing is more common among mathematicians than to sum an infinite series; or, to take a similar instance from geometry, to ascertain the area enclosed between the infinite branches of a curve. There are many points connected with the subject which never have been reduced to any rule of computation, and many which will for ever elude investigation, just because we can only know the infinite up to a certain point. But our knowledge of it in the cases which we have just alluded to is quite as real and quite as certain as any knowledge we possess of the properties of the curve which do not involve the idea of infinity. We do not use the argument in the mere way of analogy. We do not at all care to have it represented as a probability that, because we can really derive true and demonstrable results from calculations of the infinite in geometry, that it may be so in theology.

It is no analogy; it is rather an instance in point to show that the infinite, in some of its manifestations at least, is not beyond the grasp of human intellect.

We shall be thought by some, perhaps, to be running very close to Mr. Mansel's view of the *regulative* nature of that knowledge of divine things to which we can attain, if we avow our conviction, that though human thought is able to reach to a true conception of them, yet human language is unable adequately to express it. Laws cannot be laid down by human legislators, however closely they may wish to adhere to the original of all law, in language which shall be wholly free from exception; the commands to do, and to abstain, laid down even in the Decalogue, are not so expressed as in their exact letter to represent exactly, and without possibility of exceptional cases, the law of God written in the heart. There is, perhaps, an inherent inability in human language to give expression to a law which shall provide, in one abstract sentence, for the almost endless variety and complication of circumstances in which men may have to act. But the inadequacy of language to express, is very different from the inability of thought to conceive. We have had occasion, in an earlier part of this paper, to refer to the science of astronomy for an illustration, and it will provide us another example in point here, which will at least serve to illustrate what we mean. Every one who has advanced beyond the merest elements of astronomical science, is familiar with the mode in which the first crude conceptions of the motions of the heavenly bodies is expressed, and how advancing knowledge shows that the statements were in themselves not true, but only rough approximations to the truth. Language has no power of dealing with the case except by abstracting circumstances, which the learner cannot comprehend, and stating generally, what results are like, not what they really are, and what would take place under certain absence of conditions, which never in fact can be realized. Instances of this will occur at once to every one with regard to the representation made of the figure of the earth, the rotation on its axis, the paths of the planetary bodies, the motion of the whole solar system in space. We have in our day witnessed a ridiculous controversy as to whether the moon moved round on her axis, a dispute which never could have arisen at all if this fundamental difficulty of language which appears in every astronomical truth had been borne in mind. We must remind our readers here, that we are only making use of the analogy of this science in the way of illustration, and not as if it *proved* anything at all as to the point at issue between Mr. Mansel and ourselves.

Now the propositions of which we have been speaking as

presented to the learner in astronomy, in comparison with the actual truths which this science in its present state of perfection lays before the mind of the astronomer, are somewhat analogous to the regulative truths which Mr. Mansel speaks of in theology, as contrasted with those speculative truths which are beyond the reach of human faculties. In astronomy, such statements are in themselves true thus far, that with the superposition of other statements, they would represent the whole truth. They are, moreover, true in themselves, as representing what would take place in obedience to known laws of causation, if certain circumstances of fact could be dispensed with. As such they seem to us to resemble those *regulative* truths, as Mr. Mansel calls them, which, in common with him, we regard as imperfect and inadequate representations, but which we feel assured are integral portions, and not mere shadows of the truth itself.

The author does not write as if he had any misgiving of the truth of his main position, but he frequently provides against what he would call misconceptions of it, and protests against over-statements. He is aware that his theory is very like the view that we are entirely ignorant of the real nature of things; that human beings are consigned to a hopeless state of scepticism. He evidently expects that some of his readers will think he has substituted entire ignorance in the place of that partial knowledge which points the way to, and is itself part of, that knowledge to which we hope to attain hereafter. Amongst such readers we must be content to rank ourselves; and we earnestly hope that in what we have said we shall not deter any reader from reading this remarkable book and judging for himself. The confutation of rationalism is complete, and we venture to think unanswerable; and it would not have been one whit the less forcible if it had not been engrafted on the questionable theory which we have been attempting to analyse. With the exception of this general view which does not in the least affect any argument which is adduced against any particular rationalistic view, there is scarcely anything in the book which we do not heartily approve.

We must not part from this interesting volume without calling attention to the notes, which occupy the largest portion of the work. The author has certainly not followed the precedent, of which there are not wanting many examples among his predecessors, the Bampton Lecturers of past years, of making up a volume to reach a certain price, by enlarging it with unmeaning extracts and quotations from other authors. The notes appended to these lectures are especially valuable. They contain numerous extracts from the works of rationalistic and infidel writers, both of Germany and of our own country. It is, perhaps, not

altogether fair to judge of any writer from extracts from his works made by a professed enemy. Yet we cannot deny our satisfaction at seeing congregated together in their naked absurdity the vague and unmeaning abstractions of German mysticism, the shallow arguments of English, and the flippant incoherencies of American rationalism. The quotations cannot indeed be taken as a fair specimen of the whole system. It would have been too much to expect of an adversary, with such critical acumen and such keen perception of the ludicrous, not to exhibit the most palpable flaws and the most glaring absurdities in the writers whom he undertakes to refute. We shall be content if only those who have not had the opportunity, or perhaps have not the capacity, necessary for reading such authors, will only pause and ask themselves whether such persons can really be fit guides in ethical and theological science,—whether one who can be guilty of an egregious logical fallacy is trustworthy in speculations which threaten to subvert the commonly received opinions of the civilized world,—whether one who has been convicted in one instance of a gross imposition upon the common sense of his readers, can safely be regarded as a leader in the labyrinths of philosophical investigation.

Independently, however, of the numerous passages which have been introduced in the different writers' own words, these notes contain many allusions to the opinions of other writers, such as Mr. Jowett,—whom they seem to us to represent very fairly,—and much useful information may be derived from them for those who have no other opportunity of making themselves acquainted with these writers' works. They contain, moreover, some valuable matter in the way of argument against the positions of these authors; and matter in other ways supplemental to what has been introduced into the text of the lectures.

With one specimen of this class we will conclude our article, which has already exceeded the ordinary limits of a review.

After quoting from Theodore Parker a view as to the origin of religion, Mr. Mansel concludes:—

'It is to be regretted that Professor Jowett has partially given the sanction of his authority to a theory which it is to be presumed he would not advocate to the full extent of the above statement. "The theory of a primitive religion common to all mankind," he tells us, "has only to be placed distinctly before the mind, to make us aware that it is the baseless fabric of a vision: there is one stream of revelation only—the Jewish. But even if it were conceivable, it would be inconsistent with facts. The earliest history tells nothing of a general religion, but of particular beliefs about stocks and stones, about places and persons, about animal life, about the sun, moon, and stars, about the divine essence permeating the world, about gods in the likeness of men appearing in battles and directing the course of states, about the world below, about sacrifices, purifications,

initiations, magic, mysteries. These were the true religions of nature, varying with different degrees of mental culture or civilization." And in an earlier part of the same Essay he says, "No one who looks at the religions of the world, stretching from east to west, through so many cycles of human history, can avoid seeing in them a sort of order and design. They are like so many steps in the education of mankind. Those countless myriads of human beings who know no other truth than that of religions coeval with the days of the Apostle, or even of Moses, are not wholly uncared for in the sight of God."

'It would be unfair to press these words to a meaning which they do not necessarily bear. We will assume that by the "earliest history," profane history alone is meant, in opposition to the Jewish Revelation; and that the author does not intend, as some of his critics have supposed, to deny the historical character of the Book of Genesis, and the existence of a primitive revelation coeval with the creation of man. Even with this limitation, the evidence is stated far too absolutely. But the words last quoted are, to say the least, incautious, and suggest coincidence in a favourite theory of modern philosophy, equally repugnant to Scripture and to natural religion. Two very opposite views may be taken of the false religions of antiquity. The Scriptures invariably speak of them as corruptions of man's natural reason, and abominations in the sight of God. Some modern writers delight to represent them as instruments of God's providence, and steps in the education of mankind. This view naturally belongs to that pantheistic philosophy which recognises no Deity beyond the actual constitution of the world, which acknowledges all that exists as equally divine, or, which is the same thing, equally godless; but it is irreconcilable with the belief in a personal God, and in a distinction between the good which He approves and the evil which He condemns. But men will concede much to philosophy who will concede nothing to Scripture. The sickly and sentimental morality which talks of the "ferocious" God of the popular theology, which is indignant at the faith of Abraham, which shudders over the destruction of the Canaanites, which prides itself in discovering imperfections in the law of Moses, is content to believe that the God who could not sanction these things, could yet create man with the morality of a cannibal, and the religion of a fetish-worshipper, and ordain for him a law of development through the purifying stages which marked the civilization of Egypt and Babylon and Imperial Rome. Verily this unbelieving Reason makes heavy demands on the faith of its disciples. It will not tolerate the slightest apparent anomaly in the moral government of God; but it is ready, when its theories require, to propound a scheme of deified iniquity, which it is hardly exaggeration to designate as the moral government of Satan.

'We must believe indeed that in the darkest ages of idolatry, God "left not himself without witness;" we must believe that the false religions of the world, like its other evils, are overruled by God to the purposes of His good Providence. But this does not make them the less evils and abominations in the sight of God. Those who speak of the human race as under a law of vegetable development, forget that man has, what vegetables have not, a moral sense and a free will. It is indeed impossible, in our present state of knowledge, to draw exactly the line between the sins and the misfortunes of individuals, to decide how much of each man's history is due to his own will, and how much to the circumstances in which he is placed. But though Scripture, like Philosophy, offers no complete solution of the problem of the existence of evil, it at least distinctly points out what the true solution *is not*. So long as it represents the sin of man as a fall from the state in which God originally placed him, and as a rebellion *against* a divine command; so long as it represents idolatry as hateful to

God, and false religion as a declension towards evil, not as a progress towards good:—so long it emphatically records its protest against both the self-delusion which denies that evils exist at all, and the blasphemy which asserts that it exists by the appointment of God.'—Pp. 422—424.

We had written thus far, and our manuscript was in the printer's hands, when a third edition of the Bampton Lectures was announced, which with scarcely any material alteration in the text or notes, has prefixed to it a preface of twenty-four pages, which we are glad to see may be purchased separately. It contains some valuable hints, put forth in reply to various criticisms which have appeared in several, for the most part, unimportant Reviews. We can scarcely repent that the book has not yet been noticed by the leading Reviews, for the omission is probably an indication of the backwardness of writers who are capable of handling so abstruse a subject, to undertake such a responsibility till they have viewed it in all its bearings. Certainly some of the criticisms which Mr. Mansel condescends to notice are meagre in the extreme; though probably no further remarks on his part or ours will convince the reviewer in the *Christian Observer* that he is entirely incompetent, as well in knowledge as in logical power, to cope with the Bampton Lecturer. With regard to most of the other matter exhibited in this preface, we must be allowed to express our satisfaction that the attacks upon his work have elicited from the author a number of explanations, which clear up many difficulties, some of which were almost unavoidable in such abstruse discussions. There is one most remarkable charge made by a writer in the *Rambler*, which excites our astonishment; first, that any reviewer should so mistake the author's view as to consider it a plagiarism from Dr. Newman; and secondly, that any writer should have ventured upon such a course of lectures without having read the volume of University Sermons. It appears to us a mournful indication of the indirect loss which the English Church has sustained in the diminished circulation of the works of one who formerly was the guide of nearly all the intellect of Oxford. Mr. Mansel's view is not to be confounded with Dr. Newman's, yet we are glad to find that Mr. Mansel adopts from Dr. Newman the passage with which he concludes his preface.

The explanation of the author's views on Dogmatism, as not involving any attack on Dogmatic Theology, was, we think, quite called for. It will be seen from the former part of this review that we did not partake in the reasonable fears entertained by some, as regards the soundness of the author's views as to the existence of a true science of Dogmatic Theology. Upon the whole, the publication of this preface seems to remind us of the difficulties under which the author of such a work is

placed, by the form in which it appears. It is impossible that a series of sermons consisting wholly of argument could ever be popular, or even intelligible, when preached. A preacher who has an abstruse subject assigned him, is compelled to sacrifice both matter and expression for the sake of effect; and Mr. Mansel has exercised a wise discretion in this matter. He has contrived to create an impression, and the style and eloquence of the sermons has secured the published work a success which as a series of mere essays it never could have attained. Neither could we have wished it otherwise; for it is the most useful publication that has issued from Oxford for many years past, and we trust its career of usefulness is as yet but beginning. And the author may be well content to compromise the risk of such misrepresentations as he has subjected himself to, for the advantage which he has thus secured of an extensive circulation of his views. We trust soon to see it in a fourth edition, and venture to suggest that a series of additional notes at the foot of the page would be a useful supplement in the way of vindication or explanation, or, if the author should see just cause, of retractation.

ART. V.—1. *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine in* 1852. By EDWARD ROBINSON, D.D. LL.D. London: Murray. 1856.

2. *The Tent and the Khan, a Journey to Sinai and Palestine.* By ROBERT WALTER STEWART, D.D. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1857.

3. *The City of the Great King; or, Jerusalem as it was, as it is, and as it is to be.* By T. C. BARCLAY, M.D. Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia: Challen & Sons; London: Trübner & Co. 1857.

4. *Archæological Studies in Jerusalem. Two Lectures, and Photographic Panorama of the Interior of Jerusalem.* By GEORGE J. WIGLEY, Architect. London: Dolman. 1856.

5. *Plan of the Town and Environs of Jerusalem, constructed from the English Ordnance Survey and Measurements of* Dr. T. TOBLER. By C. W. M. VAN DE VELDE. *With Memoir by* Dr. TITUS TOBLER. London: Williams & Norgate. 1858.

IF the list of books at the head of this article sufficiently indicates that the interest which has been excited in the topography of Jerusalem and the geography of Palestine by the discussions of recent travellers has in no measure abated, it is a consolation to hope that it may also be taken as evidence that more reliable information, and more accurate data, will shortly open out this interesting field, even to those who have not the opportunity of testing the descriptions of others by their own observation. In fact, the series of photographs of Jerusalem and Palestine by Mr. Robertson, of Constantinople, together with those of Mr. Frith, now in course of publication, bid fair to place the untravelled archæologist in an equally advantageous position, as regards the antiquities of the East, with the most fortunate of modern travellers, with this great additional superiority on the part of the former, that as the photographic machine admits of no liberties with the subject which it undertakes to portray, and is altogether unbiassed by theological prejudices and antiquarian theories, it is less liable to lead the careful explorer astray than the partial representations and sectarian commentaries of the *valets de place,* to whom English tourists are mostly indebted for their very

superficial acquaintance with Jerusalem and its remains. We shall have occasion frequently to remark, in the course of this article, the extraordinary blindness, or at least obliquity of view, engendered by the long-cherished possession of a darling error, which may be disproved to demonstration without in the slightest degree shaking the confidence of its author or advocate, who will,—we are willing to hope and believe, conscientiously and without the slightest intentional dishonesty,—falsify and distort the most patent facts, in order to establish his own foregone conclusions. Now this is a vice from which the mechanical process of the photograph is entirely exempt. The views may not indeed be always quite satisfactory; either the positives, or the negatives, or both, may be much in fault, owing to the caprice of the atmosphere, or the impurity of the chemicals, or the bungling of the manipulator, as the panorama of Mr. Wigley unfortunately proves; but in all this, there is not only no moral or intentional pravity, but also no prejudice or partiality in its misrepresentations, of whatever kind; the misty or muddy indistinctness and confusion pervades the whole picture, and affects all objects alike.

Thus is it not with the maintainers of any of the conflicting theories of the disposition of the ancient city, which affect the authenticity of the sacred places. It has actually become an article of faith, and a test of genuine Protestant principles, to deny the authenticity of the traditionary site of the Holy Sepulchre; and you have only to ascertain the theological sentiments of any particular English writer, to know precisely what view he will take of the questions at issue between the contending parties. If he is one with the ultra-Protestant representatives,—or caricaturists,—of the English Church at Jerusalem, he will infallibly adopt their theory of the fraud and folly of all the saints and bishops, the clergy and people of the whole of Christendom, from the first century onwards, utterly unconscious, of course, of his own sectarian bias, which absolutely disqualifies and incapacitates him from judging of the questions; and which is precisely parallel to the reckless and indiscriminating fanaticism of the iconoclasts of the early Church, or to the puritanical frenzy against Church ornaments and decorations of later times. Such being the case, we are not at all surprised to learn from Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, that the arguments of Mr. Williams's 'very learned work,' as he calls it, in defence of the traditionary sites, are not appreciated at Jerusalem, and that 'he did not meet with a single British 'resident at Jerusalem, lay or clerical, who holds that opinion:' (p. 255)—simply because the British residents at Jerusalem consist exclusively of those whose very narrow religious sym-

pathies are directly opposed to the conclusions which Mr. Williams has laboured to establish; while, if it were otherwise, scarcely one among them has the intellectual qualification necessary to enable him to appreciate the elaborate arguments of the 'Holy City.' So long as Bishop Gobat and his congregation,—including both the consular and episcopal factions,—represent the British residents in Jerusalem, and Drs. Robinson, Stewart, Barclay, and Porter,—Scotch or American Presbyterians or Calvinists—what we may call the travelling interest, so long the ecclesiastical and topographical traditions will continue to be at least as much misrepresented as the actual position and practice as to doctrine, discipline, and ritual of the Anglican Reformed Church. Probably Mr. Williams will be able to find comfort meanwhile in the consolatory reflection that, notwithstanding all this array of authority against him,—dating from not quite twenty years ago,—he yet has the immemorial and uninterrupted testimony of universal Christendom on his side, and that the Catholic representatives of the Eastern and Western Churches have hitherto shown not the slightest disposition to abandon their faith in favour of Dr. Robinson's very recent discoveries. Add to this, that Dr. Robinson and his followers have been obliged to accept some of Mr. Williams's facts as established data in the topography of ancient Jerusalem; and, whether they will admit or no, there can be no question that these facts must in their results very seriously damage Dr. Robinson's destructive arguments. But there is yet another, and still more satisfactory evidence in confirmation of Mr. Williams's theory than either of those before named. It is this, that, by a reconstruction of ancient Jerusalem according to Mr. Williams's ideas, the narrative of the siege of Jerusalem under Titus is rendered consistent and intelligible throughout; whereas, according to Dr. Robinson's theory, that same narrative must be supposed to be full of contradictions and absurdities, which would require us to form a lower estimate of the historian's accuracy than we should be at all warranted in doing. Indeed, nothing can be more suspicious than Dr. Robinson's aspersions on the historical fidelity and topographical accuracy of Josephus, contrasting strongly with the enthusiastic admiration of both expressed by the advocates of the old traditions; since this significant fact can only be explained on the supposition that the hypotheses of the latter are more consistent with the notices of the contemporaneous historian than those of the former; and if such should prove to be the case, few persons of any logical capacity will hesitate to accept the alternative hypothesis countenanced by Josephus, in preference to the novel inventions and original traditions of the American traveller.

We regret that our space will not allow us to apply this crucial test. We can only indicate a few facts of greater or less interest in their bearing upon the controversy, which seem to be established beyond question as landmarks for the reconstruction of ancient Jerusalem.

First and chief of these is the course of the Tyropœon Valley, which Josephus represents as bisecting the city, and dividing the Upper Market or Sion, from the Lower Market or Akra. This all-important feature in the topography of ancient Jerusalem has been found by Dr. Robinson in a shallow depression, which he fancies he has discovered within the Jaffa Gate, on the west of the city, running eastward as far as the area of the Mosk, and then, turning southward at a right angle, continues down to the Pool of Siloam, near the junction of the Valley of Hinnom with the Kedron valley. Mr. Williams, not being able to discover this shallow depression between the Jaffa Gate and the Haram, has found the Tyropœon in a well-defined valley, which, commencing outside the Damascus Gate, on the north of the city, runs right through the heart of the city, and, after skirting the whole of the west side of the Haram, is extended southward down to Siloam; so that the lower part of the Tyropœon is identical according to the rival theories; and the only question at issue is, whether its upper member is to be sought for in the northern or in the westerly direction.

Now it must be acknowledged, that after the most diligent inquiry among recent travellers, and the most patient and conscientious examination of the photographic views and panoramas of the interior of the city, we can discover no traces whatever of a valley along the line indicated by Dr. Robinson, between the Jaffa Gate and the Haram. Indeed, this is so far from being the case, that it has been proved, curiously enough, that this line is traversed by an artificial causeway or embankment, which will call for further notice by and by. The discovery of this awkward fact has obliged Dr. Robinson in some degree to modify his theory of the Tyropœon, and to draw its western extension and termination somewhat northward of the causeway, where, it must be admitted, the traces of it are at any rate not less distinctly marked than at the embankment. In explanation of this complete obliteration of the distinctive feature of ancient Jerusalem, it is urged that the valley has been filled in by the accumulation of rubbish; and a letter is cited and recited from Mr. Whiting, giving an account of the exhumation of some ancient rock-hewn vaults, near an old Greek church of S. John, under the northern brow of Sion, buried some twenty feet beneath the present surface of the ground. Now, not to urge the consideration that this vaulted chamber

does not fall in with Dr. Robinson's corrected line of the bed of the Tyropœon, and is quite inconsistent with his own notices of the water-levels of the adjacent parts, which indicate a declivity northward instead of southward, as his theory demands, it is enough to say, that if an accumulation of twenty or thirty feet of *débris* in any part of Jerusalem is to be taken as an indication of the existence of valley in former times, it might be proved that all Jerusalem was valley, for there is no part of the city which is not encumbered with ruin, generally to even a greater depth than this subterranean Church of S. John. Thus we are told, that in digging the foundations of the Protestant church, not far distant from the Church of S. John, on the supereminent brow of Sion, the architect had to sink his shafts through some forty feet of rubbish before he reached the solid rock, which proved to have been scarped, and excavated into chambers. But who would think this any sufficient proof of the former existence of a valley on this part of Sion, or attach any weight to it at all as a topographical argument? As little does Mr. Whiting's discovery, however interesting in itself, affect the question of the course of the Tyropœon; and we are really not aware of any other attempt at an argument in favour of Dr. Robinson's theory, which is, in fact, nothing better than a foregone conclusion.

On the contrary, the evidence in proof of the course which Mr. Williams has assigned for the northern extension of the Tyropœon is absolutely overwhelming, and is increasing from year to year. Indeed, the only wonder is that any doubt can ever have existed in the mind of any intelligent student of Josephus, who has had an opportunity of reading his author on the spot and comparing his description of the ancient city with the actual site of the modern. This doubt can only be accounted for by the fact that the continuity of the valley is interrupted in one part by the artificial embankment already alluded to; but this interruption itself, we shall presently see, furnishes a strong argument in favour of the identification. Not that any additional arguments are wanted to establish the correctness of Mr. Williams's counter-theory; for, while this valley entirely answers to the description of Josephus, (who certainly would never have represented Dr. Robinson's imaginary valley as *extending through the city*,) it is the marked feature of the modern city as the Tyropœon was of the ancient. Dr. Robinson, an unwilling witness no doubt, bears constant testimony to this, as, *par excellence*, the Valley of Modern Jerusalem, and the native name of the street which traverses all its northern part, no less proves its topographical importance. Mr. Williams, indeed, informed us that this street was called

'the Street of the Mill Valley,' by Moslem annalists upwards of three centuries ago; but he apparently was not aware that it still bears the name of 'El Wâd'—*The Valley*—among the modern inhabitants of the city. Another interesting proof of the importance of this valley is furnished in the fact lately brought to light, that the great arterial sewer—the *Cloaca Maxima* of the city—traverses the whole length of this Valley. We have lighted, to be sure, on a somewhat unsavoury subject, but it is worth while to dwell upon it a little, on account of the great importance which attaches to the principal point in the topography of ancient Jerusalem. Dr. Robinson, apparently anticipating the damaging effects on his argument of the discovery of this great drain, first noticed by Mr. Williams, but more fully explored and described by Dr. Barclay, has, according to his wont, laboured to disparage its significance and importance as a landmark in topography. Thus he quotes 'an intelligent Mussulman,' to the effect that 'the great 'sewer, which drains the whole city north of Zion, begins 'on the east side of the valley, not far above the causeway' (p. 187) which joins the Temple Mount to Sion; which appears about as reasonable as to say that the Fleet Ditch, *e. g.* which drains great part of the north of London, begins at the foot of Ludgate Hill: for how a sewer beginning at Sion can drain the whole city north of Sion passes our comprehension. He subsequently gives its commencement much more definitely; viz. 'several rods from the causeway' northwards, where 'the water is apparently drained off by the great sewer, which begins just here' (p. 190). Now, happily, we have it in our power to correct this, and several other misstatements of Dr. Robinson, from the careful and accurate observations and measurements of a very recent traveller, hitherto unpublished, which have been generously placed at our disposal; and which will be found to confirm, in a very remarkable manner, the hypotheses of Mr. Williams, to 'the very 'great general accuracy of whose work on the Holy City, which 'he read on the spot, and referred to again and again,' he bears his well-timed testimony, when a systematic attempt is being made, by the opponents of the ancient traditions, to disparage, by every means in their power, the most elaborate and methodical defence of them, as 'a vast mass of undigested informa-'tion on the history, topography, antiquities, and traditions.' (Porter, p. 182.) Now of this great arterial drain, which underlies the bed of the genuine Tyropœon, the writer in question has furnished some interesting particulars, which we transcribe:—

'When I was last in Jerusalem (April and May, 1858), I found the Mill Valley Street, from a little beyond the corner of the Via Dolorosa, where it ascends to the Porta Judiciaria, to within a short distance of the causeway in David Street, filled with black semi-fluid mud; the stench of which was at times overpowering. In order to pass down the street, one had in places to spring from one stepping-stone to another, in order to escape the mud. It was evident that a sewer or cesspool had burst in some part of the street; and I was told that the Greeks, in some repairs or building that they were carrying on, had broken into an old sewer which was partially stopped up lower down, and having flooded it, they had caused it to burst in this manner.'

The building in question, he conjectures to be a new hospice, which the Greeks were building close to the north wall, not very far west of the Damascus Gate.

'From this building to the part of the Mill Valley Street, near the Damascus Gate, is no great distance, and it is not impossible that they may have hit upon an old branch sewer, which discharges itself into the great sewer said to exist under the Mill Valley Street.'

This will not only show the great inaccuracy of Dr. Robinson's statement, that the sewer commences near the causeway, but will further serve to place beyond all question the true course of the Tyropœon, traversed throughout its whole length by the great sewer.

With regard to the pseudo-Tyropœon of Dr. Robinson, a few more words may be added. If that valley be not composed of shifting sand, it is at least as unstable as if it were. According to his former notices, it entered the true Tyropœon *south* of the causeway (Bib. Res. vol. i. p. 393): but as this hypothesis is disproved by the causeway itself, which in this case must have traversed the bed of the Tyropœon, he is now fain to shift it to some point *north* of the causeway, and by so doing furnishes another argument against its supposed course. For there was an ancient sewer discovered in digging the foundations of Dr. Gobat's church on Mount Sion, which is carried along the northern brow, and traverses the whole width of Mount Sion from west to east, until it debouches into the main sewer already noticed as coming from the north. Now this branch sewer, according to Dr. Robinson's Moslem friend, who in this agrees with ancient and respectable Arabic authorities, 'is 'carried along under a portion of the causeway' (p. 187); which course would have been absurd had there been 'a 'narrow ravine immediately under the steep northern brow 'of Zion, serving as a drain for the waters falling on the 'adjacent parts of Zion, and also for those on the southern 'declivity of the ridge on the north,' viz. that which is occupied by the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Besides, this supposition is directly contradicted by the distinct testimony of

Dr. Schultz as to the course of the rain-water, which runs from the northern brow of Sion westward as far as a line drawn west of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; which is thus proved to be the lowest line of depression between Sion and the ridge of the Sepulchre. (Holy City, vol. ii. pp. 30, 31.) In fact, this ridge is the northern skirt of Mount Sion; declining steeply, and pretty uniformly, to the Tyropœon on the east; and is so reckoned by William of Tyre, in a passage which it may be well to cite in disproof of Dr. Robinson's most strange and utterly unsupported assertion, that no man ever thought of denying the existence of his Tyropœon until within the last fifteen years (p. 208, n. 5); for it is simply ignored by all original writers or travellers between Brocardus and Dr. Robinson—on the reasonable rule, no doubt, that *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*—while all writers anterior to Brocardus (A.D. 1283), making no attempt to verify the topographical notices of Josephus, consistently adopt language altogether irreconcilable with his identification, as endorsed by Dr. Robinson. So William of Tyre, who was long resident at Jerusalem during the period of the Frank occupation, although unconsciously using language almost identical with that of Josephus to describe the principal geographical features of the city, has obviously no theory of the ancient city to support, but simply represents the existing aspect of the *terrain*, and of the then prevailing traditions. He thus describes the site of the city in general, and of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in particular: 'The city is situated on 'two mountains,—the summits of which it contains, for the 'most part, within the circuit of its walls,—separated by a 'moderate valley, which even divides the city through the 'midst.' Now, who in his senses can doubt that this valley was the Tyropœon of Josephus,—identical with the Mill Valley of the mediæval city, and with El-Wâd (*The Valley*) of modern Jerusalem? And how, then, according to this author, were the parts of the city disposed with reference to this valley? 'Of these two hills,' he proceeds, 'the one on the west is 'called Syon, . . . but the other, which is on the east, is 'called Mount Moria. On the western, and, as it were, on 'the highest summit of the mountain, is the church which is 'called Syon, and not far from that the Tower of David. . . . 'On *the same mountain*, but on the declivity which looks 'towards the east, is situated the Church of the Holy 'Resurrection, round in plan; which, since it is situated on 'the declivity of the aforesaid mountain, so that the hill 'hanging over it hard by nearly exceeds the height of the 'church, and renders it dark, has its roof . . . . continually

'open, whence the church receives the necessary light.' Nothing can be more distinct than this, as showing that, according to the observation of an intelligent resident in the twelfth century, as according to the witness of all who have no theory to maintain at this day, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre occupied the eastern skirt of Mount Sion, where it declined to the Tyropœon. And we apprehend that Dr. Robinson would find it difficult to discover one respectable authority who professes to have noticed the Tyropœon of Brocardus, unless he has looked at it through the spectacles of that unfortunate antiquarian, in whose days it was already quite filled up!

Another argument against the course assigned to the Tyropœon by Dr. Robinson may be found in the Pool of the Bath, which demands notice on other accounts. This large and ancient work would be, according to Dr. Robinson's theory, very little north of the Tyropœon, with its length at right angles to the course of the valley; an arrangement inconceivable to any one who has studied the archæology of Jerusalem with especial reference to the supply of water. For all the tanks, not only in and around Jerusalem, but throughout all Palestine, including those famous Pools of Solomon, which were probably a model for all, are constructed on one uniform design, the most convenient that could be devised. That is, they are formed out of the native rock in valleys or ravines by simply damming up their beds and confining the water in the natural tank thus artificially formed. There is probably not a single exception to this plan to be found in the East, from the Pools of Solomon, on the road to Hebron, and that still more stupendous work, imitated from them by the Queen of Sheba, at Mariaba, in Yemen, the gigantic ruins of which remain to this day, to the Bends of Belgrade, near Beukdere on the Bosphorus, constructed by the sultans to supply Constantinople with water. It is, then, absolutely certain that, if a valley had existed only a few yards south of the Pool of the Bath, the same plan would have been followed, and we should have found the pool not only following the direction of the valley, but occupying part of its very bed.

But as this pool has an important bearing on the traditionary site of the Holy Sepulchre, it will be well to state some objections to its identification, which Dr. Robinson, following Quaresmius, a late and very untrustworthy monkish guide (A.D. 1616—1625), has strongly argued with the pool of Hezekiah, not only celebrated among his works in the contemporaneous Book of Kings, but recorded also to his praise by the son of Sirach. It is certainly an unfortunate circumstance for this modern hypothesis, that the only note by which this pool could be recognized as Hezekiah's is

not to be found in the Pool of the Bath. The object of the king in constructing this pool was, we are expressly told, to divert the waters of the Fountain of Gihon from the uses of the invaders, and to husband it for the besieged. To this end he stopped the source, which was without the city, and conveyed the waters by a subterraneous aqueduct into a tank prepared for it within the city, 'between the two walls.' Now there is no reason whatever to suppose that the pool which Dr. Robinson dignifies with the name of Hezekiah's Pool, was ever supplied from a fountain of living water. It is simply a reservoir of rain water collected in the Pool of Mamilla, at the head of the Valley of Hinnom, on the west of the city, and conducted down by a superficial conduit into the Pool of the Bath, which must also, according to Dr. Robinson's own theory, have been situated outside the ancient city. How the purpose of Hezekiah could have been effected by this arrangement he does not condescend to explain, nor to account for the disappearance of the spring-water which must formerly have supplied it, if his hypothesis be correct.

Indeed, it must be remarked, that Dr. Robinson has a peculiar method of dealing with inconvenient objections to his hypotheses, which he can hardly expect to be as satisfactory to his adversaries as it is to himself,—'a Short Method,' which Leslie himself might have envied him, as it would have saved him the labour of replying to the arguments of Socinians, and Jews. The following passage is certainly instructive, and demands a passing notice:—

'In now turning to the consideration of particular localities, I may be permitted to express the hope that the reader will not expect me to examine every view which may differ from my own, nor even to notice every objection which foregone hypothesis or controversial skill may see fit to propose. It is an old maxim that, "the best way to preach down error is to preach the truth." If, therefore, I shall be able to present, with clearness and brevity, the main arguments in support of the views adopted by the scholars of former centuries, as well as by myself, I venture to hope that these will commend themselves to the judgment of the reader; and that I may be excused from drawing other matters into discussion.'—Pp. 206-7.

Now, not to mention that this old maxim, of very questionable application to doctrinal error, can have no possible place in questions of fact, this curious sentence suggests one or two remarks, which may serve to place the controversy between Dr. Robinson and his opponents in its true light. The whole tone of Dr. Robinson in this, as in numerous other passages, would seem to imply that he is the innocent victim of an unprovoked attack from a party of fanatical and superstitious bigots, as ignorant as they are presumptuous; whose objections are based merely on 'foregone hypothesis,' and maintained, not by

reason and argument, but by 'controversial skill.' He loses sight altogether of the fact that he is the assailant; and that the objects of his severe censures are but defending the historical traditions of universal Christendom from the attacks of modern scepticism. There is, indeed, a significant agreement between the supercilious tone of Dr. Robinson's strictures and the theological criticisms of the German, or Germanizing, school in England and on the continent. The traditional interpretations of eighteen centuries are regarded as unworthy of any serious notice, as indicative of narrow-minded prejudice, and the result of ignorance and bigotry; and consequently, the objections of those who presume to question the *ipse dixit* of these new lights may be simply ignored when they prove inconvenient, and their arguments, however weighty, either misrepresented or ridiculed.

And here we may, by the way, pause to correct an error into which many writers fall concerning the present position of the question relating to the sacred sites, of which Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, may be regarded as the exponent, when he writes that, 'Mr. Williams has published a very 'learned work *with the avowed object of proving the Church of 'the Holy Sepulchre to be the true site of Golgotha.*'—P. 255. We cannot believe that the author of the Holy City was so silly as to contemplate any such object; and we are perfectly certain that he has nowhere avowed it. The fact is, the tradition, so to speak, proves itself. Probably no one but Mr. Fergusson and his *personnel* doubts that the present Sepulchre Church occupies the site of that originally erected by Constantine and S. Helena. Nor will any one who is accustomed to weigh the credibility of historical evidence be disposed to question the distinct evidence of Eusebius, that this site was recovered by the demolition of the shrine of Astarte,—the memorial of which is still extant in coins of Aelia Capitolina,—erected by order of Hadrian, for the express purpose of desecrating a spot venerated by the Christians, the identity of which it thus served to perpetuate and establish. To doubt whether the site of Golgotha was known in the time of Hadrian, is somewhat less reasonable than it would be to doubt whether the situation of Tyburn, *e. g.* could be recovered at this day. The maintainers, then, of the ancient tradition have nothing to prove. The thing is proved—more strongly than any other plain historical fact is proved—by the consistent testimony of innumerable witnesses for nearly two thousand years; and all that we have to do is to show, that modern objections to the credibility of the ancient traditions are not sufficient to invalidate the evidence on which we rely. It is

absurdly illogical to throw the *onus probandi* on those who have been so long in undisputed possession of ground, which it was reserved for the nineteenth century to declare debateable. The title-deeds of our possession of the Holy Sepulchre are written in the records of the Catholic Church from the beginning, and will not be surrendered without a struggle.

One thing, however, is very amusing. In his original work, Dr. Robinson took great credit to himself for having been the first to construct a consistent theory of the topography of ancient Jerusalem; and he is, we believe deservedly, regarded by his friends as a modern Cyrus or Nehemiah, on account of his supposed restoration of the city; not to say a Hezekiah also for his iconoclastic zeal in shivering to pieces the Nehushtan of monkish idolatry. But he has proved himself, after all, a somewhat faint-hearted champion of his novel and heretical topographical dogmas. He has been fain to fall back upon the reserve of authority which he had done his utmost to discredit in his earlier volumes; and, with a pardonable inconsistency, now seeks to justify his positions by an appeal to those very writers, for their deference to whom he has most severely animadverted on his opponents. He now tells us:—'My own 'investigations in respect to the Tyropœon, and the hills Akra 'and Bezetha, led me to adopt the view which has been the 'prevailing one among travellers and scholars ever since the 'times of the Crusades, if not earlier.'—P. 204. We have read and reread this passage with unmitigated surprise, and, we must add, regret. It is not a candid statement, as we shall proceed to show. Dr. Robinson leaves us in no doubt as to 'the scholars of former centuries,' to whom he refers with so much respect in the passage above cited; and of whom he says, in the preceding page (206), 'that they were among the 'ablest scholars of their times; nor have they perhaps been 'surpassed in discernment, learning, and good sense, by those 'who have become their successors at the present day.' And who, then, are these 'witnesses, scattered over no less than 'seven centuries:'—'the writers who during so many centuries 'have given the same interpretation of Josephus'? 'The 'earliest writer on Jerusalem, so far as I have been able to 'discover, who makes any allusion to the descriptions of Jose-'phus, is the monk Brocardus, about A.D. 1283; to whom we 'are indebted for the topography of the Holy Land and Holy 'City, according to the views current in the time of the Cru-'saders.' The incorrectness of this last statement we have corrected by anticipation from William of Tyre, who is so far from dividing Mount Sion from the Holy Sepulchre by a valley, that he places the latter on the eastern declivity of the former.

But to let that pass. It is surely strange to find one of these monkish writers, to the whole of whom Dr. Robinson has always expressed such decided repugnance, honoured as the ablest scholar of his time; and the thirteenth century, be it remembered, was not at all deficient in very able men. Indeed it is so gratifying to find a Presbyterian divine taking so much more sober and candid a view of mediæval writers than he formerly professed, that we care not to inquire into the motives which have led him to modify his views of their merits. This virtual recantation is the more gratifying when it is considered that this 'tract of Brocardus,' as Dr. Robinson has informed us, 'appears to have been a favourite in the convents, and was 'frequently transcribed. Indeed, the monks would seem to have 'often occupied themselves in writing out this and other like 'tracts.' So, then, after all, these much-abused monks—by no one more abused than by Dr. Robinson—had discernment enough to appreciate 'the ablest scholar of their time;' to whose authority Dr. Robinson is not now ashamed to appeal as the original propounder of the theory which he has adopted, in common with a catena of witnesses, 'scattered over no less 'than seven centuries.' And who are these witnesses? 'The next writers who refer to Josephus, are Adrichomius and the 'Jesuit Villalpandus, near the close of the sixteenth century.' 'Scattered,' indeed; and a somewhat serious interruption, it must be admitted, in the continuity of the chain, with a break of three centuries between the first and second links. But, no matter, since 'both of them adopt the like view in respect of 'the Tyropœon and Akra. From them, probably, the same 'passed over to Sandys, who was at Jerusalem in A.D. 1611.'

Now, when it is considered that neither Adrichomius nor Villalpandus had visited the east, but were simply repeating the current theory first broached by Brocardus, and then propagated in his popular tract, we shall be able to estimate at its proper value the catena which Dr. Robinson has constructed, which is simply a chain of sand with vast breaks in its continuity. But the next authority cited is the most remarkable of all. Our own most learned Lightfoot, certainly 'among the 'ablest scholars of his time,'—and it was an age of giants in Sacred Literature. 'About the middle of the seventeenth century, 'Lightfoot, by a wrong interpretation of a passage in the 'Psalms, and by his reliance on the Rabbins, was led into the 'error of placing Zion on the north of the Holy City and Akra 'on the south, in which he was followed by Cellarius.' These two witnesses are called by Dr. Robinson, be it remembered, to confirm the testimony of Brocardus, to whose theory they are fundamentally—though it would seem unconsciously—opposed,

while maintaining an hypothesis utterly inadmissible according to all archæological data, and all modern observations of Jerusalem—always excepting the original and eccentric notions of Dr. Clark. 'All's fish that comes to net,' according to Dr. Robinson's view; and, accordingly, when the names of Lightfoot and Cellarius have been adduced in order to demonstrate that Dr. Robinson's 'views as to the course of the Tyropœon ' and the position of Akra and Bezetha were not novel, and did ' not rest merely upon his own authority,' Dapper and Reland, who corrected the most palpable errors of the two former, are cited for the same purpose! Thus, then, while the most contradictory theories are appealed to in confirmation of the authority of Brocardus, it appears that the evidence, when sifted, yields not so much as one independent witness to his conjectural restoration of the Jerusalem of Josephus, until we come to Dr. Robinson himself; for D'Anville, Rosenmüller, and Raumer, in recent times, do but follow Reland, who, as usual, made the best of the materials within his reach, but had not sufficient information at hand (as how should he have?) to enable him, with all his critical acumen, to do justice to the subject. All that he did attempt was to restore the hills of Jerusalem to the proper relative position, so strangely and perversely shifted by Lightfoot's Talmudic exercitations, and this he did most effectually. But even if we could concede that the learned scholars cited by Dr. Robinson, all untravelled as they were, had implicitly followed Brocardus in his restoration of Jerusalem, and adopted his blind valley for the Tyropœon, yet there is still this important difference between his view and that which Dr. Robinson now professes to have borrowed from him, by the hands of many successive witnesses—'scattered over no less than seven ' centuries'—which is this, that the site of the Holy Sepulchre was, according to Brocardus and his monkish admirers and copyists, in no way inconsistent with its authenticity. This 'ablest ' scholar of his time,' the original inventor of the Tyropœon of Dr. Robinson, was yet a devout believer in the tradition which his modern admirer thinks to discredit by the adoption of his theory. The strangest thing of all is, that anyone who has so much as glanced at the plans of the city in Adrichomius, Villalpandus, Sandys, Lightfoot, and D'Anville, remembering that these were the only landmarks to the topography of Jerusalem until quite recent times, should attach the slightest credit or importance to the wild guesses of men, however eminent as scholars in their several departments, who were avowedly groping in palpable darkness amid the ruins of ancient Jerusalem. It is clear at a glance that these plans are as little consistent with one theory as with the other; and it may be said, without in the least disparaging the

meritorious labours of the most learned Reland, that a host of such writers can have no weight against the single testimony of such a man, *e.g.* as Ritter, who, with modern plans before him, and after the fullest and most impartial consideration of the arguments on both sides, adopts, without the slightest misgiving, the Tyropœon as identified by Mr. Williams. The fact is, Dr. Robinson, misled perhaps in the first instance by Brocardus, constructed his theory too hastily on his first visit to Jerusalem, and then, having committed himself to it and to all its necessary consequences, including the invention of a fictitious Holy Sepulchre, was cut off from a retreat. We find the proof of this in a comparison of the earlier volumes with that containing the results of his second visit in 1852; and especially in a comparison of the plan accompanying his former volumes with that appended to the later. Many features in the topography of Jerusalem, which had been well-nigh overlooked in his first visit, stand forth with great prominence in the second; many objects, to which great importance was before attached, have now sunk into comparative insignificance in the discussion. His first plan was a mere modification or revision of what Dr. Tobler calls 'the Sieber and Catherwood plan;' the result of which was, that in certain parts it 'only became more faulty,' while 'almost 'nothing was changed in the interior of the city, be it in regard 'of the Haram-Esh' Sherîh, the buildings, or the streets.' (P. 13.) His later plan is almost a literal copy of the Ordnance Survey, first published by Mr. Williams and Professor Willis, with the necessary rectification of an unaccountable blunder in the western wall of the Haram, which the editors, whatever misgivings they may have had as to the correctness of the officers' plotting, of course did not feel themselves at liberty to correct. The comparison of the plans, we say, proves to demonstration that Dr. Robinson was not himself in possession of sufficient data to enable him to form an accurate judgment on many facts on which he pronounced more dogmatically than would have been prudent even with more trustworthy information. This is the more to be regretted, because, while the eminent services of the author of the 'Biblical Researches' entitle him to the respect and gratitude of all who are addicted to Sacred Literature, his ungenerous and uncandid treatment of those who differ from him must detract considerably from the value of his work as well as from his literary reputation. Thus, in general, while every page of his recent work bears witness to the importance of discoveries which have been made in the intervals of his two visits, he plumes himself upon the supposition that in that interval of twelve years no addition of any importance whatever was made to our information on the subject; while, in particular, he

endeavours to disparage all that has been effected by recent explorers.

It is not, however, for the sake of exhibiting specimens of this unworthy spirit of petty jealousy that we proceed to notice some further matters in discussion between Dr. Robinson and others, but on account of the intrinsic interest attaching to the questions, and because we have it in our power, through the kindness of the friend already referred to, to throw new and important light upon some points affecting the controversy.

All who are at all conversant with recent investigations in the field of Jerusalem archæology, will remember that very considerable importance has of late been attached to a ruined fragment of an arch which had been discovered prior to Dr. Robinson's first visit, but to which he was the first to direct special attention, and assign any definite place in the topography of the ancient city. It exists on the western face of the south-west angle of Haram, or enclosure of the Great Mosk, opposite the steep brow of Sion, which rises on the opposite side of the unquestioned part of the Tyropœon, at a distance of about 360 feet from this venerable fragment, in which Dr. Robinson thought he had discovered the remains of one arch of a bridge which, according to Josephus, connected the Temple Close with the Upper City. Mr. Williams was of a different opinion. Conceding the antiquity of the fragment, and the undoubted traces of an arch, he was disposed rather to refer it to the system of the vaulted substructions, which are known to exist under this part of the artificial area. In fact, no reasonable doubt can be entertained that the massive masonry is of the Herodian period, but all else is mere conjecture. This fragment is now known among the Protestants of Jerusalem as Dr. Robinson's bridge, —quite as well as the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid is as the *pons asinorum*,—and it is well named, for it certainly is not the bridge of Josephus. This latter Mr. Williams has identified beyond all question with an embankment, to which allusion has been frequently made, extending across the Tyropœon at a point about 550 feet north of the ruined arch, and leading from the principal gate of the Mosk to the north-east corner of Sion, and so to the Bazaars. The existence of this embankment admits even of less question than the ruined arch, and is accordingly admitted into all modern plans, and described as *Erdwall*, in Kiepert's large plan, executed under Dr. Schultz's direction, and in Kraff's; as *Brüche*, in Tobler's and Ritter's; *Causeway*, in Dr. Barclay's; *Bridge*, in Van der Velde's. That it answers to both descriptions is clear from all the notices which we find of it; for while the houses on both sides of the street, which passes over this arti-

ficial embankment, present an obstacle to the satisfactory exploration of its construction, and give it the appearance of an earth-work, yet it is ascertained that the large sewer already described passes under it, and vaulted substructions have been noticed in some parts; while lastly, a large tank, explored by Dr. Barclay, underlies its eastern extremity, probably supplied by the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon, which also crosses the valley by this viaduct. The proofs, then, adduced by Mr. Williams, that the word *γέφυρα*, used by Josephus, might describe a solid embankment as well as an arched construction, however satisfactory, were wholly unnecessary; for a bridge it is in the narrowest acceptation of the term, and is uniformly denominated '*le pont*' in a curious Norman-French description of the '*Citez de Jerusalem*,' by one Hugo Plagon, which belongs to the period of the Crusades.

The discovery of this bridge, universally admitted as it is, and answering in every respect to all the notices of the bridge in Josephus, could not but prove detrimental to the stability of Dr. Robinson's bridge; for, while the former exists still in its integrity, the latter has only to show the spring course of a single arch which might just as well have served any other conceivable purpose. But the former had almost altogether escaped Dr. Robinson's observation during his first visit to Jerusalem. He had barely noticed it as 'a low mound, probably of rubbish,' and had acknowledged that he only hastily surveyed the locality; as indeed the net-work of streets in his plan, adopted without correction from Catherwood, proved that he was utterly ignorant of this quarter of the city, which is, however, the very key to its ancient topography. But he had committed himself to his theory, and was by no means prepared to abandon it. Accordingly he comes to Jerusalem in 1852, and while obviously less confident in the strength of his own ruined arch to bear the whole weight of a bridge, and auguring little success for Dr. Barclay's endeavour to recover traces of its western extremity among the prickly pears of the opposite declivity (p. 177), he is by no means disposed to admit the claims of the rival bridge, but, on the contrary, bends all his efforts to subvert its foundations. While obliged constantly to refer to the causeway as crossing the bed of the Tyropœon, as spanning over the main sewer, as conveying the aqueduct from the brow of Sion to the Temple Close, as supported by 'vaults, extending underneath the causeway' and visible amid the ruined houses; he yet, with strange inconsistency, pretends that, 'if the causeway ever 'formed a junction with Zion in this part, it could have reached 'only to the foot, never to the brow'—a self-contradictory assertion, which nothing but prejudice could have prompted or

overlooked its absurdity; for who can imagine a raised causeway reaching to the foot of a hill? In fact, he himself, when off his guard, writing of El-Wâd, states correctly enough that, 'for 'several rods from the causeway, the street *descends* north-'wards' (p. 190), descends, *i.e.* from the foot of Sion, according to the former statement!

One of the most interesting and perplexing subjects connected with the archæology of Jerusalem is its water system, involving, as it does, the solution of that paradoxical problem stated by Strabo, Tacitus, and other ancient writers, and confirmed by the accounts of all the sieges that the city has undergone in ancient and more recent times; viz. that while the vicinity of the town was dry and barren, there was a plentiful supply of water within. Very much was done for the elucidation of this obscure subject by the author of the 'Holy City,' and the hypothesis there started appeared not only highly probable in itself, but to be countenanced to some extent by existing phenomena. This is, however, one of the many questions which can never be thoroughly investigated until the jealousy and suspicions of the Turks shall be sufficiently abated to allow of excavations on a large scale for the purposes of antiquarian and scientific research. Some facts, however, have recently been brought to light which it may be well to put on record, if only as contributions to a subject of so much interest. The indications noticed by Mr. Williams seemed to point to a fountain of living water brought into the city from the north by a subterranean conduit, and distributed by branch aqueducts to reservoirs and fountains in various parts of the city on the east side of the Tyropœon, and within the Temple Close, the overflow of which was received into the intermittent fountain of the Virgin, and thence conducted to the pool of Siloam. One of the most noted reservoirs was that which was known to the Crusaders as the Royal Cistern, and was situated before the Mosk El-Aksa, then known as the Palace or Temple of Solomon—then the Hospice of the Knights Templars, from which they derived their name. This large tank, described as an excavation of the magnitude and capacity of a lake, and of which probable notice is found in Josephus, and still earlier in the book of Nehemiah, was covered in during the time of the Frank occupation of Jerusalem, and has now been lost sight of for centuries. Mr. Williams speaks of it as 'the Royal Pool, which existed 'formerly, and probably still exists, beneath the pavement of 'the Haram, before the porch of *El-Aksa*.' (Memoir, p. 83.) This tank has lately been recovered and described by Dr. Barclay,—one of the very few important notices in that most disappointing book:—

'During our exploration of the Haram enclosure we observed, on removing a half-buried marble capital on one occasion, a rude subterranean passage, leading to a long flight of steps. The effendi immediately dispatched some of the workmen for flambeaux, and prepared for a thorough exploration. Descending a broad flight of forty-four wide steps cut in the native rock—but so worn in some places as to have required partial recutting, only a few centuries ago to all appearance—we reached a beautiful sheet of water.' Its vaulting is now 'quite a rude piece of work,' supported by 'ill-shaped piers, apparently of unhewn rocks, badly plastered.' 'It is seven hundred and thirty-six feet in circuit, and forty-two in depth, and according to the best estimate I could make, its capacity falls but little short of two millions of gallons;' at this time, however, 'the water was nowhere much more than knee-deep.' 'The rain from El-Aksa is conducted into it by a small trench, and much also finds its way through small superficial channels leading from various parts of the temple area into the same opening near El-Aksa porch. We discovered no fountain in connexion with it.'—Albert of Aix says expressly that it was supplied with rain-water—'nor did we find the entrance of the aqueduct from Solomon's Pools, which we were told, by one of the old keepers who had formerly visited this subterranean lake, enters it on the west; nor did we discover any exit from it into the neighbouring pool under El-Aksa; yet, as that pool, which is said to be very capacious, has no visible source of supply, there is probably a communication between them. It formerly had eight apertures above, through which the water was drawn up; but only one remains open at this time.'—*Barclay*, pp. 525—527.

This enormous tank, then, however important as an indication of the southern limit of the Temple Close, and of the course of the old city wall on the south,—and, if identical, as it would seem to be, with the Pool of Solomon mentioned by Josephus, it has a very decided bearing on both these questions,—does not appear to be connected with the water system, of which we find traces in the northern quarter of the Temple area, and which next invites our notice.

The open reservoir, which covers not less than a third of the northern wall of the Haram, was known by the name of Probatica Piscina as early as the fourth century, and is still regarded by all but the Protestant inhabitants of Jerusalem as the Bethesda of S. John's Gospel. This vast work is 360 feet long, 103 wide, and still 75 deep, after a large accumulation of centuries of rubbish. Its sides, to the very brim, have been carefully coated with Roman cement, large fragments of which still remain, proving that it was formerly filled with water. This fosse Dr. Robinson regards as the *vallum* of the fortress Antonia; and his notable maxim above cited enables him to disregard the insuperable objections to this view, which it is impossible to adopt without doing violence to the plainest language of Josephus, and involving numerous passages of that author, as well as of Strabo and others, describing sieges of the Temple, in hopeless obscurity: but then an archæologist, whose theory would make the Lower City considerably

higher than the Upper, must not be expected to stick at trifles. This Pool, although it has now been dry for centuries, must, there can be little doubt, have been originally constructed for spring water. Indeed, when Sandys was at Jerusalem in 1611, in speaking of this Pool, he writes, 'into which a barren spring 'doth drill, from between the stones of the northward wall, and 'stealeth away almost undiscerned.' Whence, then, was this 'barren spring' supplied? Another large tank, known in the Middle Ages as the 'piscina interior,' and ascribed by tradition to Hezekiah, is now no longer found. It lay at no great distance to the north of the Pool of Bethesda, in front of the ancient Church of S. Ann, so situated that it may very well have served for the fosse of Antonia, the Struthius of the Jewish war. In the latter half of the fifteenth century (A. D. 1485), when Felix Fabri was at Jerusalem, the 'Probatica piscina' was dry, while the 'piscina interior' had an abundance of water, supplied, as he says, from the upper fountain of Gihon, diverted for this purpose by Hezekiah (according to 2 Kings xx. and Ecclus. xlviii.). Until lately no traces of this large reservoir had been recovered; but our friend, to whom we are so much indebted in this article for recent facts and discoveries, has thrown further light upon this subject, which may materially aid a future exploration.

'With regard to the trench said to have formerly separated Antonia from Bezetha, it is observable that there are now some cisterns lying in a direct line, much about the probable position of the ancient trench. First, there is the dirty tank outside the wall, a little east of Herod's Gate: this is just in a line with the bottom of the east side of Akra; just inside the walls, in the same line, is a deep cistern, a stone dropped into which was rather more than two sounds (about 50 feet) before reaching the water; and a little further south, in the same line, is a third cistern, in a square hollow or basin among some prickly pears, with steps down to it. Is it possible that these are formed in the ancient trench which I suppose ran along here? The small tower (by the side of the dark archway and Sheikh's tomb, mentioned by Robinson, p. 174) at the foot of which are the remains of ancient stone-work, would be just at the termination of the wall which I suppose ran north and south above this fosse.'

He then refers to a passage in Dr. Stewart's book, which serves to determine the line of the fosse between this tower and the north wall of the temple, and which further affords such an interesting confirmation of the tradition of Bethesda that we cannot resist the temptation to cite it. A Mr. Hodge, one of the Missionaries of the London Jews' Society is the hero of the tale:—

'Very early one summer morning, in strolling along the street leading to the Bab Sitti Mariam,' [the Eastern Gate] 'he turned up a dark vaulted passage to the east of the Governor's house, which leads to one of the *gates of* the Haram. Seeing an open door to the right hand he looked

into it, and, to his surprise, discovered, in the garden or open space within, a large birket [tank], in great measure choked up with earth and rubbish. Though he was on forbidden ground, and ran considerable risk, he was about to advance to examine it, when a man from within rushed forward with the usual menacing cry, "Harám, Harám," and prevented his advance. Being perfectly master of the Arabic language, however, he began to converse with him, and soon learned that he was correct in supposing it was a birket [pool] which he had seen within. He then asked the name of the gate, and was told by his informant that it was "the Sheep gate." —P. 278.

This curious discovery, which reminds one very much of a passage in Felix Fabri, describing probably the identical house and pool (fol. 140 b.) not only gives the southern termination of the Struthius, or eastern fosse of Antonia, but strikingly confirms a surmise of Mr. Williams, that the double vaulted passage which runs up from the north-west angle of the great fosse of the Temple (commonly called Bethesda) in a northerly direction, both communicated with the fosse of Antonia, and formed a bridge to the northern gate of the temple, *i. e.* the Sheep gate. (Holy City, vol. ii. pp. 325, 394, n. 3, 484, 485; Memoir, p. 100.)

The two reservoirs being thus connected, if we can ascertain how one was supplied with water, we may spare ourselves any further trouble. Now it happens that a writer of the period of the Crusades has told us that the pool before the Church of S. Ann was in his time supplied with *bitter* water, the very same description which he gives of the peculiarly-flavoured fountain of Siloam, which some writers have called sweet, others brackish, others insipid, but this writer alone, bitter, '*gustu amarus*,' as this water was also '*gustu amara*.' This is a strong presumptive evidence that the Siloam water, still found at no great distance from the pools which have now occupied our attention, was also received into these pools, which thus formed part of the water system of Jerusalem, planned and organized by King Hezekiah.

The interest attaching to this subject induces us to communicate further results of our friend's investigations, which will enable us to correct an important oversight of Dr. Robinson. We would only premise that the flavour of the Siloam water is so very peculiar that no one who has any sense of taste could fail to identify it when he had once become acquainted with it. We do not attempt to account for the phenomenon, we merely state the fact.

Directly to the west of the line of tanks noticed above must have stood the fortress of Antonia, attached to the north-west angle of the Temple Close, and occupying a very large area in a commanding situation, menacing the temple and city. The

authenticity of this position is attested not less by constant tradition than by numerous remains of Roman architecture still to be found upon the site. That the official residence of the Pasha should occupy part of the Prætorium of the Roman Governor, after an interval of nearly two thousand years, is only one of numerous instances of the unchangeableness of customs in the East. That attached to the house of Pilate, as thus identified, should be found the Arch of the Ecce Homo, and the Church of the Flagellation, is entirely consistent with antecedent probability. But that, after so many vicissitudes, not only the substructions but the superstructions also should exhibit unmistakeable traces of Roman architecture, is perhaps more than we had any right to expect, yet such is the fact. Thus Mr. Wigley, himself an architect of considerable merit, in his very interesting 'Archæological Studies in Jerusalem,' describes 'on the eastern side of the present building, a large quantity of ancient stones;' and at the south-western angle, where it joins the Temple Close, he discovered 'the remains of a very ancient wall.' More curious and interesting still are the recent discoveries at and about the Arch of the Ecce Homo, where the Abbé Ratisbonne, an eminent convert from Judaism to the faith of Christ as professed at Rome, has lately purchased a plot of ground, upwards of a hundred feet square, for the erection of a nunnery for the order of the Daughters of Sion. The site is covered with Moslem ruins, but beneath the superficial *débris* are constructions of the Herodian period. Among these are several large vaulted chambers of massive stone-work, apparently Roman, in which Hebrew coins were discovered, and four cisterns—one of which, cut in the solid rock, is of large size, and evidently of extreme antiquity. The arch itself is covered with plaster, and surmounted by a mean shed, occupied by a Derwish, so that it is only on close examination that evidence of its extreme antiquity can be discovered. Then, indeed, the immemorial tradition is found to be confirmed by the massive blocks of stone of which it is constructed, precisely similar to the masonry of the Herodian period, and the simple style of ornamentation bears witness to the same date.

This point is placed beyond question by Mr. Wigley, who thus describes the fragment:—'Near the north-west corner of 'the area [of the mosk] is the traditional arch of the Ecce Homo. 'It is at a short distance from the atrium of Pilate, and is also 'an arch of Roman masonry. The mouldings which still exist 'on several voussoirs and on the impost, display the plain 'Roman colonial style' (p. 6). It is much to be hoped that, in carrying out the erection of the contemplated buildings, proper

measures will be taken to preserve these vestiges of ancient Jerusalem; or, if that is impossible, that at least a record of them will be preserved in accurate plans and diagrams; for what Christian does not feel that the very dust of Jerusalem is precious?

And here, as we are in the vicinity of one of the most curious discoveries of recent times, and are reminded of it by the mention of the *débris*, we will turn aside to describe a ghastly monument of the siege of Jerusalem, which corroborates in a very remarkable manner part of the narrative of Josephus, and still further attests his fidelity as an historian.

'In the Via Dolorosa, on the right hand, just before it reaches the Tyropœon, coming down from the arch of the Ecce Homo, and opposite to the ruined bath, a new building has lately been erected by the Austrian Government, which is intended as a hospice for pilgrims.' [It is marked in Van der Velde's plan as 'House for Austrian Pilgrims.'] 'In order to get room for the building, the earth on its northern side has been cut away, and the side of the cutting, which rises to the height of about twenty feet, appears to be a bank of rubbish, full of human bones, broken pottery, and charcoal. This rubbish evidently has accumulated on the slope of Acra, and is probably the result of the destruction of the houses of Acra at the siege, and the bones are probably those of the Jews who perished at that time. The admixture of broken pottery and charcoal shows that there could not have been a cemetery here, and the position of the spot, in the middle of the city, quite precludes any such idea.'

Two distinct statements of Josephus explain the phenomena:—1st. That when the besieged could no longer throw their dead out from the walls into the surrounding valleys, they crammed the corpses into large houses, and left them there to rot. 2d. That when Titus had possessed himself of the Temple, he directed the Lower City to be burnt. The pottery belongs to the dwelling-house, the bones witness to its conversion into a charnel-house, the charcoal speaks to the conflagration.

It is, however, to the Church of the Flagellation that we desire to direct more special attention, in connexion, as we above intimated, with the Water problem. In the court of this church Mr. Williams fancied he had discovered a well of living water, with the Siloam flavour, which, he conjectured, was conveyed thither by a branch from Hezekiah's aqueduct, for the supply of the fortress Baris, and of its more renowned successor, Antonia. This theory was tested by Dr. Robinson, during his last visit in 1852, who decided and pronounced that the tank was supplied with impure rain-water, which he discovered to be full of minute wriggling worms and other animalculæ, supposed especially to affect such beverage (p. 198). His conclusion was, in its turn, tested by our friend, who was in

Jerusalem last year, the result of whose investigation of the subject, extending far beyond this particular tank, has been most kindly communicated to us, with permission to make it public, of which we shall thankfully avail ourselves, when we have first recorded the interesting fact communicated in a subsequent letter, that he also saw the 'red wriggling worm' in the bucket of the *rain-water* cistern at the same place.

'During a recent visit to Jerusalem, I had an opportunity 'of observing one or two facts connected with the disputed 'question as to the course of the Siloam Water, which may 'perhaps be interesting to you.

'First, as to the water of the cistern in the court adjoining 'the Church of the Flagellation, and which Dr. Robinson, in his 'recent volume, declares to be merely impure rain-water. I 'was there in May last, and then tasted the water of the two 'cisterns which exist there, and I found that, while that of the 'one on the east of the church was of the usual flavour of rain-'water, like that of the ordinary cistern water at Jerusalem, the 'water from the cistern on the west of the church was most 'unmistakeably of the Siloam flavour, as though it had been 'drawn from the pool of Siloam itself. In *both* cisterns the 'water was perfectly clear and bright. A few days before this, 'on the 30th of April, I was passing along the street which, 'starting from a little above the Church of the Flagellation on 'the west, runs, with some windings, to the walls, when at a 'point nearly east of the House of Herod, and which on the 'map accompanying "the Holy City" is, I think, just about 'the angle under the last *I* in *Muslimin* on the map, I found 'some men digging for the foundations of a new house. They 'had gone down between thirty and forty feet, and had just 'come to water which was flowing as from a spring. Having a 'cup with me, I got them to hand me up some of the water, 'and found that it had the unmistakeable Siloam flavour. Three 'other Europeans (or rather Franks) came up at the same time, 'two of whom seemed by their appearance to be connected with 'the English or American Mission, and they all agreed, on 'tasting the water, that it was certainly Siloam water.

'A man now came up and told me that in the cistern of his 'house close by, the water was also Siloam water, and on going 'there with him I found that it was so. The cistern, which was 'about 100 yards to the N.E. of the point where they were 'digging for foundations, was said to be very large. The man 'said he had once entered it, and found it not excavated in the 'rock, but built up, *i.e.* the roof of it, and supported on three 'columns. Whether as to this his account is to be depended on 'of course I cannot say. He told me, and several bystanders

'made the same statement, that there were several such cisterns 'between that point and the Temple supplied with the same 'Siloam water. By measurement I found that the cistern was 'twenty-three feet deep to the water; the depth of the water 'I could not ascertain. The position of this cistern was rather 'lower than that where the men were digging.

'I should say it was about half-way down Acra, going east 'from Herod's House. The end of the hill in which is 'Jeremiah's cave would be about north of it. I was told that 'in summer the water becomes *sweeter*. It would be interesting 'to ascertain whether this is the case with the water at the pool 'of Siloam itself in the dry season. If so, it would seem to 'show that at that time the water did not rise high enough at 'its source to pass, to the same extent as in the winter, through 'the strata whence it derives its peculiar flavour. If, on the 'contrary, no such change takes place in the water of the *pool* 'in summer, it would then appear as if the cisterns in question 'were partly supplied by an overflow from the aqueduct 'conveying the water to the Temple, and that in the dry season 'this overflow ceased or nearly so.

'I next went to taste the water in the cave of Jeremiah. 'There is, as you are aware, a very large reservoir here, but I 'found no trace of the Siloam flavour. It now occurred to me 'to make another visit to the great quarries which have lately 'been discovered under the city near the Damascus gate, and 'to ascertain whether the water of the little fountain which 'drips down from the roof in one corner was Siloam water.

'You are probably aware of the existence of these quarries. 'They are described in Stewart's "Journey to Sinai and Pales- 'tine," and he gives a plan of them drawn to scale [p. 265]. By 'applying this to the Ordnance Map of Jerusalem, I find that 'the farthest extremity to the south reaches nearly to the 'present Austrian Consulate, or, as the place of the Consulate 'may be different from what it was formerly, I may better 'point out the spot by saying that it is just above the *R* in '"or" of the lettering Acra *or* the Lower City. Just at this 'point in the subterranean quarry a small fountain trickles 'down from the roof and is received in a small basin roughly 'hollowed out for that purpose in the side of the rock. This 'water, which Stewart describes as brackish, had, I found, the 'genuine taste of Siloam water. At different places on the 'roof for more than 200 feet N.E. of the fountain, the water 'was dripping down slowly, so that it is impossible to ascertain 'the exact position of the channel from which the water leaks. 'May not the trickling of this fountain in the quarry be the 'sound of the subterranean water-course, heard near the

'Damascus gate, according to the native tradition quoted to 'that effect?

'I was told that there was some tradition of a stream of water 'formerly flowing at the point where the street coming down 'from the Ecce Homo runs into the Tyropœon, and the bath 'which stands at the angle used, it is said, to have its supply of 'water from this stream. This bath has lately been bought by 'the Armenians, and is to be converted into a church. I 'tried in vain to get admission, for no one seemed to know 'where the key was kept, and at last I was assured that the key 'was at Beyrout.

'The sum, then, of my observations is, that we have the Siloam 'water at the Church of the Flagellation coming down from the 'NNW., *i.e.* along the eastern side of the hill Acra, and again 'in the quarry fountain under the south-western part of the same 'hill; and if the statement of Krafft is to be relied on, it is 'also found in the cistern by the Damascus gate. This I forgot 'to verify.

'Were it not for this last fact I should be inclined to think 'that the water entered the city somewhere between Herod's 'gate and the hill in which is the cave of Jeremiah, and then ran 'in two channels, one under the eastern slope of Acra to An-'tonia, while the other ran diagonally under Acra towards the 'Tyropœon (Mill Valley Street) in order to supply the baths 'and wells on this side the Temple, and that the quarry 'fountain was supplied by a leak from this second channel. 'Perhaps the cistern by the Damascus gate may receive its 'Siloam water in a similar manner by leakage; or, as that gate 'appears to have been an ancient one, the cistern may have been 'made with a special channel branching off from the larger one 'to convey a supply of water to that point for the guards 'stationed there.'

On the whole, then, it will have appeared, in particular, that Dr. Robinson's attempt to disparage the discoveries, and to discredit the theory of Mr. Williams relating to the water-supply of the Holy City, is a signal failure, and, in general, that the author of the Biblical Researches shines more as a geographer than as an archæologist; the fact being, that, while he is remarkably deficient in the kind of lore which is necessary for antiquarian pursuits, he is utterly devoid of the instinctive faculty which can alone secure their successful prosecution. When to this it is added that he is so confident in his own opinion, so impatient of contradiction, and so jealous of competition in the same literary arena, that he never either retracts an opinion once advanced, or admits a discovery which he has himself overlooked, we apprehend that we have stated sufficient grounds for

the regret which we feel, that the first serious attempt in recent times to restore the topography of ancient Jerusalem should have fallen into such hands, and from accidental circumstances, aided no doubt by the unquestionable services which he has rendered to Biblical literature, and especially to Scripture geography, should have exercised such extensive influence in these questions.

We will add one or two further illustrations of the *animus* of this writer, and of its unfortunate results, before we conclude; not, we repeat, from any pleasure we take in exposing the moral defects of his character, but from the interest which attaches to the questions under discussion.

Among other objects of interest, not, it must be granted, very many in number, which escaped Dr. Robinson's observation, during his first visit to Jerusalem, was an ancient arch, which has since obtained considerable prominence in the discussions of the topography of Josephus, being regarded in fact by Dr. Schultz and others, as the Gate Gennath, and so deciding the point of junction of the second wall with the first. This archway is found just outside the bazaars, and is now buried almost up to the key-stone in rubbish: it is described by Lord Nugent as 'the crown of a very ancient arch of large stones, as of a gateway, the whole of the jambs of which is buried in rubbish' (vol. ii. pp. 54, 55); and he has given a faithful sketch of the fragment in aid of his description. Mr. Williams says, 'it bears marks of antiquity in its structure, and in the size of 'the stones, which are much worn by exposure;' and adds, 'its 'present state most clearly indicates that the natural surface of 'the ground in this quarter must be much below the present 'level.' He regards it as a gate of the second wall, but not as Gennath (vol. ii. p. 56). Dr. Robinson's notice of this ancient arch contrasts strongly with the foregoing:—it is, according to him, 'the crown of a small round arch' (therefore certainly not Saracenic) 'apparently ancient. The stones of the arch are 'small, rudely cut, and without any trace of bevelling. It may 'have belonged to a small gateway, perhaps, in the wall of a 'dwelling or a court. It more resembles the rude entrance 'of an aqueduct or sewer. A glance only is needed at its 'appearance and position, to show that it could never have had 'connexion with any city wall' (p. 199). A glance, apparently, is all that he vouchsafed it. Our friend thus corrects the misstatement:—

'This arch, which Robinson rather absurdly supposes to have been an ancient sewer, forgetting that it is above ground, while the ancient city lies below some 30 feet of rubbish, was full 13 feet in diameter, and is built with large stones, the key-stone being 2 feet 4 inches deep.'

Again, some of Dr. Robinson's former discoveries and admissions have been worked up, so to speak, into counter theories by subsequent writers. In this case, even his own discoveries are extenuated, and the admissions withdrawn. Thus, *e.g.* Mr. Williams borrowed from Dr. Robinson and his friend Mr. Wolcott, a notice of a subterranean aqueduct, said to be *audible* near the Damascus gate, falling in very conveniently with traces of the water-works within the city; and, indeed, Dr. Robinson himself was the first to suggest that this report, if established, might have some bearing on the fountain of Es-Shefa, within the city, as well as Siloam; which question he referred to future investigations ('Bibliotheca Sacra,' part i. p. 28). Now, however, that this report has been confirmed, and the investigations have yielded results of some consequence, the story is only referred to incidentally in order to be disparaged. 'The present popular report,' we are told, of the communication between the fountain of the Virgin and the Haram above, 'like that respecting 'running water at the Damascus gate, is too indefinite and le-'gendary to be of any weight' (p. 249). We can add another notice concerning this sound, with an explanation which will approve itself to the judgment of the reader. Dr. Robinson was informed that the sound could be heard only 'in a still time,' and 'by putting the ear near to the ground.' Mr. Wolcott added that 'the sound could be heard only at night.' Our informant states that it is to be heard also on *Friday*, and adds: 'I suppose this may have been the case formerly, when the Ma-'hommedans were more strict in observing their religious duties 'than they are now. In former days, no doubt, the whole city 'would have been perfectly quiet and still during the time of 'the Friday's prayers in the mosques, and then very possibly 'the sound of the water may have been heard by the guard at 'the gate.'

Our materials are far from exhausted, but we fear that the patience of the reader may fail, if we proceed further with our topographical disquisitions, which must unavoidably take for granted a general acquaintance with the plan of Jerusalem, and which, even so, can scarcely be made intelligible without the aid of diagrams.

There is, however, one other monument of antiquity to which we must allude, if only to record the felicitous application of numismatic science to the illustration of archæology, and to express our indignation at the ruthless barbarism of some modern travellers, who seem to be ambitious of rivalling the infamy of the most savage nations, in their wanton destruction of all that is venerable. All the world has heard of the Tombs of the *Kings*, in the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, on the

north of Jerusalem, and modern controversy has been busy in discussing their claim to this royal title. Dr. Robinson, following Pococke, whose view was also adopted by Chateaubriand and Dr. Clarke, had before assigned them to Helena, Queen of Adiabene; and although very strong arguments had been advanced in the interim against this theory, on the principle, it must be presumed, before avowed, of 'preaching down error by preaching the truth,' he quietly ignores objections in his later work. Still more inadmissible is M. De Saulcy's identification of these royal sepulchral grottoes with the Tomb of David; although this writer deserves great credit for his discovery of the curious mechanism of the entrance to these caves. Mr. Williams, followed by Dr. Schultz and others, assigned them to the Herodian dynasty, and this theory is established beyond all doubt by the following considerations, although it is still open to question whether they were constructed by the founder of the family, as Mr. Williams maintains, or by Herod Agrippa the elder, as suggested by Mr. Wigley, to whom belongs the merit of demonstrating that they owe their origin to one of the family,—for it is nothing short of demonstration. After a minute and accurate description of the situation and general character of these excavations, which he pronounces 'one of the noblest royal tombs in the world,' he thus describes the details:—

'The porch is adorned with an abundance of carvings in the live rock itself, consisting of a Doric cornice, enriched with bands of flowers and fruit. In the centre of the frieze is a bunch of grapes between two crowns, filling the space which would be otherwise occupied by a triglyph and two metopes. I regret to say that the central ornament now exists only in my photograph, an American traveller having knocked it off in order to take it home. . . . As far as we can judge, it is a tomb of the Herodian period . . . and the position of this tomb is close to what we believe to be the wall of Agrippa. . . . The royal caverns are mentioned for the first time by Josephus in connexion with the wall of Agrippa; we are therefore amply justified in thinking that it was part and parcel of the general adornment which King Agrippa added to Jerusalem.'—P. 6.

It is deeply to be regretted, especially after the brutal violation and unjustifiable spoliation of this monument, that Mr. Wigley's photograph is so very unsuccessful; but even as it is it enables us to fix the period of the adornment, and we can only be deeply grateful to him for preserving a record of it in this form, after the dishonest appropriation to private vanity of that which was the legitimate property of all times and of all nations.

It is very curious that M. De Saulcy himself should have furnished us with the means of refuting his own erroneous view as to the Davidic origin of these monuments, independently

of other arguments, by reference to his valuable work entitled 'Recherches sur la Numismatique Judaïque' (Paris, 1854). In this work he exhibits (Pl. VII.) several coins which bear a cluster of grapes on the obverse, with the word HPΩΔOT, and a casque with a double crest on the reverse, surrounded with the legend EΘNAPXOT, and it is remarkable that this symbol appears nowhere prior to the period of the Herods, although it was revived by the Jews during the revolt under Barcochebas. (Pl. XI. XII.) The title of Ethnarch has led M. de Saulcy to refer these coins to Archelaus, who alone of all his family was ethnarch of Judæa (ib. p. 135). But then there is no independent proof that Archelaus adopted the name of Herod instead of his own. Eckhel, with some misgivings, Mionnet, and Raschi, assign them to Herod the Great; and although it is clear that this titular king at one time bore the obnoxious eagle as his symbol (Pl. VI. 10, 12), and the prouder title of BAΣIΛEΥΣ, yet it is not at all improbable that at another period of his long life and reign he may have assumed a different device and designation. At any rate, the cluster of grapes, introduced as the principal ornament into the rock-hewn frieze of the Royal Tombs, is an Herodian symbol, and so fixes the sepulchres to that dynasty.

And here then, for the present, we take leave of the archæology of Jerusalem, with the conviction, however, that we shall again have to recur to the subject from time to time. For while this article will have demonstrated that Dr. Robinson has not even yet exhausted all the monuments of interest that have been brought to light, it must be remembered that until the accumulated dust and ruin of four thousand years shall have been sifted, we shall not be in a position to determine many of the most interesting questions affecting its ancient history; and even then the lack of written memorials would leave much unexplained. It can only be hoped that every opportunity of fresh investigation will be seized with the praiseworthy avidity and followed up with the diligence evinced by the writer to whom this article is so largely indebted, and whose brief MS. notes supply larger and more valuable data than are to be found in the ill-digested and clumsy work of Dr. Barclay, of which it may be said, that while its first title is its only merit, its second title, presumptuous as it is, is its sufficient condemnation. While we have been engaged on the last pages of this article, we have had brought before us another very valuable work on this inexhaustible subject, in three volumes of sketches by an eminent artist, M. Ramboux, which only serves still further to convince us how very wide is the field of antiquarian research in and around Jerusalem; an observation, by the way, which

will apply equally to Mr. Wigley's two Lectures, to which frequent reference has been made in this article. Meanwhile it is a serious question whether the meddlesome humour of English and American tourists will leave anything for future investigation; the reckless, selfish brutality which could perpetrate the defacement of one of the grandest and most venerable monuments of the world, cannot but inspire the most gloomy misgivings. It is, of course, vain to expect the Turkish Government, which so fully recognises that its destiny is to destroy and so faithfully executes its appointed mission, to preserve the monuments of ancient art, as the Christian governments of Athens and Rome are so jealously doing; all that can be hoped is, that public reprobation may so stigmatise the barbarian who could deliberately mutilate the 'Tombs of the Kings,' as to prevent, at least, the repetition of an offence which can never be repaired.

ART. VI.—1. *Hodgson's Instructions for the Clergy.*

2. *Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.*

3. 17 *Geo. III. ch.* 53.

4. 1 & 2 *Vic. ch.* 23.

5. *Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's Decision—Boyd* v. *Barker, Feb.* 21, 1859.

THE law affecting ecclesiastical dilapidations has been somewhat ventilated of late in the Legislature. Viscount Dungannon, in the course of the last Session, drew the attention of the House of Lords to this subject, and during the present Session, the Bishop of London, in answer to a question from the same noble lord, replied, that the subject was under the consideration of the Episcopal Bench. A Committee of Convocation, moreover, has been appointed to draw up a bill which might prove acceptable to the clergy generally. The topic, therefore, cannot be considered unseasonable at the present time, and no apology, in consequence, for the ensuing remarks is needed.

That the law, as at present administered throughout England and Wales, does, from its doubtfulness and uncertainty, operate very viciously, no one who studies the subject with any degree of attention can fail to see; and the hardships that are thereby imposed upon the clergy generally and their families, there will be no difficulty in showing.

Hodgson, in his 'Instructions for the Clergy,' has the following remarks :[1]—

'One of the first subjects to which a new incumbent must in prudence turn his attention, is to ascertain, by the employment of a competent architect, surveyor, or builder, the amount fairly due to him from his predecessor, or his personal representatives, for dilapidations.'

And the way of doing this, he thus points out :—

'It is not unusual for both parties to leave the amount to be estimated by the same person. If this plan is not adopted, each party may appoint a valuer, with power to such valuers to name an umpire in case they differ.' —*Instructions for the Clergy*, p. 38.

Now, how does this plan act? A young curate, then, is appointed to a living. More versed in spiritual matters than in temporalities, and looking upon his appointment as a call to higher duties and usefulness, and perhaps, also, as a piece of good fortune that he had not expected, he is not inclined to examine too

[1] 'Hodgson's Instructions for the Clergy,' seventh edition.

closely into his rights, but is disposed rather to look with a generous and lenient eye on the widow and family of his predecessor, whom he, from the very nature of the case, is obliged to turn out of the home they have so long occupied. Having imprinted on his mind, moreover, that one of the marks of 'pure 'and undefiled religion' is to 'visit the fatherless and widows 'in their affliction,' he is, in consequence, averse to pressing his just and lawful claims on his predecessor's estate. He leaves, therefore, the appointment of a valuer wholly in their hands, and acquiesces in the selection they make. The valuation, accordingly, is made in a way the most favourable to the interests of the representatives of the late incumbent, and the new rector is awarded but comparatively trifling dilapidations. But, though this modicum of what is fairly due to him is *awarded*, it by no means follows that he *obtains* it. There is a possibility of the estate of the deceased being insufficient to meet the claim. Ordinary contract debts may swallow up all, before ever the amount of dilapidations is *ascertained*, and the whole of the assets be thus disposed of before the claim for them can be sent in. And, to quote here from 'Burn's Ecclesiastical Law,' 'albeit 'the law allows the payment of dilapidations before legacies, 'yet the same are not to be paid before other debts: for the 'common law (Sir Simon Degge says) prefers the payment of 'debts before damages for dilapidations.'—Degge, p. 1, c. viii. He enters then upon his living in this wise, and in so doing takes upon himself all the liabilities of the office he fills; in other words, becomes amenable for the dilapidations existing on his benefice at the time of his induction, for he has 'accepted it with 'such charge and incumbrance upon it.'[1] Proceeding a little further with his history, he in all probability marries, has a family, and in the course of years is promoted, not to a better living, but to a better world. His successor is appointed. He happens to be a keen and shrewd man of the world; and he comes and looks over the place. He is perfectly *au fait* at the business, having held a benefice of smaller value, which he is now about to leave in order to take the present one. He is therefore conversant with the subject of dilapidations, having had previous experience in the matter. In the cursory survey that he makes, he sees this and that building wanting considerable repairs, the chancel (it being a rectory) in a very bad state, ditto the farm-house and buildings on the glebe, and ditto also the fences thereon. He mutters, loud enough to be heard, something about a ruinous state of things. Ominous words these! When asked whether he will consent to Mr.—— being engaged

[1] 'Burn's Ecclesiastical Law,' Vol. ii. Dilap.

as the 'competent surveyor' for both parties, he answers 'No! he would rather have his own surveyor.' Accordingly, he authorises Mr. Sharpe, of the firm of Bright, Sharpe, and Early, Architects and Surveyors, —— Street, London, to value in his behalf. In the course of a week or two, Mr. Sharpe comes down, measuring-tape and rule in hand. He lets fall a hint here, and an inuendo there, by no means calculated to soothe the widow's evident alarm and distress. Then he sends in his 'small valuation,' and a 'trifle' of about 1000*l.* is found as the amount of dilapidations existing on a benefice of from 400*l.* to 500*l.* a year. The widow is amazed and indignant. 'Why, my poor dear hus-'band,' she says, 'only got about 200*l.* awarded him, and never 'even touched a penny of that!' Her valuer meanwhile—the same one who was employed on the former vacancy, or his successor—computes the amount of dilapidations at about 350*l.*; larger this than it would have been, but that the 'London man' has come down, and, therefore, he feels himself compelled to come somewhat nearer to the truth than was done on the last occasion. An umpire is appointed, and the result is that 830*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* is the sum awarded, together with the expenses, 5 per cent. on the valuation of her own surveyor, and 2½ on that of the umpire, *i.e.* about 38*l.*; so that under the head of dilapidations a sum total of 860*l.* has to be paid out of the late rector's estate. This sum absorbs a very considerable, perhaps the larger, portion of the amount for which, in his laudable desire to secure some sort of provision for those he left behind him, he had insured his life, and these now are left with a few hundreds (and fortunate they may consider themselves if even so much remains) to begin life anew, as it were, and to do battle with a rough and stern world.

And this, it may be safely averred, is no exaggerated picture, but one which is constantly occurring. Such cases do not, indeed, find their way into newspapers, nor has the pen of the popular writer as yet portrayed them; but the suffering arising therefrom is not the less real, or the less keenly felt, because it is *silently* endured. With the knowledge of these things, therefore, before his eyes, it is not to be wondered at, that the 'Secretary to the Governors of the Queen Anne's Bounty' should, in the work already quoted from, be so far startled out of the conventions of official routine as to add:—

'It is much to be desired that the Legislature should pass an Act for the better sustentation of parsonage-houses, so that, by some summary powers, the bishops might be enabled to cause inquiry, as to the state of houses, to be periodically made, and the defects found on any such inquiry to be forthwith repaired. * * Thus a remedy would be supplied for the injury which is sustained, not only by the successor, but by the family of an incumbent leaving his house and premises in a dilapidated condition.'—Pp. 38 and 39, *Ib.*

And the provisions of some such law, it is the purpose of the present paper to endeavour to investigate.

Before, however, entering upon it, we would desire to narrate a somewhat amusing incident, that has been told to us, in connexion with this subject.

Two surveyors (so runs the story) had inspected the parsonage, premises, chancel, &c. of a rectory, had each made their own notes and comments, and closed their note-books. Entering into the rectory-house, they are shown into a room where a plain substantial luncheon is provided them. They fall to with good and keen appetites, which the morning air has sharpened; they partake freely of the good viands spread before them, take a deep pull at the home-brewed, and having sufficiently satisfied the wants of the inner man, they draw their chairs near to the cosy fire. Filling a glass of the late rector's port, they then begin to discuss a variety of local topics. At last one of them, by name Mr. Reepham, whose curiosity can no longer be repressed, thus breaks out, 'Well, now, Mr. Wickenby, to the 'business of the day; pray what may be the amount that you 'make of this affair?' 'Why to tell you the truth,' replies Mr. Wickenby, 'this is hardly the way in which such matters 'should be treated; there ought to be more formality, Mr. 'Reepham, more formality. At the same time, business must 'be got on with,—pray fill my glass, sir; here's your very good 'health, sir.' Mr. R. bows his head in acknowledgment, and Mr. W. proceeds—'to come to the point, then, what do *you* 'make of it, Mr. Reepham?' 'Oh, I will tell you at once,' answers Mr. R., 'I make 233*l.* odd on it.' 'No, you don't say 'so,' says Mr. W., 'why that is just the sum that mine comes 'to.' 'Well, that *is* curious! most extraordinary! really quite 'remarkable! how do you cypher it out? Let me see, I find '166*l.* on the house and premises, and 67*l.* on the chancel,' continues Mr. Reepham, rummaging into his note-book. 'You 'do!' replies Mr. Wickenby in astonishment, 'why, those are '*my* figures too, *only* the 67*l.* is on *the house and premises*, and 'the 166*l.* on *the chancel*.'

This little anecdote is narrated, merely to illustrate the very great uncertainty that prevails in this notable item of English law, and the arbitrary and capricious manner in which it must, from time to time, affect the families of the clergy. And it must be evident to all, that in this very uncertainty a great hardship exists. It is clear that, in order to make a provision against any contingent charge on his estate at his death, a person should at least *be aware of the extent*, or pretty nearly so, to which such provision has to be made. Whereas in the case under consideration, an incumbent knows, indeed, that there will be some

charge or other, but that is all; the amount, or even the approximate amount, he is altogether ignorant of, and from the nature of the case must remain so. Thus, then, he lives on, striving to save out of his income some sort of provision for the members of his family at his decease, but having at the same time continually before his eyes the stalking-horse of dilapidations, looming in undefined and undefinable proportions in the distance, to destroy the peace of mind he might otherwise enjoy.

But we will now turn to the consideration of the manner in which an amelioration may be effected. There are two methods, then, proposed by those who seek to remedy the existing state of things; one by means of *insurance*, the other by means of *inspection*. By the former it is proposed that a small annual tax should be paid by the incumbent of every benefice, the proceeds of which are to go to the repair of the dilapidations found thereon at such times as the living becomes vacant. By the latter, that, at regular stated periods, each benefice in every diocese should be inspected by a duly qualified surveyor, appointed by authority, who should report to the bishop of such diocese the state of each benefice situated therein; on the strength of which report, the bishop should have power to issue a monition to any incumbent to repair at once all dilapidations found on his living, under penalty of sequestration.

Each of these schemes shall in turn be considered. To the Insurance plan then, there appears to be one main objection at the very outset. It is this. Clergymen would naturally feel that they were, year by year, paying a tax for dilapidations, which would of itself clear them from all charges under that head upon their livings becoming vacant; and so they would be tempted to neglect all due and proper care of the buildings, &c. belonging to them; and in this way the law would operate as a premium on slovenliness and neglect. It is true that an inducement might be held out to them to act otherwise, by the insertion of a provision, that, in case a larger sum should have accumulated at such a period, than was requisite for the object intended, the surplus should be handed over to the incumbent so vacating his living or to his executors; but men are apt to be incredulous (whether rightly so or not is another question) of obtaining money back from the tax-holder, and would characterise such an expectation by a saying more familiar than elegant. But even so, the objection would not be entirely met. For though, to guard against a living suffering any loss, the dilapidation-tax were made as high as possible, so as to meet *all probable* damages, still there would be no *complete security* against an improvident incumbent allowing his house or other buildings

on his living to fall into even a hopeless state of dilapidation and ruin.

Besides, there would be no small difficulty in apportioning such a tax. It would not be equitable, *e.g.* to levy it simply according to the income of the living, though, at first sight, this seems the fairest, as it is doubtless the readiest, way. For take three livings at 500*l.* a year each. The income of one might arise from tithes only, and here dilapidations would lie only on the parsonage and (in case it were a rectory) the chancel. The second might consist entirely of land, where dilapidations would arise on the farm-buildings and fences, as well as on the parsonage and chancel: and the third might derive its income from dwelling-houses, where the dilapidations would be larger than in either of the former instances, and vary according to the nature of the tenements. In the case of vicarages the liability on the chancel would not exist. We see, therefore, that the basis on which any tax of the kind ought to be calculated, should be the *nature of the property* appertaining to the benefice, and its own special liability; and hence, the levying of such a tax would require every living in England and Wales to be separately inspected by able and competent judges.

There is one undoubted advantage in the insurance system, viz. that a yearly tax of small amount is scarcely felt, whereas a large sum becoming due at an incumbent's death,—when other pressing claims have to be met,—is frequently a most serious incumbrance to his family, and falls upon them with proportionable severity. But great though this advantage be, and one cognate with it, the ceasing, *i.e.* of what is now a very painful and frequently distressing duty for the new incumbent to perform[1]—still these will not counterbalance the serious objections that have been already pointed out.

And now to the consideration of the plan of Inspection; and we will say at once, that, in our humble belief, this is the best of the two. At the same time, the details ought to be well and carefully matured, before any measure of the kind is set in operation. Thus, for instance, in the *existing*[2] state of things such a very 'summary' process as 'monition and sequestration' would be fatal to it. There are many livings throughout England and Wales, where the dilapidations are of such a serious nature, that one, if not two years' income would be required in order to repair them efficiently. Now, suppose the case of a rector or vicar,

[1] We allude to his obtaining the money for dilapidations from his predecessor's representatives.

[2] It would of course be a very different matter if all livings were in a proper state to commence with. But they are not so; very far indeed from it.

who works hard in his parish, who, heedless of purely prudential considerations, gives no inconsiderable portion of his goods 'to feed the poor,' has himself through this and other causes got involved in debt; who has, moreover, a wife and family, whom it is incumbent on him to maintain in the position which their station demands. How would such an one (we are not defending his conduct, we are merely stating a case)—how would such an one be able, *all at once*, on the monition of his bishop, to put his house of residence, his chancel, his farm-buildings, his fences, in a complete and thorough state of repair, and spend a whole year's income or more for this purpose? How are he and his to live meanwhile? How are his creditors to be paid, with whom he has contracted no small amount of debt? Possibly it may be a *just* proceeding, but it is undoubtedly a *severe one;* and far too 'summary' likewise, we are bold to say, for the temper of the English people. It would be found to be so, even in the case of a careless and extravagant clergyman, who, if any, might be said to merit such treatment. How then could it be put into execution against an incumbent, who, through failing to obtain any money for dilapidations under the present *régime* from his predecessor's estate, had, from no fault of his own, but simply by taking the living, become saddled with its liabilities? What bishop would venture to proceed in the manner indicated in such a case? Could he possibly dare to use the weapon that the law armed him with? How would he be able to brave the storm if he did? What exclamations would there be of 'tyranny,' of 'ecclesiastical despotism,' of 'lording it over God's heritage,' and the like! An end would there be then of bishops 'satisfying the public!' Such a law would be almost as injurious to the bishop who put it into execution as to the priest against whom it was enforced. It seems, therefore, not too strong an expression to say that, from the day on which it was placed on the statute-book, it would become a dead letter, because of the simple fact of its utter impracticability.

It would seem, indeed, that this power was formerly, and probably still is, lodged in the bishop's hands; for the law on the matter is thus laid down in Burn, under the head of Dilapidations:—

'*Othob.* We do ordain and establish that all clerks shall take care decently to repair the houses of their benefices and other buildings. * * And if any of them, after the *monition* of the bishop or archdeacons, shall neglect to do the same for the space of two months, the bishop shall cause the same effectually to be done at the cost and charges of such clerk, out of the profits of his church and benefice, by the authority of this present statute.'—*Athon.* p. 112.

Upon which the remark is added:—

'So that it is lawful for the ordinary to *sequester* the same for the making of such reparations.'—*Gibson*, p. 751.

Has, then, this 'statute' been found too harsh to be carried into effect, and so fallen into desuetude and become obsolete? If so, it surely would be useless labour, to call it by no stronger term, to re-enact it.

But here the principle of insurance might well and beneficially come in. For example, dilapidations, more or less extensive, are found on a benefice by a duly appointed ecclesiastical surveyor;[1] the bishop, in consequence, communicates with the incumbent, and he must either sufficiently repair them within a specified time, or else *insure his life* in some good office to the full amount required, and lodge the policy so effected as a security in the registry of the diocese;[2] or else, failing to do this, he must either give some *equally good security*, or be proceeded against by monition and sequestration. This would meet the objection cited above, and take away the sting from the proposed measure.[3]

The mode of appointment of such surveyors, or inspectors, their duties, and the manner in which they are to be paid, next engage our attention.

Taking it for granted, then, that their salaries for such work must be derived from ecclesiastical persons, we at once say that *these* ought to be the parties to elect them. This surely is only just and equitable. Consequently, all sections of the beneficed clergy ought to have a voice, or be represented, in any committee that might be appointed to choose them. Such might, therefore, with fitness consist of the bishop (or bishops, if there should be more than one diocese), the archdeacons or rural deans, and we may add the proctors of the diocese (or dioceses) for which the appointment was being made. In such a committee, we should have both the episcopal and the parochial elements.[4]

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[1] Though styled an *ecclesiastical surveyor*, it is not meant that he is to be an *ecclesiastic*, but a regular professional man.

[2] Of course, if at any subsequent period he executed the required repairs in a manner satisfactory to the ecclesiastical surveyor, then his policy should be restored to him, and become his own property.

[3] In case an incumbent's life should be of such a kind that no good office would insure it, then the bishop should have power to permit him to expend the amount estimated in *yearly instalments*, extending over a certain period, not less than five, and not greater than ten years, according to the bishop's discretion. Possibly also it would be advisable to *exempt* from the operation of any such law all incumbents *upwards of fifty years of age* at the time of its enactment, as at that period of life, they would not be able to effect an insurance on favourable terms. They, therefore, if they preferred it, might remain under the present system.

[4] Had it been necessary, the capitular element might have been represented by the deans, but it is understood that cathedral preferment will not in any wise be affected by the measure, and, therefore, deans and chapters have no interest in the matter.

Another thing equally clear to us is, that the office should be thrown open to public competition, that candidates should be invited to apply for it by means of advertisements in the public newspapers, and that the committee should be guided in their selection by the testimonials of fitness that were sent in. By these means shall we be the most likely to obtain the best man for the place, and the office itself not sink into a mere piece of episcopal patronage.

The duties of the ecclesiastical surveyor should be *personally* to inspect every benefice in his district, at regularly appointed intervals (say once in five years, which would appear to be enough for all practical purposes), and to report thereon to the bishop in whose diocese it might happen to be. He should keep a register, wherein all dilapidations found on any benefice, and the monies expended thereon from time to time in liquidation of them, should be entered; such registrations to be open to the inspection of the incumbent of such benefice. By this means some degree of uniformity in the rate of charges, assessments of dilapidations, &c. would be obtained, a point in which we have shown the present system to be lamentably deficient; and, also, all uncertainty as to his liabilities in this respect, under which an incumbent at present labours, would be taken away.

A further duty yet requires to be mentioned. A living, we will suppose, falls vacant by the death of the incumbent, to meet the dilapidations on which a life-policy had been effected. Here it might be left to the executors of the late incumbent to contract with proper persons for the performance of all necessary repairs; but such works should be carried on under the supervision and direction of the surveyor, and payment for them made[1] only upon his certificate that they had been well and satisfactorily executed. Then any surplus that might exist should be paid over to the said executors. By this means the liabilities of the former incumbent would be discharged; and, at the same time, the money for dilapidations, not passing into the hands of the new incumbent, as under the present system, could not be applied, as, we grieve to say, sometimes happens now, to other than its legitimate objects.

Should, however, the executors in the above instance fail to enter into such contracts within the space of three months, say, from the time of the late incumbent's decease, then it should be the duty of the surveyor to proceed himself in the business, submitting his account of his receipts and payments, together with

[1] The registrar of the diocese, being the holder of the policy, or other security, at the time of the incumbent's decease, would be in possession of the requisite funds.

the vouchers for the same, both to the bishop and the new incumbent.

In the case where a living becomes vacant in consequence of a clergyman's promotion to another, it should be made imperative on him to execute all the repairs specified as being required on the last survey, or provide for their being so executed, before the necessary papers were supplied to him by his diocesan; and here the same duties should devolve upon the surveyor as have already been instanced.

Next, the method by which this new official should be paid has to be pointed out. This may be done in some such way as follows:—As a general rule, he could, in all probability, inspect *three* contiguous benefices in a day. Now, at fifteen shillings each, this would bring forty-five shillings per diem, a sum amply sufficient for his remuneration, travelling expenses included. And if his inspection of every benefice took place once in five years, we see that an average yearly charge of *three shillings* on every living would fully suffice for the object in view. In cases, moreover, where his services were *specially* required (as in the cases instanced above), a fee of five per cent. on the outlay made under his directions should be paid to him, one half by the new incumbent, and the other half by the late incumbent, or his estate.

It remains to be considered, what number of benefices should be under the inspection of any one surveyor. We believe, then, that there are some 12,270 benefices and incumbencies in England and Wales. At three shillings an incumbency, this gives an aggregate sum of about 1840*l.* Hence, if it were considered advisable to employ parties whose *whole undivided attention* should be devoted to this work, *four* surveyors for England and Wales would have each 3070 benefices to inspect in the course of five years, or 614 in the course of one year, at a salary of 460*l.* per annum. Besides this, there would be another source of income in the shape of fees, when vacancies occurred, as above instanced.

Should it, however, be deemed more advisable for each diocese to have its own surveyor, then he might be paid according to the *same rate*, and be allowed to follow his professional duties in other ways. Either plan has its advantages and its disadvantages, which it is not intended here to investigate. We content ourselves with simply showing how the ways and means can be obtained.

Thus then the plan of inspection, as here contemplated, briefly amounts to this: a surveyor, being properly appointed, would every five years inspect each benefice in the district assigned to him, and register the dilapidations then existing thereon, including an estimate of the cost of repairs. The bishop

would then notify to the incumbent either to execute such repairs within a certain time, or insure his life to the amount estimated, or give other equally good security for the same purpose, in order that such repairs might be executed in the case of his death. Should the dilapidations be increased on the next survey, then his life-policy or other security to be proportionably increased; should they be diminished, then the lien on them to be *pro tanto* diminished. In case he died, the policy or other security would be immediately available, and the surveyor would see to its being duly laid out in the manner already specified; the estate of the deceased being liable to *no further charge for dilapidations* beyond what was found against it at the last survey or inspection.

Another topic in connexion with this subject has to be discussed; a provision, viz., in any bill that may be proposed to guard against the future erection of parsonage houses which are too large for the income of the benefice; and likewise a remedy in cases where such an evil already exists. We call it an evil, because it needs no argument to show that a large house requires more furniture, more fuel, more servants, than a small one, and the parochial taxes and house-tax are proportionably greater; all which things are entirely independent of the question of dilapidations; so that, *in every way*, a house too large for the living is unquestionably an evil. Any measure therefore would be insufficient which did not contain some clause to the effect that no houses or buildings, or additions to present houses or buildings, which involved a greater outlay than £50[1] should be made on Church property, save with the consent of the patron of the living, and of the bishop of the diocese acting under the advice of the ecclesiastical surveyor for the time being; and that all buildings so erected and with such consent should be limited to such an extent that the whole parochial assessment on the parsonage, premises, and appurtenances thereto belonging, should not exceed a certain per-centage of the income of the living.[2]

This would for the future effectually guard against the erection of excessively large and expensive parsonage houses. Some persons may say, and we know do say, that if poor

[1] The restriction should not be made so as to prevent an incumbent enlarging a sitting-room, or adding a fresh sleeping apartment, or putting up some trifling outbuilding or other; and hence an outlay of £50 or under might be allowed. The Bill should look rather to the suppression of extravagant expenditure, and not be made a simply *vexatious measure*.

[2] Ten per cent. of the living would, as a general rule, be a sufficiently large assessment. Exceptions might be made in cases where livings were under £100 per annum, and above £500. In the former, the assessment might be limited so *as not to* exceed £10; in the latter so as not to exceed £50.

benefices have handsome houses of residence attached to them, clergymen of some considerable private fortune will be found to take them, and thus more money will be expended on their preferments than is drawn from them; whereas, if the house on any such benefice is only a poor one, then no one but a poor man will be induced to take it. Now this reasoning is specious, we admit. It may be true, but it may not. Within the limits specified (see note above) a sufficiently good house may be attached to even the poorest benefice; and it is our belief also, that conscientious clergymen of good private means, will readily come forward, even though they have to live in a cottage, provided that cottage be in good repair and convenient in other respects. If rich men take poor livings, they should be content to complete the picture, and live in houses suitable thereto. A house assessed at 10*l.* a year may indeed raise a smile on the face of some good 'genteel' well-to-do people, and they would, perhaps, shrug their shoulders at the bare idea of their son, the Rev. Well-to-do, living in it. But bearing in mind, that assessments are somewhat below the actual rent, and that the *rent* of such a house would be 12*l.* and more, then not only a habitable, but even a comfortable cottage house, would be represented, in the great majority of instances, by such a rental, and would be far more suitable for a benefice of 100*l.* per annum and less, than a larger one. Where the incumbent was a poor man, this would be self-evident; and where he was rich, he would at least be able to reply to the remonstrances of his more ambitious friends and visitors, 'Well, you know, it is 'Hobson's choice—this or none, and I must therefore make the 'best of it.' An officer on board ship, even though he be a prince of the blood, has to make the best of his quarters, and thinks it no hardship, and surely a clergyman may do the same. A far higher example still might be cited, but we refrain, for it will suggest itself at once to everyone's mind.

But how shall the recklessness of the past in this particular be remedied? A small living of from 100*l.* to 200*l.* per annum has had a large parsonage house, a sort of mansion, erected on it, one that requires men-servants and maid-servants; an establishment, in short, that 600*l.* per annum would fail to keep up. It falls vacant. What is the *first* consideration with the patron? To obtain a man of piety, of integrity, of worth? No such thing. These qualities are very desirable accessories, certainly; but (save the mark), the *first* consideration, in the case of the man who has to preach to his people, 'Seek ye first 'the kingdom of God and his righteousness,' 'Ye cannot serve 'God and mammon,' is, has he *sufficient private means?* This is essential, whatever anything else may be. Now this is not

right. It must surely strike every one that there is 'something 'rotten in the state of Denmark,' where such an anomaly as this exists. But what is the remedy for it? Simply this: when the assessment on the parsonage house exceeds the limits laid down above, then to give power to the incumbent to sell (in such a way as to prevent collusion with interested parties) such house, with the buildings and premises thereto appertaining, and with the proceeds of such sale, to build or purchase another residence, more suitable to the income of the living he holds, investing any surplus money that may remain from the sale of the former residence, in some permanent and judicious manner, as the surveyor shall advise, and as the patron and bishop shall consent to. Of course, in any transaction of the kind, care should be had, that all monies, arising from any such sale of a residence house and premises, should be lodged in the hands of responsible parties, so that no risk should be run of their being lost, either wholly or in part, by defalcation or otherwise.

An Act of Parliament already exists, which bears so closely on this point, that no apology need be made for quoting it here.

'1 & 2 Vict. c. 23, sec. 7. "And be it enacted that when the residence house, gardens, orchards, and appurtenances belonging to any benefice, shall be inconveniently situate, or for other good and sufficient reasons it shall be thought advisable to sell and dispose thereof, it shall and may be lawful for the incumbent of such benefice (under certain conditions here specified), absolutely to sell and dispose of such house, gardens, orchards, and appurtenances, for such sum or sums of money as to the ordinary, patron, and archbishop shall appear fair and reasonable." '

Hence, if the 'good and sufficient reasons' here mentioned were specified as embracing the case under consideration, a remedy, we see, would be found to exist in this Act. At the same time, the forms there prescribed require to be somewhat simplified, in order to be more readily available.

One further topic bearing upon this subject, though not exactly coming under the head of dilapidations, and we have done. It is not uncommonly supposed, that incumbents can only borrow money for building and repairing their parsonage houses, with the power of mortgaging the living for the repayment thereof—principal and interest—of the governors of Queen Anne's Bounty. This is a mistake. On reference to 17 Geo. III. c. 53, and to 1 & 2 Vict. c. 23, we find that incumbents can borrow, giving a like security for repayment, of any 'person or persons, corporation or corporations, aggregate or sole.' It is not mentioned, however, in any of these Acts that a rector or vicar can advance the money himself for such purposes on the same terms. Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, however, on the 21st of February last, delivered a very

important judgment, as bearing on this point, in the case of Boyd *v.* Barker. Mr. Boyd had succeeded Mr. Barker in the living of Wouldham in the diocese of Rochester; and whilst the latter was the incumbent, he had, with the consent of the bishop, who was also the patron, increased the accommodation of the parsonage, *advancing the money himself* for the purpose, and charging it upon the living under the provisions of 17 Geo. III. c. 53, commonly known as Gilbert's Act. Mr. Boyd, on succeeding him, filed a Bill to impeach the transaction; contending, among other things, that Mr. Barker, as incumbent, was not warranted in advancing the money himself. The Vice-Chancellor, however, overruled the objection, saying that although it was true that the Act did not say that the lender and borrower might be the same person, yet there was nothing to prevent it; and that the transaction was within the meaning of the Act, its object being to induce clergymen to reside among their parishioners, and 'to give a habitable, decent, 'and respectable house.'—*Times*, February 22, and *Guardian*, February 23.

And this is as it should be; for who are so deeply and directly interested in the improvements effected on their livings as the clergy themselves? And why should it be, when a rector or vicar has laid out his money judiciously, and with the consent of the bishop and patron, in the material improvement of his benefice, that his family should be thereby impoverished if he were shortly afterwards to die or leave it? whereas if he had borrowed the same amount of any other 'person or persons,' they would be repaid in thirty years, by yearly instalments of one-thirtieth of the original loan, and 3½ per cent of the outstanding portion.

But this facility of building and repairing houses of residence should be extended, likewise, both to the repair (and rebuilding where necessary) of chancels, and to the erection of farm-buildings, cottages for labourers, and the draining of the glebe-lands. To the former, because chancels have been, in many instances, allowed to fall into a state of almost hopeless decay, and it is next to an impossibility in most cases for rectors to repair them, out of their *incomes*, and so many a glorious and beautiful old structure erected by our forefathers to the honour and glory of God suffers detriment;—and to the latter, because ecclesiastical property ought to be improved *pari passu* with other property; and how can the clergy, who have but a *life-interest* in their estates, do this except in some such way as the one specified? Many is the real improvement, enhancing to all future time the value of a living, which would be effected, if, under certain judicious guidance,—the consent of the patron and ordinary having been previously obtained,—an incumbent could

expend his money in such works, knowing, that by so doing, not only he might expect to reap the benefit thereof during his life-time, but also, in case of his decease, his family would not be thereby absolute losers.

We have now finished our task, and commend the subject to the best attention of the legislature and of all the true members of the Church. We sincerely trust, that amid the din and strife of a session, in which men's minds are likely to be engrossed with far more exciting and absorbing questions, they will yet find time to devise and carry some salutary and well-digested measure of quiet and useful reform in this particular, and thereby confer a boon of incalculable benefit not only on the clergy, but also on church property throughout the nation.

ART. VII.—*The Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal. February*, 1859.

IT is with very sincere regret, both for our sakes and that of our readers, that we make any reference to Scottish subjects. But a promise was made in our last Number (p. 204) to the effect, that we should be prepared to listen, and, if need were, to reply, in a proper spirit, to any who thought it worth while to impugn our reasonings. In fulfilment of this promise, we think it right to say something, by way of answer, to a letter in the February Number of the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*. The writer pays us the compliment of commencing his letter by the expression of an opinion 'that the remarks upon the Eucharistic 'controversy in the last *Christian Remembrancer* call for an 'answer from some Scotch theologian.' The authorship of the letter is announced in the following words at its conclusion:—

'I do not wish, on this first occasion that I have contributed to your columns, to shelter myself under any anonymous designation. In spite of the little joke which the reviewer makes at my expense, I have always been willing to bear the responsibility of what I write on such subjects, and therefore beg to subscribe myself your obedient servant. G. H. F.'

It would be mere affectation to pretend that we feel any difficulty in the interpretation of these initials. We must assume that they indicate the Rev. G. H. Forbes, of Burntisland, in Scotland, the editor of many valuable contributions to patristic and liturgical lore, and likewise of a periodical known as the *Gospel Messenger*, with its appendix, the *Panoply*. It is some slight satisfaction to find that we have, in this gentleman's judgment, improved during the past year. Our latest remarks 'call 'for an answer;' whereas, our first article on the 'Eucharistic 'Controversy in Scotland,' was simply dismissed by the same authority with the observation, that it was 'very unworthy of 'the subject.'[1]

Now, Mr. Forbes has never, that we can recollect, been treated in these pages in any other tone but that of the courtesy and praise to which his character and labours so justly entitle him. What he means by the 'little joke which the reviewer 'makes at his expense' we are at a loss to understand. Mr. Forbes' countrymen are, we know, constantly accused of not perceiving a joke where it *is* intended, but this is an instance of a joke being imagined where assuredly none was meant. We

[1] *Gospel Messenger* for April, 1858.

spoke of him (p. 203) as 'that mysterious personage known (we 'believe) in Scotland as the *Panoplist*, a writer deserving all 'possible respect for learning and piety.' We employed the epithet *mysterious* partly because we did not feel quite sure how much of the bound volume of the *Panoply* lying before us was the composition of its editor, and how much that of others; and partly because of the peculiarity of its teaching, *considered as a whole*—a peculiarity so great, that we should like to know how may priests and laymen could be discovered, who were willing at the same moment to subscribe to its teaching upon the sacraments of Holy Baptism and the Eucharist, or the Thirty-nine Articles in Scotland, and prayers for the dead. It is this great singularity which, in our humble judgment, casts a shade over the authority of this able and learned divine. In the words of an old English poet:—

'This swayeth me,
No man alone in points of faith can be.'

But although Mr. G. H. Forbes still seems to treat our lucubrations in a style that is very lofty, very much *tanquam ex cathedrâ*, and not a little contemptuous, we are really anxious, if possible, to keep our word, and to 'reply in a proper spirit.' 'God defend the right!' is still our prayer. If we have maintained ought that is not His Truth, may our feeble efforts come to nought! If, on the contrary, we have pleaded for that Truth, may He preserve it alive in Scotland, and cause it to triumph in His own good time, not through the means of proscriptions and depositions from office, but by the silent might of His Spirit, overruling the hearts of men!

Mr. Forbes has been obliged to compress his observations into a comparatively brief space. Although his letter occupies eight columns of the *Journal* in which it appears, he has, of course, been compelled to confine himself to what *he* considers the most important topics. Butafter making all due allowance for such constraint, the amount of argument left untouched and unnoticed causes us some surprise. If any of our readers who possess a copy of our article on Bishop Wordsworth's 'Opinion,' will just take the trouble to mark with two different signs the positions respectively attacked and left unattacked in the letter of G. H. F., they will also, we think, be surprised, not merely at the number of arguments passed by, but at the peculiar notions entertained by the assailant respecting their relative importance.

We shall follow Mr. Forbes step by step through his own list of topics, in his own order, with one or two exceptions. The exceptions to be made are not prompted by dishonesty or fear.

But this present paper is a mere defence, in accordance with our promise, of our previous critique. Where Mr. Forbes has introduced new matter, or where he has expressed his dissent from positions on which we have no discussion with the Bishop of S. Andrew's, we must positively decline to follow him.

The points on which Mr. Forbes touches are:—1. The sense of the word *become* in things divine, with the illustrations from (*a*) magnetism, (*b*) the Incarnation. 2. The nature of the Presence vouchsafed to us in the Holy Eucharist. 3. The meaning of St. John (vi. 33—57). 4. Our apparent ignorance. 5. Our apparent irreverence and 'divergence * * from the 'old Tractarian teaching.' 6. The patristic teaching on the Presence. 7. Our apparent evasion of the argument from the Early Liturgies. 8. The misapprehension on the question of the Sacrifice.

Let us consider these topics *seriatim*. We shall be as brief as we can, but explanations must often, of necessity, occupy much more space than an attack.

1. And, *firstly*, as respects the all-important word *to become* as employed in things divine. The presenters of Mr. Cheyne urged that the word MUST imply either transubstantiation, or else mere equivalence and representation; and, to our deep regret, the Bishop of S. Andrew's appeared in his 'Opinion' (pp. 10, 11) to endorse this argument. We said that it appeared to us to be pure and unmitigated rationalism. We never meant for an instant, that all who employed it were rationalists. All of us are but too liable, in the excitement of controversy, to use arguments of which we do not, at the moment, perceive the danger.

But as for the argument itself, viewed abstractedly, we must deliberately, and we hope in the fear of God, repeat what we have already said. By *rationalism* we understand an undue use of reason in the things of faith. And it *is* a most undue use of reason—it *is* rationalism, pure and unmitigated—thus to limit Almighty power, by daring to assert that the divinely-wrought change implied in the word *become*, MUST be restricted to one or the other of two particular kinds of change.

Mr. Forbes, we are thankful to perceive, does not venture to make any such assertion. In thus refraining from it, he does all that we want upon this head. We never dreamt of implying (for this would be a rationalism as bad as that we are condemning) that the term to *become* must, in and by itself, have the meaning which we here claim for it. That meaning, we perfectly agree with him, must 'be fixed by some other considerations.' The argument of the presenters would fix it *à priori*, without the trouble of going into these other considerations. That argument, we repeat, Mr. Forbes has not employed, and we sincerely trust

that neither he nor any other reverend writers will for the future employ it, when their attention has once been drawn to its exceeding danger.

And, this being the case, we might fairly leave our illustrations to take care of themselves. Yet, as we had rather run the risk of being charged with prolix and wearisome repetition than apparent subterfuge, they shall again receive some slight consideration.

(*a*) The illustration from magnetism. It is perfectly fair and natural, that in the order which Mr. Forbes has adopted, this illustration should be brought thus prominently forward. But we must be permitted to remind our readers that this was not the place which it occupied in our critique. Once, and again, (p. 173 and p. 207,) we expressly called it 'a subordinate point.' And if any of those who agree or who disagree with us, care to argue that the whole question is supernatural, and can find no fitting parallel in what is merely natural, we do not care to reply. By anticipation we have said in our late appendix:—

'We have called this a subordinate point, and for this reason—even supposing that it were proved ever so distinctly that things earthly could not *become* something else earthly, without losing their own essence, it could not thence be inferred that such change was impossible, where the substance was confessedly supernatural and immaterial.'

But as a counter-illustration, against any who adduce instances from grapes, and acorns, and the like, it is, we still maintain, a perfectly fair and valid one. Be magnetism what it may, it still remains true, that the steel *becomes* a magnet, not in the sense of transubstantiation, nor in the sense of equivalence and representation; the *only* senses in which, according to the Presenters, the word as expressive of change, could possibly be used.

Mr. Forbes argues, that the analogy between the two cases is very imperfect. Very likely: if it were perfect it would hardly deserve to be called a mere analogy. It is, however, very probably, less imperfect than he supposes. We cannot stop to give our reasons for this opinion in the text: we cannot advance subordinate topics to the rank of principal ones. But as G. H. F. evidently takes an interest in the scientific part of the question, and as we believe our information on this head to be even more recent than his, we subjoin a few observations in a foot-note.[1]

[1] Mr. Forbes is quite justified in assuming the existence of a great analogy (or even more than an analogy) between *magnetism* and *heat*. Mr. Grove, in his 'Correlation of Physical Forces,' describes experiments tending to prove that *light*, *heat*, *magnetism*, and *electricity* are all, under certain circumstances, *interchangeable*. Good judges, as Sir Benjamin Brodie ('Psychological Inquiries'), and an able

(*b*) The next point shall be introduced in Mr. Forbes' own language:—

'Let us next see whether the reviewer's theological illustration is more fortunate than his scientific one; for under each head he gives us but one.[1] He tells us that this explanation of the word *become* is "utterly irreconcilable" with S. John's saying that "The Word became flesh."'

Yes! it *is* utterly irreconcilable; and Mr. Forbes, we are thankful to say, does not attempt to assert the contrary. If the theological sense of the word *become* MUST (as the Presenters tell us) mean either transubstantiation or else mere representation and equivalence, then the Eternal Word MUST have been ceased to be God, when he was made Incarnate, or else have become a mere representative of humanity, not a true and perfect Man. The use of the term *become* made by S. John—in speaking of the central mystery of the faith, the Incarnation—shows that its meaning cannot possibly, in things divine, be limited, as the Presenters would have it, without involving us in deadly heresy.

But the critic of our critique proceeds;—

'It is surely quite unnecessary to remind any one acquainted with the Fathers, that this expression of S. John's was much discussed in early times, for it was appealed to by the Apollinarians and several other sects in favour of their errors.'

Mr. Forbes is right. It is quite unnecessary to remind us of what is known to the meanest beginner in Church History: of

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French critic, M. Laugel, consider Mr. Grove to have fairly established and made good this remarkable discovery.

But when Mr. Forbes proceeds to express his belief that men of science are all agreed in regarding *heat*, and consequently its correlatives, as being conditions or vibrations of substances, but not in themselves actual substances, he is expressing a conviction which is, to say the least, extremely premature. What '*ces mysterieux agens*' (as M. Laugel justly terms them) are, is still a moot question. The late Dr. Roget, a high authority, thought the evidence for and against their *substantiality* equally balanced. Some high names are undoubtedly ranged on the negative side. But the experiments of the late M. Niepce, in France, and of Sir David Brewster, seem rather to make for the positive view. A friend of the last named *savant* tells us, that he conceives Sir David Brewster to have been induced by his researches into *latent light* rather to forego his previous inclinations towards the *vibration-theory*, and to have returned to the belief in their substantial (however subtle or etherial) character.

It is, of course, highly dangerous to make physical and theological truths mutually interdependent. If science does ultimately *prove* the *vibration-theory*, let that conclusion be fairly accepted. But if (as we believe the turn of opinion to set at present) *light*, and its correlatives, shall be *proved* to be substances, will not the Scriptural phrases ('*God is Light*,' and the like) have more force and meaning than under a theory which, in this point of view, might be made to sound like an echo of the pantheistic teaching of Spinoza

[1] Mr. Forbes' letter is replete with minor inaccuracies, and this is one of them. We gave another illustration (p. 210) from Genesis i. 7, 'And man *became* a living soul.' Now this illustration may be bad or good; but, at any rate, its existence should be allowed.

what was known even to this ignorant reviewer many years before he was aware of the very existence of Burntisland. It is the more unnecessary, because it does not really touch the point at issue.

That point is simply this—Is, or is not, a judge in an ecclesiastical court justified by the usage of holy Scripture in accepting and stamping with the weight of his approbation, the above limitation of meaning to the word *become?*

It is not the very shadow of a reply to tell us, what we all knew, that heretics of old abused the expression, and that doctors of the Church assigned to it its rightful meaning. But their teaching shows, says Mr. Forbes, that there is a distinction between the manner in which 'the Word became flesh,' and that in which the bread and wine become the body and blood of Christ our Lord.

Of course there is, and we were at pains to point it out. We quoted (p. 174, *note*) a passage from a very ancient doctor, S. Justin Martyr, respecting the analogy, not the identity, of these two mysterious changes. And, lest any of our readers should be at a loss where to look for an account of the distinction between a Person of the most Holy Trinity taking our nature, and that of the consecrated elements becoming the body and blood of Christ our Saviour, we referred them to 'A Modest Reply to the Rev. W. G. Shaw's Pamphlet.' An analogy implies points of difference, as well as of similarity. But as the limitation placed by the Presenters on the term in question would lead us into fatal heresy if applied to the Incarnation, even so would we earnestly implore all reverent and thoughtful opponents of our views to pause before they venture to apply it to the parallel mystery of the Eucharist. We are not without hope that, like Mr. Forbes, they will thus pause, and that we shall not hear of this argument again.

(2.) G. H. F. makes out a list of six or seven points on which he impugns the teaching put forth in this Review, respecting the *modus* in which our Lord's body is present. But in two of these points he has mistaken our meaning, and the rest all resolve themselves into one single but comprehensive question.

And, firstly, as to his mistakes of our meaning. One of these mistakes is probably our fault; of the cause of the other we are less clear.

Mr. Forbes thinks that we meant to teach that the body of Christ sacramentally present, descends. We did not mean this, but we ought perhaps to have explained more clearly that the doctrine of a supra-local presence is intended to exclude, *inter alia*, the idea of local motion. The term *condescension*, though capable, we believe, of an innocent use, is fairly open to objec-

'tion, as it stands in our argument (p. 174).[1] That the Holy Spirit is the agent, as He was in the mystery of the Incarnation, is one of these points of resemblance, in which we are sure to have the fullest countenance from such a student and editor of liturgies as Mr. G. H. Forbes.

But, secondly, Mr. Forbes accuses us of 'clearly teaching 'that Christ has two bodies and two bloods.' If any other reader, besides G. H. F., believes that we have really taught this, he must think us inconsistent indeed. We quoted patristic passages (selected by Mr. Keble) to show the indivisibility of the Person of Christ. Out of three concluding paragraphs two were devoted to a protest against those who appeared to divide the sacred Person of Him who is ἀδιαίρετος. Moreover, the reprint of the article, which Mr. G. H. Forbes appears to have seen, bore on its title page the following mottoes:

'Is Christ divided?'—1 Cor. i. 13

'One Person, never to be divided.'—Article II.

'It is on all sides plainly confessed, first, that this sacrament is a true and real participation of Christ, who thereby imparteth Himself, even his whole entire Person, as a mystical Head, unto every soul that receiveth Him.'—Hooker, *Eccle. Polity*, Book V. ch. lxvii. § 7.

We quoted (p. 197.) the striking comment of Dr. Moberly, on the Pauline expression of a *spiritual body*. 'What a profound unfathomable depth! A body, without *where* or *when*.'

With these warnings at the beginning, the middle, and the end of our paper, it is difficult to conceive that any reader, not pre-determined to do so, could deduce from our pages the monstrous notion of two bodies of Christ. Of course, with Bishop Jeremy Taylor, we answer the query, 'Is it the body 'which was born of the Virgin Mary, and which suffered on the 'Cross?' with the reply, 'I know of no other.' And if we find that any readers besides hostile critics, have so grievously misunderstood us, despite all our endeavours to the contrary, we will gladly adopt Mr. G. H. Forbes' proposed amendment, and instead of speaking of 'the natural 'body and blood of Christ in heaven,' say, 'the body and 'blood of Christ naturally present in heaven,' as distinguished from the same solemn substances sacramentally present in the Holy Eucharist.

But the remaining points of difference between us and Mr. Forbes, on this head, really resolve themselves into this one question. Is our blessed Lord substantially present in the Holy Eucharist, or is He only virtually present?

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[1] We must not be understood, however, to condemn the opinion that it *descends*, as heretical; though it is certainly not *de Fide*.

Now, unless we are much mistaken, the Scottish Episcopate and Presbyterate would all but unanimously affirm, that Christ is virtually present in the sacrament of Holy Baptism. Indeed, we suppose there are few Churchmen, excepting partisans of the late Mr. Gorham, who would deny this position.

But if we may accept this as a point which is all but universally recognised and acknowledged, we would submit it to the earnest, thoughtful, and prayerful consideration of our readers, whether (remembering what words are and where they must be accounted for) they would dare to assert, with their Bibles open before them, that Holy Scripture gave no intimation of a nearer and more intimate presence of Christ our Lord in Holy Communion than in Baptism.

But if there be a difference, what is that difference, on the hypothesis that in both cases the presence is merely virtual?

And in the next place, after looking at their Bibles, we would have them take in hand their Prayer-books. Is consecration therein treated as a light matter? Consider that in Baptism a deacon is allowed to officiate. Nay, the great majority of Christians hold that, in cases of necessity, even lay baptism is valid. No theologians, not even the schoolmen, teach that benediction of the water in Baptism is more than a reverent practice.[1] It is not of the essence of that sacrament, but consecration is of the essence of the other sacrament; and where will be found a deacon or a layman who will take upon himself the performance of that rite? Hardly, we trust, within the pale of the Anglican communion, however rashly some few may have talked and written. But then how broad is the line of demarcation thus drawn by the Church between these two great means of grace.

If we understand Mr. G. H. Forbes aright, the faithful receive in the Holy Eucharist, under each species, one substance only at a time. This substance in each case (whether it be the consecrated bread or the consecrated wine) is a single substance, visible, material, local, circumscribed by space, although it has become the vehicle of a very high and holy thing.

But is there no other substance co-existent (not consubstantiated) with this visible one? We have an aid towards the solution of this question, which we did not possess when we last wrote. Through the kindness of an acquaintance we have been allowed to see a copy of a tractate by a living Scottish bishop, from which we extract the following declaration:—

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[1] Illa benedictio, quæ adhibetur aquæ, non est de necessitate baptismi: sed pertinet ad quandam solemnitatem.—(Summa Theol. tertia pars, Qu. LXVI. Art. 3, s. 5.)

'I would say with Gelasius, as quoted by Bishop Pearson, "the bread and wine pass into *a divine substance*—in divinam substantiam transeunt."

'I would say with the Homily concerning the Sacrament, part first, p. 399, "The meat we seek for in this supper is . . . . *a ghostly substance.*"

Now we need not stop to point out that *ghostly* is the same as *spiritual*, or to show with the aid of Sir W. Hamilton[1] the curious fact in philology, that the Greek ψυχή and πνεῦμα, the Latin *spiritus* and *anima*, the German *geist* and *seele*, the English *ghost* and *soul*, the Hebrew *nephesh* and *ruach*, and the Sanscrit *atmā*, are all derived from analogous roots, signifying *breath*, *wind*, *air*. But it really is important to observe, that as we cannot suppose that the outward part of the Sacrament is *a ghostly substance*, or a *divina substantia*, we know not to what these words can be applied, unless it be the inward part.

But then this is surely no other than the doctrine for which we contend, and which G. H. F. stigmatizes as so utterly unpatristic. Those who allow the co-existence with the *signum* of *a divine and ghostly substance* will hardly dispute the remaining positions to which G. H. F. objects, viz.: that this substance is immaterial and invisible.

As for Mr. Forbes' objection that to speak of it as *supra-local* is to invest this substance with the properties of the Godhead, we must simply again refer him to Dr. Moberly's comment on S. Paul's expression, *a spiritual body*. Let it, moreover, be carefully borne in mind, that *Sacramental pluripresence* is not *omnipresence*.

Mr. Forbes objects to Bishop Burnet's representation of the teaching of Gelasius and other anti-Eutychian Fathers. Now it is generally allowed that points whereon men of different sentiments agree are thereby strengthened, and it is certainly curious that a Gallican archbishop, the well-known Peter de Marca, should assign to the teaching of Gelasius the same construction which we placed upon it, and which Burnet appears to have done likewise. 'It follows,' says de Marca, 'that it is rightly observed by Gelasius, that the Sacrament of 'the body and blood of Christ is a divine thing, because the 'bread and wine pass by the agency of the Holy Spirit, into a 'divine substance, namely, into the Spiritual body of Christ; 'but that, on the other hand, the substance of the bread and 'the wine did not cease to exist, but remain with the property 'of their own nature.'[2]

[1] Lectures on Metaphysics, Vol. I. pp. 134-5.

[2] 'Unde consequitur recte observatum à Gelasio, Sacramenta corporis et sanguinis Christi divinam rem esse, quia panis et vinum in divinam transeunt

(3.) We now come to the interpretation of certain verses in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of S. John; a topic which gives opportunity to our critic to charge us with a 'Profane intro-'duction of the name of the All-holy One,' and an approximation to the sin of taking 'God's name *in vain*, by saying He has revealed what He has not said.'

The fairest way of bringing these very serious accusations to an issue will be to place side by side the Authorised Version and the Revised Translation by Five Clergymen, which Mr. Forbes (not unreasonably) prefers.

Gospel of S. John, Chap. VI. *Authorised Version.*	Gospel of S. John, Chap. VI. *Version revised by Five Clergymen.*
33. For the bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven.	33. For the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven.
51. I am the living bread which came down from heaven ... and the bread that I will give is My flesh.	51. I am the living bread which came down from heaven ... yea, and the bread that I will give is My flesh.
56. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, dwelleth in Me and I in him.	56. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me and I in him.
57. ... he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.	57. ... he that eateth Me, even he shall live by reason of Me.

Now, that the Version of the Five Clergymen is the more scholarly and exact, we readily admit: *that it involves a different doctrine, we do utterly and emphatically deny.*

Let us examine the 33d verse: it is the only one in which the divergence is of any real importance, as regards the present question. We can have no possible objection to the more exact rendering, 'the bread of God is *that* which cometh down from heaven,' provided it be distinctly understood, that the word *that* does not signify *that thing*, but *that bread*, as in the original Greek it evidently does. But the further inquiry still remains, —What *is* the living bread? Is it a person or a thing, of which our blessed Lord is speaking? And it is surely neither profane nor irrational to see a reply in the words which follow in verses 35 and 51, Ἐγὼ εἰμι ὁ ἄρτος τῆς ζωῆς .... Ἐγὼ εἰμι ὁ ἄρτος ὁ ζῶν ὁ ἐκ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καταβάς. 'I (emphatically) am the bread 'of life. I (again emphatically) am the living bread which came 'down from heaven.'

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substantiam, S. Spiritû perficiente, nempe in corpus Christi spiritale; sed ex aliâ parte non desinere substantiam et naturam panis et vini, sed ea permanere in suæ proprietate naturæ.'—Cited by Dr. Routh, Script. Eccles. Opusc. tom. ii. p. 142.

It is remarkable, that just before the passage usually quoted (by Pearson and others), Gelasius says: '*Cum utique nulla res sit, quæ non propriam possit habere substantiam .... sublatâ substantiâ, pariter res quælibet illa tollitur.*'—(Routh, *ubi supra*). Now does not this principle apply to the *res sacramenti*, as well as to other *res*? If not, let it be shown why.

Nor let our readers imagine that such an interpretation is one which is improvised for the occasion. The author of a 'Plain Commentary on the Gospels,' published in 1855, while adopting, in verse 33, the correction *that* for *He*, immediately adds, (the italics are his,) 'Our Lord does not, apparently, explain that He is speaking of *a Person* until verse 35.' And there is surely something truly similar in tone in the following very ancient words, quoted by Dr. Pusey from a work commonly assigned to S. Athanasius:—'The Divine Word owneth the spiritual Food. 'The Word Himself saith that He is bread. "I am the bread 'of life Who came down from heaven." He saith also, "He 'that eateth my Flesh hath life in himself." Eating Him, then, 'we burst forth into a hymn.'

Or these, again, from Julius Firmicus, a learned Christian apologist of the fourth century:—'But to say more plainly 'what is that Bread, whereby the destructiveness of miserable 'death is overcome, the Lord Himself, with His holy and 'venerable mouth hath shown, lest through diverse handlings 'the hopes of men should be deceived by wrong interpretations. 'For He saith in the Gospel of S. John: "I am the Bread of 'Life: he that cometh to Me shall not hunger: and he that 'believeth on Me shall never thirst." . . . . . And again Himself, '*that He might deliver the substance of His majesty to believers*, 'says: "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink 'His Blood, ye have no life in you."'[1]

The reviewer, on the first appearance of the revised Version above quoted, made a careful comparison of both translations (the Authorised and the new one) with the original text. Having satisfied himself that in this part, at least, the Authorised Version was substantially correct, in so far that it did not convey to ordinary English readers any false idea, he quoted it with confidence, as a faithful rendering on the whole, and prefaced his entire quotation with the words (p. 171):—'Now 'God Himself, in the person of the Eternal Son, has vouch-'safed to make the following revelation.' Then followed the verses above quoted.

We can see nothing in such a heading to repent or to be ashamed of. If Mr. G. H. Forbes thinks it right to repeat the insinuation that such language as the above verges on the breach of the Third Commandment, he may be assured that we shall make no further reply. We shall be content to leave such charges to the consideration of all impartial and calmly-judging men, whether they agree with us or not on other points.

[1] Cited by Dr. Pusey. Doctrine of Real Presence (pp. 378 and 384).

But Mr. Forbes proceeds to argue that the passage quoted from S. John does not relate to the Holy Eucharist at all,—or, at least, that the words italicised in our late review (the personal pronouns), do not relate to it. We shall not stop to discuss this question with him, for it is not one of the topics originally at issue between us and the Bishop of S. Andrew's. Bishop Wordsworth has not uttered this denial. Without any desire to underrate the depth and thoughtfulness of many of the remarks on our *Lord's Discourse at Capernaum* in the *Panoply*, its assignation of the respective portions of that discourse is at any rate peculiar. Without now entering into reasons, we may briefly state our concurrence with the author of the 'Plain Commentary,' that 'verse 51 to verse 58 is a building of the 'doctrine of the Holy Eucharist on the doctrine of the 'Incarnation.'

We now come to a topic to which we must request the very special attention of our readers. Mr. Forbes speaks of our comment on this passage from S. John, and gives an extract, headed with the words, 'I quote the most important sentences.' Now the natural inference from such a remark would surely be that these sentences were consecutive ones; unless, indeed (which is not the case), the presence of intervening asterisks, or the like marks, acted as a warning to the reader. Much as we regret such self-repetition, we see no way of doing justice to the matter but by setting before the reader the following parallel.

To aid the eye in its recognition of the sentences eliminated by Mr. Forbes as being of minor importance, we now place these sentences in brackets and italics. In other respects they are unchanged.

The Christian Remembrancer. (Vol. xxxvii. pp. 171-2.) *As originally published.*	The Christian Remembrancer. (Vol. xxxvii. pp. 171-2.) *As quoted by G. H. F.*
'We assert the plain teaching of these words to be, that the reception of the body of Christ involves the reception of the person of Christ.	'We assert the plain teaching of these words to be, that the reception of the body of Christ involves the reception of the person of Christ.
We ask those who differ from us to produce one single passage of Holy Scripture which speaks of the presence of the natural body of Christ (in earth or heaven), or the body of Christ sacramentally present in the Eucharist, in such wise as to exclude the presence of the person of Christ.	We ask those who differ from us to produce one single passage of Holy Scripture which speaks of the presence of the natural body of Christ (in earth or heaven), or the body of Christ sacramentally present in the Eucharist, in such wise as to exclude the presence of the person of Christ.
We ask them to produce one such passage from the entire range of writings bequeathed to us by the ancient fathers.	We ask them to produce one such passage from the entire range of writings bequeathed to us by the ancient Fathers.
[*We ask them to produce one such*	

passage from the writings of any bishop of Christ's Church, except the present Bishop of S. Andrew's, or the bishops who signed the Pastoral of 1858.

We ask them to produce one such passage from the works of any divine of authority, Anglican, Greek, Roman, or Lutheran, prior to the year 1856.

But this, it will be said, is all negative evidence. Now no one, when it makes for him, can lay greater stress upon negative evidence than Bishop Wordsworth; but we by no means wish to confine ourselves to it. Our only difficulty is to compress into brief compass the mass of positive testimony in our favour.]

It is equally good theology to say, "His sacred body hung in death upon the cross;" or, "*He* hung in death upon the cross:" to say, "His body was buried;" or (Article 3d), "Christ was buried." There is no clashing, no opposition, though there is, we admit, a distinction.

It is equally good theology to say, "His body hung in death upon the cross," or, "He hung in death upon the cross;" to say, "His body was buried," or, "Christ was buried." There is no *clashing*, though there is, we admit, a distinction.

The distinction is this. The personality of Christ our Lord resides in his Godhead; and the Godhead, being impassible, could not die. But as it remained alike with his body and soul, God the Son did die for man, and was buried, in the body; while God the Son, in the Spirit, went into Hades. [*This is the language of Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church.*

Turn we to Hebrews x. 5—7. "*When He cometh into the world He saith, Sacrifice and offering Thou wouldest not, but a body hast Thou prepared Me: .... then said I, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God.*"] We therefore speak with equal propriety of the oblation of Christ's body once offered, as the fathers constantly do, or, in the language of the English and Scotch Communion Offices, of "His .... oblation of *Himself* once offered." Again there is no clashing, no contradiction; both phrases are equally scriptural, [*both employed in this very epistle. In the* 10*th chapter, at verse* 10, *we read of "the offering of the body of Jesus Christ," while, in the chapter immediately preceding* (*verse* 14), *it is "Christ who ... offered Himself."*]

The distinction is this: The personality of Christ our Lord resides in His Godhead; and the Godhead, being impassible, could not die. But as it remained alike with His body and soul, God the Son did die for man and was buried in the body; while God the Son, in the Spirit, went into Hades. We therefore speak with equal propriety of the oblation of Christ's Body once offered, as the Fathers constantly do, or, in the language of the English and Scotch Communion Offices, of "His oblation of *Himself* once offered." Again, there is no *clashing;* both phrases are equally Scriptural.

And so, precisely in like manner of His body, sacramentally present. Just as though, *primarily*, Christ (through the Eternal Spirit) offered his body upon the cross, and yet, *as a consequence*, offered Himself, for that his

And so, *precisely* in *like* manner of His body, sacramentally present. Just as though, primarily, Christ (through the Eternal Spirit) offered His Body upon the Cross, and yet, *as a consequence*, offered Himself, for that His

Godhead, wherein resides his personality, never left that body: so, too, by consecration, is *primarily* wrought, through the agency of the same Holy Spirit, the presence of the body and blood of Christ, and then, *as a consequence*, the presence of whole Christ, in his sacred and indivisible personality, as God and man. There is no clashing, no contradiction. We challenge any one to show that this teaching has ever been authoritatively condemned before A.D. 1858.

But how does Bishop Wordsworth explain these passages of S. John? They are to be interpreted (p. 33) "according to that most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for the whole." (!) Has any other bishop of Christ's Church, whose name is of the slightest weight as an authority, been known to reduce our Lord's solemn words to "a form of speech"? And from what species of error are we safe, if this principle be once admitted? Zuinglius may say, "This is my body," is "a form of speech." Apollinaris might have urged that "Now is my *soul* troubled" was "a form of speech;" —and why not even Socinus, that "My Lord and my God" is to be interpreted in like manner?

Godhead, wherein resides His personality, never left that Body; so, too, by consecration, is *primarily* wrought, through the agency of the same Holy Spirit, the presence of the Body and Blood of Christ, and thus, *as a consequence*, the presence of *whole* Christ in His sacred and indivisible personality, as God and man. There is no *clashing*. We challenge any one to show that this teaching has ever been authoritatively condemned before A.D. 1858.

But how does Bishop Wordsworth explain these passages of S. John? They are to be interpreted "according to that most ordinary form of speech, whereby a part is taken for the whole." Has any other Bishop of Christ's Church, whose name is of the slightest weight as an authority, been known to reduce our Lord's solemn words to a "form of speech?" And from what species of error are we safe, if this principle be once admitted? Zuinglius may say, "This is my body," "is a form of speech." Apollinaris might have urged that "Now is my soul troubled," was a "form of speech;" and why not even Socinus, that "My Lord and my God," is to be interpreted in like manner."

Now we will not so much as pause for an instant to inquire, in what way such a *censor morum* as G. H. F. reconciles this mode of quotation with strict and scrupulous equity. We can imagine many excuses; let the question of fairness, then, be put in abeyance.

But the real points at issue lie deeper than this. Mr. Forbes speaks in his letter of 'the challenge of the reviewer.' He is quite justified in so doing; there is no denying that we did issue a challenge, and we must now ask;—how has it been met?

The challenge, though four-fold in form, was in strictness of a three-fold character.[1] The reader who takes the trouble to cast his eye over the above extract will see that we asked for counter-passages from fathers, for counter-passages from post-Reformation divines (prior to 1856), and above all, as being of primary and paramount importance, for counter-passages from Holy Scripture.

On the patristic portion of the question we have been fairly met: mistakenly, as we think and trust to show, but still fairly and openly.

Of authoritative condemnation of such teaching, G. H. F., with

[1] It may, however, be considered four-fold if we take into account the challenge *to opponents* to show any similar condemnation by authority.

the whole range of Church history open before him, does not supply us with a single previous instance.

From post-Reformation authorities G. H. F. does not quote a single letter. He does not even refer to, or hint at, or allude to, any such thing.

From Holy Scripture G. H. F. does not quote a single letter. He does not even refer to, or hint at, or allude to, any such thing.

And yet Mr. Forbes is reported, we believe with perfect truth, to be among the first (perhaps to be *the* very first) in point of learning of the Scottish Presbyterate. Our readers will draw their own conclusions from a silence so truly significant.

It will be observed, however, that we, on our side, did quote the language of Holy Scripture. We gave one passage from the Septuagint version of Psalm xl. 6, 7, a version stamped in this instance, as in so many others, with the sanction of an inspired penman in the New Testament (Hebrews x. 5, 7). From the same remarkable epistle we cited part of x. 10, and ix. 14.

What is G. H. F.'s comment and reply? *His comment and reply is, that without a sign or hint to his readers, he quietly eliminates in his quotation the texts of Holy Writ, as not being apparently) among 'the most important sentences.'*

Is this quite just to the many laymen in North Britain who read the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, but who seldom or never, as we are credibly informed, see the *Christian Remembrancer* or any reprints from its pages? We are all of us but too much in danger, in these controversies, of seeking for victory rather than for truth. Earnestly do we desire for opponents, as well as for ourselves, that what is written may henceforth be free, not only from this actual fault, but even from its very semblance.

(4.) The approach to the patristic question is barred by two minor points, on which G. H. F. first touches; namely, our apparent ignorance and apparent irreverence. Let each, in its order, be stated in the very words of our assailant. To the above strangely mangled extract G. H. F. appends the following comment:

'I have made this long extract because it is very evident that the writer lays great stress upon this argument. I will frankly say, that it appears to me to have been penned by one who has not made dogmatic theology his study, but has tried to "get it up" for the occasion; and that, like the results of most such attempts, it is neither very correct nor very profound.'

In our last number we gave Mr. Forbes due praise for frankness, and he does not seem likely to discredit our eulogy. We are not particularly anxious to remove from his mind the impression so frankly avowed: especially since we understand that it is an impression very commonly produced upon him by the

perusal of any article or pamphlet which is not conformed to his own opinions. But with the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer* the case is far different. They have a right to know whether the editor entrusts these delicate and difficult questions to writers who are previously unacquainted with the very first principles of dogmatic theology, and try 'to get it up' for the occasion.

It is true that knowledge and ignorance are but relative. The reviewer is sadly conscious of ignorance. He may be very unfit to be a contributor to any periodical under the control of the editor of the *Panoply*, and there is very much (in all seriousness, and in no spirit of mock modesty is it said) in which he would most gladly learn from that editor's stores of thought and learning. But he feels compelled to study in a free spirit the pages of an author so defiant. A writer who accuses Dr. Pusey of distorting the fathers; Mr. Keble of a Sabellian expression; Mr. Cheyne of *getting up* the Liturgies for the occasion of his trial; the author of a 'Modest Reply to Mr. Shaw,' of having nothing modest excepting in his title; a Scottish bishop of worse than Arian profaneness of language;[1] and our insignificant selves of extemporizing studies to which we have given up many years, must be read, and ought to be read, with very considerable watchfulness and circumspection. *Cautè legendum* should, in such a case, be constantly impressed upon the mental eye.[2]

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[1] Every one of these expressions, or at least expressions tantamount to them, have occurred in the *Panoply* within the last two years.

[2] The point at issue between Mr. Keble and the *Panoplist* is so important as to call for special remark. Mr. Keble had said (Euchar. Adoration, p. 56.) 'the true, real, primary object of worship must of course be some person, and that *person* the Most High God.' Upon which the *Panoplist* (June, 1858, p. 274) observes. 'We entirely object to the word which we have italicised, which is simply Sabellian. It is of course an oversight, &c.'

We believe that the oversight is entirely on Mr. Forbes's side. If we are right it is a very serious error: an error which vitiates whole trains of thought in the *Panoply*, and which if detected by G. H. F. in another writer, would be immediately declared to be the work of one who had 'not made dogmatic theology his study, but had tried to get it up for the occasion.'

If Mr. Keble's expression *be* Sabellian, we invite our brother students of dogmatic theology (for we really have studied it, if they will but believe us) to consider the propriety of the following expressions. 'S. Mary is the mother of a person, and that *person* the Most High God.' (The solemn anathema of the Council of Ephesus may make us pause before we call this language Sabellian. 'If any man confesseth not that Emmanuel is truly God, and consequently the Holy Virgin the God-bearer, for she bore after the flesh the Incarnate Word from God, let him be anathama.' Εἴ τις οὐχ ὁμολογεῖ Θεὸν εἶναι κατ' ἀλήθειαν τὸν Ἐμμανουὴλ, καὶ διὰ τοῦτο θεοτόκον τὴν ἁγίαν παρθένον· γεγέννηκε γὰρ σαρκικῶς σάρκα γεγονότα τὸν ἐκ Θεοῦ λόγον· ἀνάθεμα ἔστω. Canon I. S. Cyr. Alex. ad Nest. Synod. Epist.) 'The proto-martyr died, calling on a person, and that *person* the Most High God.' (Acts vii. 59.) 'The church of God has been purchased by the blood of a person, and that *person* the Most High God.' (See Acts xx. 28, if, as is most probable, the common reading is the true one.) [Now

(5.) Besides the charge, adduced in the clause which we italicise in the following paragraph, there is, we presume, an implied accusation of irreverence.

'I ought also to mention, that in copying it I have taken the liberty of always marking with capital letters the pronouns which refer to the Most High. This was a practice introduced in the early stages of the Oxford Movement, as an indication of the deep reverence due to God. It has scarcely been adopted at all by the Romanists, who pay such worship to the saints, and especially the Blessed Virgin, as practically to obliterate the difference between the Creator and the creature. And it is a significant indication of *the divergence of this new school from the old Tractarian teaching*, that the reviewer seems to employ small letters as often as capitals when speaking of the Almighty.'

Let us first say a word upon the facts of the case. The reviewer has taken the greatest pains to mark with capitals the personal pronouns, *He, Himself*, whenever they refer to the Most High; *nor is there, we believe, a single instance throughout the* 47 *pages of his critique in which he has failed to do so.* He has certainly been less careful with the possessive pronouns. This has probably arisen originally from a fear of laying too much stress on these (comparatively) subordinate pronouns in those numerous passages of the New Testament where they are implied only, and not expressed in the original. (The five clergymen, among whom are men of the most reverential frame of mind, as Dr. Barrow, Dr. Moberly, and Mr. Ellicott, decided, with some hesitation, against the use of capitals in their version of S. John,) Mr. Forbes' plan is probably the better: but we think that foot-note might have sufficed him on this point, and that it might also have been more charitably worded.

As for our assumed 'divergence from the old Tractarian teaching,' we can only say that we are quite unconscious of it.

We did indeed once hear a clergyman say that he hardly looked upon Dr. Pusey as a 'Puseyite;' but we, nevertheless, supposed that the revered professor was popularly regarded as something of the kind, and as one of the authors of the 'old Tractarian teaching.' Now amongst the many *lacunæ* in the writer's cycle of knowledge, when he last wrote in this Review, must be reckoned his ignorance of Dr. Pusey's large volume on the *Doctrine of the Real Presence*, with which he had only the most cursory and limited acquaintance. And yet the remarks

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Now unless these expression are all Sabellian, the Panoplist's objection to that of Mr. Keble is fatally unsound and dangerous, and at variance with the very first principles of dogmatic theology. How far it is on the road to Nestorianism, let others judge. Of course, objecting to Mr. Keble's expression, he objects to the subsequent reasoning, founded upon it: and *the very same error* has led him (*Panoply*, July, 1858, p. 297) to accuse a Scotch Bishop of worse than Arian profanity of language.

of the learned doctor (whom not even G. H. F. will accuse of having got up his theology for the occasion) upon the terms *signs* and *antitypes*, and on the word *become*, do exhibit (we are thankful to find, though we had never studied those portions of the book), a most remarkable coincidence and agreement with the results at which we had arrived by independent thought and study.

(6.) We are now approaching the one point on which our challenge has been met; namely, that of passages from the Fathers. And here for one moment let us take breath, and refresh ourselves with the thought of something at least in common between our assailant and ourselves. We both happily agree in repudiating that miserable and uncatholic principle which was laid down in the Synod of Aberdeen, of confining the parties to post-Reformation formularies, and divines; a principle which in itself was enough to justify Mr. Cheyne in refusing to plead before the Court in which it was affirmed. In the last October Number of this Review we followed in the wake of Mr. Keble and Mr. Cheyne in protesting against this monstrous restriction. And amidst many losses and discouragements, yet, step by step, is something continually gained. For who is there now in Scotland who will venture to come forward and defend this rule? Not the Upper Court, which at once and without hesitation ignored it; not the learned defender of that Court's decision, Mr. G. H. Forbes; not even the apologist for the proceedings of that remarkable synod at Aberdeen, the Rev. Mr. Walker of Monymusk, who does not, in his recent pamphlet, attempt to say one word in its defence. For the sake of all the churches of the Anglican Communion, may it henceforth rest in peace, and never be woke to life again!

Mr. Forbes, after totally ignoring, as we have seen, the passages quoted by us from Holy Scripture, says that we have brought forward no arguments to prove our position (texts of Scripture and the language of the English Prayer-book[1] not apparently being considered arguments), except the patristic passages quoted from Mr. Keble's *Considerations*. These passages, he admits, prove 'that it is lawful to say that Christ is offered and 'received in the Holy Eucharist;' 'a phraseology,' he adds, 'which is admitted on all hands.'

We submit, in passing, that the passages in question, taken collectively, either prove nothing whatever, or else prove a great deal more than Mr. Forbes is willing to admit. Such

[1] 'God hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, not only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy sacrament.' Twice referred to in our late article, but always ignored by the Bishop of S. Andrew's and G. H. F.

words as that of S. Ambrose: 'Where His Body is, there is Christ,' surely make decisively for the position which we are attempting to prove. And here we must again express a wish that Mr. Forbes would take the trouble when he quotes our statements to give them as we wrote them. It can hardly be expected that ordinary readers will be at the pains to look back, or indeed perceive that this is a condensed quotation, and the impression made upon the mind by the two following statements is assuredly by no means identical:—

Proposition as stated by us.

'By consecration is *primarily* wrought, through the agency of the same Holy Spirit, the presence of the body and blood of Christ, and then, *as a consequence*, the presence of whole Christ, in His sacred and indivisible personality, as God and Man.'

Proposition as quoted by G. H. F.

'By consecration is wrought the presence of the whole Christ, in His sacred and undivided personality, as God and Man.'

In fact, our position is that the presence of Christ's person in the Holy Eucharist is *not* wrought *directly* by consecration, but only *indirectly*, as an ulterior consequence. Now no one would gather this from a re-quotation, in which words and clauses are arbitrarily omitted, without the slightest sign of such omission.

To return to these passages from the Fathers. How does G. H. F. attempt to get over the very remarkable admission which he makes respecting the lawfulness of saying that 'Christ is offered and received in the Holy Eucharist'?

To our great regret he attempts to employ the same mode of escape, which the Bishop of S. Andrew's tried to employ when pressed with the language of S. John iv. 57 ('He that eateth Me,' &c.) The language of the Fathers is 'a form of speech,' the particular 'form' meant, being the figure known by classical scholars as *synecdoche*.

We *may* apply this figure, says G. H. F., to the passages of the Fathers, because we *must* apply the same, or a similar 'form of speech' to the Creed itself. *Where* we *must* apply it to the Creed is supposed to be shown by the very instances adduced by the Reviewer:—

'He reminds us that we may say, "Christ was buried;" "God the Son went into Hades;" and I ask, do these phrases really mean that there was a "presence of *whole* Christ in His sacred and indivisible personality, as God and *Man*," both in the sepulchre and in Hades? *Was His Soul in the grave? Was His Body among the spirits in prison?*'

The last two questions, which we have italicised, were answered by anticipation in the following paragraph from our late article. (We must again very sincerely apologise for such

constant repetition of our own words, but it becomes really, under present circumstances, all but unavoidable.)

'The personality of Christ our Lord resides in His Godhead; and the Godhead, being impassible, could not die. But as it remained alike with His body and soul, God the Son did die for man, and was buried, in the body; while God the Son, in the Spirit, went into Hades. This is the language of Holy Scripture and the Catholic Church.'

But this language, says G. H. F., is a 'form of speech.' Most absolutely and entirely do we deny the truth of this assertion, which we believe to be as novel as it is dangerous. And very earnestly do we entreat even those who are most opposed to the general tenour of our views, to pause before they take their stand upon ground which, like the seemingly solid island in the Arabian tale, may start into an unlooked-for form of life beneath their feet, and begin to float away and carry them, they know not whither. Let them at least listen here to what we venture to urge upon their consideration, even if they turn a deaf ear to all besides.

When, in the pages of Holy Scripture, or of the Catholic Creeds, or of the great Doctors of the Church, we read of Christ, we always understand, without exception, that we are reading of the person of God the Son. And further, we understand that we are reading of Him, as perfect God and perfect Man, having two whole natures conjoined in one person; *unless* (as in the case of His presence in Hades and in the Sepulchre) *the absence of any portion of His perfect Manhood be distinctly specified.* But even then the All-hallowed Name is subject to no 'form of speech.' It is not a 'form of speech' to say, 'Christ lay in the grave;' for God the Son was really, truly, literally there, in that the Godhead, wherein (as Mr. Forbes admits) His personality resides, never left His sacred body. It is no 'form of speech' to say 'Christ was present in Hades;' He was really, truly, literally there, forasmuch as the Godhead never left His severed Spirit. God the Son (mysterious it is, but true) was present at the same time in either place.

No! we *must not* apply a 'form of speech' to the Creed; and again we say, let us think well before we apply it to the language of Holy Scripture or of the ancient Fathers. The difference between the two cases will easily be seen. To say that Christ was present in Hades or the tomb, is not a 'form of speech,' because in each place God the Son was present; to say that 'Christ is offered and received in the Holy Eucharist,' is, on G. H. F.'s principles, a 'form of speech;' because according to him God the Son is not really present.

We must observe, in passing, how very singular on these

principles is the interpretation applied to the language of the English Prayer-book. 'It is our duty to render most humble 'and hearty thanks to Almighty God our heavenly Father, for 'that He hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, not 'only to die for us, but also to be our spiritual food and 'sustenance in that holy Sacrament.'

The Bishop of S. Andrew's seems to us to have momentarily overlooked these words in the English Prayer-book, when he uttered (Opinion, p. 33) the sweeping assertion that 'our Church does not presume to say, *nor does she anywhere* '*afford the least ground for the assertion on the part of others*, 'that whole Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Eucharist;' and G. H. F. must, we imagine, have equally forgotten these words of Bishop Wordsworth, when he averred that 'the 'Fathers use this phraseology, *which is admitted on all hands.*' How strangely forced, though, is the interpretation thus placed upon the Church's words. In one and the same breath, she is supposed (on G. H. F.'s principles) to teach her children to thank God because Christ died for us (really and literally), and because He is our spiritual food after 'a form of speech.'

But to proceed. Mr. Forbes is conscious, that, even if his argument from the Creed were sound (instead of being, as we believe, most hollow and perilous, involving, at the very least, in his own words, *a great risk*), he would only have advanced his cause a single step.

'But this is not enough. *May* is not *must*. Do the Fathers supply no evidence to enable us to go further than mere permission, and to answer the challenge of the reviewer "to produce one such passage from the entire range of writings of the ancient Fathers?"

'If your readers will turn to some of my recent papers in the *Panoply*, or, better still, to Johnson's *Unbloody Sacrifice*, they will find not merely one, but many such passages.

'I must not occupy your space by quoting them over again; but with regard to the soul of Christ, I would refer to that very express one in which S. Gregory Nyssene says that the body of the victim was not fit for being eaten until it was slain; and with regard to the Godhead to that of Theodorite, where he asks—Of what the things consecrated are types—of His Godhead, or of His Body and Blood? answering unhesitatingly that it was the latter; and to the indignant denial of his rival, S. Cyril of Alexandria, that the Godhead was eaten.'

It would demand much more space than we can spare to discuss the meanings of passages quoted in *Johnson's* very considerable work, nor should we feel sure, after all, that we had lighted upon those intended by our critic. But in his allusion to the papers in the *Panoply*, he unconsciously does both himself and us something less than justice.

We are not in the habit, when we take part in controversy at

all, of reading one side only. Far as we are from being disciples of Mr. John Stuart Mill, we yet believe that he is at least partially right when he says in his new work on *Liberty* (p. 39):—'In the case of any person whose judgment is really 'deserving of confidence, how has it become so? Because he 'has kept his mind open to criticism of his opinions and 'conduct.' On this principle we read all the current Numbers of the *Panoply*, before ever we put forth our challenge; and we really hope (it is not saying much) that we perused Mr. Forbes' pages with more care and attention than he has thought it worth his while to bestow on ours.

There is, we fear, some real twist, so to speak, in the mind of one of us (let others judge on which side it lies), which prevents us from seeing things in the same way. We did *not* find in any Number of the *Panoply* one single patristic passage which, in our poor judgment, spoke of the body of Christ (naturally or sacramentally present) 'in such wise as to exclude 'the presence of the person of Christ.'

An illustration of our meaning in making this challenge was given in our last Number (note, p. 178). The point is so important, that it may bear repetition and expansion.

We, children of the Church, challenge Socinians to adduce passages from Holy Writ which assert the Humanity of our Redeemer in such wise as to exclude the co-existence of His Divinity. Now, it is no reply on the part of the Socinian, to adduce the numberless texts of Scripture which speak of our Lord as very and perfect Man; for this is a truth acknowledged by the Church as fully as it can possibly be by the mis-believer.

Without wishing for one moment to insinuate any offensive analogy, we must observe that it is a similarly inefficient reply to our challenge, to bring forward any passages from the writings of ancient Fathers which simply speak of the presence of our Lord's body and blood in the Holy Eucharist. Look again at the English Prayer-book. The Catechism teaches that 'the 'Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and re-'ceived by the faithful in the Lord's Supper;' while the notice for the celebration of the Holy Communion says, that God 'hath given His Son our Saviour Jesus Christ, to be our 'spiritual food and sustenance in that holy sacrament.' If the former of these statements does not in anywise clash with or exclude the latter, neither need similar statements be in the slightest degree inconsistent when found in different places of the Fathers.

Without the slightest consciousness of anything like subterfuge or special pleading, we avow our acceptance of the teaching of those ancient doctors to whom Mr. Forbes refers in the

above extract; but we are unable to perceive how such acceptance can militate against aught that we have advanced.

With S. Cyril of Alexandria, we would deny that the Godhead can suffer, or die, or be eaten; while yet we affirm, that He who is God, the Eternal Word, did condescend to suffer and to die, and does still condescend to become 'our spiritual food and sustenance in that holy sacrament.' In well-known words it is *carnem animæ non ventris*, that we seek.

With Theodoret, we would affirm unhesitatingly, that the things consecrated, the bread and wine, are *outwardly* types, not assuredly of the Godhead, but of the Body and Blood of Christ our Lord. The consecration, we repeat, makes them *primarily* no more than this; the presence of the person of our Lord God, the Saviour, being an ulterior consequence. With that marvellous fitness which pervades the whole typology of Scripture, the bread and wine may (we trust without irreverence) be regarded as peculiarly suited for their respective offices of sacred emblems of the all-holy Body and Blood; while we should expect to find the type of the Godhead something more etherical and permeating, as is witnessed, for example, by that oft-repeated similitude, which compares the Eternal to the first-wrought of creation, Light.

With S. Gregory of Nyssa, we would assert, that the body of the victim was not fit for being eaten until it was slain. Doubtless a profound mystery, how the spiritual presence of our living and glorified Lord can co-exist with the sacrificial character of the rite; but not one whit more mysterious, more difficult and profound (as has been pointed out again and again by our own divines, from Bishop Jeremy Taylor to Mr. Keble) than the vision of the Ritual in Heaven, as witnessed by the seer of Patmos. If that sublime and crowning service in the celestial courts (offered as it is by our great High Priest, 'who ever liveth') in some mystical manner exhibits 'a lamb standing as slain—*ἀρνίον ἑστηκὸς ὡς ἐσφαγμένον*' (Apoc. v. 6); why may not our lowlier liturgy admit of a similarly mysterious combination?

Mr. Forbes proceeds to assert with respect to S. Cyril:—

'But indeed it is quite unnecessary to quote particular passages from this last Father, so much dwelt upon by Dr. Pusey some years ago; for the whole tenor of his argument against Nestorius is quite irreconcileable with Mr. Cheyne's teaching. S. Cyril devotes page after page to show that, in consequence of the close personal union between the two natures in Christ, His body has acquired several of the powers of His Godhead, and therefore that His body *also* can give life. But if this new theology had then been held, how easily might Nestorius have turned round upon him, and said, "I fully admit the life-giving power of the Holy Eucharist, but that proves nothing as to the prerogatives of our Saviour's body. His Godhead is also

there; and no wonder that It effects all the blessed results which Christians agree in ascribing to this sacrament."'

Nestorius was not heretical or unsound on every article of the faith. He had begun his unhappy career by a display of the utmost energy and vehemence against heretics (certainly an awful warning to us all, no less than the fall of the stern Tertullian, against undue vehemence, even in defence of what we firmly hold for truth); and even his degree of error was surely short of proceeding to the extreme length of denying all prerogatives of the Saviour's Body gained from the Godhead, as even his false theory about the Baptism in Jordan might suggest. The exact limit between the powers of our Lord's sinless humanity and those acquired by the union of the two natures in Him, is one of the most difficult points in theology; one on which good and wise men may, in a measure, differ without heresy. But unless Mr. Cheyne, or any of his defenders, have denied what is implied throughout the whole of S. John's sixth chapter—namely, that Christ's Body is life-giving—we cannot allow that they are condemned by the reasoning of S. Cyril, or by the silence, on this head, of his heretical adversary.

We wish, indeed, that we had space and time to translate some of the noble passages of S. Cyril's Synodical Epistle to Nestorius, now lying open before us. Our own real difficulty is, as we have virtually shown in a previous note, to reconcile its teaching, not with that of Mr. Cheyne, but with that of Mr. G. H. Forbes in the *Panoply*. Strongly and justly as S. Cyril speaks of the Godhead rendering the Saviour's flesh life-giving (*ζωὴ γὰρ ὢν κατὰ φύσιν ὡς Θεὸς, ἐπειδὴ γέγονεν ἓν πρὸς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ σάρκα, ζωοποιὸν ἀπέφηνεν αὐτήν*), he yet takes especial care to remind us also, in the very last words of those Ephesine Canons appended to his letter, that Christ is, primarily, 'life and life-giving as God.' (*καθ' ὁ ζωή τέ ἐστι καὶ ζωοποιὸς ὡς Θεός.*)

(7.) The Reviewer's evasion of the argument from the early Liturgies:—

'I must call attention to the way in which he evades the argument from the early Liturgies. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these documents in their bearing on the present question. Mr. Cheyne felt this, and devoted no small part of his 'Reasons' to a consideration of their structure and of the evidence which they give as to the present controversy.'

Exactly so. Mr. Cheyne had undertaken this part of the task so fully, that we felt the less called upon to go into details which, as we informed our readers, might be purchased for the moderate sum of one shilling.[1] *Non omnia possumus omnes.* No

[1] Masters, London, &c.—We called it a *quarto*, which was, we believe, the original shape of the document: it is now issued in octavo.

reviewers can, in a single article, so much as attempt to handle every aspect of so vast a subject. Moreover, the writer was sensible that on this part of the question he was less versed, and had still very much to learn.

But this consciousness, it may be said, is a bar to the formation of an *opinion* at all. It would not be wise for the defenders of the recent decision, to press such a sentiment as this. The virtual author of the final judgment candidly (as we hear) avows respecting the ancient Liturgies:—'I do not profess myself to have devoted to them any very deep or extensive study.'

It is true, that common report, supported by very strong internal evidence, represents the author of the 'Opinion' as trusting much to the aid of Mr. Forbes himself. But, then, we must respectfully plead our equal right of taking counsel with other living students of the Liturgies. Mr. Forbes will not for a moment claim to be the only teacher in this department of theology. Our readers have doubtless heard the names of Mr. Palmer, Mr. Neale, Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Bright. Now, these gentlemen are independent students and thinkers, by no means bound to the support of each other's conclusions. But on one point they are certainly all agreed, and that is, *that the ancient Liturgies cannot possibly be made to bear that construction which is placed upon them by the Reverend G. H. Forbes.*

On the other hand, how many *independent* students of the Liturgies can be named, who are prepared to assert that these invaluable documents teach the theory of equivalence? We really, for our part, know of one only, and that one is Mr. Forbes himself.

8. On the question of the Sacrifice, our assailant seems to us to be somewhat unduly exacting. The view of its nature is mainly a corollary from the view taken of the nature of the Presence. While we disagree on the one, we must also (unhappily) disagree upon the other. We gave our readers a lengthy and striking extract from Bishop Taylor's 'Life of Christ.' Mr. Forbes is pleased entirely to ignore this passage from a famous divine, and demands, with extraordinary *naïveté*, what is the matter? It seems to be not of the slightest importance to his mind, that Mr. Cheyne should be deprived of the exercise of his priestly functions in the diocese of Aberdeen, for saying what Bishop Jeremy Taylor said without condemnation, or even censure. But there are others who are quite unable to sympathise with Mr. Forbes' feelings of thankfulness for this decision, and with whom it raises very serious misgivings as to the future inter-communion between the English and Scottish Episcopal Communions if this decision be universally carried out in all its bearings.

In Scotland, even, a protest against the theory of a virtual Presence seems in danger of being stigmatised as undutiful, rebellious, and not to be endured. Now, we do not know of any works which contain more vigorous protests against this theory, than Mr. Palmer's 'Treatise on the Church,' and Mr. Freeman's 'Principles of Divine Service.'[1] Are these respected writers, therefore, in any way proscribed? are they objects of episcopal censure in English dioceses? On the contrary, two prelates (one deceased, one happily still living) have, to their honour be it said, most deservedly rewarded both authors for their respective works, by the bestowal of posts of authority and trust.

We quoted, in our last Number, Mr. Freeman's summing up of the liturgical evidence as bearing on the point at issue. G. H. F. is pleased to call it—'a rhetorical passage from the sermons of an eminent living divine.' This is one of the numerous indications that Mr. Forbes has written *currente calamo*, as hastily, we suspect, as he has read our pages.

Our readers are probably aware, that we did not quote from the *sermons* of any divine, living or dead. We cited a grave treatise, written expressly on the points at issue; a treatise which Mr. Forbes himself is very glad to quote, whenever it makes in favour of his views. These, of course, are little slips of the pen, which we are all liable to make in turn, after detecting them in others.

'Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.'

They may be turned to good service if they teach us each to be lenient *in minimis*. We must observe, however, that we cannot allow Mr. Freeman's language to be *rhetorical*, in any bad sense of the word. It is vigorous and nervous, as his statements usually are; but it is based upon calm and careful arguments, though we were unable to find room for those arguments.

A few words more, and we shall part company with our critic and his animadversions. We do not follow him into the

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[1] We are quite aware that on one or more of the consequences drawn by Mr. Cheyne from the doctrine of the Real Presence, the learned authors referred to are at issue with his teaching and deem it to be erroneous; but this involves no acceptance on their part of the theory of a Virtual Presence and Real Absence (which is the point now mainly under consideration). The theory of the Panoplist (more or less countenanced in the 'Opinion' of Bp. Wordsworth) is entirely different from the teaching, not only of the *highest* school of the old English divines, but also from that of Hooker, whose teaching has received such widespread acceptance among the old school of English High-Churchmen. England would need to learn a new theology before she can accept the truly startling teaching of the latest No. of the *Panoply* (p. 371): 'THE THEORY OF SACRIFICE *FORBIDS US* TO ADOPT TRANSUBSTANTIATION, OR ANY OTHER VIEW OF THE REAL PRESENCE.'

question of what is received by the wicked in the Holy Eucharist; partly because, though a solemn and deep one, it is not one of the original points at issue between us and the Bishop of S. Andrew's (for we meant to confine our remarks throughout to the case of faithful recipients), and partly because we trust that, *practically*, there is on this head less difference between us and Mr. Forbes than might at the first sight appear.

But we may seem bound to afford a little more explanation upon the *vexata quæstio* of the Sacrifice; albeit, G. H. F.'s demands do not appear to be very reasonable. The view taken of the Sacrifice depends, as we have already said, upon the doctrine which is held touching the nature of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist. And we do, in all soberness, consider it *a very ghastly and distorted phantom* of the true doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, when we are told that its logical consequence (Opinion, p. 26) is, that our Blessed Lord must needs suffer again; just as we should consider it *a very ghastly and distorted phantom* of the patristic teaching concerning the Resurrection, and S. John's account of the entry through the closed doors, if we were told (as with precisely equal justice we might be told) that such a passage must have involved extreme suffering.

Moreover, we generally assume that the readers of the *Christian Remembrancer* do not wholly confine their studies to its pages. We thought that, at any rate in Scotland, they might know that the Bishop of Brechin, as well as the Bishop of S. Andrew's, had delivered an *Opinion* on the Aberdeen Appeal; nay, that those who took deep interest in the question might even go to the length of purchasing it, and thus be able to study it at their leisure. Amidst much else that is very valuable on this head, the Bishop of Brechin most justly speaks (p. 11) of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, as 'a Sacrifice of Christ 'distinct in the manner of offering from that on the cross,—dis-'tinct *both as not meriting any more, and as not accompanied by* '*suffering*;' and in the following page he adds,—'We might have 'rejoiced if Mr. Cheyne had brought out more prominently 'the distinction of the manner of offering as not meriting any 'more; in other words, that while the Sacrifice is continuous, 'the satisfaction, properly so called, is not so.'

Now, the above brief quotations may serve to indicate the points whereon the Bishop of S. Andrew's appears to us to have so utterly mistaken the real nature of the tenets he condemns. The passage of Bishop Jeremy Taylor might at least have saved him from the former mistake ('His body . . . is now broken again, and yet remains impassible"), or, more probably, from both mistakes. To imagine that the *satisfaction*

made on the cross was incomplete and is now continuous, *is 'a ghastly and distorted phantom'* of the true doctrine of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and would deserve the energy of denunciation with which the Bishop of S. Andrew's assailed it.

As for the question,—why did Mr. Cheyne not volunteer any explanations?—it is not for us to answer it. But, if G. H. F. really believes that the Court, in November,[1] held out hope to the appellant that it would be in a favourable mood to listen to explanations of any kind whatever in December, we assure him that persons quite as impartial as he can possibly be, and possessed of as adequate means of forming an opinion, have arrived at a very different conclusion.

We have done: and must again express our sincere regret at having been compelled to take the field against one, for whose character and learned labours we feel a most sincere respect. Readers unacquainted with his writings may be assured that this letter is no fair specimen of Mr. Forbes' powers. If another argumentative defence of the Scotch judgment (we say *argumentative*, for America sends, we fear, very little beyond declamation) is to appear, we cannot but express a hope that it may come from some more independent authority. The person, not upon the bench, nor concerned in the pleadings, who is probably most responsible for the Judgment, is Mr. G. H. Forbes himself. Now, whatever claim to respect may be justly made on behalf of persons whose advice has been sought beforehand, they cannot afterwards be regarded as independent witnesses to the value of a decision for which they pleaded, or which they advised.

Not, we trust, in a spirit of invidiousness, or from the miserable vanity of desiring a mere triumph of this Review over an assailant, but for the sake of the cause for which we plead, may we be permitted to remind our readers of the large portion of our late critique which has been left *entirely* unassailed.

The challenge on the witness of Holy Scripture and post-Reformation divines; the argument from the term *Image* as

[1] It must be borne in mind that the alternative presented to Mr. Cheyne in November was that of 'retractation,' a word which usually bears the sense of *stating the opposite*, and confessing grievous error. We find, from the Scottish journals, the offensive sense ascribed to that word, in reference to certain proceedings in the Highland Society, and the very different and more kindly sense affixed to the word 'withdraw.' The substitution of the former word for the latter gave rise to one of the largest meetings of the nobility and gentry ever of late years assembled in Edinburgh, and certainly one of the most stormy. The feelings of a Christian Presbyter are at least as keen as those of an agricultural *official*.

applied to our blessed Lord; the argument from Bishop Wordsworth's own teaching so lately as 1855; the refusal to answer the legitimate question of the appellant on the Sacrifice; the patristic doctrine (once, we believe, taught by Mr. G. H. Forbes himself) that Christ is the primary Offerer in the Holy Eucharist; the annihilation of all sacrificial teaching in England if the rule of silence be too closely pressed; the ignoring of the English Office in the reception of our Lord's entire person; the impossibility of believing that Bishop Andrewes employed in one sense words which he *knew* his opponent to be employing in another; the force of the Pauline expression, *a spiritual body*, with all that involves; the striking teaching of Bishop Jeremy Taylor; the absence of all distinctively Roman arguments; the vigorous language of Luther against Zuinglius; the Calvinistic tendency of the virtual theory; the assertion of the presence of our Lord being in the substance of His Godhead *only*; the novel historic theory about A.D. 662; the opinion of impartial bystanders on the legal part of the question; the incompatibility of the 'Opinion' with Hooker's manifesto on the points 'wherein all agree,'—these and other points (are they light and trivial ones?) are all left by Mr. G. H. Forbes for the labours of some fresh assailant.

We had intended to have offered some remarks upon the leading article of the February Number of the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, and the general posture of Church matters in Scotland. But we have nearly exhausted our own space, and but too probably the patience of our readers.

One point, however, demands at least a passing notice. *At the very time* when all who do not accept the 'Opinion' of the Bishop of S. Andrew's are characterised as undutiful malcontents, and held up to the severest reprobation,—when any expression of sympathy on their behalf from the southern bank of the Tweed is regarded as intrusive,—when to circulate a reprint from our pages, if it does not coincide with the 'Opinion' of the Bishop of the diocese, is regarded as an incitement to 'despise dominion,' we find our contemporary, the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, urging the claims of the Anglo-Continental Association;[1] and the latest and final number of the *Panoply* contains the following:—

[1] We are not sanguine enough to believe that there are many (if any) of the Continental Bishops who would sanction the circulation of the publications of that Society; and yet while acknowledging the catholicity of the Latin and Oriental Churches, and the authority of their Episcopate, such publications are circulated for the avowed purpose of opening the eyes of their people to the unsound teaching of their pastors, in order that they may, by personal protest, clear themselves from really or seemingly acquiescing in what they are assured is 'unscriptural and

'The earnest sympathy with which we look upon the struggles of the Gallican party abroad, makes us unwilling to close our own periodical without again recommending to our theological readers the Paris bi-monthly paper, the *Observateur Catholique*. It has of late been giving a most crushing exposure of the arguments and authorities (if they deserve the names) relied on in favour of the Immaculate Conception; and another series of articles upon Liturgies, which (if not satisfactorily answered) must lead to a considerably lower estimate than has lately been current, of the merits of Dom Gueranger.'

We shall leave it to our readers to point the moral.

One explanation we desire to offer in conclusion. We did not intend (as some have strangely imagined) the slightest personality by the use of the term *latrones* in the famous sentiment with which we concluded. We spoke of abstract truth, abstract false argumentation, abstract terrorism. The last-named is at this moment more rampant, perhaps, than ever in Scotland. For the moment, in a manner, it succeeds; but such influences cannot last for ever. We do not yet despair of seeing peace reign once more, without any abandonment of holy truth.

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unprimitive.' Has the majority of the Scottish Episcopate an *immunity* from even temporary deflection from ancient truth which five venerable patriarchal thrones are held more or less to have forfeited? Nor can it have passed from the memory of our readers how many of the Presbyters and laity of the Church of England entered a protest against the Gorham decision, which had received the entire sanction of two Metropolitans.

ART. VIII.—Η ΠΑΛΑΙΗ ΚΑΙ Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. *Vetus et Novum Testamentum Græce ex antiquissimo Codice Vaticano.* Edidit ANGELUS MAIUS, S.R.E. Cardinalis. Romæ: 1857.[1]

Remains of a very Ancient Recension of the Four Gospels in Syriac, hitherto unknown in Europe. Discovered, edited, and translated, by WILLIAM CURETON, D.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. London: 1858.

An exact transcript of the Codex Augiensis, a Græco-Latin Manuscript of S. Paul's Epistles, deposited in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge; to which is added a full Collection of Fifty Manuscripts, containing portions of the Greek New Testament, &c. With a Critical Introduction by the Rev. FREDERICK HENRY SCRIVENER, M.A. &c. Cambridge: 1859.

THE last twelve months have been a remarkable period in the history of New Testament criticism, from the publication of three most important documents bearing on the Sacred Text. The Vatican MS., the most ancient extant copy of any portion of the Scriptures, yet containing almost complete the whole of the Old and New Testaments, is an unrivalled monument of Christian antiquity; for it was written, as critics are fairly agreed, in the middle, at least, of the fourth century. It is a Bible of the time of S. Athanasius; it is earlier than the prime days of Basil, and the Gregories, and Chrysostom. It represents to us, to say the least, *a* text of the Holy Scriptures, such as was actually circulated in that age. The publication of the New Testament portion of the MS. has long been the great desideratum of critical students. It has been guarded in the Library of the Vatican with a jealous caution, which of late years has kept it from all but the most cursory inspection; and the scholar deemed himself happy who could discern what its reading was in some much disputed passage as he turned over its leaves. The fragments of the Syriac Gospels, published from the Nitrian MSS. in the Museum, are of almost equal antiquity, and 'of a recension hitherto unknown in Western Europe;' they present the text of a version actually extant in those days, full of curious characteristics; yet by its agreement with divers other ancient documents, sometimes with one,

[1] Though the edition bears 1857 on the title-page, it was not published till about this time last year.

sometimes with another, in instances where they stood almost alone, as well as by its own remarkable peculiarities, a most important witness to a possible condition of the Sacred Text in an early age. The Codex Augiensis is later by some centuries: but it is very valuable, both as to its Greek and Latin text, and the admirable manner in which it has been transcribed and edited by Mr. Scrivener, makes it a treasure to those who wish to see what a MS. of the New Testament is, with all its peculiarities of readings and orthography.

The publication of the two former texts has created an interest in the subject of textual criticism, such as we have never before witnessed; and we are persuaded that an actual examination of the facts bearing on the subject, will be a great advantage, by dissipating vague notions on the *importance* of the variations in text resulting from the examination of ancient documents, and by drawing with more and more assurance the line of distinction between the certain and the uncertain.

Let us never forget, however, the very subordinate position of this branch of sacred literature. It does but minister in a very humble degree to theology, whose proper work is the knowledge and contemplation of the truths themselves that were revealed by Christ and His Apostles, not a microscopic investigation of the documents containing them; for those truths really remain the same, with their evidence from Holy Scripture substantially unimpaired, even if the ancient readings which depart most widely from those to which we are accustomed were established. We need not fear, if we remember that these readings were certainly among those commonly received, when the greatest luminaries of the Christian Church unfolded and defended the most sacred doctrines of our faith. What the Fathers, Greek and Latin, from Athanasius to Augustin, read in their Gospels and Epistles, is what we should most wish to have in ours. And an investigation of the subject will bring us to the conviction that in those days there were variations of copies beyond anything we are familiar with; and that in many instances neither we nor they could affirm with any certainty which was the right reading. We proceed to speak of each of these works separately. We may by the way briefly point out some of the chief principles elicited by the consideration of them.

And first, of the publication of the Vatican MS. We are grateful for it. We owe too large a debt of gratitude to the eminent man through whom its publication was effected, to be forgetful of his services in our observations on it. No one probably ever did so much for the publication of works previously extant only in MSS., as Angelo Mai. From the publication of the lost work of Cicero, 'De Republica,' down to the close of

his life, he has sent out on an average almost a volume a year—from the MS. treasures of the Vatican and other libraries. To him we owe the lost writings of Theodore of Mopsuesta, very large portions of S. Cyril of Alexandria, S. Gregory Nyssen, and other innumerable writers, both classical and theological. But the very extent of these publications necessitated their being executed by others. He himself could do little more than exercise a general superintendence over them; and, accordingly, as has recently been noticed, in printing, apparently quite indiscriminately, every passage in a Catena which bore the name of Cyril, he has published as new, portions of works already well known, and many belonging to other writers and not to S. Cyril.

It is evident that he thus fell into a way of having his work executed roughly. And, in consequence, the clumsy manner in which this edition has been prepared, and the actual result of *errata*, which the published work presents, are beyond all precedent in the history of literature; while, to complete the whole, a preface is written by Vercellone, to whom the publication was committed after Mai's death, which details the whole secret history of the proceeding with a candour, simplicity, and honesty, that do the utmost credit to the straightforwardness of the writer, but which revelation is itself also without precedent.

For thirty years this work has been in hand. And what might have been done by *careful* transcription or preparation of a corrected copy, and a careful reading of the printed proofs with the original, by *competent* scholars, in a quarter of the time, has been thus delayed, owing, among other causes, to the necessity for having the work practically done over again. Perhaps there is not a more remarkable contrast than that which, in this respect, exists between the Roman editing and that of Mr. Scrivener, who states that his transcript of the *Codex Augiensis* had been compared with the original *six times* before it was submitted to the reader.

It seems that Mai had a copy of the Greek Bible (not corrected first by the MS., but) sent to the printer in its original state, and the readings of the MS. introduced as corrections in the proof sheets; a plan necessarily involving hurry in the collation, and delay in the printing. The sheets of the work were first struck off with the text as it stood in these corrected proofs. But, as might naturally be expected, what was thus printed was found replete with errors, and unfit for publication. For, among other confusions, there appeared that which arose from some of the alterations requiring to be made in the text, others inserted in the margin. Instead of the only satisfactory remedy, that of carefully collating *by the eye* the text thus printed and

the original, a person was employed to read the sheets aloud, while the Cardinal, having the Codex before him, corrected the text in his own copy. The consequence was that one hundred pages have had to be cancelled: some of the errata are inserted at the end of each volume: others are corrected by the pen (or by stamping the omitted letter from type, *adhibitis* χειροτύποις); of which corrections there is a list at the end of the first volume: and others, it is very evident, remain unnoticed.

It is an unfortunate result. Noble looking as the five quarto volumes are, which contain, four the Old, one the New Testament, on the thick paper and in the bold type of the Propaganda, we cannot but the more regret their lamentable inaccuracy. The very importance of the MS. makes it the more a subject of regret.

There can, we suppose, be no doubt that the publication of this precious document, (at least of the New Testament portion,) ought to have been in *fac-simile*, as our two great English MSS., the Alexandrian of the Museum, and the Codex Bezæ of Cambridge, were edited in the last century. May it not be hoped, that we shall only have to wait till photography can secure its productions from fading, to have that truest method of representation applied to this unequalled relic of antiquity? Then scholars may examine at their leisure, and with the appliance of the microscope, every place where there is a doubt of the reading, and the question, what is the writing of the original, what of the later hand, may be decided with all but certainty.

Happily, however, there do exist some means of testing the correctness of this edition; of ascertaining to some extent its errors, and of arriving at what is at least a tolerable amount of assurance, as to really *important* readings. These means exist in the collations which had previously been made of the MS. Of these the most valuable is that made by Mico for Dr. Bentley, the original of which is in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge; it was printed (with occasional inaccuracies, it is said,) by Ford, in the Appendix to Woide's edition of the Alexandrian MS., about sixty years ago. Another collation made by Birch, of all the New Testament, except S. Luke and S. John, was printed about the same time; a third, the earliest but least valuable, made a century before by Bartolocci, exists in MS. at Paris. It has been used by recent editors of the Greek Testament. There was also made for Bentley, by Rulotta, an examination of the corrections of the MS. to ascertain what was the original, what the later reading. These were found by Tischendorf in the library of Trinity College.

The results of these collations, as given by Lachmann, were embodied by Ph. Buttmann in a little edition of the New

Testament—Leipsic, 1856—which is a representation of the Text of the Vatican so far as it could be gathered from these collations (with the readings adopted by critical editors subjoined). The advantage we have from Mai's edition may be at once ascertained by comparing these two: *e.g.* Rom. v. 1, Buttmann has ἔχομεν; Mai, correctly, ἔχωμεν by the first hand, ἔχομεν by the second: Rom viii. 11, Buttmann, *διὰ τοῦ ἐνοικοῦντος αὐτοῦ πνεύματος*; Mai, correctly, *διὰ τὸ ἐνοικοῦν αὐτοῦ πνεῦμα*. We say, correctly, as both these places were looked at by Dr. Tregelles and the reading ascertained. We may add that in Acts xx. 28, *τοῦ Θεοῦ* was ascertained to be the true reading, by a tracing made in 1818; and after an exact inspection Dr. Tregelles found that $\overline{\Theta\nu}$ was the original writing: there was no trace of alteration. It had been said that $\overline{\kappa\nu}$ might have been altered to $\overline{\Theta\nu}$. See Tregelles' 'Account of the Printed Text of the New Testament,' pp. 156, 231. But all this shows the need of a fac-simile of the MS. being made.[1]

It is very much to be regretted that with these means accessible for ascertaining, with an approximation to certainty, the real reading of the MS., Mai's New Testament should have been simply reprinted,[2] without giving, at least in an Appendix, the variations between his representation of the text, and those of the collators; for though each collation be, as collations *almost necessarily* are, imperfect, their combined result, together with the consideration of the probability that Mai's work-people would have left uncorrected some of the readings of their printed text, would at least show us where there is a doubt as to the correct reading; and where the collators agree against Mai, we must hold them to be right. It is to be added that, in what we must be allowed *pace criticorum* to call *minor* points, Mai has

[1] At the end of Mai's edition is appended a tabular statement of the errors in Birch's collation (which in the Gospels of S. Luke and S. John is Bentley's); but even here there are mistakes; *e.g.* in Acts viii. 33, the word *αὐτοῦ* in the *Textus Receptus* occurs four times. Birch says that in the Vatican MS. the first *αὐτοῦ* is wanting. 'Dicit,' says Mai, 'omiss. *αὐτοῦ* i. loco:' and contradicts him by a simple 'Adest.' By no means. Mai himself has *αὐτοῦ* only three times: so that his own text confirms Birch's statement, that the first *αὐτοῦ of the Textus Receptus* is wanting; but carelessly looking only at his own text (not comparing it with the *Text. Recept.*), and seeing three *αὐτοῦ*'s in it, he rashly contradicts Birch, and says the first *αὐτοῦ* is in the MS. So, shortly after, Acts xvii. 19, speaking of Birch, he says, 'Dicit deesse *ἡ*,' and rejoins, 'Adest.' But Birch said, '*ἡ ante ὑπό*.' In the *Textus Receptus* *ἡ* occurs twice; the *ἡ* before *ὑπὸ* is omitted in Mai's own text, and that was the *ἡ* which Birch rightly said was wanting.

[2] We refer to the reprint of Mai's New Testament, printed by Teubner at Leipsic, and published with an English advertisement by Williams and Norgate, and Nutt. It appears to be very well executed. The Roman edition is reprinted page for page, the errata noted at the end of that edition being corrected. It would have been a great additional advantage if the preface of Vercellone had been prefixed.

probably been careless. We cannot rely with confidence on the orthography of words when that does not affect the sense; *e.g.* within a few verses in 1 John v. 18, Mai prints ἀλλὰ: Bentley's collations give ἀλλ'. In v. 15, Mai has ὃ ἂν, Bentley, ὃ ἐὰν: yet this variation was sometimes observed by Mai, as in Matt. xvi. 19, he prints ὃ ἐὰν, with this note in the margin: 'Ita cod. pro. ἄν.'

But though the work has been executed in this clumsy way, it is fair to say, 1st. That the result is much better than could have been expected; so that the actual examination of the volume produced an agreeable surprise after what we had been led to anticipate from the Preface, which was sent to England some months before the body of the work. A comparison with the collations shows that the *important* inaccuracies, when we correct the text by the margin, (of which we shall speak presently,) are *probably* few compared with what we might have anticipated. 2d. That there is no *mala fides* whatever, so far as we are able to judge. It is true that doubts have been expressed as to the trustworthiness of an edition of the New Testament prepared in Rome. But, in point of fact, the questions between Rome and the rest of Christendom do not turn on 'readings:' and in some of the instances in which the evidence of the most sacred doctrines of our common religion might seem to be affected by various readings, the Vulgate is much more in harmony with the recent results of critical investigation than our own text; *e.g.* the Vulgate reads in 1 Tim. iii. 16, '*That which* was manifested in the flesh;' not 'God was,' &c.

But though we honestly believe there is no *mala fides* in the editor's work, yet a course has been adopted which might at first sight look like it, and which is certainly calculated needlessly to confuse a reader. That is, the supplying not only the *lacunæ* of the MS., but words and passages found in the common received text and not in the MS., out of other MSS., or the *Textus Receptus;* and that *in the same type exactly as the part derived from the MS.*, without any indication that it is so supplied except in notes: *e.g.* as to *lacunæ*: The codex ends in the middle of the fourteenth verse of Heb. ix., and consequently the rest of that Epistle and the Epistles to Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and the Apocalypse are wanting (the Catholic Epistles, as in other most ancient MSS., coming before those of S. Paul): now all these are supplied in the present volume *as if* they were part of the ancient MS. And any one who did not know (or did not remember) this, would naturally suppose that the Pastoral Epistles in this volume were a part of *the* Vatican MS. He might indeed see the contrary if he looked at p. 440, where there is noted FINIS CODICIS VATICANI; or at p. 441,

where there is the note: '*sequentia omnia, usque ad Pauli* '*epistolarum finem, ex antiquo codice Vaticano* 1761. *sumimus, qui* '*est sæculi ferme decimi;*' or at p. 465, where is the note: '*Apocalypsin sumimus ex venerando codice vaticano* 2066. *sæculi* '*circiter* viii. *litteris quadratis scripta.*' But why render this necessary? It is well to have the text of these ancient MSS., but it ought to have been printed in a different type from that of *the* Vatican MS.

However, as we have said, the same course is often adopted where there is no *lacuna*, and where it is possible in all cases, probable in most, and certain in some, that the inserted words were not omitted by mistake, but that they ought to be left out in a fair representation of the text designed to be given in this most ancient codex.

Thus the passage on the Heavenly Witnesses in 1 John v. 7, 8, is supplied, with a long note, saying that the reading of the Vatican MS. is ὅτι τρεῖς εἰσιν οἱ μαρτυροῦντες, τὸ πνεῦμα, κ.τ.λ. However, '*unus Vaticanus Græcus codex, haud valde* '*priscus testimonium id exhibet, quod passim Latini codices vigi-* '*lanter conservant, atque in his antiquissimus monasterii Cavensis* '*apud Salernum, cujus fidelissimum apographum, consilio meo,* '*in Vaticana bibliotheca his annis collocatum est.*' This is a marvellous attempt to divert the reader's attention from the fact that these words are not in any Greek MS. of the least value. Why are we not told the number, or the probable age and character of the 'not very old Greek MS.' which contains them? And is it so, that at Rome they believe that the *Latin manuscripts* 'in all cases,' or 'generally,' or whatever else the vague word *passim* means, contain the verse,—*passim vigilanter conservant?* Besides, after all the Codex Cavensis does *not exhibit the passage as it stands in the Textus Receptus:* but introduces the Heavenly Witnesses after the earthly; does not have the words *in terra;* and adds *in Christo Jesu* after *unum sunt*, in speaking of the earthly witnesses,—very strong indications of the Heavenly Witnesses being an addition to the original text. (See Tischendorf, N.T. ed. vii. *in loc.*)

Again, the last twelve verses in the Textus Receptus of S. Mark are wanting in the Vatican MS., and a blank page is left in the codex. There is a note declaring that it is *exploratissimum*, that the passage ought to be retained: with two well-known *Scholia* bearing on the question, and an intimation that the text is taken *ex codice Vat. Palatino* 220, *sæculi ferme decimi;* but the words KATA MAPKON are not printed, as they ought to have been, after ἐφοβοῦντο γάρ at the end of v. 9.

So John vii. 53, and viii. 1—12, which is not in the MS., is

inserted without any distinction or mark in the text, but with a note, *Confer catholicos criticos*, &c. So in John v. 3, the MS. would run: 'In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, blind, halt, lame;' (omitting 'waiting for the moving of the water, for at certain seasons,' &c., and continuing) 'And there was a man there.' The omitted words are printed as part of the text, with a note, stating the fact that they are not in the MS., but referring to *Scholzii κριτικωτάτην editionem.* The same course is adopted in S. Luke xxii. 43, 44; xxiii. 17, and the most sacred words of verse 34, 'And Jesus said, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' These passages are printed as if they were in the MS., and a note is subjoined to say they are *not* in it.

Again, Matt. xii. 47 is supplied *in parentheses* by way of variety, with the marginal note; '*Hic versiculus incaute prætermissus fuit in codice.*' It may be almost certainly asserted that it was *not* prætermitted in the MS. from carelessness, because it is also wanting not only in two other uncials, but in the Curetonian Syriac, of which we have to speak shortly, and in some copies of the old Latin version. It can scarcely be supposed that the Codex Vaticanus was the one common original of all these MSS. and versions. So Mark xv. 28, which is wanting in the Vatican, as in the other most ancient uncials, is inserted with the quaint note: '*Sed tamen præclarum vaticinium a famosis aliis* '*codicibus patribusque confirmatum ab hac editione abesse nolui-* '*mus.*' The *famosis aliis codicibus* is really ambiguous and deceptive, and *some* of the fathers may have cited S. Matthew.

But after all, this course of insertion is not uniformly adopted: the editor loved variety. As the Preface, after enumerating some of the passages thus inserted, naïvely says: 'In the 'same way Matt. xxiii. 14, and Acts xxiv. 7, 8, *might have* '*been* supplied.' So, we may add, might several other passages, which Vercellone overlooked; *e.g.* Acts viii. 37, where the printers have gone on numbering the verses regularly, and made vv. 38, 39, 40 of the Vulgate, vv. 37, 38, 39. In Acts xxiv. 7, 8, and Matt. xxiii. 14, a similar course has been adopted, but with explanatory notes stating the omission, whilst in Acts viii. 37, there is no note. But still more strangely, by way of a fresh variety, in S. Matt. xvi., ver. 3 and parts of vv. 2, 4, are wanting in the MS. *and are not printed in the edition of Mai*, and *no notice whatever is taken of the fact*, any more than in Acts viii. 37, and the numbers 2, 3, 4 are crowded in the margin as if the verses were there, and it was all right. The text runs thus: 'He 'answered and said unto them, A wicked and adulterous gene-'ration,' &c. omitting 'When it is evening ye say, It will be '*fair* weather, for the sky is red, and in the morning, It will be

'foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye 'hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not 'discern the signs of the times?' It is true that Jerome says of this passage, 'Hoc in plerisque codicibus non habetur,' and they are omitted, we may add by anticipation, in the Curetonian Syriac. But they are in the Vulgate, and we know not to what strange fancy, for it could scarcely be an oversight, we are to attribute the fact, that the editors neither insert the missing words, nor notice that they are omitted, nor even adapt the numbering of the verses in any way to the change. It seems as if they were quite unaware of the variation. In Matt. xviii., verse 11, which is wanting in the codex, is *omitted* in the printed text, (it is wanting in other uncials and versions,) but we are reminded in the margin, 'Deest in cod. vers. 11,' and the figures 11 being squeezed in, the verses which follow retain their accustomed numbers. But in 1 Pet. v. the third verse, which is wanting in the MS., is *printed* in the text with the foot-note, 'Hic versiculus 3 deest in Cod. Vat.' On the other hand, in Eph. i. 15, *ἀγάπην* is *left out* of the text, with the marginal note, 'Deest *ἀγάπην* in cod.' In three places (Acts x. 41, James v. 14, 3 John 7) we have in the codex only the words *ἐν τῷ ὀνόματι*, 'in *the* Name;' in each place the common text adds *αὐτοῦ* or *τοῦ κυρίου*. The first passage Mai prints as it stands in the MS. without *αὐτοῦ*, with 'Ita cod.' in the margin: in the second he inserts *τοῦ κυρίου*, with '*τοῦ κυρίου* deest in cod.' in the margin; in the third he again reverts to the codex, prints the text simply *ὑπὲρ γὰρ τοῦ ὀνόματος*, and puts in the margin, 'Ita cod. sine *αὐτοῦ*.' It is hard to conceive any combinations of variations of method which are not exemplified here. These are, to say the least, most unscholarlike, uncritical modes of editing this venerable MS.

There are other indications from which we might imagine that the parties by whom the work was edited were ignorant of the results of criticism now well known, nay, even of the peculiar grammatical forms used in the New Testament. We refer to the marginal notes in which the editor indicates what is the reading of the MS., though he has not put it in the text, or that the reading in his text *really is* the reading of the MS., strange as it may seem. 'Cod.' or 'Ita Cod.' are the notes we mean.

There is no principle, so far as we can see, on which the spelling of the MS. has been followed or altered. It is very well known that in MSS. of this date vowels and diphthongs are interchanged, probably according to the prevalent pronunciation of the time, and this more or less uniformly, the usage being technically called *itacism:* thus *η* and *ει*, as *αναπειρους* for *αναπηρους*

(Luke xiv. 21); or αι and ε, according to which εγειραι would be written εγειρε, *passim*: εταιροις, ετεροις (Matt. xi. 16), ενδυσασθε, ενδυσασθαι, and *vice versâ*; and it cannot be decided from the MS. which of the two is intended. Both in Mark vi. 9, and Eph. iv. 24, Mai prints ἐνδύσασθαι in the text, putting in the margin in the first, '1 m. ἐνδύσασθε,' in the latter, 'Cod. ἐνδύσασθε.'

Now, in cases of this kind, the utmost irregularity and (we fear) carelessness pervades this edition. We would shrink from attributing ignorance to Angelo Mai; and as we have not the Prolegomena which he had intended to write respecting the Codex, we are very much in the dark as to his views: but we can speak to the facts before us.

One very common itacism is the interchange of υ and οι: as Acts vii. 56, for διενοιγμένους, the first scribe wrote διενυγμένους: and thus συ is written when σοι is the word intended. Now, in Mark i. 24, we have τί ἡμῖν καὶ σὺ printed in the text, and in the margin, 'Ita Codex, non σοι.' Now, if any one thing in the MS. was altered this ought to have been, and 'Cod. συ' put in the margin, for no one ever so little versed in these things could doubt that σοι is the word meant. Elsewhere, so far as we observe, σοι is printed. But unless B. is a very idiosyncratic MS. there must be innumerable instances where its itacisms are corrected in the printed text without any intimation of the fact.[1] Yet that fact is often important, as indicating the cause of a various reading.

There is one itacism, however, which Mai felt some special interest in, and intended *generally* to represent, *i.e.* the use of ει for ι, '*especially when the ι is long*,' as expressed in a note at the beginning of the New Testament: thus we have κρεινων for *judging*, γεινωσκων for *knowing*, almost throughout: we have also Φαρεισαῖοι, Γαλειλαίας, almost always; but in Rom. iv. 11, we have σφραγῖδα in the text, and '1 m. σφραγεῖδα' in the margin. And this irregularity pervades the volume. Thus, Matt. xv. 27, we have ἐσθείει ἀπὸ τῶν ψειχίων in the text, with '2 m. ἐσθίει' and '2 m. ψιχίων' in the margin: but, Luke viii. 8, ἑκατονταπλασίονα in the text, and '1 m. ἑκατονταπλείονα' in the margin. Matt. xii. 19, οὐκ ἐρίσει, in the text, and in the margin, 'Cod. οὐκ ἐρείσει;' and, Luke xxiv. 49, ἐπαγγελίαν in the text, and in the margin, '1 m. ἐπαγγελείαν.'

It is plain that the work was done at intervals, sheet by sheet,

[1] This conjecture, we understand, is fully confirmed by Rulotta's list of first and second hand readings made for Bentley. It records very many itacisms unnoticed by Mai; *e.g.*, in Matt. xi. 13, the first hand wrote ει θελεται δεξασθαι, the second hand made it θελετε δεξασθε, putting an ε over each αι; θέλετε δέξασθα, is printed by Mai, and δεξασθε is noticed as the reading of the second hand, but nothing is said of θελετε not being by the first hand.

without looking forward, or laying down any settled rules; for, in John i. 43, there is in the text, *σὺ εἶ Σίμων ὁ υἱὸς Ἰωνᾶ*: and in the margin, '1 m. *Ἰωάνου*;' but in xxi. 15, *Σίμων Ἰωάνου* in the text, and in the margin a note: 'Sic et infra. Sic etiam cap. i. 43, quam ibi lectionem me retinuisse mallem.'

There is generally the utmost want of uniformity as to *prima* and *secunda manu* readings: sometimes one is in the text, sometimes the other: *e.g.* Matt. xiii. 14, *ἀκοῇ ἀκούσετε* is in the text, and '1 m. *ἀκούσατε*' in the margin (*ἀκούσατε* was the reading and not a mistake); but in Mark iv. 28 we have the clear blunder, *εἶτ' ἐν στάχυν* in the text, and '2 m. *εἶτα* pro *εἶτ' ἐν*' in the margin: just reversing what ought to have been done by an editor who corrected anything at all.

There is, however, a still more serious neglect in regard to the different corrections of the text. There are corrections by interlineations and by marginal additions throughout the MS., as well as what are designated as *secunda manu* corrections, which are chiefly only in matters of orthography. Now, it is most important to know whether these interlineations and marginal additions are made by a contemporary or a later hand. If by a contemporary, they ought to be regarded as the really intended reading of the text; inasmuch as the work of the mechanical copyist, who wrote out the manuscript, was regularly revised by a corrector of superior intelligence, known as the *διορθωτής*: analogously to the revisings of the 'reader' in our printing-offices. Most of the marginal and interlinear additions in this MS. have most probably been made by the *διορθωτής*. But we have no information on the point. Once we have, Mark x. 19, the marginal note, '*ἀποστερήσῃς* est in margine ab antiqua manu;' the sentence needing it; for else it would run (there being no division in the original), *μὴ τείμα* (*i.e.* *τίμα*) *τὸν πατέρα σου καὶ τὴν μητέρα*. Again, at a quotation, Mark xii. 29—31, 'Ponuntur virgulæ antiqua manu.' Once we have, Luke i. 34, at *πῶς ἔσται* τοῦτο*; the note,* 'In marg. additur *μοι* sec. m.' And in the same chapter, v. 25, before *ὀνειδός*, '2 m. interponitur *τό*.' But usually it is simply said that words are interlined, or added in the margin. We believe this means, by the first scribe or the contemporary corrector: but we do not know, and from this edition have not the means of ascertaining.

In grammatical forms it is probable that the writers of the Greek Testament and the Septuagint used the forms retained in the old MSS., as did others of that time: *e.g.* in the 2d Aor. Ind. *ἔλθατε* for *ἔλθετε*, &c.; but in Matt. vii. 13, there is *εἰσέλθατε* in the text, and in the margin, 'Ita Cod.,' as if it were something strange; yet *ἦλθαν*, *προσῆλθαν*, *ἔλεγαν*, and the rest of the family occur again and again, as do a hundred corresponding

forms which are unnoticed. Nay, in the same chapter, vii. 6, where the common text has μήποτε καταπατήσωσιν ὑμᾶς, the Vatican MS. has καταπατήσουσιν, according to a most frequent New Testament usage, probably obliterated in the later copies by the grammarians. Mai puts καταπατήσωσιν in the text, and relegates the unquestionably genuine reading to the margin with the remark, 'Cod. ουσιν.' But in S. Matt. vi. 28, where there is κοπιοῦσιν in the MS. and text, there is no 'Ita Cod.' in the margin, as though κοπιοῦσιν were a usual form. In John i. 26, στήκει is in the text rightly, but 'Ita Cod.' in the margin. So in S. Matt. xxiv. 15, ἑστὼς is printed in the text; in the margin we have the true reading, '1ª. man. ἑστὸς.' So elsewhere, the '*prima manu*' writing has been as unreasonably displaced. In Eph. i. 8, κατὰ τὸ πλοῦτος correctly in the text, but with 'Ita Cod.' in the margin: so in 2 Cor. viii. 2: though the use of the neuter πλοῦτος instead of the masculine form is now established as a New Testament usage. It seems as if the editor put 'Ita Cod.' whenever it struck him that there was something worth observing. The instances are past numbering.

We could sympathise with putting in the margin such manifest blunders as S. John iv. 52, 'Cod. αὐτήν,' when the *son* of the nobleman is spoken of; or '1 m. πρός,' when it is a blunder for πρὸ (πρὸ ἐμοῦ). But this is not uniformly done: *e.g.* Mark xiv. 49, οὐκ ἐκράτει με, with 'Ita Cod.' (for ἐκρατεῖτε); John xiii. 18, ἐπῆρεν ἐμὲ τὴν πτέρναν αὐτοῦ, with 'Ita Cod. sine ἐπ'.' Surely there ought to have been some uniform rule; and in this instance we would readily have sacrificed facility of reading for a faithful representation of the MS., and have had every letter, every misspelling, every blunder, every interlining, every marginal addition or note, every '2 manu' correction, precisely indicated in common cursive characters, as in the English edition of the Codex Augiensis, if we could not have it in *fac-simile*.

To return. There are other cases where these marginal notes seem to show an ignorance of what is matter of common notoriety among those who have studied the subject of New Testament readings ever so little. Thus, in 1 Cor. iv. 6, we read in the text, τὸ μὴ ὑπὲρ ἃ γέγραπται φρονεῖν; in the margin, 'φρονεῖν deest in Cod.;' and in the judgment of many sound critics it ought to be left out in the text. In John v. 44, on the other hand, θεοῦ, after παρὰ τοῦ μόνου, is *not* introduced into the text; and in the margin we have the notice, 'Deest θεοῦ in Codice.' (It is wanting in some copies of the old Latin Version and the Coptic, and Lachmann marks it as doubtful [θεοῦ].) A few verses below, the last word of the chapter is πιστεύετε, for our πιστεύσετε. Here we have the side-note, 'Ita in Cod.' (This reading, we may notice in passing, is in the

Curetonian Syriac and some of the old Latin Versions.) In 1 Cor. xv. 51, where the Codex agrees with the Greek *Textus Receptus* (but not with the Vulgate), there is an 'Ita Cod.' In John i. 18, ὁ μονογενὴς θεὸς (where we have υἱὸς), an undoubtedly ancient reading, occurs in the text, but in the margin, 'Ita Cod.'[1] In John iii. 25, μετὰ Ἰουδαίου, the true reading for the common one, Ἰουδαίων, is in the text, but it is thought necessary to put 'Ita Cod.' in the margin. In Mark ix. 23, εἰ δυνῇ, πάντα δύνατα τῷ πιστεύοντι, with 'Ita Cod. sine πιστεῦσαι.' If one of these variations is thus to be noted, so ought every variation.

It would be endless to notice these instances of uncritical editing. They show, however, we really believe, an honest wish to exhibit the text faithfully, and to draw attention to important variations, to the best of the editor's ability; but great want of acquaintance with this kind of work.

We pass from the painful task of touching thus on the faulty execution of the edition to the much more important question,—the value of the MS. and of the text represented by it.

These are two quite distinct questions. The text may be a very good one; that is, it may have every appearance of approaching to a faithful representation of the original; but in this particular MS. it may have been copied carelessly, with omissions, substitutions, repetitions: on the other hand, the MS. may be beautifully and carefully written, but the text represented by it be full of interpolations, or other characteristics of corruption. We say this the rather because the faults of the copyist of the MS. before us have been alleged as arguments against its *text*. We might as well argue against the value of the MS. from the faults of its editor.

Again, the antiquity of a MS. in itself proves nothing whatever as to the value of the MS. or of its text. It may have been a worthless copy, or may have contained a bad text, and in consequence have been little used, and so not worn out. Or it may have been carelessly written, or over cleverly. The transcriber may have inserted in the text what he found noted in the margin of the copy before him, (as words omitted and words of explanation both found their place in the margins,

[1] In this instance there is a good reason for saying 'Ita Cod.' inasmuch as the reading was previously doubted of. Bartolocci collation had said the reading was Θεὸς, Bentley's had not noticed it. Dr. Tregelles stated that he had himself seen it in the MS. It is remarkable that this reading of B. should have been ascertained so recently, and also that the same has been found to be the reading of C, in which it was chymically brought to light.—See Tregelles' 'Account of the Printed Text of the New Testament,' pp. 234, 235.

and the scribes very often did not understand what they copied,) or he might have thought that he improved his work by making the quotations agree with the Old Testament, or the narrative of one Gospel with that of another; or by inserting what he found narrated elsewhere, by way of giving all the good matter he could in one place; or, lastly, by refining the style. For instance, the Syriac MS. which Dr. Cureton has edited is one of the very oldest extant, and yet *its text is the very worst that ever was brought to light.*

It is obvious that when books were copied (before the introduction of printing), specially when they were copied for the use of a large number of persons, not of a literary class, and were released from the restraints of verse, or of a specially peculiar style, the introduction and propagation of errors must have been much more easy than we can now readily realize. If a book is printed, the whole edition, say of a thousand copies, is exactly alike, and an error discovered in any one copy is known to exist in all; the existence of the errors therefore is notorious, and, if need be, they may be corrected. But in transcription each individual copy must be examined by itself if its mistakes are to be discovered; and until the Church became settled, and some sort of general understanding was arrived at, innumerable faulty copies might be made by careless and ignorant scribes, and their errors be comparatively little known, as indeed they continued to be to the very last.

If, then, an ancient MS. is before us, how shall we judge of the goodness of its text? Only by comparison with other authorities: by ascertaining (as far as may be) the texts generally received in early times, which may be done partly by the positive statements of the ancient writers, partly by seeing what were the readings of the MSS. they themselves used; partly by a means almost entirely neglected, the indications afforded by allusions in the Liturgies;[1] partly by the Versions into other languages; and lastly, by the internal evidence of probability according to the established laws of criticism. These considerations must all come in.

The subject is, of course, too extensive to be treated of at the present time. We shall only notice one or two points.

[1] We wish to mention a remarkable instance of this, in the confirmation of the reading ἑν as a preposition instead of ἓν, *one*, at the conclusion of our Lord's interpretation of the Parable of the Sower, in S. Mark iv. 20, 'and brought forth fruit, *one thirtyfold*, one sixty, one an hundred;' ἑν τριάκοντα, or ἐν τριάκοντα. It is not necessary to say that, the oldest MSS. having no points, the word EN may be either. But in the Liturgy of S. Mark, p. 11 of Mr. Neale's shilling edition, a prayer occurs with the following petition:—καὶ ποιῆσαι καρποὺς ἀγαθοὺς, ἀνὰ τριάκοντα, καὶ ἐν ἑκατόν. Here there can be no mistake: and it is difficult to suppose that this peculiar use of ἐν could arise from any other cause than this being an ancient, and to some considerable extent the recognised and received reading.

The evidence about the text to be derived from the intimations contained in early Christian writers is often spoken of very slightingly; and doubtless, if indiscriminately used, it cannot be of any value. Each citation needs to be examined; for the writer may have quoted from memory; or he may have mixed up the words of one Gospel with those of another; or he may have used Scripture language allusively, or have combined explanatory clauses with the text, or put in words to complete the sense of a partial citation; or, lastly, his citations may have been accommodated by transcribers or editors to the text received at the time they were copying or publishing them. But suppose a Father distinctly states that some copies had this reading and some that, or argues on the very words of the text against those with whom he was in controversy; or suppose several Fathers cite a passage in the same words (for mistakes of memory, &c. are likely to be diverse); or suppose the reading be one which was not the received reading when the MS. we have was made; then in any or all of these cases the Patristic evidence is the very strongest we can have, because it is anterior to any one MS., at all events to any two MSS. that we possess: and it is by this historical test, *so far as it is capable of being applied*, that we must judge of the value of MS. texts. Its application, however, can only be very limited, and the result will prove that the variation of texts in the early ages was great, and that we must often be content to say of two or even three readings of a passage, that they are all *early readings*.

Parallel safeguards are necessary in the use of Versions. In versions explanatory words are more likely to be introduced. In some instances translators may have felt that they might take liberties where a transcriber could not. They may have erred in their understanding of the original; or the work of the original translator may have been afterwards accommodated to the text which in later times was received in the Greek MSS. But where the text of the versions differs from the later received text, their evidence in agreement with *ancient* MSS. is very strong.

Our own impression is that in its general character the *Codex Vaticanus* contains a very good text, perhaps the best ancient text extant, but that, of course, it cannot at all be relied on *by itself;* partly because of the mistakes of the scribe, of which we have incidentally given many instances; partly because there are instances in which the evidence preponderates strongly against it. It is a very good text, but cannot be regarded as by any means uniformly correct.

The publication of the MS. enables us to judge of its merits much better than we could have done before, and the evidence

there is of frequent omissions on the part of the scribe, has been alleged as a strong ground for suspecting that this is the cause of, what is allowedly the general characteristic of the text of this Codex, its omitting—or, to speak more properly, not containing—words which are found in other early MSS. For instance, it is said, the way of this scribe was not to repeat, but to overlook; hence the difference between the text of B. and A. But the faults of the transcriber who wrote this particular MS. cannot account for its shorter text, when that shorter text is found not only in other early MSS. but in versions also, and Fathers; because it is quite impossible these could all be derived from this one MS. They existed independently of it, and they are therefore independent witnesses to the shorter text being a received text; and so, being the text which the copyist of B. had before him; the omissions, so to call them, being in no wise caused by him.

The general principle of critics is well known and allowed,—that the longer text is the less likely to be genuine, additions being more likely to creep in than omissions to be made. The principle, of course, requires to be maintained in connexion with the considerations of other causes which may have contributed to the insertion or the omission.

But on the general question, and particularly with reference to the MS. before us, we cannot but think the statements of S. Jerome very important; and as they will throw an interesting light on the whole subject, we will close our observations on this particular work with the investigation and illustration of them. We make these observations with caution, aware of the difficulties which involve theories of recensions, and conscious that the MS. texts we now have are all mixed texts. But the general observation and the general inferences we draw appear to be valid.

S. Jerome says, in his letter to Damasus on his translation of the Gospels, speaking of the *New* Testament:—*Prætermitto eos codices quos* (1) *a Luciano et Hesychio nuncupatos* (2) *paucorum hominum asserit perversa contentio: quibus utique nec in* [*toto*] *Vetere Instrumento post LXX interpretes emendare quid licuit, nec in Novo profuit* (3) *emendasse: cum* (4) *multarum gentium linguis Scriptura ante translata doceat falsa esse quæ* (5) *addita sunt.*

Here, making all allowances for the vehemence of the writer, five points are clear:—1. There were copies extant bearing the names of Lucian and Hesychius. 2. These copies were used by *a few.* (But we allow it does not appear that these were not *the few intelligent scholars* who could appreciate the better text; on the other hand, it does not preclude them from afterwards

coming to be used by the many,—nay, by the Church of those districts generally, owing to the influence of *the few.*) 3. They contained variations from (what Jerome considered) the true text. 4. They differed from the extant versions, for he says that the versions previously made would evidence the spuriousness of the recent alterations. 5. Their prominent difference was *in the way of addition.*

We are quite aware that Jerome's saying, '*paucorum hominum*,' may need to be taken with caution, as also his speaking of the '*multarum* gentium linguis,' when he probably could not answer for *many*. Still his general statement is important, particularly as it is probable that the school of learning and the sphere of influence of Lucian of Antioch at least, living at the beginning of the fourth century, would lead to the copies of the Scriptures, which were in some way revised by him and bore his name, being very generally received, at least in the patriarchates of Antioch and of Constantinople,—from the close connexion of these places, the influence of the Antiochian school at Constantinople, its Bishops in several instances coming from Antioch or its dependencies, and the jealousy of Alexandria,—and these Jerome says distinctly were the districts in which Lucian's text of the LXX. was received. Now we do in fact find, that a text which, when compared with that of the Codex Vaticanus, answers Jerome's description, came more especially to prevail in these districts, was used by S. Chrysostom and Theodoret, and has been called the Constantinopolitan text. Whether Jerome or Lucian were more likely to appreciate which was critically the best text, is another matter.

From the Gelasian decree, (which was doubtless designed to echo these words of Jerome,) it appears that the Gospels were specially regarded as thus corrupted.

Let us try now whether we do not find in the Constantinopolitan text of the Gospels indications of some similarity to Jerome's description of the copies that bore the name of Lucian. It ought to be added, to anticipate objections, that Jerome's own text, probably from his disposition to conform to the readings received already through the old Latin translations, itself has *additions* to the Greek text.

S. Matt. vi. 13. The Doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer was not in the old Latin, nor in the text Jerome used, nor in the Codex Vaticanus. It is in all the later Greek MSS. and in S. Chrysostom.

viii. 25. οἱ μαθηταὶ αὐτοῦ, which all the later Greek MSS. have, is not in the Vatican MS. nor in good MSS. of the Vulgate, nor in the old Latin.

viii. 31. The Vatican MS. has, '*Send us* into the herd of swine.' So Jerome read, so the old Latin. Imagine his indignation at reading in the Antiochian copies, '*Suffer us to go*,' &c. the reading of the later Greek; or in v. 32, for 'into the swine,' 'into *the herd of* swine,' the later reading; or in c. ix. 13, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners,' with the addition, novel to him, '*to repentance*,' which afterwards became the prevalent reading.

Similar instances pervade the New Testament. In the Lord's Prayer, in S. Luke: Jerome's Vulgate and this MS., *agreeing with the direct testimony of Origen and others that these words were not in S. Luke*, do not read the clauses ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς: nor γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς: nor ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονήρου. Yet in MS. authority the Vatican MS. is only supported by *one* uncial out of nearly twenty, and five or six cursives.[1]

Such is the case in a later part of the Scripture, at the end of 1 Cor. vi. 20: there to the words, 'glorify God in your body,' the later MSS. and those used by S. Chrysostom and Theodoret, added, 'and in your spirit, which are God's.' Jerome did not read thus, nor does the Vatican MS.

We may have done enough in suggesting these instances, others will readily present themselves.

There is to our minds a noble and majestic simplicity in the conciseness of the text of this MS., which commends it very much to us as bearing characteristic marks of genuine antiquity. A few specimens will show our meaning. In the Parable of the Ten Virgins (Matt. xxv. 6) the Vatican MS. has, 'Behold the bridegroom! go forth to meet *him*:' Ἴδου ὁ νυμφίος, ἐξέρχεσθε εἰς ἀπάντησιν, without ἔρχεται after νυμφίος or αὐτοῦ after ἀπάντησιν. And, verse 13, 'Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour:' without the words, 'when the Son of man cometh.' That these are not accidental omissions of the transcriber of this MS. appears from the other authorities which have the same readings. So in the parable that follows. So in the interpretation of the Parable of the Tares (chap. xiii.), at the end,—'There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Understand ye all these things? They say unto him, Yea.'

[1] This is a remarkable instance of Patristic testimony in favour of the Vatican against the other MSS. Of the two last of the three clauses in question, Origen distinctly says they are not in S. Luke's Gospel. S. Augustine says the same. Of the omission of the first and third by S. Luke, S. Cyril of Alexandria is equally express. Yet how slender is the MS. authority for omitting them. We find S. Cyril's testimony in the newly discovered Homilies on S. Luke, recently published in Syriac and English at Oxford; in the English translation there is a collation of the text as represented there; it is done very neatly, and gives us readily the results as to S. Cyril's readings.

Our text introduces, 'Jesus saith unto them,' before 'Understand ye,' and 'Yea, Lord,' for the simple 'Yea.'

We pass now to the next work to which we have referred:—The fragmentary remains of a copy of the Gospels in Syriac, written probably in the middle of the fifth century. Its peculiar value consists in this, that its text is widely different from that of any of the Syriac versions hitherto known among us. It appears, as far as is known at present, to stand *alone;* there is no copy like it; there is no history attached to it. There was a volume of the Gospels brought by Dr. Tattam from the Nitrian Desert, in 1842, made up from parts of several different manuscripts. Among them were eighty leaves of what is now published. Two more leaves were afterwards discovered by Dr. Cureton; one in the binding of a book; another and a piece of a third among MSS. brought from Egypt by M. Pacho in 1847.

The portions which have hitherto been recovered consist of Matt. i. 1—viii. 22; x. 32—xxiii. 25; Mark xvi. 17—20; John i. 1—42; iii. 6—vii. 37; xiv. 10—12, 16—18, 19—23, 26—29; Luke ii. 48—iii. 16; vii. 33—xv. 21; xvii. 24—xxiv. 44.

This text Dr. Cureton has edited in beautiful type and style. He has added an English translation, framed with the object of making it as literal as possible, 'in order to enable those who 'may not be acquainted with the Syriac to use the English for 'comparison with the Greek. For this purpose,' he adds, 'I have even retained the order of the Syriac words, so far as 'it seemed possible so to do without obscurity.' (Pref. p. xciv.) He has also aimed at rendering the same Syriac by the same English word. The result is a translation very difficult to read. It would have been very useful if there had been appended a collation of this text with the Greek *Textus Receptus*, indicating, in all cases in which it is possible, the *Greek* reading which the Syriac text represents. It would at least spare a reader much trouble.[1] Dr. Cureton has also written very copious notes on the text of this copy, comparing it with the readings of ancient MSS. and versions, and explaining its peculiarities and its errors.

He has also prefixed a preface of considerable length, devoted for the most part to a general account of the text, and to the

[1] It may be added, that Dr. Cureton kindly imparted the Syriac text, which has been printed for some time, to Dr. Tischendorf and Dr. Tregelles, by whom it has been collated, and the results indicated in the new edition of Tischendorf's Greek Testament, and that which Dr. Tregelles is preparing. Indeed, some account of the MS. and notices of its most striking peculiarities are given by the latter writer in his 'Account of the Printed Text of the New Testament,' and the volume of the new edition of Horne's Introduction, edited by him.

exposition of his views about this Syriac copy of the Gospel of S. Matthew, of which we shall speak more at length presently.

There is a beautiful *fac-simile* of a portion of the MS. as a frontispiece, for which, he says, with a home-like kindliness which must be felt by every reader, 'I am indebted to the willing and skilful hand of my wife.' (Pref. p. xciv.)

Of the codex itself we must now speak; and first it is well to notice Dr. Cureton's statement, that 'There are no indica-'tions of any division of the Gospels into ecclesiastical sections 'of the same period as the transcription of the volume;' such were afterwards added. The text, Dr. Cureton saw on examination, was very different from that of the Peshito, or any other already known in Europe. He considers that it is scarcely possible 'that the Syriac text, published by Widmanstead,' *i. e.* the printed Peshito, 'could be altogether a different version 'from this (see also p. lxvii.), and Dr. Tregelles thinks they 'can hardly be *wholly* independent.' (Horne's Introd. p. 268.) We observe that Mr. Scrivener holds that, so far as he has examined them, they seem to be 'quite separate versions.'

What Dr. Cureton truly says of the Gospels of S. Luke and S. John, is, we believe, equally true of that of S. Matthew. We find additions made to the text from the other Evangelists; words or phrases altered to bring them into closer conformity or identity with the other Gospels; '*errors which can only be attributed to ignorance or mistakes on the part of the translator.*' (P. lxvi.) 'Errors which could only have arisen from confounding 'one Greek word with another.' (P. lxix.) The translator does not distinguish *ἀνὴρ* and *ἄνθρωπος*. He has translated *τῆς ἐπισκοπῆς σου*, 'the time *of thy visitation*,' as 'the day *of thy* '*greatness*,' (from imagining, as Dr. Cureton conceives, *ἐπισκοπὴ*, 'bishopric,' to be the highest honour). 'There are also mani-'fest errors in the text, which can hardly be attributed to any 'other cause than ignorance or carelessness on the part of the 'transcriber. The one or more translators have left clear in-'dications that they were not fully acquainted with all the 'precise shades of meaning, and the logical peculiarities of 'various terms in the original Greek.' (*Ibid.*) Dr. Cureton admits that 'the Gospel of S. Matthew also seems to exhibit 'some signs of a similar nature; especially with regard to 'additions made to the text;' but these are explained by him in another way.

He also says (p. lxvii.) that besides the variations 'in the 'text of one of the Canonical Gospels, occasioned by reference 'to what is found in the others, there are also some passages 'added, which do not appear to have been written at all by 'any of the Four Evangelists, but rather to have been taken '*from some of* those uncanonical or apocryphal histories which

'were common in the early ages of the Church.' Of course one naturally exclaims, What can be the value of such a result of ignorance and confusion?

It is true that in these respects the present version is like, but it goes very, very far beyond, the ancient Latin versions before the time of Jerome; and Dr. Cureton would refer it to those ages 'when the spirit was felt to be of far greater importance 'than the letter; and when the substance of what the Evan-'gelists had written was more heeded than the very words in 'which it was expressed.' (P. lxv.) We must protest against this apology for careless transcription, ignorant translation, and the designed introduction into the text of a book of matter which the copyist did not find in it. Of the facility with which such corruptions might be made in copies of the Scriptures in the early ages, we have already spoken. This facility would be very greatly increased in translation. Each one, we are told, of old translated from the Greek as he could or as he would; and we have no doubt whatever that the Syriac text now discovered has been produced by the *ad libitum* alterations of a translator who wished to send out a new and improved version, as we should say,—giving all he could find in different copies of the Greek Scriptures.

We wish these facts to be remembered, because we should include in the same description the Gospel of S. Matthew, as represented in this Syriac text, which Dr. Cureton believes to be in substance the original Gospel. But though these mistakes of translation, and designed 'improvements' of the text by accommodation and addition, make this the very worst text that has ever been discovered,—which excessive badness is, we apprehend, the cause that no other copies of the same 'recension' are known,—yet it has a value of the very highest kind, from the agreement of the readings of the text which forms the basis of these variations, with those of other ancient copies, readings which are found recorded in so few documents, that every additional evidence of their being current in early times is most valuable.

From what we have said of the Vatican MS., it will be apparent, that a reading, in which one MS. differs from all other texts, may well be supposed to be attributable to a mistake of the individual copyist who transcribed that particular MS. But let the same reading be found in an entirely independent quarter, it becomes improbable, in a greater or less degree according to the nature of each case, that the reading in which they agree is accidental. A common source, from which each derived this reading, becomes the probable mode of accounting for it. Let a third independent witness be found, and the fact that the reading was once current in ancient times is proved.

Let the first be a Latin version; the second, a Greek MS. fragment; the third, an ancient Syriac translation; and the reading in question takes its place in the class of undoubted ancient readings.

There are also in this MS. readings, of the antiquity of which there is positive historical record. For instance, S. Matt. i. 18, 'The birth of *Christ* was on this wise.' S. Irenæus argues on this reading as contrasted with what it might have been,—'The birth of *Jesus*.' The common texts have 'Jesus Christ;' the Vatican, 'Christ Jesus;' the *only* text known to have 'Christ,' besides the Vulgate and old Latin, was the Latin of the Codex Bezæ; which, being an exact translation of the Greek, which is wanting here, raises a fair inference that it read the same. 'Christ' is found in the MS. before us. Again, Origen distinctly said that the 4th and 5th verses of the 5th chapter of S. Matthew were in a reverse order to that with which we are familiar, the blessing on 'the meek' coming before that on 'the mourners.' That order is now *only* found in *two* Greek MSS., the Codex Bezæ, and a cursive MS. It is found in the old Latin versions, and in Jerome's Vulgate; and we can now say it is found in *this* Syriac MS. We also find in it the reading which Origen attests as the ancient reading in S. Matt. xix. 17:—τί με ἐρωτᾶς περὶ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ; instead of 'Why callest thou Me good?'

Such is the true critical value of these Syriac Gospels. Their text is remarkably composite; still it is an ancient witness to many readings which hitherto had been found only in few authorities. It has very, very many readings of its own (from parts of one Gospel being introduced into another, &c.). It has many readings and passages which agree with the *later* texts: for instance, it has (with the omission of 'the power') the Doxology at the end of the Lord's Prayer, in S. Matthew, chap. vi. It once had the concluding verses of S. Mark's Gospel, though four only are now left. In the Lord's Prayer, in S. Luke, it has the words ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, and 'But deliver us from evil;' agreeing with the mass of later MSS. including D., against B. (the Vatican MS.). Its basis, however, appears to be the texts of B. and D. Of its agreement with B. we have already given some instances; others are such as these:—Luke xi. 3: 'Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth,' omitted, with B. and Jerome. But the most remarkable are its agreements with D., the Codex Bezæ; inasmuch as the text there preserved departs most widely, and chiefly in the way of addition, from the usual text. This is one of those texts which some transcribers seem to have 'improved,' by introducing matter which is not found in any other Greek MS. But many of its readings are found in the Latin versions that were extant *before the time* of Jerome; and many of the same readings are

found in this Syriac. This version contains (for instance) the remarkable addition in the twentieth chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel, after the 28th verse:—

'But you, seek ye that from little things ye may become great, and not from great things may become little. Whenever ye are invited to the house of a supper, be not sitting down in the honoured place, lest should come he that is more honoured than thou, and to thee the Lord of the supper should say, Come near below, and thou be ashamed in the eyes of the guests. But if thou sit down in the little place, and he that is less than thee should come, and to thee the Lord of the supper shall say, Come near, and come up and sit down, thou also shalt have more glory in the eyes of the guests.'

The first clause is taken probably from tradition, the latter part is substantially the same as S. Luke, c. xiv. (This extract will afford a specimen of Dr. Cureton's very literal translation; we regret that our space does not allow us to give more.)

We select and abridge the following instances of agreement from Dr. Cureton's notes on a few chapters of S. Luke:—

'Luke xxiv. 1. D., Old Latin *a*, *b*, *c*,[1] and this Syr., omit *ἀρώματα*.

' 40. "and when He had said this, He shewed them His hands and His feet," omitted by D., Old Latin *a*, *b*, and this Syriac.

'Luke xxiii. 37. "Peace to thee," Syr.; *χαῖρε*, D.; "*Ave*," Old Latin *c*; "and they had set upon His head a crown of thorns," inserted (probably from S. Matt. xxvii. 29) in this Syr., in D., and the Old Latin *c*.

'Luke xxii. 4. *καὶ τοῖς στρατηγοῖς* omitted as in D. and Old Latin *a*, *b*, *c*.

' 7. The day of the Passover (instead of unleavened bread). So D. and Old Latin *a*, *b*.

'Luke xx. 17, placed after v. 19, as in Codex D.

' 34. "The children of this world beget and are begotten," with D. the Old Latin *a*, *c*, confirmed by Origen and Cyprian, and other fathers: the order of the additional words only being varied.

'Luke xix. 25. "They say unto him, Lord, he hath ten pounds," omitted, with D. and the Old Latin *b*.'

It is, we think, very unfortunate that Dr. Cureton has put forward the theory that the Gospel according to S. Matthew, in this Syriac text, is a representation of the original Gospel of the first Evangelist, of which our Greek Gospel is only a translation. It is unfortunate, because it turns away the thoughts of scholars from the real uses which this publication subserves, to discussions about a view which after all must prove wholly unsubstantial. The version has a considerable value as a contribution to the criticism of the New Testament, but being rated above its true value, and on an unreal ground, it falls in a corresponding degree below its proper esteem; and persons being persuaded of the untenable character, if we may so speak, of Dr. Cureton's claims on its behalf, will set it aside as valueless.

[1] Those of our readers who are not familiar with MS. notation, are to understand that *a*, *b*, *c*, &c. in Italics, represent the MSS. of the Old Latin Versions, which were made before the time of Jerome, and continued in use for some centuries after. The earliest, *a*, is said to be in the handwriting of S. Eusebius of Vercelli, the friend of S. Athanasius; and represents the Gospels in Latin at the same date as the Vatican MS. does in Greek.

The whole weight of this argument rests on the supposed high probability, the almost certainty, that *if S. Matthew wrote his Gospel originally in Aramaic, that Gospel in its original language would be taken into the Syriac Canon*, rather than a re-translation from the Greek.

That S. Matthew did write his Gospel originally in Aramaic, Dr. Cureton holds to be certain, from the concurrent statements of the early writers, from Papias to Jerome. He even suggests that our translation into Greek was later than the formation of the Syriac Canon of the Gospels. He argues for the early date of that Canon, and the late date of the Greek Version (as he conceives it to be) of S. Matthew. Yet he maintains the theory of Bishop Marsh and Michaelis, now, we supposed, generally exploded, that there was an Aramaic original from which our first three Greek Gospels were derived. To that theory, however, it is absolutely essential to maintain that the Greek of S. Matthew was prior to the composition of the Gospels of S. Mark and S. Luke, so that one part of Dr. Cureton's scheme destroys another.

There can be no doubt, we conceive, on the mind of any careful student of the text of the Gospels, that the Greek of S. Matthew was a very early work: very little doubt that it was prior to S. Mark and S. Luke, and that it is *not* a translation from the Aramaic.

The prevalent tradition about the Hebrew of S. Matthew, which was apparently grounded on reports only, may have had some foundation: there may have been some such composition of his, which may have been the basis of his own later Greek Gospel. But the Hebrew Gospel of S. Matthew, of which we hear so much among the Fathers, was a spurious work, in the possession of heretics, about which they told various stories that were believed (more or less) by others. The age in which S. Jerome saw a Hebrew Gospel at Cæsarea, which he translated into Greek and Latin, but of which he afterwards speaks with distrust, was one of no little credulity as to relics of all kinds; and the Hebrew-speaking Christians, though heretical, professed to be the representatives of the Judæo-Christian body, and as such to have always preserved this Gospel.

It was, however, (except, at first, by Jerome,) repudiated by all the great Fathers who mentioned it. It seems to have had much in it that was foolish, but not heretical, and to have been made up out of our Greek Gospels; as we think any one will recognise who reads the copious extracts from it in Epiphanius, on the Ebionites, or in S. Jerome, as they are brought together by Fabricius, or by Jones on the Canon. Nay, we apprehend that there is evidence that this supposed Hebrew original of *S. Matthew* was itself really a translation (in parts at least)

from the Greek: as in describing the food of the Baptist, it said it was 'wild honey, and cakes made with honey and oil,' reading, or mistaking ἄκριδες (locusts) for, ἔγκριδες, which is the Septuagint word for the wafers made with honey, which the manna is said to have been like in taste. (Exod. xvi. 31.)

Anyhow, the basis of Dr. Cureton's theory is most precarious, and it is, we conceive, entirely overthrown by the internal evidence which his Syriac S. Matthew itself contains, of its being a translation from the Greek, and of its being evidently altered in those places in which it is peculiar in its readings. If, however, the Ebionite and Nazarene Gospels, from which the ancients give citations, be, as Dr. Cureton supposes, based on the original Gospel of S. Matthew, and this Syriac is *in substance* that Gospel, it is almost certain that we should find correspondences between them.

And such Dr. Cureton thinks that he does find. But with a candour which does him honour, he enumerates the whole series of citations and references made to these Hebrew documents, and exhibits to us the astonishing paucity of the points of agreement. These citations are twenty-seven in number; and some of them are very long extracts, occupying altogether five octavo pages, as we have them in Jones on the Canon. Any one who wishes fairly to judge of the evidence on this point should read those extracts; he will then see their length and language, and perceive how very minute is the correspondence which Dr. Cureton discovers. i. Jerome said that in the Hebrew he read (Matt. ii. 1) *Juda*, which is in this Syriac; not *Judæa*, which is in the Greek. ii. Hegesippus is said by Eusebius to have cited from the Hebrew and Syriac, and he quotes Matt. xiii. 16, μακάριοι οἱ ὀφθαλμοι ὑμῶν οἱ βλέποντες, καὶ τὰ ὦτα ὑμῶν τὰ ἀκούοντα, which we have in this Syriac. iii. iv. Jerome cites the Gospel according to the Hebrews, as saying, that the Holy Spirit at our Lord's Baptism *rested* on Him, and (which Epiphanius also states) that the words spoken from Heaven were, 'Thou art,' &c as it is here, when the Greek of S. Matthew is, 'This is,' &c. But these are, like innumerable other instances, adaptations to the other Gospels: to S. John i. where the Baptist testifies so strongly to the fact ἔμεινεν ἐπ' αὐτόν; and to S. Mark and S. Luke, where the words are Οὗτός ἐστιν ὁ υἱός μου. v. He cites our Lord's words, Matt. xviii. 21, '*Simon* said unto Him.' The Greek is Πέτρος. This text has *Simon Cepha*. vi. Epiphanius further cites the Gospel according to the Hebrews as having '*the river Jordan*,' in a place corresponding to Matt. iii. 6, where the Greek, *Dr. Cureton says*, has τῷ Ἰορδάνῃ only: but the Greek of B. C. (first hand) and some other MSS. and all the versions (except the Latin ones) have ποτάμῳ: and this is held by some to be the

true reading of *the Greek*. But this Syriac has 'the *river Jordan*,' not only in this place, but in the previous verse, and in ch. iv. 15, and, as Dr. Cureton says, 'generally.' Now, if this, occurring in one place, is an argument for identity with the Gospel according to the Hebrews, it is a much stronger argument to show that neither of them represents S. Matthew's original writing; as in Judæa, the addition of 'the river' to Jordan would be quite superfluous. This is one of the many evidences *against* Dr. Cureton.

That the correspondence is so very slight, so almost nothing, is, to our minds, decisive against Dr. Cureton's theory; and, if evidence to the contrary were wanted, it will be found in two testing points, one of which is, indeed, altogether fatal to the theory. i. S. Jerome says that the Hebrew Gospel, in the Lord's Prayer, has for 'daily bread' מחר, '*to-morrow*'—to-morrow's bread—*panem nostrum crastinum da nobis hodie*. This Syriac has 'constant of the day.' Dr. Cureton fails to reconcile them, and suggests that the Syriac has been altered to make it agree with the Greek. ii. S. Jerome also says that the Hebrew Gospel agreed with the Hebrew, not with the Septuagint, in its citations from the Old Testament.[1] This, we conceive, S. Matthew's original Hebrew, supposing its existence, would be likely to do. But this is not the case in this Syriac; indeed, very much the contrary.

We are sorry here to have to assert the negative of Dr. Cureton's statement, that 'Whenever there is any difference between 'them, as they occur in this text and the Greek of S. Mat-'thew, they always come nearer in the Syriac to the Hebrew 'original than they do in the Greek.'

In the first chapter the citations differ more from the Hebrew than those of our Greek, *e.g.* 'And His name *shall be called* Emmanuel,' where our Greek is, 'they shall call:' the Hebrew of Isaiah, 'she shall call,' the LXX. 'thou shalt call.' And, further, we read, 'Emmanuel, *which is interpreted*, Our God with us;' (why the words '*which is interpreted*,' *&c.* should appear in a supposed *original* Aramaic Gospel at all, needs explanation: we should certainly suppose them to be originally Greek; however) the Hebrew in Isaiah viii. 8, has simply 'Immanuel;' the LXX. translate the word, Μεθ' ἡμῶν ὁ Θεός, and the Greek

[1] S. Jerome's instances are curious enough, since there are no known differences between the common Greek of S. Matthew and the Hebrew in the places he refers to. He says (de Viris Illust. c. 3), 'Ubicunque Evangelista, sive ex 'persona sua, sive ex persona Domini Salvatoris, Veteris Scripturæ testimoniis 'abutitur, non sequatur Septuaginta translatorum auctoritatem, sed Hebraicam, 'e quibus illa duo sunt: "*Ex Egypto vocavi filium meum*," et "*Quoniam Nazaræus* 'vocabitur."' It is hard to say where the Hebrew of the latter quotation is to be found. The Septuagint of the former quotation is *filios meos*; but no known text of S. Matthew has the plural.

of S. Matthew follows this. This Syriac also inserts the interpretation, and no one, we think, can doubt that it takes them from the Greek, translating the article in ὁ Θεὸς, '*our* God;' for there is no 'our' in 'Emmanuel.'

In c. ii. 5, 6, the Hebrew and the LXX. have 'Thou Bethlehem Ephratah:' the Greek Gospel of S. Matthew, 'Bethlehem, γῆ Ἰουδὰ' (a change which might be accounted for in a *Greek* Gospel intended to be read beyond Judæa): but the Syriac only departs from this by omitting γῆ; and, substituting Juda for Judæa, has simply 'Bethlehem-Juda.' Where the Hebrew and LXX. have 'the thousands of Judah,' the Greek of S. Matthew has 'the rulers of Judah,' the Syriac, 'the kingdom of Judah.' In the οὐδαμῶς εἶ, for 'though thou be little,' it agrees with the Greek, not the Hebrew.

We take these instances because they are the first that meet us. In Matt. ii. 18, the Syriac, *with the best Greek* MSS., omits καὶ κλαυθμὸς, therein being nearer the Hebrew than the recent (altered) Greek text. In Matt. iii. 3, it has for αὐτοῦ, (the paths) 'of our God:' therein agreeing with the LXX. as well as the Hebrew, but probably, as in so many other places, altering the text to harmonize it with the old reading (of D. &c.) in Mark i. 3. In the quotation iv. 15, it departs from the Greek Gospel and both the V. T. authorities, by putting 'the river' before Jordan, and omitting 'the region,' and inserting 'great' before the second 'light.' In c. xii. 21, where the citation is made by the Evangelist, not by our Lord, the Syriac agrees with the Greek of S. Matthew, against both Hebrew and Septuagint, in the words, 'I will put My Spirit:' it departs from *all* by having, '*that He may* preach judgment,' and by substituting 'shall not be broken,' and 'shall not be quenched,' for 'shall He not break,' 'shall He not quench:' it agrees with the Greek of S. Matthew in, 'send forth judgment unto *victory*,' instead of '*bring* forth judgment unto *truth*' of the Hebrew and Septuagint, and agrees with both Greek authorities in, 'In His Name shall the Gentiles trust,' instead of 'The isles shall wait for His law.' In xiii. 14, it has the reading 'ye shall hear,' when there was an ancient Greek reading of ἀκούσατε agreeing with the Hebrew. It is probably unnecessary for us to pursue the investigation: there is nothing to allege on the other side.

Further evidence, altogether destructive of this theory, will, we apprehend, incidentally appear in the course of our examination of the Syriac Text; which we wish to pursue simply, without any reference to this argument, as we conceive the effect of such reference is very injurious, by diverting the attention of a student from an investigation of the simple facts of the text in its bearings on the criticism of the New Testament.

Dr. Cureton conceives, as may well be supposed, that in this

Syriac MS., the Gospel of S. Matthew is by a different hand from the other three Gospels, which, of course, are translations from the Greek. He does not, however, give *any evidence whatever of this assertion;* and we shall, therefore, not hesitate to speak generally of the characteristics of the whole work, as if it were one, unless there be need to distinguish between the Gospels.

The language of the text is more rude than that of our present printed text of the Peshito, which has hitherto been supposed, in accordance with the statements of the Syriac writers themselves, to be the original Syriac Version, made at least as early as the second century. That Dr. Cureton is right in supposing that the style of the Peshito has been modernised, we cannot doubt. The very fact that it was the received translation, read in the churches, would make it natural that it should be modernised: just as in the case of our own successive versions, and Dr. Blayney's editing in the last century; and in churches more free than our own, this may have been carried on to a much greater extent. We can, therefore, well admit that in point of language this text does represent an earlier condition than the printed Peshito. What is needed for a satisfactory investigation of the subject is, an examination of the oldest MSS. of the Peshito, which would probably exhibit many grades of transition between the two. We are speaking now of *language* only. As to the *text* of the MS. we shall presently have to give our judgment. Whether that of the Peshito has or has not been modernised, and to what extent, by adaptation to the later received text of the Greek Church, is one of the most important questions, perhaps the most important, to be settled in the controversy between the value of most ancient uncial and the cursive texts: and it deserves a most careful investigation, specially by the examination of the readings in the Syriac Fathers.

Perhaps the most simple course we can take is to examine the readings of this MS. in a continuous passage. We will begin with the first chapter of S. Matthew.

In v. 6, the authorities are divided between 'David begat Solomon,' and 'David the king begat Solomon.' This Syriac agrees with the Peshito, and both with the Vatican MS. and an ancient cursive, in omitting 'the king.'

In v. 8, this Syriac, with the Ethiopic and the Latin Codex Vercellensis, inserts the three successions, 'Ahaziah, Joash, and Amaziah,' which do not occur in any other copies. That these are unauthorized insertions, originally made by an 'improver,' we cannot doubt, inasmuch as they testify against themselves by retaining in v. 17 'all the generations . . . . from David to 'the carrying away into captivity were *fourteen* generations.' *Dr. Cureton* gives a very interesting extract from 'Dionysius

'Bar Salibi, who compiled a commentary upon the Scriptures 'from earlier writers in the twelfth century.' This is a sort of Syriac 'Poole's Synopsis,' which collects the various theories devised by different writers to account for the omission of these three names: one of these, George of the Gentiles, says (the value of his statement may be estimated by the necessities of his theory), that S. Matthew inserted these three, and wrote *seventeen* where we have *fourteen,* in v. 17. That Syriac copies existed, agreeing with this, is stated by others cited by Bar Salibi: 'Others say, &c. . . . . for there is found occasionally a 'Syriac copy made out of the Hebrew which inserts these three 'kings in the genealogy; but that it afterwards speaks of four-'teen and not seventeen generations, is because fourteen genera-'tions has been substituted for seventeen by the Hebrews, on 'account of their holding to the septenary number, because on 'the fourteenth they were delivered from the bondage of the 'Egyptians.' These merely conjectural statements of Syriac commentators, who wished to reconcile the genealogy in S. Matthew with that in the Old Testament, Dr. Cureton seems to believe. He says: 'According to the text of this copy, which 'introduces the three kings omitted in the Greek, the number 'from David to the captivity ought to be seventeen races or 'generations, instead of fourteen. George of the Gentiles, 'cited above, says that Matthew did write here originally seven-'teen; and, indeed, the two words in the Hebrew character, 'שבעסרא and ארבעסרא, are sufficiently similar to have 'easily caused such an error, especially when one of them in 'either case must have occurred twice.' (P. xii.) We need make no observation on this. It supposes that a mistake, made so early and so universally and so foolishly (for as long as the three generations continued there was a discrepancy manifest to every one), pervaded every copy of the Gospel, whether in Greek or Aramaic; and supposes a further falsification of the genealogy by omitting these three names, made to reconcile the variation, while the true words remain only in these few old copies. Is it not more reasonable to believe that the names were inserted by this Syriac; the more so when it is its usage so to *improve* the text?

In verse 16 this copy has, 'Jacob begat Joseph, *to whom was espoused* Mary *the Virgin, which bare* Jesus the Christ.' It will be observed that there are four distinct variations from the received text, which runs, 'Joseph *the husband* of Mary, *of whom was born* Jesus, *which is called* Christ'—Ἰησοῦς ὁ λεγόμενος Χριστός. Now, these variations are ancient, widely spread, but not largely received, and we can have no hesitation in pronouncing that they are alterations of what the Evangelist wrote, and alterations made on doctrinal grounds. They are

found in the Codex Bezæ (so far as the Latin, which alone is extant here, is evidence); and in the Ante-Hieronymian Latin (as its best MSS. show); and partially in the Armenian and Memphitic versions. The object of the alterations is manifestly shown by an extract from the spurious Protevangelium of James, cited by Dr. Cureton, in which Joseph is made to call S. Mary his *espoused*, but to deny that she was his *wife*.

v. 18. This verse, as we have noticed above, affords a remarkable evidence to a *known* ancient reading. Here is an instance of the preservation of a reading which alone seems to have been known to S. Irenæus, and which was afterwards lost from almost all the MSS. and versions.

In the same verse, with the most ancient authorities, this Syriac omits the γὰρ in μνηστευθείσης [γὰρ] τῆς μητρὸς: and, we apprehend, correctly.

v. 19. For 'But Joseph *being* a righteous man *and* not wishing,' the Syriac has '*because he was* a righteous man, did not wish' (the Ethiopic version *alone* is like this Syriac, both thus translating the Greek ὢν) 'to make *her* a public example:' for *her*, our Syriac *alone* has '*Mary*;' a clear alteration of the original.

v. 20. 'But while he thought on these things, *behold*,' (this and the Harclean Syr. and old Latin Codex Vercell. *alone* omit 'behold,') 'the angel of the Lord appeared to *him*' (for '*him*' our Syriac *alone* has '*Joseph*'); afterwards for 'Mary thy *wife*,' 'thine *espoused*,' is the substitution in the Syriac.

v. 21. 'That which *is to be* born in her,' in the future (which seems to us an alteration under the view of improvement for the Greek τὸ γεννηθὲν), is found only here, in the old Latin, and the Ethiopic: 'is *conceived* of the Holy Ghost:' the insertion of this word 'conceived,' by way of explanation, is in this Syriac *alone*.

v. 22. This Syriac has, 'And she shall bear *for thee* a son;' (the words '*for thee*' are inserted in this copy *alone*); 'and His name *shall be called*' (every other known text has 'thou shalt call His Name') 'Jesus: for He shall save *the world* from its sins.' Every other known text has 'His *people* from their sins.' Dr. Cureton says—'The variation must have arisen from the similarity of לעלמא and לעמא.' It is of course probable enough that Syriac transcribers have made the mistake, but we hope we are not expected to believe that the Greek translator of S. Matthew's Aramaic Gospel made it; and that the whole Christian world, from that time to this, except those who have the privilege of using this one Syriac copy, and those earliest copies through which S. Matthew's words were correctly handed down, have been mistaken in *the true* reading; or that the sacred text was so carelessly

translated *in the apostolic age*, and so little regard paid to those words which, we must suppose, were written in every heart that knew the name of JESUS, that the blunder of the ignorant and careless translator into Greek *was never discovered.*

v. 22. 'But *all* this was done,' &c. This Syriac *alone* omits ὅλον. We say *alone*, because we cannot argue from the word being not found in two places of Irenæus, that his copies did not contain it, as it might easily be omitted accidentally; and it is found in a third passage (iv. 23, 1.) not noticed by critical editors of the N. T.

'By *the mouth of Isaiah* the prophet.' 'The mouth of' is an insertion of this Syriac alone (imitating the διὰ στόματος of S. Luke: Luke i. 70; Acts i. 16; iii. 18, 21; iv. 25); all other documents have διὰ simply.—'Isaiah;' here is a great divergence of authorities; διὰ τοῦ προφήτου on one side, διὰ Ἡσαΐου τοῦ προφήτου on the other. This Syriac, with the Harclean and Jerusalem Syriacs, the Armenian, and the Ante-Hieronymian Latin, accord with the Codex Bezæ in inserting the name: the rest of the authorities omit it. It is an *ancient* but a *bad* reading.

23. 'They shall call His name,' is the Greek; 'His name shall be called' is the Syriac. We ask:—Which of these more truly represents S. Matthew's words? Surely 'they shall call' is the Hebraistic expression, which is preserved so often in the Gospels: 'shall be called' is a paraphrastic translation, like that of our Authorized Version in Luke xii. 20, 'this night shall thy soul be required;' where the original retains the Hebraism 'they shall require.' (We do not attribute all these changes to the Syriac translator; he may have found them in some Greek copies, 'of a recension' otherwise 'unknown.') '*Our* God with us.' This insertion of 'our,' as we have said, is found in no other copy of the Scriptures; but 'Mar Yakub, the Persian,' so cites the passage! (Cureton, p. xii.)

24. The Syriac is 'and took *Mary*:' it *alone* substitutes 'Mary' for 'his wife.'

25. 'And dwelt purely with her' (thus this Syriac *alone* paraphrases 'knew her not') 'until she bare *the* son,' τὸν υἱὸν; so the Memphitic: υἱὸν simply, '*a* son' (omitting the words 'her first-born'), is the reading of B., Z., some early versions, and some MSS. of the Ante-Hieronymian Latin. It is a case where there is a fair balance of evidence, though we *incline* to believe the word πρωτότοκον genuine. The omission of the word seems to belong to the same class of alterations as we have seen pervade this Syriac and other documents in this chapter. It will not call Joseph the husband, or Mary the wife: it inserts 'the Virgin' in v. 18; and prefers saying ἐγέννησεν rather than ἐξ ἧς ἐγεννήθη.

As to the variation in the former part of the verse, we should only observe, that the Greek *οὐκ ἔγνω* almost certainly represents what S. Matthew wrote; and that the Syriac 'dwelt purely with her,' is an explanatory paraphrase; particularly as many similar paraphrases occur throughout the Gospel.

And we think it will appear from this verse, and from the whole of the chapter, that the Syriac is translated from the Greek, not the Greek from the Syriac. Indeed, on this whole subject, we could not better describe the Gospel of S. Matthew, than in the words of Dr. Cureton in regard to the other three Gospels. There are unmistakable evidences of translation; and that, by one who did not well understand the idiom, or force of words, in the language from which he was translating. And there are many similar indications throughout the Gospel. Thus, in ch. iii. 4, *μελὶ ἄγριον* is translated 'honey of the field;' xviii. 6, *μύλος ὀνικὸς*, 'a millstone of an ass;' iii. 13, *ἄφες ἄρτι*, 'Leave what is now;' 14, *τότε ἀφίησιν αὐτὸν*, 'then he left Him to be baptized;' the last three words being, as usual in this translation, added for explanation's sake. Again, in the fifth chapter we have, v. 13, *ἐὰν δὲ τὸ ἅλας μωρανθῇ*, 'but if the salt become insipid *and foolish*;' an evident attempt to preserve the double meaning of the Greek. So, 'What seemeth to thee, Simon?' a clear translation of *τί δοκεῖ σοι*; a Greek, not an Aramaic phrase. In ch. xv. 2, *τῶν πρεσβυτέρων*, 'the aged;' *θανάτῳ τελευτάτω*, 'shall be slain' (we need scarcely ask which of these more nearly represents an Aramaic original); 5, *κορβᾶν, ὃ ἐὰν ἐξ ἐμοῦ ὠφεληθῇς*, 'My offering, thou shalt be benefited from me;' and ch. xi. 6, where there was the same difficulty from the Greek *ὃς ἐάν*, for *μακάριος ὃς ἐὰν μὴ σκανδαλισθῇ ἐν ἐμοὶ*, we have, 'and happy he (*ὃς*), unless he shall be offended in me;' and xx. 25, 'great ones are authorized over them;' for *κατεξουσιάζουσιν αὐτῶν*. Surely these are sufficient evidence of ignorant translation.

The arrangement of the words, too, in the Syriac is ordinarily identical with that of the Greek: evidently the effect of an attempt at the most closely exact translation.

Further, whilst it ordinarily observes very carefully the words of the Greek, the Syriac not unfrequently indulges in paraphrases. We have seen one in ch. i. ult. and in ch. v. 13. In ch. xxii. 30, there is one which we give in Dr. Cureton's words:—'For in the vivification of the dead, the men take 'not women, neither are women unto men, but as the angels 'are they of heaven.' Again, for 'To God all things are possible,' xix. 26, 'God is able to do everything.' The substitution of passives for actives, and *vice versâ*, is common throughout the Gospels.

Again, there are many brief explanatory additions to the

text; as, Matt. ii. 18, instead of 'Rachel weeping,' this Syriac has '*the voice of* Rachel,' &c.; and v. 20, 'were seeking the 'life of the boy *to take it away;*' v. 23, 'and he came *thither*,' &c.; iii. 5, '*the children of* Jerusalem;' xvi. 19, 'I will give 'unto thee the keys *of the gates* of the Kingdom of Heaven.' We have marked the added words in italics.

It also abounds in explanatory clauses, as in some degree is exemplified in the extracts we have made from the first chapter. They are the sort of clauses which might naturally be introduced by a translator; but which, on the other hand, if they existed in the original, would scarcely have been omitted in a translation.

There is another peculiarity in this Syriac form of the Gospel, to which we alluded above as common to all the Gospels, which Dr. Cureton singularly turns to the account of his own argument, *i.e.* the numerous instances of words and clauses inserted from the other Gospels, or adaptations of St. Matthew's narrative (as we receive it) to that of the other Evangelists. The same peculiarity is found in this version of S. Mark and S. Luke (and, though of course in a minor degree, in S. John). The natural and *primâ facie* explanation is the same in all the three cases: viz. that the editor, for so we must call him, wished to send out an improved form of the Gospels. Whatever be the account of the fact in the other Gospels would seem naturally to be the account of it in that of S. Matthew. Some instances are these: In S. Matt. iii. 7, the Syriac has, 'But when he saw *the Publicans and* the Pharisees,' &c. (come to his baptism). S. Luke, c. iii. records that the Publicans came to the Baptist, but the insertion of the word here (which is only found in this copy) makes what follows, where they are addressed as 'generation of *vipers*,' scarcely consistent with the ordinary tone of the New Testament. Again, ch. iv. 11: 'Then the devil departed from Him *for a season*,' from S. Luke iv. 13. Then, ch. iv. 24: 'And He *laid His hands on them, and* healed them:' the words in italics being taken from Luke iv. 40. Then in the Sermon on the Mount (ch. v. 12): 'But you, rejoice and be glad *in that day*, because your reward is great in heaven; for so *their fathers* persecuted the prophets which were before you.' Both the additions are from S. Luke vi. 23. To pass to another place (only reminding our readers that these departures from the received text are absolutely peculiar to this 'recension'): ch. x. 23, 'Before My Father, which is in heaven, *and before* '*His angels*,' from S. Luke xii. 9. Instead of 'Think not that 'I came to send peace on the earth: I came not to send peace, 'but a sword:' we have, 'I came not to send peace on the 'earth, but *division of wills and* the sword.' See S. Luke xii. 51. *διαμερισμόν.*

Such additions occur *passim*. Dr. Cureton accounts for them by supposing that they are genuine portions of the original Aramaic document which S. Matthew wrote and which the other Evangelists used; that they are therefore derived from S. Matthew into the other Gospels, *but have been omitted by the person who translated the Gospel into Greek*. We leave the comparative probability of the omission or insertion of such clauses (considering that the Syriac, as appears from the other Gospels, had a way of making such additions to the text) to the common sense of our readers.

To our minds the whole theory is absolutely groundless, and it is incompatible with all that antiquity does record, be it true or false, about the professedly original Aramaic Gospel of S. Matthew: for if that original were preserved in the Syriac, surely it would have been known, recognised, boasted of, preserved from alteration, and held most sacred. But amid all the stories of the original Hebrew Gospel of S. Matthew, whether as found by Pantænus in India, or seen by Jerome at Cæsarea, no one gives a hint that it was in ordinary use, and a part of the *Evangelia* actually read in the Syrian churches.

We turn now to the third work before us—the edition of the *Codex Augiensis* by Mr. Scrivener, and our first feeling on contrasting it with what we have been handling, is that of relief. It is a real relief, after the melancholy spectacle of Mai's edition of the Vatican MS., to see the accuracy, the neatness, the truthfulness, with which this less ancient but very curious MS. has been edited.

The *Codex Augiensis* is a MS. of S. Paul's Epistles, written most probably in the west of Europe, in the ninth century. It had the Greek and Latin in parallel columns: but the Latin is of a different text from the Greek; it represents, for the most part, a very good text of Jerome's version, but with some evidences of assimilation to the Ante-Hieronymian Latin. In these respects the Latin portion of this MS. is a most curious work, and well worthy of being printed and examined. The Latin is given alone where there is a *lacuna* in the Greek; and in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The Greek is full of mistakes: and the points which are introduced to divide the words are very often placed in the middle of a word, the transcriber evidently not understanding Greek. So also when the Latin varies from the Greek, or when from any cause there may be a difficulty as to its meaning, a Latin word is inserted (though probably by a later hand) between the lines of the Greek.

It may be interesting to our readers to see some specimens of these variations, and of the readings of the MS. in some other *places*. They differ, for instance, in the text, 1 Tim. iii. 16.

The Latin is, 'Quod manifestum est in carne,' &c., representing the known reading still extant in the Codex Bezæ, ὅ ἐφανερώθη; the Greek, *οσ . εφανηρωθη . εν . σαρκι.* (Of the cursive MSS. examined by Mr. Scrivener, one has ὁ θεὸς, eleven have θεὸς, one is silent.)

In Rom. v. 1, the Latin is, 'Justificati igitur exfide | pacem habeamus . | addm̄ per dominum | ; the Greek, *ἰρηνην. εχομεν.* (Of the cursive MSS. examined, three agree with the Latin in having ἔχωμεν, four have ἔχομεν.)

In 1 Cor. xv. 51, 'Behold, I shew you a mystery,' &c., the Latin has, 'Omnes | quidem resurgemus . sed non omnes | immutabimur.' The Greek, *παντεσ . | μενοὺν . κοιμηθη . σωμεθα . οὐ | παντεσ . δε . αλλα . γησομεθα . εν . |*, with dormiemus written over *κοιμηθη . σωμεθα.* (The cursives agree with the received text.)

In 1 Cor. xi. 24, the Latin is, 'Hoc est corpus meum quod | pro vobis *tradetur*;' the Greek, *το . | υπερ . υμων . κλωμενον*, with 'frangetur' written over the *κλωμενον.*

In Gal. iii. 19, the Latin is, 'Quid igitur? Lex | propter transgressionem posita est;' the Greek, *τι . ουν . ο . νομοσ . | των . πραξαιων . ετεθη . αχρι* &c., which is the reading followed in the old Latin Versions.

The MS. has been admirably edited by Mr. Scrivener. We cannot speak in too high terms of the manner of execution. It is not a *fac-simile*, but represents, in common cursive Greek characters, every letter of the original. Persons who are not familiar with the spelling of MSS. would be surprised to read the Greek which is here presented to us. The contractions, the itacisms, the mistakes of letters, the wrong divisions of words, the strange spellings, present a puzzling picture to those who are acquainted only with the long-established orthography of Greek, as well as the settled uniform text. *e.g.* Eph. iii. 1, a very easy specimen, stands thus:—

ουτου . χαριν . εγω . παυλοσ . ο	hujus rei gratia ego paulus
δεσμοισ . του . χρυ . ὑπερ . υμων .	vinctus xp̄i ihu. provobis
των . εθνων . ειγη . ηκουσαται . την	gentibus si tamen audistis dispen
οικονομίαν . του . θυ . τασ . χαρι	sationem gratiæ dī
τοσ . τησ . δοθεισ . ησμοι; εισ . υμασ.	quæ data est mihi invobis.

It will be manifest how great care must have been required to represent faithfully these peculiarities; which are correctly represented here.

The transcript, as we stated before, was compared *six times* with the original before it was submitted to the reader. Very brief notes are subjoined, indicating the alterations which appear to have been made in the MS. in any place, as by erasure, or by a second hand, and supplying any other necessary information. At the bottom of the pages are noted the varia-

tions of the Codex Boernerianus, a MS. probably transcribed from the same copy as this MS.; (as appears, for instance, from the lacunæ in the two being the same) but generally avoiding its blunders.

A very neat photograph of the page containing 1 Tim. iii. 16 is prefixed. The whole work is admirably executed, and a very modest and useful preface gives the history and characteristics of the Codex.

The great use of having a MS. thus represented can only be appreciated by those who have had to puzzle out the reading of any given MS. or MSS. in a complicated passage, from the heap of *variæ Lectiones* subjoined to such an edition as Tischendorf's. The trouble is infinite, the confidence that one is right precarious, and in the process of eliciting the true reading of theMSS. in any continuous passage, your appreciation of its meaning is lost. But in Mr. Scrivener's work, allowing for the puzzle and hindrance of its orthography and its mistakes, you can read any passage of an Epistle continuously, almost as you would a modern Greek Testament. The advantage this gives us is very great, and we should be thankful if other MSS. were similarly edited. Mr. Scrivener's work in this respect is unique. It does not preserve the uncial characters in *fac-simile*, as Woide did, nor in modern forms, as Tischendorf has most uselessly done, both which methods make their works very hard to read. On the other hand, it has not modernised the spelling, or kept out of sight the mistakes of the copyist.

Besides the excellent representation of this MS. Mr. Scrivener has given his collations of more than fifty cursive MSS., and has thus confirmed the truth of what his former labours had elicited, that a cursive MS. is by no means to be supposed to follow the text throughout, which from a cursory inspection of some portion of it we might have anticipated. These collations are printed in large and clear type, and are very easy to use. A detailed account of the MSS. thus collated is annexed to the preface.

Lastly, there is prefixed to the whole a remarkably clear, candid, and temperate discussion of the subject of 'comparative criticism;' and of the value to be attached to MSS. of different periods: of the question whether the few ancient are to preponderate over the very many recent MSS. This question has already been the subject of controversy between Mr. Scrivener and Dr. Tregelles, and we hope that the calm and moderate tone of this preface, and the justice of many of the observations it contains, may tend to promote an adjustment of the views of contending schools of critics. Each, we are disposed to think, has overstated its case. *e.g.* Of certain testing passages from *S. Mark's Gospel*, selected by Dr. Tregelles, on which Mr. Scri-

vener willingly joins issue, we should sometimes agree with one, sometimes with the other. On the one hand, there must be a precariousness in relying on one or two ancient authorities, *without strong independent grounds for following them*, against the great mass of more recent MSS. On the other hand, the recent MSS. cannot be followed anyhow without some real ancient authority on their side: although it is nevertheless certainly true and demonstrable that some *really* early readings have been preserved in later MSS., whilst no ancient document that contains them has been yet discovered. The Syriac version and A. in the Gospels are the stronghold of Mr. Scrivener. But we fear the former, if earlier MSS. are brought to light, may fail him: and that the latter is equal to B. in age, or in conformity to known ancient readings, cannot, we apprehend, be made good. B. is the stronghold of Mr. Scrivener's adversary.

In one place (note, p. xviii.) we think Mr. Scrivener has misapprehended the bearing of an observation of Dean Alford's. Mr. Scrivener says: 'Dean Alford had constructed the text of 'his first volume of the Greek Testament (first edition) on 'nearly the same plan as Tregelles would, and thoroughly was 'he dissatisfied with the result. "The adoption of that text," 'he writes with admirable frankness, "was, I do not hesitate to 'confess, *a great mistake*. It proceeded on altogether too high 'an estimate of the most ancient existing MSS., and too low 'an one of the importance of *internal evidence*."' (N. T. ii. *Proleg.* p. 58.) The last italics are ours, and we think it important to observe that it is *internal evidence*, not the later MSS., which the Dean sets against the ancient MSS.

We are disposed generally to incline to the ancient MS. side; but we trust that the subject may be yet more thoroughly sifted; and that critics will be content with balancing probabilities, and admitting that, of two or three readings, each has some good evidence of being an ancient reading, without rashly deciding that one is exclusively *the* reading. The great difficulty to real progress on the subject of textual criticism is the practice of *constructing texts;* by which process a reading is introduced into the text, and thereby has an absolute and overwhelming preponderance of authority given to it; when, in reality, the balance of evidence between it and another reading is so slight, that, of two equally sound critics, one would decide in favour of this, the other in favour of that: nay, the same critic would decide differently, according to his state of mind, from hour to hour; and in successive editions would oscillate between one reading and the other. The method of Griesbach was free from these difficulties, as he could describe a reading as *æque probabilis, indubie genuina, prorsus rejicienda, haud spernenda*, or by whatever other terms he indicated the precise

place of the reading (in his judgment) in the scale of probability. His mind was not warped by being obliged to decide absolutely when the evidence could only indicate probability; and then, what is still worse, be tempted by controversy to maintain as *certain*, the conclusion which to his own mind was only *just the more probable* of the two.

The changes of readings which the new edition of Tischendorf's Greek Testament presents, are a humbling lesson in this way; and teach us to be very cautious and very undogmatic in our decisions.

We omitted to mention in the body of this article one very serious departure from the Vatican MS. in Cardinal Mai's edition. It is probably well known that in that MS. the Epistles of S. Paul, being regarded as one, are divided by sections, numbered in the margin. In the MS. the Epistle to the Hebrews is placed as we have it after those to the Thessalonians; but *in the numbering of the sections* there is a gap between the Epistles to the Galatians and Ephesians, the last section in Galatians being 58, the first in Ephesians 70. We find the wanting numbers in the Epistle to the Hebrews: from which it is justly inferred, that in the copy from which the Vatican was derived, the Epistle to the Hebrews was placed between the Galatians and Ephesians—an evidence that it was regarded as an Epistle of S. Paul. Will it be believed that Cardinal Mai has altered these numbers? and has destroyed the evidence of an ancient record, which might have been interesting if only for its curiosity? The numbering in his edition goes on continuously from Galatians to Ephesians, and so forward, all the numbers, of course, being changed. At the end of Thessalonians is a note intimating what has been done, and saying it was thought best to do so, *ne sectionum numerationem absurde perturbatam exhiberemus!* In fact, there have been doubts raised, as to what the numbers exactly are (See Horne's Introduction, ed. Tregelles, p. 160, note 2); which doubts Mai might have removed by faithfully printing what is in the MS.: but he has increased the difficulty, for he puts NH at Galat. v. 16, and NΘ, incorrectly, we are sure, at vi. 1; for in a note at the end of 2 Thess. he says, the numerals to the Hebrews in the Codex are NΘ, ΞΑ, &c. and from examining Bentley's collation we infer that this is the case, and that NΘ ought not to be in Galatians at all. In Mai's edition, the numbering ΞΑ, &c. is carried on through Ephesians, and Hebrews is numbered continuously after 2 Thess. ΠΓ, ΠΔ, &c. Such childish tampering with a precious relic of antiquity is most grievous. It is clear the learned world cannot rest contented with such an edition as this.

NOTICES.

'THE Iliad of Homer.' Translated into Blank Verse, by Ichabod Charles Wright, M.A. Translator of Dante; late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Books I. to VI. (Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.) These are not those palmy days of translation, when, if we may judge from old catalogues and bookstalls, all the world read Statius, and Callimachus, and Claudian, and courtiers quoted Horace as they would hum an opera air. But a new version of the Iliad is still sure to attract attention. It addresses itself to the popular taste, not depending upon temporary fashion; and, unlike an edition even of Æschylus, can hardly be considered a success, unless it be known beyond the verge of the curiosity of schoolmasters and schoolboys.

There are two very distinct kinds of translation; the one designed to glorify the translator, the other the original; the one to display the universality of the writer's sensibility, the other to remind those who have been familiar, more or less, with the original, of its beauties, and to light up for them and revive their own past emotions. Pope has made Homer an English classic. Pope's Homer—or, as it ought to be called, Pope's Iliad—is praised as freely and directly as the 'Essay on Criticism,' or the 'Imitations of Horace.' But the original itself is, in his rendering, only admired, as it were, by analogy. Men infer the grandeur of the old Greek from the power of this its reflection, paraphrase, or imitation. Mr. Wright has not made it his object to outdo Pope on his own ground. But he has endeavoured to supply a want which Pope has left. A perusal of this volume excites the wish to go to the original, and read that. It reminds us of its beauties, or suggests them to us. This, we think, is very high praise. It is as true a compliment to a translation to confess that one is filled by it with a longing to study the original, as is to an original descriptive poem the awakening of a desire, immediately after reading it, to compare it with the natural scenery.

This new version of the first six Books of the Iliad appeals for approbation, first, to scholars, to men, that is, who know the original, and wish to have it recalled to their memory in every line; and, secondly, to those in an outer circle, and many there are, who have a loyal love for the true and real, and do not desire to have the grandest poet in the world tricked up to suit special conventional tastes of ear or manners. Such a volume cannot be properly judged by extracts. In a poetical translation the *general effect* should be harmony; in the *details* accuracy ought to be the one thing consulted. It is no merit in such a work that the brilliancy is equable. The Iliad itself, in its native Greek, contains occasional bald passages; but there the ringing eddying rhythm covers all, as the sea the sands and rocks. It provides a high road from noble thought to thought, till, to pursue the simile, the strip of sterility is passed by, and the fresh springs of fancy again well up close beside the brackish waves. A literal rendering must exhibit the bald incidents of daily life in all their

baldness. But we are convinced that no one can rise from reading this volume without a pleasant echo of the harmonious Greek itself rushing on the ear, and supplying every void.

It makes us think of Homer, and of his Iliad as it issued from his imagination, of *himself* as well as itself. This is higher praise than any panegyric on minute ingenuity in evading or spiritualizing some impracticably prosaic account of heroes cooking their own dinner. At the same time, the student will discover many very dexterous interpretations of the meaning, and the public will be relieved from the necessity of resorting, if it wish for Homer, and not a noble paraphrase, to Cowper's blunt fidelity and unrhythmical rendering of by far the most melodious of all poems. Especially spirited appears to us the rendering, throughout, of the fiery struggle between Greek and Trojan, commencing in Book IV. with,—

> 'When now, approaching near, the armies met,
> Followed the clash of shield and spear, the shock
> Of mail-clad warriors striving all their might
> In fierce encounter. Bossy bucklers joined;
> And fearful was the din. Together rose
> The shouts of victory and the groans of death.
> Earth ran with blood. And e'en as wintry streams,
> Rushing down mountains from vast reservoirs,
> Through deep ravine, mingle in hollow chasm
> Their mighty waters; and the roar is heard
> By listening shepherd on the distant hills;
> So from the shock of clashing warriors rose
> The shout of Triumph and the cry of Fear.'
>
> *Book IV.* 470—482.

A version of those scenes of continuous slaughter, which, without recourse, as in Pope, to inversion, paraphrase, and analogy, or bold omission, for variety, is yet not monotonous, is a triumphant defence of Homer against the common abuse of these portions of the poem on the score of barbarous sameness, a charge based on reminiscences partly of Cowper's depressing tameness, partly of Pope's too apparent endeavour to enliven what has been therefore assumed to be in itself dull.

We think the defects of the book are in details and particulars. Various words might, we fancy, be changed with advantage, so as to give the meaning yet more strictly, while, in other instances, English expressions, with a like conventional significance, might be chosen to represent Greek terms which had to Greek ears a common courtesy sense not given by the lexicon's equivalents. One instance may serve. Ἀμύμων should hardly be interpreted '*blameless*,' applied as it is indiscriminately to the perfidious assassin Pandarus and the virtuous Menelaus. '*Honorable*,' a term with a much vaguer connotation, would more nearly approach the poet's intention of indicating the '*fine gentleman*,' though even then at some distance. A greater error appears to us to be Mr. Wright's rather unsystematic use of Greek and Latin names of deities. We are not ready to allow that it does not matter. Certainly it might be of comparatively

little importance whether the Greek or the Latin titles were employed in a poetical translation, but one or the other set should be used exclusively. The contradictory character as to attributes and acts, even of the parallel personages in the two mythologies, should not be obtruded before us by the employment of the two classes of names in close juxtaposition. There is one other thing we should be glad to have supplied in a second edition, but we cannot class the omission among defects. A most acceptable appendage to the work would have been a collation, in the form of foot-notes, of the different renderings by German, Italian, or English translators, from Chapman's quaint and Hobbes' queer attempts downwards, both of the most beautiful and of the most obscure passages, with indications of the strong points in each varying interpretation. Few readers can afford the time, even if they have the ability, to consult every version for themselves. By this plan they would be enabled to learn at once the peculiar character and merits of each.

As for the metre, Mr. Wright has, we think, not sufficiently regarded the claims of English hexameters, a very noble and expansive rhythm, spite of the depreciation of it even by those who have most skilfully employed it. Yet, it must be confessed, the popular ear is scarcely at present used to it, nor is it used to the language. In default of that, the only form capable at once of being literal and harmonious, seems to be the blank heroic verse, which is here successfully employed in its place. That has been familiar for ages, and, as proved by Milton, Keats, and Tennyson, combines with the freedom of the Iambic a capacity for melody almost beyond compare. Any version in this metre has, *à priori*, a greater chance of approaching the original than one in the narrowest and most unbending by far of all forms of English verse, the rhyming heroic couplet.

The public, and especially critics, should be grateful to anyone who comments on, or translates the Iliad, in such a way, at least, as not to make it ridiculous. It is a good thing that what would be a reproach to any age should be taken away, viz. that the greatest of poets is 'still an inheritor of unfulfilled renown.' But the great benefit is, that any volume which displays, even to a single reader, the simple beauty of Homer, creates in that man a champion of good taste and nature, against bad taste and artifice in literature. We must repeat that it appears to us the merit of Mr. Wright's version that it does tend to this result, that it is thoroughly imbued with the life and spirit of the original, and that it will act as an earnest recruiting officer for it.

'The Social Effects of the Reformation. A Lecture by the Lord Bishop of Ripon.' (Nisbet.) Lectures, we suppose, are not to be governed by a stricter law than sermons; but in either case the licence of borrowing other people's matter must be regulated by some qualifications. If any preacher can thoroughly persuade himself that he is only pursuing the edification of his hearers in his sermons, and not his own homiletic reputation, few people would complain though his fine periods were found to belong to Newman or Jeremy Taylor, or though he had appropriated all his thrilling eloquence from Bossuet or Manning. This, however, is only as far as the audience is concerned: there are always two parties to a

sermon or lecture,—he who preaches and they who are preached at. Now it is in the very nature of things impossible for the preacher or lecturer to divest himself of his own personality. He knows when he is successful, he feels when he is dull; so that it must be a very uncomfortable reflection to the lecturer, the more uncomfortable the more successful he is, to be perfectly conscious that his storm of oratory is not his own. This ought to present some qualms of conscience to the trader in the brains of others. There is, however, a distinction between a sermon and a lecture, especially an Exeter Hall lecture. Every parson is obliged to preach, and if he cannot write a sermon, he must beg, borrow, buy, or steal one. Now it is not part of the commission either of a priest or bishop to give Exeter Hall lectures. If, as we can quite understand, there are bishops or priests who are really not up to the trick of lecturing at Exeter Hall, there is no compulsion on them to lecture. Having nothing to say of their own, there is not the least occasion for them to appropriate without acknowledgment other people's observations and thoughts. Now, here is the Bishop of Ripon. Nobody, we suppose, would accuse Dr. Bickersteth of a superabundance of lecturing materials or lecturing power. It is no disgrace to him not to be able or willing to write a lecture for the Young Men's Christian Association, or if it is a disgrace, it is one which, for some reason or other, he shares with many others: at any rate, we should not feel it to be a discredit to decline the call of delivering lectures in company with Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming. But this is not Bishop Bickersteth's case. He has no objection to lecturing, not even to lecturing on other people's capital. It has been said that his Lordship —herein resembling Shakspere—has but small Latin and less Greek; a suspicion which certainly the present lecture confirms at p. 12, where his Lordship is led to speak of 'some antediluvian Megalotherium.' Well, even a Bishop is not bound to know the neuter gender of Megas; nor is he, as we have said, bound to be a lecturer. But if he is a lecturer, he ought to be careful of printing his lectures, knowing the sources of his information; that is, having nothing of his own to say, he is at least bound to say where he gets all his fine writing and fine facts. We can answer for one page in this Exeter Hall lecture—page 23 of 'The Social Effects of the Reformation'—being appropriated, without a single word of acknowledgment, and scarcely a verbal alteration, from this Review. Let the curious compare *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. xxxii. p. 73, with this page 23, the passage commencing, 'During the whole reign of Henry VII. the statutes of the realm give evidence,' &c. &c. Now, considering that this passage of ours—it is not a very remarkable one—was, and avowedly, founded upon citations from Acts of Parliament of a remote date, from Holinshed—whom the Bishop of Ripon thinks proper to style Hollingshed—from Stowe, from Sir Thomas More, and from the famous Venetian ambassador in the sixteenth century, the question arises how Bishop Bickersteth felt when he delivered this particular passage, and when he corrected the proof of it? The passage has a certain look of research, literature, such as it is, and inquiry, superficial enough, but still of inquiry independent and original. Surely some difficulties must have entered his Lordship's mind when he transcribed the passage for the press, without a single word of the source

from whence it was taken. The passage, as we have said, is not worth much, but if it was worth—what shall we say?—transcribing, it was worth acknowledging. As it is, Bishop Bickersteth comes very near to Bishop Plunket. Both have printed and published as their own writings that which they did not write. There is, of course, a vast difference between stealing a whole charge from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and copying a single page from the *Christian Remembrancer*,—not that we are at all prepared to say that ours is the only page 'conveyed' by Bishop Bickersteth. We believe that there is not a single page in the whole lecture which is not in just the same way appropriated, without acknowledgment, from very common sources and the most ordinary books. But—as the *Record* will very properly feel in this matter—although it is of no great consequence that the Bishop of Ripon has been acquiring fame as a lecturer on the strength of the literature and researches of others, still it is a mistake, which in this case is much worse than a crime, that his Lordship has been so indiscreet as to pilfer from a source which, in certain quarters, must be so discreditable as the *Christian Remembrancer*.

Of a very different character, both as regards scholarship and real solid information, exhibiting a large as well as discriminating estimate both of what heathenism did and did not contain, is another lecture, of the same series, on 'Socrates,' delivered by Dr. Goulburn, and published by Rivingtons. It is fit for an audience of educational attainments much superior to those of the interesting body to which it was addressed.

Mr. John George Phillimore is certainly the most consummate master of indiscriminate railing at present extant. With an admirable and ludicrous impartiality he abuses every writer and every statesman alive, in language of a type which to call impassioned and vehement would be to do it less than justice. All our literature, all our politics, all our writers and men of rank, all our principles, and all our conclusions are wrong. And yet in a production full of the most mendacious and transparently absurd statements, he has contrived to produce a pamphlet, 'The Divorce Court, its Evils, and the Remedy' (Bond), which is quite worth reading. He says, and we wish that we could extract his vitriolic sentences, that the working of the Divorce Court is a social evil of the most scandalous character, that it is filling the land with a flood of obscenity and unutterable abomination. He objects to the existing Divorce Act; and he would 'refuse to women 'in ordinary cases of adultery, in cases of adultery coupled with cruelty, 'or followed by desertion, any remedy but that given by the old law, of a 'judicial separation.' 2. He would appoint an officer to sift the suits, and to do that which the Court cannot do, prevent collusion. 3. He would have three judges instead of one, and he would abolish juries. 4. He would prevent the marriage of the guilty parties. 5. And finally, 'the scenes of the Divorce 'Court have converted him to the doctrine that the parties contracting a 'marriage should not be allowed to marry again during the life of the 'other, and that the relief given by the Court should stop at separation '*à mensa et thoro*.' In other words, Mr. John George Phillimore, upon the strongest moral and social considerations, is perfectly convinced that divorce, under any circumstances, is a crime and a mistake, and a great

social wrong. So far we are not aware that any opponent of the present wretched and unfortunate Divorce Act has gone further, and we are certain that not one of those who in vain tried to resist this most unhappy enactment has ever expressed himself with Mr. Phillimore's burning words of condemnation. But with an impudence unparalleled—Mr. Phillimore is fond of strong language, so he will sympathise with it—this writer actually charges every defect and vice of the present law on those who resisted it in Parliament. The law is a very bad one; but it was 'the violent opposition of the Bishops and Mr. Gladstone' which made it what it is. This actual state of things is, that 'A deluge of abominations has overspread 'the land. The causes before the new tribunal, rival in all that is loath-'some, foul, and brutal, those of the lowest police-court. Everything most 'shocking and offensive in the manners and habits of the most sensual and 'coarsest classes, all the elements of obscenity, violence, falsehood, and 'malevolence are there sucked up and gathered together in one pestilential 'cloud, and thence discharged in fetid currents on the surface of the 'country . . . the noisome sink is never dry.' 'Holywell Street, at its very worst,' is the result of the Act, which is quite true: but when Mr. Phillimore coolly assures us that this is not the fault of Sir Richard Bethell, 'the 'D'Aguesseau of England,' but 'of a spirit of ambition, avarice, and 'hypocrisy of the Bishops,' backed by 'Mr. Gladstone, who is born without 'the power of distinguishing a sound from an unsound argument, as some 'persons are born without the sense of smelling,' we are afraid that this lamentable rather than ludicrous misstatement of facts will entirely neutralise the effect of a remonstrance against the working of the act as forcible as it is true.

This subject naturally suggests another of kindred importance, the agitation, now nearly successful, to change the Marriage Law, with reference to a Deceased Wife's Sister—a measure which, if carried, it is scarcely concealed, will lead to the relaxation of perhaps all the prohibited degrees. We have now another year's breathing time. Lord Bury's Bill was lost in the House of Lords by a very narrow majority; and unless the interval is properly spent, there can be no question whatever that the measure will be carried: and carried not so much, perhaps, by any feeling of the country in its favour, which is decidedly the other way, but by the apathy of the friends, and we will add the ministers, of religion. Forty-nine peers, of whom the spiritual lords formed by no means an imposing element, were alone found to prefer their duty to the Church and to the social and moral interests of the community, to 'other engagements' and the imperative claims of dinner, on the 22d March last. To do Lord Wodehouse justice, he polled or paired his last man. Now in this state of things one course alone can, humanly speaking, avert the threatened evil; it is to the clergy that the country looks both for guidance and agitation. The clergy can, if they please, bring up such an array of petitions, that the sense and feeling of the country can no longer be appealed to by the unscrupulous agitators for innovation. And ecclesiastical authorities must be appealed to, and, if need be, compelled by the action of the inferior clergy, to allow an expression of opinion in all corporate and formal quarters. The Bishop of London

has announced himself to be willing to represent the feelings of his clergy; and to do them justice, for once the Metropolitan Clergy, as expressed by the Westminster Clergy, Sion College, and the Archdeaconry of London, have not been slow to declare themselves. This example ought not to be lost upon other dioceses: and those Bishops, not few, who systematically, on the occasion of this subject being introduced into the House of Lords, think proper to absent themselves, must at least be without the excuse of ignorance of the sentiments of their dioceses. What we would venture to suggest by way of work before the next session of Parliament, is, 1. For the clergy of each diocese to memorialize the Bishop on the subject, respectfully yet very distinctly, requesting his Lordship to express the feeling of the clergy in his place in Parliament. 2. To disseminate all information, by cheap tracts and otherwise, on the subject, towards which object, unless we are misinformed, an organization in London is now forming. 3. And, above all, to prepare petitions. It may be thought that we are recommending dictation to Rural Deans, Archdeacons, and Bishops: but what are these ecclesiastical organizations for, unless to embody the constitutional sentiments of the clergy? We have never joined in Archdeacon Denison's question, 'Why do the Bishops sit in the House of Lords?' because hitherto we have acquiesced in the conventional assumption that the Bishops in Parliament do represent the clergy; but when we find only eight of their Lordships in the recent division voting in the majority, the old answer looks rather like a mockery. On this subject, among many other valuable publications, we have 'May a Man marry his Deceased Wife's Sister' by Mr. F. A. Dawson (Parker); Dr. Wordsworth's admirable Sermon (Occasional Sermons, No. LV.) on 'Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister (Rivingtons); 'Her Sister, shall I marry her?' (Groombridge) and a useful Tract by Mr. Simpson, 'Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister' (Batty).

Another subject, not remotely connected with these considerations, presents itself. Two years ago we took occasion to draw attention to the mode in which Lent Services were conducted in the Dioceses of Oxford and Bristol respectively. It will be remembered that the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol refused to give his sanction and encouragement to a scheme of daily evening service, with a sermon, during the holy season, on the ground that it was a party move, made by party men. These services have now been continued for twelve consecutive years in one of the central churches in the ancient city of Bristol. We have now before us a list of the subjects and the names of the preachers, thirty-four in number, including those of many who have given their assistance in former years, with the addition of a few from other dioceses. We see in this an additional proof of the assertion that a bishop is utterly helpless if he does not throw himself into the views of his clergy. Probably by this time the Bishop has discovered that he made a miscalculation of the number of his clergy who would choose to class themselves with any school, and perhaps regrets that he gave out so publicly his adhesion to the Evangelicals, and his approval of party views, when they coincide with his own. Mischievous as the discouragement of a Bishop must be to any scheme of good projected in his diocese, we think we may congratulate the clergy of that

diocese on the spirit with which these services have been kept up. We trust that there is now no danger of their being discontinued. The noble work now in progress in the diocese of Oxford makes us confident that, under a vigorous administration, all popular tendencies may be brought within the Church's influence. There is a preaching mania abroad which the Bishop of Oxford is wisely using for revivals and missions of the best sort in his diocese; and even in London we are not without hope that the desultory and unsystematic sermons, confined as they are too much to preachers either of no note, or a single and narrow school, at the Sunday Evening Services at S. Paul's and Westminster, will gradually subside into a systematic course of practical instruction. At present, apart from the accidental benefit of accustoming the masses to a formal and reverential service, we can see no benefit whatever from the Special Services in London, and positive injury when these large congregations are called upon to use such hymns, tasteless in music, and heretical and unsound in language, and false in sentiment, as many of those inserted in 'Mercer's Collection.'

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THE

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ART. I. — *Poems of Walter Mapes* —— *Walter Mapes de Nugis Curialium*——*Political Songs*——*Chronica Jocelindi de Brakelonda*——*Rishanger's Chronicle*——*Polydore Vergil's Histories*——*Apology for the Lollards*——*Suppression of the Monasteries.* Being some of the Works of the Camden Society.

THE student of English history in the present day has this great advantage over his brother-labourers in the same wide field of past generations, that whereas the latter were compelled to be satisfied with the compilations of others, which were necessarily meagre, and were besides sure to give partial narratives of events, to reflect mere private opinions, or to lay down as historical facts what were only the conclusions of the individual authors; the liberality of different societies has given, and is giving us, those works which form the source of all written histories: the original authorities to whom former historians have had recourse, but which, until now, have been locked up from the use and knowledge of the world at large. We of these days do not need any second-hand account of what was done in a given age. We can read, weigh, and conclude for ourselves. We can go to the original sources of information. We can judge our judges.

We have prefaced our article with a few works of the society which derives its name from the well-known antiquary, Camden, because, among the volumes already issued, there are many which throw light on different historical periods, illustrate characters, and show how the men of their own times regarded the personages, the acts, and the measures which have hitherto formed, as it were, the debateable land of history. Our remarks will, we fear, be thought rather discursive; for it is not our intention—indeed, it would not be in our power—to go regularly through the many volumes of this Society. Whenever

we think that any of them aid us in forming an opinion on obscure passages of history we shall bring them before the attention of our readers.

Passing over the period of the Saxon Heptarchy, and the rule of the Danes, which we have lately discussed at some length, we turn to the condition of England after the decisive battle which Polydore Vergil describes as 'the exceeding 'occision of either parte. . . . . wherein the whole Englishe 'puissance and imperje camm to ruine.'

In these times, when the learning and intellectual ability of the nation were confined to the Church, the political condition of the island necessarily followed the ecclesiastical; and although the Conquest may have put a virtual termination to the political difficulties of the kingdom, it was beyond the power of William or his successors—if, indeed, it were within their care—to correct the palpable and gross abuses which were rampant in the Church, or to still the indignation with which they were filling the minds of the better sort, both of clergy and laity. There was evidently rottenness at the core: open, allowed immorality among the clergy themselves. The nation never had, as a whole, submitted willingly to the sway of Rome; but had been compelled, by the twofold supremacy of the Pope, to stifle her murmurs, and accept that which, if left to herself, she would unhesitatingly have rejected. The spiritual supremacy, administered as it was in part by threats, and in part by bribes, kept the clergy subdued or quieted; the political supremacy prevented the kings from coming to the assistance of the nation; and thus, both kings and people being bound hand and foot, they had nothing to do but to take what they had no power to refuse, and to make the best of their circumstances. A widespread degeneracy soon succeeded. Rome was in no manner beyond the influence of gold; and her voice once given for an offender, however gross his crime, there was no further authority to whom to appeal.

It is true that outwardly, and in the pages of some of the formal historians of these times, things look fair, and there seems to be little or nothing to complain of. But when we can get behind the scenes, the state of the country is discovered to be very different. Matthew Paris speaks his mind very freely, and does not hesitate to paint an immoral or a usurping Pope in his true colours; and one of the earliest and most vigorous of our satirists and poets, Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford in Henry II.'s reign, has gone to the bottom of the whole matter, and given us a full picture of the times in which he lived. The volume of his poems is one of the most interesting of the publications of the Society. It is true, that all the pieces contained

in it may not be by Mapes; but this simply strengthens our position. Not only he himself, but probably his predecessors, and certainly those who took him for their model, bear witness equally with him to the fact of the great national decline in virtue in their times, and agree in the causes to which it was to be assigned: the unscrupulous and immoral use of power, spiritual and secular, by Rome, which acted upon and affected with an evil leaven the Church of this country. Learning and goodness being disregarded and dishonoured, decayed, and at length almost died out of the land; and in their stead ignorance and sloth, avariciousness, and open immorality, raised unblushingly their brazen foreheads. We crave our reader's pardon if we linger somewhat too long over a volume which, with much beautiful poetry and many noble thoughts, contains one of the most complete disclosures we know of the state of the Church and realm of England in the middle ages. In the year 1074, Gregory VII. issued his edict against the marriage of the clergy. It excited throughout almost the whole of Europe, in Italy, Germany, France, and England, most serious tumults. Milan openly separated from the communion of the Pope; and the schism threatened to extend to other parts of the Church. The result was, that although the papal rule was never formally rescinded, its execution was eventually found to be impossible. Lanfranc, the Archbishop of William the Conqueror's time, made a futile attempt to compel the clergy to celibacy; and Anselm, thirty years later, took the matter up vigorously; but their efforts were alike without success. The clergy still continued to marry; and the result of the loosing of the bond of marriage was found to be the lowering, and not the raising of the standard of morality. Many of those who had no wives substituted, it is to be feared, kept-mistresses. Things continued, it appears, in this state to the time of the fourth Lateran Council, in 1215; soon after which Pope Innocent III. sent directions to England that the wives of the clergy should at once be put away.[1] A universal consternation was the consequence. Walter Mapes has four poems on the subject. The first, entitled 'De Concubinis Sacerdotum,' commences in a semi-ludicrous manner:

> 'Prisciani regula penitus cassatur,
> Sacerdos per hic et hæc olim declinabatur:
> Sed per hic solummodo nunc articulatur,
> Cum per nostrum præsulem hæc amoveatur.'

[1] The Editor of this volume (p. 172.) alludes to the Fourth Lateran Council under Innocent III. A.D. 1215, as having condemned the wives or concubines of the Clergy. The Council condemned the concubines, but not the wives; on the contrary, the 14th canon, which mentions the subject, allows them to be retained in those countries into which the custom of celibacy had not yet been introduced.—*Harduin*, vol. vii. p. 33; and see Collier, fol. i. p. 424.

But it soon proceeds to treat the subject in a bolder manner and more serious tone:

'Ita quidam presbyter cæpit allegare:
Peccat criminaliter qui vult separare
Quos Deus conjunx erat, fœminam a mare,
Tales dignum duximus fures appellare.
O quam dolor anxius, quam tormentum grave
Nobis est dimittere: quoniam suave;
Hoc, Romane pontifex, statuisti prave:
Ne in tanto crimine morieris cave.
* * * * *
'Non est Innocentius, immo nocens vere,
Qui quod Deus docuit, studet abolere;
Jussit enim Dominus fæminas habere,
Sed hoc noster pontifex jussit prohibere.
* * * * *
'Paulus cœlos rapitur ad superiores,
Ubi multas didicit res secretiores,
Ad nos tandem rediens, instruenque mores,
Suas, inquit, habeant quilibet uxores.'

The second 'Consultatio sacerdotum' represents certain clergy assembled in chapter to consult as to what should be done in these circumstances:

'Clerus et presbyteri nuper considere,
Tristes in capitulo; simul et dixere,
"Nostras vult ancillulas præsul removere,
Quid debemus super hoc ergo respondere?"'

Their unanimous decision was expressed by the last speaker:

'Ultimus canonicus sic argumentatur.
"Vir ad impossibile nullus obligatur;
Clero pudicitia scitis quod non datur,
Retinere famulas ergo concludatur."'

Their decision is communicated to the clergy of the city, who in their turn hold a meeting, and twenty-one voices are unanimously added to the former. We gladly admit that some of the forbidden women mentioned in this poem were wives; but it is evident from the terms used of them that the majority bore no such relation to their protectors. The speakers are described simply by their numbers, and there is nothing to distinguish them, except, perhaps, that one gives his vote a little more angrily or loudly, and another speaks somewhat quietly; but certainly modesty in avowing their sentiments was wholly unknown to them. The sixteenth speaker was evidently a kind of Philosopher Square:

'Doctus sedecimus in philosophia:
Omne quare "ait" habet suum quia.'[1]

[1] Or a Hudibras,

'For every why he had a wherefore', &c.—*Canto* i. line 130.

A preaching monk has the last word. His opinion does not differ from that of the rest. Indeed, he, having, we suppose, more of the gift of eloquence, fortifies and supports their decision by sundry Scripture and other arguments.

Of a similar strain is the shorter piece, 'De Convocatione Sacerdotum,' except that the number of assembled priests was infinitely greater.

> 'Partibus ex omnibus ruit hic et ille,
> Sacerdotes numero plus quam decem mille;
> Non tam spissæ nubibus imbris cadunt stillæ,
> Nec volant ab ignibus tam spissæ scintillæ.'

There might possibly have been among this vast number of priests some of the higher dignitaries of the Church; at least, it was not by any means unheard-of that such should offend like their brethren of more humble degree. It was not safe, however, for even an archdeacon and favourite of the king to describe their doings in his own person; and therefore our author has left many pieces under the pseudonym of Golias. In the 'Revelatio Goliæ,'—a piece of such popularity in the thirteenth century, as to have been more than once translated into the vernacular language,—he is supposed to see as in a vision what had happened, and was to happen, in the seven churches of England. The four beasts appear first; and of these the lion is the Pope, whose description thus commences:

> 'Est Leo pontifex, summus, qui devorat;
> Qui libras sitiens, libros impignorat;
> Marcam respiciens, Marcum dedecorat,
> In summis navigans, in nummis anchorat.'

Thence he passes to the bishop, the archdeacon, and others. The archdeacon is expressly said to have his 'focaria.' This word has given rise to much controversy as to whether it refers to a married or unmarried female-companion to the priest. Giraldus Cambrensis, the contemporary and friend of Mapes, speaks of the focariæ as if they were wives; but they are mentioned by other authorities in a manner to forbid our according them that relationship. Among the moderns, Collier, for the sake of morality, considers that they were wives: Fuller that they were not. It would appear that in some cases they might have been such, but that in others, *e. g.* the above passage of the Apocalypsis Goliæ, they had no claim to that title. If such were the lives of the clergy, and the sole cause of their wickedness was the prohibition of that union which Apostles and the early Fathers had both sanctioned and practised, what after-benefit, we cannot help asking, can be thought to have accrued to the Church, at all commensurate even with the mere hindrance and embarrassment to its government and temporal well-being,

to which the prohibition in question undoubtedly gave rise: to say nothing of the open scandal of the habitual infraction of the law of purity, by those who ought to have been its most jealous guardians; or of the secret inward mischief which must have resulted to the souls of the faithful, and for which no temporal advantage of any kind can be in the least degree a compensation?

For the law of Gregory was not made for a few, but for the many; and we may be quite sure, for it is according to all experience, and the nature of things, that when a high standard of any kind is erected, whether in intellectual, or in moral attainments, the mass will fall below, and only the very few will even attempt to come up to it. Gregory had no doubt many high and great gifts; and the great object of his life was the restoration of the failing and almost lost power of the Church; but at the same time, a Pope wise in human nature, would have known, that when he was forming a rule so difficult of attainment to the many, he was, in fact, only sowing the seed of a future harvest of wickedness. No doubt, the unblushing effrontery with which Walter Mapes makes the clergy avow their vice to one another, and the worse than indifference with which their admissions were received, each being as criminal as the last, was also too true a feature of the case.[1]

Wherever one dominant vice has sway, others are pretty certain to follow in its train. To this gross scandal these ecclesiastics too frequently added sloth, ignorance, intemperance, and avarice. Thus speaks the old English version of part of the 'Revelatio Goliæ,' which touches on abbots and their monks:—

'And when the abbat dothe amonge his brethren suppe,
Then tossed are the cuppes with quaffing to and froe,
And then with bothe his handes the wine he holdeth uppe,
And with a thunderinge voice these wordes he doth out blowe.
* * * * * *
'And they make a law, to which eche one must stand,
That nothing shal be left within the cuppe to spill;
And thus, without the rest of bellie or of hand,
They draw one vessell out, and then one other fill.
'Then of a moncke a right demoniacke he is made,
And everie moncke dothe chatte and jangle with his brother,
As popingaye or pie, the which are taught this trade,
By filling of their gorge, to speak one to an other.'

Such a passage reminds us of the case of those worthies, the Abbot and Prior of Gloucester, on whose achievements of a

[1] 'Tunc in consistorio omnes corrisere,
"En! noster cellarius non est stultus vere,
Quod pro cute pessima, quam nequit consilere
Senioris lepidam cogitat habere."'—*Consultatio Sacerdotum*, p. 175.

similar kind an ancient Latin song, written in imitation of their peculiar style, is still extant. The abbot, prior, and convent were holding a festival, the unlucky narrator of the scene standing 'inter rascabilia.' After a time, the prior proposes to rise from table for the compline service, and then to return, and finish their carouse.

'Surge cito recedamus,
Hos'tes [hospites] nostros relinquamus,
Pro termino jam precamus,
Ibimus in claustra;

Post Completum redeamus,
Dixit abbas ad prioris,
Tu es homo boni moris,
Quia semper sanioris
Mihi das consilia.

Post completum rediere,
Ad currinum combibere,
Potaverunt usque flere.'—*Fosbrooke*, p. 154.

Really father Drono, Rowena's chaplain, who wrote that moving epitaph on Ivanhoe, beginning with

'Hic jacet Wilfridus, belli dum vixit avidus;
Cum gladio et lancea, Normannia et quoque Francia,
Verbera dura dabat'

had more reason to 'pique himself upon his Latinity,' than we should have supposed.

That the avarice and venality of Rome was the original cause of this most lamentable state of things, is clear.

'Roma capit singulos et res singulorum;
Romanorum curia non est nisi forum:
Ibi sunt venalia jura senatorum,
Et solvit contraria copia nummorum.

'Hic in consistorio si quis causam regat,
Suam, vel alterius, hoc in primis legat,
Nisi det pecuniam, Roma totum negat,
Qui plus dat pecuniæ melius allegat.
* * * * *

'Nummis in hac curia non est qui non vacet;
Crux placet, rotunditas, et albedo placet,
Et cum totum placeat, et Romanis placet,
Ubi nummus loquitur, et lex omnis tacet.
* * * * *

'Solam avaritiam Roma novit parca,
Parcit danti munera, parco non est parca;
Nummis est pro numine, et pro Marco Marca,
Et est minus celebris ara quam sit arca.

Cum ad papam veneris, habe pro constanti,
Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti;
Vel si munus præstitum non est aliquanti,
Respondet, hæc tibi sic non est mihi tanti.

'Papa si rem tangimus, nomen habet a re,
Qui quid habent alii, solus vult papare;
Vel si verbum Gallicum vis apocopare,
Paez, paez, dit le mot, si vis impetrare.

'Papa quærit, chartula quærit, bulla quærit,
Omnes quærunt: et si quod des uni deerit,
Totum mare salsum est, tota causa perit.

'Des istis, das aliis, addis dona datis,
Et cum satis dederis, quærunt ultra satis.
O vos bursæ turgidæ, Romam veniatis;
Romæ viget physica bursis constipatis.'—Pp. 37, 38.

The same venality was found in the Ecclesiastical Courts at home. Samson, made Abbot of S. Edmund's in the reign of Henry II., was however an honourable exception. 'Maledicta 'sit curia abbatis;' exclaimed a disappointed suitor; 'ubi nec 'aurum nec argentum mihi prodest ad confundendum adversa-'rium meum.'[1]

In one instance, we think our author has exercised his satirical powers at the expense of the terrors of the Church; and, perhaps, has a sly hit or two at his friend Archbishop Becket, who was great in wielding them, and was especially apt to betake himself to excommunication. Collier gives us under the reign of Henry II. an ancient form of excommunication which it had been the custom to pronounce against obstinate offenders: and in Mapes we have a semi-comic piece, 'In raptorem bursæ meæ,'[2] which seems to be intended as a kind of burlesque of it. The ancient form commits the excommunicated person to the society of Dathan and Abiram, of Nero, Simon Magus, and Judas Iscariot. Mapes seems to parody it thus:—

'Raptor mei pilei morte moriatur,
Mors sit subitanea, nec prævideatur,
Et pœna continua post mortem seqatur,
Nec campis Elysiis post Lethen fruatur.

'Raptor mei pilei sæva morte cadet,
Illum febris, rabies, et tabes invadat;
Hunc de libro Dominus vitæ sanctæ radat;
Hunc tormentis Æacus cruciandum tradat.

'Ei vita brevis sit, pessimusque finis!
Nec vivat fœlicitur hic diebus binis;
Laceret hunc Cerberus dentibus caninis,
Laceratum gravius torqueat Erinnys.'—Pp. 75, 76.

But his writings are not all of a comic cast. Among his serious pieces are some real gems. Of this class is his address 'Ad Christi Sacerdotis.'

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[1] Chronica Jocelini, p. 25. [2] Bursa. The case for the corporal.

'Vos estis Catholicæ legis portatores,
Sal terræ, lux hominum, ovium pastores,
Muri domus Israel, morum correctores,
Judices ecclesiæ, gentium doctores.

'Si desit protectio legis, lex labetur:
Si sal evanuerit, in quo salietur?
Nisi lux appareat, via non scietur:
Nisi pastor vigilet, ovile frangetur.'

He was no mere jester who could write such lines as those! He is also the author of a fine Latin version of that poem which was so popular in the middle ages: 'The dialogue between the 'soul and the body.' The soul is represented as standing by the body after death, and upbraiding it for the sins which have consigned itself, and will hereafter consign the body with it to torment.

'Ego quæ tam nobilis fueram creata,
Ad similitudinem Domini formata,
Et ab omni crimine baptismo mundata,
Iterum criminibus sic sum denigrata
Per te caro misera, sumque reprobata.
Vere possum dicere, heu! quod fui nata!
Utinam ex utero fuissem translata
Protinus ad tumulum! et sic liberata
A pœna tartarea mihi jam parata.

'Non est mirum, fateor, quia, dum vixisti,
Quicquam boni facere me non permisisti,
Sed semper ad scelera pessima traxisti,
Unde semper erimus in dolore tristi!

'In pœnis miserrima sum et semper ero!
Omnes linguæ sæculi non dicent pro vero.
Unam pœnam minimam quam infelix fero;
Sed magis me cruciat quod veniam non spero.'—Pp. 96, 97.

The body replies, by referring back the blame as it well might, to the soul. It has often struck us that Coleridge may have owed to Mapes the idea in the 'Ancient Mariner,' which he has expressed so finely, of the dead men standing up to work the ship.

'Tandem post quam spiritus talia dixisset,
Corpus caput erigit, quasi revixisset;
Post quam vero gemitus multos emisisset,
Secum quis interrogat locutus fuisset:

'Esne meus spiritus, qui sic loquebaris?
Non sunt vera penitus omnia quæ faris;
Jam probabo plenius argumentis claris
Quod in parte vera sunt, in parte nugaris.'

At last fiends come and seize the soul, which they treat with every species of indignity, and finally drag down to their own place of torment.

The last piece of this extraordinary writer of which we will

make mention, is perhaps the best, if not the finest of all. Its title is 'Prædicatio Goliæ:' and its subject is chiefly the Incarnation. Our readers who may not happen to be acquainted with it, would thank us, if we transferred the whole to our pages. This, however, is impossible, and we must be content with a brief specimen of it.

'Sui magnitudine superant ignarum
Notiones singulæ trium personarum:
Quid Pater, quid Filius, patet mihi parum;
Quid sit unde Filium Pater habet carum.

'Una est substantia tribus in personis,
Unitatis regula plus quam unionis;
Nunciat in angelis, judicat in thronis,
Ad eternæ seriem dispositionis.

'Cum Creator temporum non sit temporalis,
Factus est sub tempore res materialis:
Pater est efficiens, Filius formalis,
Utriusque Spiritus causa est finalis.'—P. 31.

* * * * *

'Est inenarrabilis ista genitura;
In persona simplici duplex est natura;
Ipse qui Creator est ipse creatura,
Ligans dissimilia stabili junctura.'—P. 33.

* * * * *

'Incipit in sœculo factor sæculorum;
Vitæ panis esurit, sitit fons hortorum;
Mortis sompno clauditur oculus cœcorum,
Plebis fit abjectio Deus angelorum.

'Sol in nube tegitur, dies obscuratur;
Trepidat securitas, virtus infirmatur;
Disciplina cæditur, salus execratur;
Vita crucifigitur, ordo conturbatur.

'Parum nobis proderet redemptorem mori,
Ni rediret iterum vita redemptori;
Liber inter mortuos redditur honori,
Et a dextris assidet natus genitori.'—P. 34.

According to Rabelais, monk and blockhead were, in his day, nearly synonymous terms; and Mapes before him was of nearly the same opinion. To the White Monks, or Cistercians, he was especially hostile. He terms them one of the two great afflictions of the land; and describes them as given up to gluttony, wine-bibbing, pride, sloth, and in a word, to every species of debauchery.[1] To distinguish themselves as widely as possible, from the Black Monks or Benedictines, they wore a white, or

[1] 'You seem very fortunate,' said a monk who, we may suppose, was somewhat gulosus, and perhaps a little lazy, to S. Thomas à Kempis, 'You sing with as much unction as if the Psalms (psalmi) tasted like salmons' (salmones). 'Yes,' was the reply 'the Psalms, thank God, are salmon to me; and they too not rarely become nauseous and deadly, whenever I see the idle not attending to what they are about, and sparing their voices.'—*Life of S. Thomas.*

grey habit; and Giraldus, the friend of Mapes, applies to them the line of Ovid:—

'Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.'

He also records, that when Mapes was lying ill of a dangerous disease, a Cistercian abbot came to his bedside, and urged him to assume, without delay, the habit of his order. The archdeacon, upon this, called his chaplains and household around him, and gave directions, that if in the present, or any future illness, he should show a desire to comply with this demand, they should treat him as insane, and prevent him, if necessary, by personal restraint, from carrying the design into practice. He then sternly and peremptorily forbade the abbot ever again to intrude upon him, under this, or any other pretence.

In his work, 'De Nugis Curialium,' a collection of Ana published by the Camden Society, and full of much curious information about the persons and events of his day, Mapes has, himself, given us an account of the institution of some of the monastic orders: the chief of which are the Carthusians, the Monks of Grandmont, and the Cistercians. The first, it appears, owe their existence to divine interposition. The Bishop of Grenoble (1086), saw in a dream seven suns coming together from different points to Mount Chartreuse, and there remain stationary. He could make nothing of his dream, but the next day, six clergy, all men of noble mien, with Bruno their master, the seventh, sought of him a spot on which they might build themselves an oratory. The Bishop was delighted at this fulfilment of his dream, and built them, according to their own design, a church and cells. Their rule was a severe one. The chief of their diet was bread, herbs, and water, and they always wore sackcloth: but the order soon degenerated.[1] That of Grandmont, so called from Grandmont, in Burgundy, was founded by Stephen of Auvergne (1076). The monks were never to increase their original property, nor to go abroad, except when compelled by actual hunger, when two of them might take their stand by the nearest road-side, and accost the first traveller they saw, saying, 'The brethren hunger.' If they gained nothing the first day, they were, on the next, to acquaint their Bishop with their state; and if he would not help them, they were to pray to God. Disputes soon arose between the priests and the lay-brothers: for the former were allowed to sit at home at ease, while the latter were employed abroad in worldly business. They appealed to the Pope, but he gave no decision; because, as Mapes says, the purse did not help on the judgment.[2]

The original founders of the Cistercians were, it seems, four

[1] Dist. 1. xvi. [2] Dist. 1. xvii.

runaway monks who deserted the rule of their abbot at Sherborn, in Dorsetshire, and passed over to France, in which country Mapes describes their selection of a place of residence: one which, unlike that of the primitive hermits Paul and Hilarion, was fair to see, fruitful, and abounding in wood and water. He says that on one occasion, when he was sitting at table with Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, two Cistercian abbots directed the conversation, among other things, to the miraculous powers possessed by the great Bernard, who had been a member of this order. One of the guests, by name John, mentioned a miracle, which he said he had himself seen S. Bernard perform; and when required by the archbishop to describe it, stated that it referred to a demoniac, whom S. Bernard had exorcised and freed from restraint. But it happened that the man possessed, when he found his hands at liberty, treated the good abbot as the galley slaves did the Knight of La Mancha; saluting him with a shower of stones, till he was compelled to do what the brave Spaniard disdained—betake himself to flight. John tells a long story: the archbishop, when he had finished his narrative, turned to him, and angrily exclaimed, 'So these are your miracles, are they?' John replied, that the people who saw it called it a notable one, because the man had always been gentle with all others, but only dangerous to a hypocrite: and he thought that this was a punishment to S. Bernard for his presumption. On another occasion, two other abbots were enlarging on the same subject before the Bishop of London, when one of the company replied, that however true their statements might be, he, himself, had seen this miraculous gift fail its possessor: for on one occasion he had been entreated by a Burgundian nobleman to come and heal his son. We came, said the narrator, and found him dead. S. Bernard then prostrated himself on the body, and prayed; but life did not return. 'On this,' continues Mapes, 'I said, 'then was S. Bernard the most unlucky of monks; for I never 'yet heard of any one of them casting himself on a dead body, 'but it was sure to be restored to life.' The two abbots blushed, and some of the company ran out to laugh. It is curious to open an elegant quarto volume, neatly lettered and done up in cloth, and find the author speaking of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London as his personal friends, and describing what took place at their tables, as if it happened yesterday:—and suddenly to call to mind that the said Archbishop and Bishop were no less persons than S. Thomas à Becket, and the notorious Gilbert Foliot![1]

[1] De Nugis 1 sect. xxiv.

Every one knows Chaucer's account of the monk who formed one of the pilgrims to Canterbury:—

'A monk there was fayre for the maistery,
An outrider that loved venery;
A manly man, to bee an abbot able,
Many a dainty horse had he in stable;
And when he rode, men might his bridle here
Gingling in a whistling wind as clere
And eke as lowd, as doth the chappell bell
Ther as this lord was keper of the cell;
The rule of St. Maure and of St. Benet,
Because that it was old and soundele streit,
This ilke monke let old thingis to pace,
And heldin after the new world the trace.
* * * * *
I seide his opinion was good,
What shuld he study, or make himself wood,
Upon a boke in cloystre alweie poure,
Or swinke with his hondis, or laboure,
As Austin did. How shall the world be served?
Let Austin have his swinke to him reserved.
Therefore he was a prikasoure aright;
Greihounds he had as swift as foule of flight:
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.'—

Chaucer, Prologues.

Our readers will remember the love-knot in his 'full-curious gold pinn,' his well-conditioned horse, and ruddy look, his comeliness, and curious dainty taste:

'A fat swann loved he best of any rost.'

not all of which can be strictly taken as proofs of a deeply mortified unworldly spirit. The objection of its author's Lollard tendencies, which has been urged against this description, cannot at least apply to Mapes, from whose account of the monks it does not differ; except that the latter, as a dignitary of the Church, speaks, as might be expected, more deeply and indignantly than a secular person and court poet would be likely to do, of the shame and scandal brought upon religion by those who professed to conform more strictly than others both to its letter and spirit, and yet lived in such open contradiction and defiance of both. Evils these, of which we of the present time have fortunately little or no conception.

'"Let us spoil the Egyptians," they say. "We are the true Hebrews." Our Lord bids us beware of false prophets who come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. These stand in the corners of streets and pray: these make broad their phylacteries. He did not do so who said, God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. They do not glory in the cross of Christ who crucify others for their own glory; but they do make broad their phylacteries who term themselves the

only Hebrews, and the rest Egyptians. They say with the Pharisee, "We are not as other men;" but they cannot say with him, "We give tithes of all that we possess." If God listens to the proud and does not regard the humble, then they are the true Hebrews, and we are the Egyptians. But they say they love in the Lord. To love in the Lord they define to signify the wishing the salvation of the souls of their neighbours: of assistance to the body they take no thought. Assuredly I myself love all my enemies, for I wish them to be at rest, and to be with Christ. . . . How have they forbearance if they persecute a brother that is in need? . . . How does that love seize its neighbour's good, which seeks not its own? . . . They say the earth is the Lord's, and we alone are the sons of the Most Highest, and besides there is none worthy to possess it; but they do not say, "Lord, I am not worthy to be called thy son: I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." They do not say, "Whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose." They do not say that they are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake; but to possess all things. They do not say, "Of whom the world is not worthy;" but "who are worthy of the world." Our God says, "He that forsaketh not all things for my sake is not worthy of me." Their God says, "Whoever does not gain all things for his own sake is not worthy of me." Our God says, "He that hath two coats, let him give to him that hath none:" theirs, "If you have not two coats, take from him that has." Our God says, "Blessed is he that careth for the poor and needy:" theirs, "Blessed is he that maketh the poor and needy." Ours says, "No one can serve God and Mammon:" theirs, "No one can serve God without Mammon." '—*De Nugis*, p. 45, vi.

The next citation shows a remarkable and hitherto little-known feature of their character:

'Their laws commanded them to inhabit desert places; such, that is, as they either find or make desert. Hence it appears, that into whatever part you invite them, they follow the multitude, and soon reduce the place to a solitude, seizing the lands of orphans and widows, and the religious; not caring how they obtain, but only studying how they may keep them; and as they have no regular parishioners, they raze mansions, turn out parishioners and churches, overthrow God's altars, and level all by the ploughshare; so that, if you were to look on what you once saw, you would exclaim,

"Nunc seges est ubi Troja fuit."

In a word, that they may be alone, they create a solitude; and as it is not permitted them to have parishioners of their own, they are permitted to destroy those of other men. Their rule allows them not to keep: it commands them to destroy. They are more destructive than an invading army: worse than a hostile king. "It is not rapine," they say, "it is not violence that we do: it is peace and obedience. The earth is the Lord the King's, and we are his labourers: this is our reward. They are unworthy who unjustly oppose the King; but we are worthy who labour in his commandments." Are such the words of those who take tithes, who call themselves Hebrews and sons of light, and us Egyptians and sons of darkness? In one thing, certainly, we are Egyptians: we are spoiled by them. . . . But they are Hebrews in many respects: in despoiling as in Egypt; in swearing as at the rock of Horeb and the waters of strife; in lusting as against the command of Moses that the homer should not be kept till morning; in covering the just Ur with spitting; and in many other ways; for it is said, "For forty years they do always err in their hearts." '

With such a description of monks before us, written by one who knew them so well, it is little wonderful that the day at last arrived which was to witness their total extinction. If the other orders resembled these Cistercians, the nation must have been long-suffering indeed to endure them for so many centuries; and for no reason but only because they pretended to live and act in God's name. One wonders that it did not rise in a body, and expel or exterminate the whole race.

But, however true may be Mapes' description of the state of these Cistercians or white monks, the Benedictines or black monks do not share, at least universally, in the odium. This we know from the 'Chronica Jocelini,' a work which contains an account of the Benedictine Abbey of Bury S. Edmunds; of which Jocelin was a member and officer, during the reigns of Henry II., Richard I., and part of John's; that is, during and subsequently to the time of Mapes himself.

If our readers wish for a more full account of this work than our space will allow us to give, there is a translation of the work, and Carlyle's interesting but scarce trustworthy 'Book' on it, in his 'Past and Present.' His observations—part narrative, part commentary, and part sermon—are composed in the eccentric and erratic style which so much delights him; but they are so amplified by his imagination, and coloured by his fancy, that, on returning to the veritable Chronicle, we can scarcely recognise it as the source of his fine pictures and sage reflections. The 'Book' contains not a few sneers at the past, and much ridicule of the present; and the author seems thoroughly contented with no one but himself. In one instance he endeavours to make a point where there is none whatever, and in another we fear that he has somewhat sacrificed truth to wit. He draws the following vivid picture of the contrast between the circumstances of Abbot Samson before and after his election:

> 'He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high: suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him, this man to-day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manorhouses, farms, manors and wide lands; a man with "Fifty Knights under him," and "dependent, swiftly-obedient multitudes of men." It is a change greater than Napoleon's; so sudden withal.'—P. 136.

The truth is that Samson travelled to court just as any other monk would have done, on foot, and returned (as a newly-elected abbot might) in somewhat more state. As to his 'looping his frock-skirts over his arm,' what is there more remarkable in a monk of those times doing that than there would

be in a clergyman or any other person of these days, perhaps Mr. Carlyle himself, who had just got out of a train, throwing his great coat over his arm? Samson's return was, in fact, marked by anything rather than pride: when he came within sight of the monastery, he dismounted, drew off his boots, and entered barefoot, between the prior and sacristan, who, amidst the singing of the quire, led him to the high altar.[1] Again, although the ordinary monks of this monastery (albeit no 'poor 'mendicants,' for they possessed many a broad acre of their own) were only allowed to possess the sum of two shillings: yet the '*obedientarii*,' or officers—who, by the way, were men of very considerable authority, and by no means in a position 'to be unable 'to bid a dog run for them,'—had each his salary in money; and Samson had been one. So that the contrast described so graphically, and to which the author more than once recurs, simply falls to the ground. We must say what we can find room for on the original work, in a more sober, but, we trust, not a less truthful style.

This Chronicle contains much new and interesting matter. The abbey seems to have been somewhat like a college in our own times, of which the head was in advance of the fellows, and rather too strict. There were, consequently, parties among them; and heartburnings, secret complainings, and little underhand oppositions, which sometimes blazed out into open warfare. There is much that is new and instructive, as to the everyday life and government and general economy of a religious house of those times, in this work. It commences with the death of the Abbot Hugo (A.D. 1180). Hugo was an aged man, nearly blind, and quite unfit for business or the duties of his post, and he left the affairs of the monastery in most woeful confusion. Debts abounded on every side, and there were literally no funds available: so that his successor, whoever he might be, would be sure to find his office any but a sinecure. It is at once amusing to see how the matter of his successor was canvassed by the monks, and instructive to learn the actual process of election. One said,—'Such a one is a good monk, 'and approvable; well read in the orders and customs of 'the Church: and if he is no very perfect philosopher, like 'some others, he may make a good abbot notwithstanding. 'Abbot Ordinger was downright illiterate, yet he governed 'us wisely; and the fable says it is better to have a log for 'a king than a serpent, which will at first hiss venomously 'at his subjects and then fall to and swallow them.' 'But,' replies another, 'how can this be? How can a mere blockhead

[1] Page 18.

'make a speech to us in chapter, or a sermon to the people on 'holidays?' A third says,—'Such a brother is a good husband '(*bonus hosebondus*) as is seen from his ward (*a Warda sua*), 'and the buildings and improvements he has set on foot, and is 'somewhat of a divine, though, certainly, over-much learning 'will never make him mad: let him be abbot.' 'But,' says another, 'God will never have an abbot who cannot read, or 'sing, or celebrate the holy offices; and is, besides, wicked and 'unjust, and a flayer of the poor.' One is proposed, and negatived because he is given to over-much eating and drinking, and thinks it a virtue to sleep as much as he can, and would fain have perpetual abundance, and takes no thought of anything but how to get rid of his time. A monk who held himself unusually wise, prayed honestly that the new abbot might be a fool and driveller, to compel him to have recourse to the brothers for mental assistance. Jocelin's own standard of what was required for so high an officer (who, by the way, was a mitred abbot, and one of the twenty-six of his class who had the privilege of sitting as barons in parliament, and were privy councillors)[1] was not extremely high. He merely thought it necessary that he should be moderately skilled in dialectics, and able to distinguish truth from falsehood. The king, however, Henry II., soon sent a citation to the prior to appear before him at Waltham, with twelve of the convent, for the purpose of electing a new superior. The twelve were chosen; when it occurred to one of the monks to ask what they should do if the thirteen did not agree in the choice of an abbot. To avoid this possible opprobrium, it was determined that six of the senior members of the abbey should make a sealed list of three persons especially eligible for the office, which might be opened before the king. If, however, he would not allow them to choose one of their own number, the list was to be brought back unopened, and returned to the authors. This plan was adopted. The prior then asked what they should do if the king refused to receive either of the three so named. The answer was, that they would receive whoever the king wished for. The thirteen then, after a rather less than usual allowance of dreams and pre-significations as to who and what manner of person the future abbot was to be, set out for court.

The king received them very graciously, and professed his determination to do everything in accordance with the will of God and the honour of the Church. He then directed the Bishop of Winchester and the Chancellor to nominate three members of the convent. On this the prior and brethren drew

[1] Fuller's Church Hist. book vi. §§ 1—4.

out their sealed list, opened it, and found that it contained the names of Samson the sub-sacristan, Roger the cellarer, and Hugo the third prior. It seemed strange that Hugo should be both the elector and the elected: so, to obviate this difficulty, they put his name first on the list. The king inquired if these three were all natives of England; and as he did not know them, directed that three others of the convent should be named with them. These were, the prior, the sacristan, and Dionisius. The king then, for the honour of the kingdom, required them, to their terror, to nominate three members of other houses. This they did, with the proviso that none should be received as abbot without the consent of the convent. He then required three of the names to be withdrawn, which was done, those of the strangers being selected. William the sacristan voluntarily retired; two of the five names that remained were withdrawn, and then one of the three. The contest now lay between the prior and Samson; and the election, by universal consent, fell on the latter:

'The king's nuncios aforesaid were called to the counsel of the brethren, and Dionisius, speaking for them, began to commend the prior and Samson, saying that they were both scholarly, both good, both of praiseworthy life and correct opinions; but always putting forward Samson as being strict in life, severe in correcting excesses, apt to labour, prudent as to secular cares, and tried in divers offices. The Bishop of Winchester replied, "We understand what you mean. The prior appears to you a little remiss, and you wish to have Samson." Dionisius answered, "Either is a good man; but, if God will, we wish for the better of the two." "Of two good men," said the bishop, "the better is to be preferred: speak openly; do you wish for Samson?" The majority exclaimed, "We do;" and no one opposed it, though some from motives of policy, and to avoid offending either party, held their peace. Samson was therefore nominated to the king, before whom, after a brief consultation with the brethren, they were all called. He said, "You have presented Samson to me: I do not know him; if it had been your prior, whom I do know, I would have received him: as it is, I will do what you wish. Only take care: by the very eyes of God! if you have done amiss, I will visit you." He then asked the prior if he both assented and consented. He replied that he did; for Samson was worthy of a much higher honour.'

Samson was elected in the early part of the year 1182. The king received the new abbot, who fell at his feet and kissed them, and then hastened to the altar, singing the *miserere* with the brethren. When the king saw his erect port and unabashed countenance, he exclaimed to the bystanders, 'By God's eyes! 'this newly-elect seems to me a man worthy of protecting the 'rights of the abbacy!' The Bishop of Winchester placed the mitre on his head, and the ring on his finger, and gave him the benediction. The new abbot kept three of the brethren with him, and sent the rest home to their convent, whither he himself arrived on the following Palm-Sunday. He slept at

Kentford the night before, and the next day, surrounded by a vast multitude, proceeded to the convent, where he was received with due honours: a procession, the ringing of bells, and chanting. The *Te Deum* and other canticles were sung, and he received the kiss of peace from the prior and convent in order. He then gave them thanks in chapter for their choice of himself, and received from the clergy and soldiers promise of their service and assistance; the kingly charters of the bestowal of the abbacy were read, and the abbot retired, passing the rest of the day with more than a thousand guests in great rejoicings.

Thus was an abbot elected and installed in the twelfth century. Some of the convent, when the news of the appointment was first brought to them, thought that it was well. Others feared that they had been deceived. His rule was, in truth, somewhat lordly. In the government of the abbey, he relied, he said, solely on the help of God and his own resources. He soon alienated from his counsels the magnates of the abbey, both lay and clerical, and the brothers of the order, who had thought that without their aid its affairs could not go on; and they, in turn, condemned his supposed arrogance. But he proved himself a first-rate executive officer. He repaired such buildings as were ruinous, and erected new ones; made parks; took lands into cultivation; farmed himself the estates belonging to the abbot; and would have improved those of the convent by the same means, but for the clamour raised against him by the monks for attempting to benefit them against their will. On one occasion, he gave rise to much dissatisfaction, by depriving William the sacristan of his office. The complaints of the disaffected reached his ear. He said nothing at the time; but the next day in chapter he produced a bag full of deeds now cancelled, to the amount of upwards of 3,000*l.*, besides an unknown amount of interest accruing to those to whom, with the privity of the late abbot, the prior, and other officers, the sacristan had pledged the copes, dalmatics, &c. of the convent. This, of course, was unanswerable; but the abbot added more to the discredit of his officer: still, however, for the credit of the culprit, keeping back the worst. He soon after caused the buildings of the sacristan in the cemetry to be razed, 'thinking it,' says Jocelin, 'unworthy to remain on the earth, after the numerous debauches 'and other things not to be mentioned, which he had seen go 'on in them, with grief and regret, when he was sub-sacristan."[1]

He did not seem to find the office of abbot a bed of roses. At one time he declared that if he had but had five or six marks to

[1] P. 22.

live upon in the schools, he would never have been a monk. At another, he said, with an oath, that if he had had any conception of the arduous nature of the duties of his office, he would rather have been master of the almonry, or librarian: a post which, he said, he always wished for above any other. He introduced a good reform, of allowing what the chiefs of the convent, in the time of his predecessor, had prohibited: any cloister monk to have at any time free access to him.[1] He knew at the same time how to administer due discipline in the house; for soon after this permission, he required all private seals, except those of the prior and sacristan, to be given up to him. On another occasion, he demanded the keys of all boxes, aumbries, desks, &c., and allowed nothing of the kind in future without a dispensation. The pocket-money possessed by the monks was not, of course, anything very great: in fact, as we have seen, it was not allowed to exceed two shillings; and the money must be given in the way of alms, expended on indigent parents, or other charitable uses. There was, however, no lack in the abbot or convent of becoming hospitality, the guests being shared between the two according to their rank and station.[2]

The abbot was possessed of a somewhat martial spirit; for he wanted to take the Cross under Richard I., and on his captivity offered to go in search of him. He also excommunicated all who should, during the king's absence, wage war or cause disturbance in the kingdom, fearing, says Jocelin, neither John nor any one else. The same boldness induced him to gain from the Pope an exemption for himself and his successors from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury; fortified by which, he set at defiance alternately the Bishop of Ely, as Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Pope's legate, and even the king himself. The two former were compelled to yield to him; but Cœur de Lion seems to have mastered even Abbot Samson.

We learn incidentally that an ancient abbot, like a modern bishop or lord chancellor, had no lack of claimants for clerical patronage. A petitioner of this class once came before him; and the abbot showed him letters from seven 'apostolic men,' asking the same favour for their respective *protégés*. 'When I 'have satisfied these,' said the abbot, 'I will do what I can for 'you; but he who comes first to the mill ought to have the first 'grist.'[3]

We learn from Jocelin that the old grudge which had existed, long before Abbot Samson, on the part of the monks against the clergy, was by no means extinct in his time. Cellarer after cellarer had been appointed, and none during his year of office

[1] P. 28. [2] Pp. 28, 29. [3] P. 41.

could keep out of debt. Twenty, and then fifty pounds were added to their fund, but still with the same result. The abbot, wishing the benefit of the convent, and knowing that at last all its debts would revert to him as the father of the house, joined a chaplain of his own household to the cellarer, at once to assist that officer in keeping his accounts, and as a warrant that the money had been rightfully expended. Loud murmurs thereupon broke out among the monks. 'Who ever heard of such a 'thing!' they exclaimed. 'The abbot has placed a cleric above 'a monk. He has made him master and keeper over the head of 'the cellarer, so that no good can be done without him. Is a 'cleric a better man, a wiser, or more honest than a monk? 'And now this abbot, or the next, will be placing a cleric with 'the sacristan, and another with the chamberlain, and a fourth 'with the sub-sacristan, and will make us a laughing-stock to 'every body.' Jocelin himself seems to have had more sense than the rest; though he confesses himself unwilling either to condemn the abbot, or to defend him in the matter. The remedy, however, was found insufficient, and the abbot eventually took the office of cellarer into his own hands. A characteristic scene took place in chapter, when he first intimated his intention of so doing. 'You know,' he said, 'that I have often 'threatened to do this, and I joined my chaplain to the cellarer; 'but neither he nor any monk will venture to tell me the cause 'of this debt. It is said to be the result of the immoderate 'convivialities in the prior's inn, and that he, the cellarer, 'and the hospitaller are to blame in the matter.' Many of the cloister-monks were pleased at this, and said it was true. The prior laid the blame on the cellarer, the cellarer retorted it on the hospitaller, and each excused himself. 'We knew the truth,' says Jocelin, 'but we said nothing, because we were afraid.' The abbot met them again the next day, and continued the subject, asking their advice how these offices could best be managed. One single monk only gave any reply. He declared that there was no waste in the refectory which ought to cause such a debt. On the next day again, when none of the monks would give him any advice, but looked to him as their head to direct them, he declared that, as they were plainly unable to govern themselves, it was his duty to govern them, and to take into his own hands the office of cellarer and provider for the guests. He then deposed the cellarer and the hospitaller, and appointed two other monks, with the names of sub-cellarer and hospitaller, joining with him his chaplain, 'Master G.,' without whose assent nothing could be done by them in expending or receiving. The ancient purveyors in the market were removed; the provisions were purchased by the chaplain, and the existing

deficiencies were made good from the purse of the abbot; and although the necessary hospitalities were maintained as before, all superfluous expenses were retrenched in every direction. Some of the monks complained of such innovations; but the greater number approved them. The people, too, were divided about it. One wondered that the convent suffered their affairs and revenues to be so mixed with the abbot's, which ought to be kept separate, and thought that it would go ill with them, if the abbot should die, and the king found them in such confusion. Another said, that as the abbot alone had the sense to rule the convent, he ought to do it. A third declared, that if there had been a single wise monk who knew how to rule the house, such things would never have been attempted. The abbot, however, was obliged to make a subsequent alteration. He promoted the sub-cellarer to be cellarer, and made another monk sub-cellarer; but alas! quis custodiet ipsos custodes—the chaplain turned out to have a most unfortunate propensity for one who was put in control of the cellar; and when he had 'exceeded the bounds of temperance in his refreshments,' as Jocelin mildly and politely expresses it, he would go staggering about, declaring that he was 'Bu——' (the cellarer), and would take charge of that office, laying hands on the securities of the convent, and receiving and expending the income. This came to the ears of the abbot, who thereupon cited him and the officer whose duties he had usurped, before him; and having apparently little reason to trust the skill of the cellarer, and none at all to rely on the sobriety of the chaplain, he gave the latter to understand that in future he was not to take on himself the office of the other, but was merely to assist him, and be near him as a witness and adviser acting under him.[1]

In one instance, the conduct of the abbot offered a favourable contrast to the grasping avarice which has been ascribed to his order. A man of some wealth in Bury S. Edmund's died without a sufficient will. The abbot very severely blamed his brother who was his heir, and the widow, because they had not fetched some one else to the dying man, wishing themselves to get all he had. 'I,' he said, 'was his "bishop," and had the 'care of his soul; and lest God lay the ignorance and incom-'petence of his confessor to my charge, since I could not 'advise him when he was alive, I will now, though late, do my 'duty by him.' He then commanded that an account should be taken in writing of all his debts, and moveable chattels to the value of two hundred marks, and one portion should be given to the heir, a second to the widow, and a third to his poor

[1] P. 64, &c.

relations and others who were in need. The dead man's horse, which was led before his bier, and had been given to S. Edmund, he commanded to be redeemed and restored: since it was not becoming that the Church of the Saint should be defiled by the gift of one who died intestate, and who had the report of having been used to lay out his money in usury; and he swore 'by 'God's face' that if in his time such a thing ever happened again, the man should not be buried in the churchyard.

This good abbot bore as strict and just a rule over the people of Bury S. Edmund, as he did over the members of his house. For some of the former and his servants on one occasion chose the day after Christmas-day on which to have a serious brawl; wounds were inflicted, and blood was shed. The abbot thereupon at once issued against them all the greater excommunication; and that he might not be suspected of partiality, he began with his own servants. The whole band, in number above a hundred, stripped to the waist, prostrated themselves before the host, and swore to abide the judgment of the Church. On the next day, the abbot gave them canonical penance, received them again into communion, and held feast with them for the following days of the season. He prohibited them, however, in future from holding assemblies and shows in the churchyard.[1]

There once happened a determined resistance on the part of the monks to his authority; and a scene ensued in chapter such as cannot easily be imagined as taking place in these days between the head of his college and his fellows, or between a dean and the chapter. Great things, indeed, were threatened at first; open downright rebellion seemed imminent; secret murder was hinted at; the prior almost got mobbed, and the abbot took himself away from the convent. Fortunately, the dispute eventually terminated in nothing worse than an address of the abbot to his monks, which appears to have been part sermon, part scolding, and a copious shedding of tears on either side: to which both parties appear to have been unusually subject. The cause of this formidable *émeute*, it should be added, was nothing less than the mulcting of the janitor of certain portions of his salary, not including his corrodies, or monk's loaves, which were proved by charter to belong to his office. The heads of the case are as follows:—In the absence of the abbot at London, a complaint was raised by the convent against Radulph, the officer aforesaid; for which the prior directed him to be punished in the manner stated. He complained to the abbot, on his return, of the thing as done without his know-

[1] P. 69.

ledge, and to the prejudice of his dignity. The convent replied unanimously, that it was done by the prior, with consent of the whole chapter. The abbot ordered Radulph's salary to be restored, and forbade the cellarer to drink anything but water till it was done. And Jocelin tells us, in a most heroic spirit, but in very indifferent Latin, that rather than oppose the wishes of the convent, this martyr-like individual, with a high sense of duty in his heart, and a supply of good wine at his elbow, actually preferred to confine himself for the space of a whole day to that beverage which we are quite sure was the favourite of his illustrious contemporary, Friar Tuck, when Richard was not his guest, and made it his duty to play the part of a good host, and which formed the solace of the monks of Melrose, and other holy men like them. The abbot, however, insensible to such singular virtue, ordered him next day not to touch anything whatever, till he had done as he bade him; and with that left the convent. No sooner was he gone than the cellarer rose up in chapter, took the keys in his hand, and declared that he would rather give up his office than go against the chapter. Thereupon a complete tumult was raised. The younger monks cried out that the abbot's orders were not to be obeyed, and forcibly interrupted the prior in the psalms; but the elder and wiser members, in the end, prevailed on the rest to yield. The abbot, for his part, sent word that he would never return to the convent; but not finding it convenient to carry out his threat, he came back a day or two after, excommunicated one of the monks whom he suspected of having been the ringleader, and punished three others. We cannot help thinking, that as the prior was undoubtedly the proper officer to administer the discipline of the convent in the absence of the abbot, the latter was quite out of order in interfering as he did with his decision. But upon these vigorous measures of the abbot, the convent gave in, the monks received in order the kiss of peace, both parties (as usual) shed floods of tears, the excommunicated were absolved, Radulph got back his dues, and peace was restored.[1]

When the abbot was once paying a visit to London, the prior was taken ill, and died; and, on the abbot's return, a successor was elected: but as this was very much a repetition of the election of the abbot, the latter acting the part of the king, and the former that of the abbot, we will not risk wearying our readers with any lengthened account of the ceremony, but will here bid our author farewell. His work is written with much *naïveté*, and sometimes with real wit. He now and then, it must be confessed, raises a smile where he had no intention of doing

[1] P. 86, &c.

so: and he is sometimes rather ludicrously perplexed between his feeling for his brother monks, and his duty to the abbot, whose chaplain he was. Nor does he object, Boswell-like, to make himself appear a little ridiculous, if he can thereby exalt the glory or wisdom of the abbot. The work ends abruptly in the lifetime of Samson. It is written throughout in Latin, which is often of the most barbarous kind. The labour of the Editor has appended a glossary, which if he had made it ten times as long would have proved a real help to the perusal of the book; as it is, a very interesting and instructive work will, we suspect, remain, in its original language, to the majority of readers, a sealed volume. To those, however, who are interested in its subject, it will well repay the trouble of perusal; and for having given it to us, our thanks are especially due to the Society.

The state of the Church is ever the clue to that of the nation. When the clergy lived holily, the laity followed their example; but if the latter saw their guides living in disbelief, or open and habitual violation of that law of which they professed themselves the guardians and interpreters, how could it be expected that they would have faith, or would make any attempt to rule their lives by evangelical precepts? And when their confidence in their lawful, although worthless, teachers was shaken, they were likely to set up others for themselves. Hence their devotion to miracle-mongers, and other spiritual pretenders, and to successful soldiers. Led by the latter, the populace was ready at any time to rush into war, and harass and devastate the kingdom: whereas if they whose duty it was to set the people a good example, and to teach them sound and correct principles, had not proved false to their trust, the ambition of turbulent nobles would have been nipped in the bud, and much confusion and bloodshed spared to the unhappy nation. As it was, loyalty had fallen to a very low ebb; and the cause of the conqueror being regarded as the just one, the governing maxims of state were often resolved back into the vulgar saying of 'Might makes right;' or, as the poet expresses it with more dignity—

> 'The simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.' [1]

A striking illustration of the truth of these assertions is seen in the reputation enjoyed during his life, and still more after his death, by Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry III.: as described in the Chronicle of Rishanger the Benedictine, and the successor, as historian, of Matthew Paris.

[1] Wordsworth.

Matthew Paris himself speaks in praise of Montfort, certainly, but with moderation, and not according to the popular phrenzy on the subject. Rishanger is, throughout his Chronicle, his thorough partisan, and does not fear to apply to him, even when he was in arms against the king, the words of Solomon: 'The 'just is bold as a lion, and having his hope in the Lord, shall be 'without fear.' [1] But what we have to judge by is his actions; and they speak for themselves. If there is such a crime as treason, he was guilty of it. His history is known to all. He first insulted his sovereign to his face, and then waged war upon him. He heaped strange indignities on the queen, seized and kept in durance the person of the heir apparent to the throne, and made himself the head of that faction which for three years deluged the land with blood. That diligent and curious chronicler, Speed, calls him plainly a 'rebell;' and Hume charges him with cruelty and hypocrisy, ingratitude, tyranny, rapacity, and treachery; and concludes that his death was the most fortunate event which could have befallen the country. Yet, for all that, so deluded were the people, that a man who died in battle, sword in hand against his sovereign, was actually elevated by them into a saint and a martyr. To the chronicle of Rishanger is added no less than forty quarto pages of miracles supposed to have been wrought by his remains; from which we learn that he who during life was a man of ambition and bloodshed, possessed after his death—a penalty incurred by his open rebellion, and demanded by just and stern necessity (for experience had proved that there could be no peace for Henry or the realm while he lived)—the power of healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, curing the wounded, and even recalling to life the dead. Very dim indeed must have been the light of the Church which did not point the true road to the people better than this! Had the clergy taught their flocks the reverence due to God alone, and His attributes, His righteous jealousy, His hatred of evil, and the punishment due to those whose feet are swift to shed blood, how could such phrases as 'Deo et 'Sancto Simoni,' or 'Ora pro nobis beate Symon,' have entered their minds, or crossed their lips?

We may adopt of Simon, though in a different spirit to that in which his partisan, the author, wrote them, those lines in the political songs of Henry III. (Camden Society)—

> 'En Symon obediens spernit dampna rerum,
> Pœnis se subjiciens, ne demittat verum,
> Cunctis palam prædicaus factis plus quam dictis,
> "Quod non est communicans veritas cumfictis.
> Væ perjuris miseris, qui non timent Deum!
> Spe terreni muneris abnegantes eum." '—P. 82.

[1] *Prov.* xxviii. 1. Nearly, but not exactly, the Vulgate version.

As to the credit which is soon after claimed for him, of his having pledged himself to keep the statutes of the parliament at Oxford, very little can be due to him on that account: for the statutes in question were made when the King was no free agent, and the barons knew it. Simon was at their head; and the words of his panegyrist amount only to this: that he was resolved to maintain by force, and in the King's despite, those laws which he had framed without the King's free consent.

And if it be answered that these remarks tend to condemn not less heavily, those who have taken the field against constituted authority since the Reformation, *e. g.* in the rebellion of Cromwell, we answer, that the difference between the cases is at once obvious. The followers of Montfort, and others in his position, did not intend to do anything against the Church: they thought that they were doing God service, and declaring against his enemies. Whereas the roundheads—their leaders at least—knew well what they were about. They knew that rebellion was a sin, and they wilfully committed it; and because the voice of the Church opposed them, they proceeded by the strong hand of power to gag and silence it. Their forefathers, on the contrary, either believed that Heaven itself interposed by resistless power, unequalled sanctity, miraculous gifts, or other like means to point out its chosen champion: or some prelate or other Church dignitary was found on their side (as Archbishop Arundel in the deposition of Richard II., and Scrope in the war of Percy on Henry IV.), whose presence served to assure them, unreasoning as they were, of the justice of their cause.

From the numerous and deep-seated abuses which clearly existed both in Church and State, sooner or later a reaction was sure to come. There were, from time to time, many premonitory symptoms that it was not far off; but at last, 120 years after the events just described arose, in Wicliffe, the true herald of that change. It was he who prepared the way for the reformers, and who even did much of their work for them. At the same time, they could by no means rely on him as a guide, either in questions of doctrine or discipline; for his ardent and impetuous temperament was ever impelling him to perilous extremes of opinion, and his isolated position in his day as a theological teacher resulted in his many singular and untenable conclusions. Very various have been the judgments given on his actions and teaching; but in examining both, we should never lose sight of the state of things (civil and ecclesiastical) in the midst of which he lived. By weighing the two together, we shall see that even the wildest and most unreasonable of his opinions were but the counterparts of some crying abuse of his

age; and whilst, viewed in themselves, they appear little else than the ravings of fanaticism, if not of actual insanity: thus tested they receive, not indeed their justification, but at least their historical elucidation. Wicliffe seems to have been more of a scholar than a man of practice and practical experience; and the principles upon which he acts in religious teaching frequently differ widely from those which he adopts when laying down laws for the guidance of the rulers of Church or State. Hence a wide distinction must be made between his opinions on these two great subjects. In the former, he not rarely followed primitive examples: in the latter, he seems to have known no safer guide than his own individual opinion, nor any better, or more effectual method of extinguishing a vicious principle, or putting a stop to an objectionable practice, than by flying into the opposite extreme. Of course, in this manner, the way to reform Christianity will be to abolish it: and thus, if he carried out his principles, he would come in time, as some, calling themselves his followers, actually did come, to the point reached by the Roundheads when they began to

> 'Decide all questions by
> Infallible artillery.' [1]

Nor is he free, nor can any one who sets himself up as the dictator in Church and State, and with his own immediate followers proposes to remodel everything from the foundation, be free from the fanaticism which is again described by the satirist:—

> 'Whate'er men speak by this new light,
> Still they are sure to be i' th' right:
> 'Tis a dark lantern of the spirit,
> Which none see by but those who bear it.' [2]

There is, undoubtedly, this fault in the position which Wicliffe assumed for himself, as there must ever be in that of those who, instead of reforming abuses, and correcting the wrong results of right first principles, endeavour to do away the principles themselves, supplying the want by innovations of their own.

We preface with these few remarks our notice of the Society's valuable reprint of the work entitled 'Apology for Lollard Doc-'trines,' which, as being found in a collection of his acknowledged writings, has been ascribed to Wicliffe himself; and, if not by his own hand, is at least the composition of one of his immediate followers. It cannot be wondered at that he should have endeavoured to overthrow the exorbitant and abused power of Rome to begin with; but it does seem extraordinary that he should have proceeded on such a root-and-branch principle.

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[1] Hudibras, Canto i. [2] Ibid.

All dominion, according to him, was founded in grace, and the ruler vacates his office when he ceases to rule well: he not merely forfeits the name of a good governor, but simply ceases to be the officer (spiritual or temporal) which he was before. This is his first grand axiom. Accordingly, with him an evil Pope, or a negligent one, or one who perverts, or exceeds his authority, ceases to be Pope. As he expresses it in formal terms, 'He 'that hath not the Spirit after wit or deeds, he is not of the 'body of Christ.' On which he comments.

'If any chosen of God Himself, or of the people, into pope or prelate, and ordained into vicar of Christ to his office on earth, and he promise it, when he filleth not in deed, but doth contrarily to his behest in degree, he seemeth not to be vicar of Christ indeed.' [1]

And what holds good of the Pope, applies also to each individual of the clergy. The sinfulness of the priest, he said, disabled him from executing the priestly offices; in fact, voided his ordination, reduced him back to the rank of the laity, and exempted the latter from all relative duty to him. They were not only not justified in paying him tithes, but they were guilty of mortal sin in attending his ministrations: nay, even ignorance of the priest's true character does not ordinarily excuse them.

'I rehearsed the decree of the Church, bidding that no man hear the mass of the priest that he wot, doubtless, hath a concubine, or a woman-suspect privily brought under. Then said any thus to me, "But what if I wot him not such, what sin have I then?" I answered, "Friend, perchance thou haltest to wete and inquire; when thou dost not, how wilt thou be excused?" And to this I led him by a sensible example; and when he took it heavily and would not understand, I gave him this ensample: "If thou come to a friend, and he set raw meat before thee and say, it is roasted enow or sodden, if thou eat it and take thy death, how art thou then not dead?"' [2]

And he relies on S. Paul, 1 Cor. v. 11: not remembering apparently, that the Apostle had just previously anticipated his objection, and overthrown his conclusion: 'I wrote unto you in an 'epistle not to keep company with fornicators: yet not alto-'gether with the fornicators of this world, or with the covetous, 'or extortioners, or with idolaters; for then must ye needs go 'out of the world.' 1 Cor. v. 9, 10.

Grace, like nature, abhors a vacuum; and accordingly the second step is what might be expected in a scheme conducted on such impossible principles.

'The pope, cardinals, bishops, and other prelates beneath, are subjects of Antichrist, and sellers of merit. * * * * Wherefore shepherds clept the person of the very Shepherd Jesus Christ, not showing the gospel, though they eked (added) not other malice over; they are antichrist and sathanas transfigured into an angel of light; thieves privy and open slayers and traitors of the sheep, making the house of prayers a den of thieves.' [3]

[1] P. 4. [2] Apology for the Lollards, p. 37. [3] P. 53, 54.

And blaming the Church of Rome as the cause of these evils, he makes it personally guilty of, and answerable for them.

'For he that giveth the cure of souls til an unmighty or unkenning, or not willing to keep, is guilty of all those, though any schape (escape); as he that giveth the government of a ship til an unwitty, unkenning, or not willing govern it, is guilty of the ship and all things contained her in; and he that letteth not such giving when he is holden and may, is constrained by the same guilt.'[1]

If, then, the existing governors of the Church have so entirely forfeited their character, and by their own act and deed voided their offices, who are their true substitutes? The author does not attempt to avoid the question.

'Another point that is put is this,—that there is no pope, ne Christ's vicar, but an holy man.'[2]

his meaning in which assertion is not, as appears at first sight, that the holy man is the only priest, being made by his holiness to be such, which is his sole ordination; but that, of those who are ordained by laying on of hands, none receive the office of the priesthood but the holy; just as, according to his example, those who receive the other sacraments ('for busily it is to note 'that the Sacrament of priesthood before other more worthily 'and with cure (care) is to be given and tane'), unless they are holy and pure, receive no good from them, for 'silk (such) they 'are to ilk man as they are tane with hart, and conscience,' 'for,' he continues with remarkable simplicity of thought,

'It seemeth that he is not lightly or profitly Christ's pope ne his vicar but if he be holy: else why is he called holiest father?'[3]

He produces the words of S. Jerome, Symmachus, Gregory, and Bernard in proof of his point; but of course without success. They declare that a priest ought to excel in knowledge and holiness, but not that he is no priest if he does not: they are, therefore, in reality against our author as far as his favourite and peculiar opinion is at issue. But it is by no means true that all Wicliffe's opinions are thus unsound. The work before us assuredly contains either his writing or his teaching, it matters not greatly which; and there is much in it that goes far to redeem these very grave errors, and to lessen his responsibility in having broached them. On those more abstract points on which his profound learning and thought can be brought to bear, and especially where he has other guides than his own feelings and imaginations to trust to; where history affords him light and example; where primitive times are his model; where his first principles are formed for him; and where he was, perhaps, free

[1] Apology for the Lollards, p. 56. [2] P. 58. [3] P. 59.

from the bias of those who would have moulded his expressions, or influenced his conclusions to his own advantage: the hallucinations which seem to have held possession of his mind on the subject of political economy, and the government of Church or State, do not exist; and he often commands our respect and attention.

Thus he strikes as manfully as Luther himself afterwards did at indulgences, though he has some particular assertions on the subject which can hardly be justified. Holy Writ, he says, is sufficient for the government of the whole Church; and it makes no mention of indulgences. Apostles knew nothing of them: Christ did not teach them. In fact, they are a mere spoiling of the people, and have no such warranty of truth, as ought to attend whatever is purchased; for the Pope cannot insure a man's really enjoying the indulgences he grants him. Nay, he himself may be '*prescit*,' that is, foredoomed to damnation; in which case, as he can obtain no indulgences for himself, he can give none to others. Again, he may, at his own pleasure, by a mere *opus operatum* as it were, and for a performance of the easiest kind, grant an almost infinite period of pardon to any sinner whatever. Lastly, he says, it cannot be granted that the Pope is S. Peter's vicar; but even if he be, and S. Peter or an angel accept the papal binding or loosing, 'he may 'not do this, but in as mykle as it soundeth to the head of the 'kirk abouyn:' and he quotes with approbation the canon of S. Clement, which forbids pardoners to grant indulgences, dispense vows, give absolution, remit penance, or draw souls from purgatory 'as they feynun falsely.'

There is, however, a sense in which our author decides that 'popes, cardinals, prelates, priests, and other religious' may 'nedefully and graciously' sell indulgences, merits of saints, prayers, &c.; and that the people may 'blessedly' purchase them, that is if it be done by the rules of the Gospel, for love and grace, justly, and for the sake of the good deeds of the buyer, by God's pleasure. But if it be done simoniacally, from mere love of money, from earthly favour, or from dread of men, then the thing sold is sold wickedly, and the people buy it sinfully and unprofitably. The same rule also applies to such priests as excommunicate sinners, and put them to penance except they make a payment: but then release and absolve them, and admit them to communion, though they do not forsake the sin; and he concludes with a declaration of the covetousness that ruled in the high places, much in accordance with what we have already met with in Mapes and other early writers:—

'In how many great cases may it be, that now reigneth in the Church sinful merchandize: bring to witness; examine the saws: discuss the

deeds: open and common fame traveleth, that in the court of Rome may no man get no grace, but if it be bought, nor there is none granted, but if it be for temporal meed; for this that the pope reserveth to himself, and to the chamber, as granting of some benefices, and the first fruits of some other that he giveth; and translating of bishops; and all this is done, as it is said, for covetousness, and that is servant of idols; they that pursue for indulgences, exemptions, and privileges, see how they get nought without buying; which are commonly granted to the rich and mighty of the world.'[1]—p. 12.

On Absolution, he teaches, contrarily to the received opinion of his times, that each priest, as well as the Pope, has authority to use the keys to any man at the point of death; but not in other circumstances, unless with the especial authority of the Church. And as he holds the Lollard error of bishops and priests having been originally one and the same order, he concludes that the bishop has no more power than the priest.

'And before that bates (strifes) were made in religion by stinging of the fiend, and was said in the people, I am of Peter, I of Paul, I of Apollo, [*sic*] I of Cephas, the churches were governed by the comyn (communion) of priests' counsel. But after that each man called him that he baptized his, and not Christ's, then was in all the world ordained that one of the priests should be made chief, and the seeds of schisms should be taken away.'—p. 29.

From this it is confessed, or rather insisted on, that the rite of Confirmation does not belong originally to the bishop as such at all, but 'that he appropriateth' it 'to himself, without 'ground of Scripture.' What is said of Confirmation must, of course, apply as well to Ordination.

He next proceeds to what was also the doctrine of the Lollards: that all priests, whether curates (*i.e.* having cure of souls) or not, are bound by their ordination to preach, whether with or without the Bishop's approbation. And here comes in their idea that office consists not in appointment by competent authority, but in the due discharge of its duties: for he deduces from S. Chrysostom (but of course very unfairly) that a distinction is to be observed in the ordination of priests; some being ordained verily by God, others by man alone; the former being true priests, the latter not; and the well or ill discharge of his office is made their test.

'And so of the thing issue is known who is ordained of God, and who of man; he that doth well his ministry, that seemeth that he is ordained of God, and he that doth it not well, is ordained of man, the which soothly as to God is neither deacon nor priest.'—p. 32.

There is evidently the fallacy already alluded to in this position. The author's words amount to the assertion that the

[1] We have modernised the spelling according to present usage, but have retained all peculiar and quaint terms.

insufficient performance of the duties of the priestly office is the cause of the individuals never having been endowed with the office itself.

On the Sacrament of the Altar Wicliffe speaks very plainly and correctly. He is neither a Zuinglian nor a holder of transubstantiation; but he acknowledges, in terms equally forcible and lucid, a very presence in those elements which do not cease by their consecration to be in substance what they were before.

'In the sacrament of the altar after the consecration dwelleth the substance of the bread. And this is sooth, for the body of Christ, which is the bread that he gave for the life of the world, dwelleth therein, and therefore this substance of bread dwelleth therein.'—p. 45.

His proof is derived from the words of S. Paul; the venerable Bede, quoted by him in mistake for S. Augustin; S. Augustin himself, and others. And he argues that—

'Since their words have been canonized and approved by Holy Church, either behoveth to grant their words, or to deny the canonizing and approving of the Church; and that seemeth not good. Therefore I say as these saints do, and trow as holy Church troweth and teacheth, that the sacred host is verily the body of Christ, for Christ sayeth so; and thus saith St. Paul:—"The cup of blessing, is it not the communion of Christ's blood; and bread that we break, is it not the partaking of the body of the Lord?"'[1]—p. 46.

We leave the Fathers of the fourth Lateran Council and the Council of Trent, with their followers, to answer this argument.

On the doctrine of the Eucharist Sacrifice, also, he is no less clear and truthful.

'This that we say, and in all manners strive to prove, the sacrifice of the Church to stand together in two things, and to be made in two things together: that is, the visible species of element, and invisible flesh and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; sacrament and thing of the sacrament, that is the body of Christ.'—P. 47.

Thirdly, our author is much opposed to the practice of image-worship; not only the worship of images as God, which is practised by the heathen, and which is spoken against by the prophets, but even that of those 'worshipfull images' to which, as Gratian's decree says, 'Christians do reverence, not indeed as 'God, nor as looking to them for any aid or profit, but only as 'memorials of men departed.' They who do this are not, he says, 'very Christian men.' It is also idolatry, he maintains, to 'trust more to one image than another, as thinking it to be 'God, or that God's virtue is subjectively therein.' If men must worship images, he would have them adopt the advice of S. Clement, and do it by benefiting other men, who are the very image of God in them.

[1] 1 Cor. x.

'Therefore if ye will verily worship the image of God, we open to you this that is verrey, that ye do well to a man that is made to be image of God, and give him honour and reverence; give ye meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, ministering to the sick, harbour to the stranger, and necessaries to the prisoner. And this is that shall be guessed verily done; these go so much in the honour of God, that he that doth not these things, if he may, shall be trowed to do despite to the image of God.'—Pp. 88, 89.

It is evident that this author thought, that whatever plausible distinctions may be raised by those who in any way practise image worship, they are at least in danger of infringing the second commandment, if they do not actually infringe it.

Lastly, as to religious vows, especially those of monks and friars. If they are made to God, and concern things good and profitable, and are made deliberately and of free-will, he allows them to be good and pleasing to God: otherwise he condemns them, as being contrary to the Gospel. Amongst the latter, he ranks the vows of the three following classes:—First, of begging friars: secondly, of such as refuse meats; for Christ directed His followers to 'eat such as men set unto them' and the apostle expressly condemns those who forbid them:[1] and, thirdly, of those who put their will under the will of man more than that of God; so that if there is any opposition between the two, the former, be it good or evil, must be done, and the latter neglected or even opposed. Nor will he allow the religious to be, as they were, idle. They ought to work, like our first parents, in Eden and after the curse, according to the fourth commandment and the apostolic injunctions. The Rule of S. Francis—which directs that friars should live, firstly of the labour of their hands, secondly of the things freely given them, and thirdly, that if these suffice not, they may beg—he would have their guide. This would evidently strike at the very existence of many of the orders of friars as they were in Wicliffe's time, and had been long before it.

'Wilful begging of stalworth men is forefended to ilk Christian man of the Apostle of Christ, and of God himself, of Solomon it is uggid (abhorred), and many fold reproved of holy doctors; so that the alms of the poor shall not be given to them that are sufficient and mighty to travail, for they that are such ask alms unjustly, despising the bidding of the apostle, saying, "Worketh with your hands, as we have bidden you. And desireth nothing of no man."'—P. 108.

Nay, it is evident that he looked on the different orders of religious mendicants with a kind of fanatical aversion; for he even goes so far as to deny salvation to such as live by begging.

'And since no man how (ought) to cast out from communion of Christian men, but for deadly sin, it followeth that he sinneth deadly, that wilfully,

[1] 1 Tim. iv. 3.

and wittingly, bindeth him to such a state contening travail, that he beg for ever. And it seemeth that one thus endured, is not in the state of men to be saved.'—P. 109.

We could give many instances, did our space allow, of the peculiar customs of the writer's times, and his own belief. It is impossible, with this work before us, to give way to anything like hero-worship of its author. It seems wonderful that any one mind should have mixed up two such irreconcileable lines of opinion; blending the strict conservative with the ultra destructive; and uniting so much that is most excellent with so vast an amount of the wild and impossible. One would think that the teacher who had so deep an insight into primitive times, and had drawn from them so much that is both pure and true, must have been too wise, too godly, and we must even add too sensible, to have given utterance to such mischievous, if not actually unholy tenets. We wonder that he should have been at once so far-sighted, and so blind. The work is certainly one of the most interesting and valuable of those published by the Camden Society; and in Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, it has met with a most careful and able editor.

But before we wholly leave the subject, we would observe that there is a question connected with the great movement of Wicliffe, which is, we think, worthy of some consideration. Did its author intend that it should have from himself, or was he willing it should receive from others, a political bearing? Could he expect or wish the seed he was sowing, the political principles he was enunciating, to remain without fruit? Did he himself shape them, or was he induced by others to shape them, so that they might meet the peculiar features of the times in which he lived? 'Dominion founded on grace,' was one of his fundamental axioms; and if there is any credit due to the statements of those ancient writers who connect the tumults of the times with the teaching of Wicliffe, the followers of Straw and Tyler took the matter into their own hands with a suddenness and activity which must have surprised the simple-minded Vicar of Lutterworth. We are not ourselves, however, inclined to lay much stress on the statements of those who would connect Wicliffe with the rebels. Indeed, it seems pretty clear that their schemes had been in agitation nearly, or quite, twenty years before he obtained his notoriety. Yet Ball and the other ringleaders may have thought that when doctrines so novel, and apparently so favourable, or which might be made so favourable to attempts like theirs were being broached, the time was come to strike their blow.

But there was one person in the realm of a very different stamp to John Ball, or Wat Tyler, of whose freedom from evil

designs in the protection he afforded at first to Wicliffe and his followers, we are not so sure. This was John of Gaunt, the fourth son of Edward III. Every one knows that he was a scheming and ambitious man, and was at this time aiming at the crown: nor were his principles at all of a kind to prevent him from making use of any means that might present themselves for the attainment of his object. The doctrine that dominion is founded not on natural right, but on grace, may have appeared to him just the lever he required to overthrow the designs of the aged King; and as he knew that the clergy would prove the most obstinate opponents to any innovation in the succession, he may have thought it his best plan to pit Wicliffe against them. He certainly did, for a considerable period, act the part of an open partisan of his doctrines, and patron of himself, appearing as such when the Reformer was cited before Archbishop Sudbury and Bishop Courtenay. It is true that he subsequently changed his opinion as to the merits of Wicliffe, declared that he had been deceived in him, called his doctrine the doctrine of devils, and abruptly dismissed his friends Hereford and Rapyndon, bidding them submit themselves to the Archbishop of Canterbury;[1] but by that time his hopes of succeeding to the crown had been completely destroyed, the patronage of Wicliffe seemed likely to involve him in serious trouble with the ecclesiastical courts, and the rebels had sacked his palace. A great man is apt to be disgusted with one, who, instead of being a useful dependent, threatens to prove a dangerous acquaintance; and nothing was more likely to make the aspiring duke change his opinion of the simple vicar than his appearing even in the remotest degree connected with a band of patriots who had just performed the achievement of plundering his property, and burning his house over his head.

There is at least in this passage of our national history a very grave warning to reformers, even of the best intentions, how they meddle with first principles. They may mean well themselves; but they can never tell who may take up their opinions, or how they may be carried out, and they may thus become in a moment, the unintentional, but not innocent cause of an amount of mischief which ages cannot repair. We by no means deny that Wicliffe did much lasting good; but from whatever cause, whether from an inability to appreciate first principles of right, a want of congenial minds, or a disciplined spirit, he mixed with it an unusual amount of evil—evil which but for the firm and tolerant conduct of Archbishops Sudbury and Courtenay (especially the latter), might have been carried into effect, and

[1] Urry's Works of Chaucer: Life.

have produced as their harvest a state of things infinitely worse even than that against which he spent a life in protesting. Ball, the 'prophet' of the mob, who used Wicliffe's name, and endeavoured to connect the actions of himself and his followers with his doctrines, doubtless acted without his cognisance. Wicliffe may have been personally as innocent as an infant of those formidable tumults which all historians unite in affirming to have very nearly overthrown the constitution; yet his doctrines, unwisely conceived and incautiously published, may have been in some degree a cause of, or an incitement to them. And as for his abstract opinions about the Church and the priesthood, a tyro could say what an unhappy influence they exercised after his own time, and how it was even found necessary by the reformers to protest against some of them.

The change, when it did come, was not based on the principles of Wicliffe. The author of one of the letters in the Society's publication, entitled, 'Letters on the suppression of 'Monasteries,' speaking of 'own Master Latymer, a man notte 'unknowne,' represents that great instrument of the Reformation as one whose opinions were cast in a very different mould, and as being 'much more against the abusing of things' than 'against the thing itself.' In proof of this character we find a letter from Latimer himself to Cromwell, entreating that the priory of Great Malvern might be allowed to remain.[1] The work of which these are extracts is full of interest and information on the events then in progress. The letters are mostly written to Cromwell by the commissioners appointed by the Crown for visiting and suppressing the religious houses; and they bear on their surface much of the impress of truth. They state at length the causes which led to the monasteries being dealt with as they were: the temper and mode of life of the members: what part of their property was appropriated by the commissioners, and what was destroyed; and how some of the confiscated lands and valuables were disposed of. We have, moreover, at page 112, an abstract from the Cotton MS.; descriptive of the means used by Cromwell to induce Henry to commence the dissolution. Firstly, he persuaded the King that the state of his revenue required such an augmentation as the funds thus to be gained would bestow. Secondly, he strengthened the King's alliance with foreign Protestant powers by means of the marriage of Anne, sister of the Duke of Cleve, whose other sister had married the reforming Duke of Saxony; so that the Pope might not be able to oppose him in the field. Thirdly, he caused preachers to go and teach the people to stand by the King against the Pope, and to

[1] Letter 71, p. 148.

acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of the former. It is true that he was not always very scrupulous in the choice of his instruments, (witness Bishop, confessor to the nuns at Sion, who was a man of most profligate life). Fourthly, he made Cranmer Archbishop of Canterbury, placed men of the same opinions in other sees, and packed the religious houses with preachers and teachers to inculcate the new system. Fifthly, he caused the King to forbear all payments to Rome, and to have the religious houses visited; the result of which was that well-known compilation, the Black Book: a production which contained an account of the criminal lives of their members, and did more to facilitate their downfall than King, Cromwell, and Commissioners together could have done. Sixthly, he prevailed on some abbots to resign willingly, and others to do so from fear of being called to account for their past lives: parliament upon publication of the Black Book, easily giving consent to the suppression of the rest, and to the bestowal of the revenues on the King.

It must not be forgotten that the first idea of the suppression of the religious houses originated not with any follower of the reformed doctrines, but with one who was at the time Archbishop of York and a cardinal, and who actually aspired to the papacy,—Wolsey. Speed tells us that he employed Cromwell in the suppression of no less than forty religious houses, to enable him to found his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich; and his own account of the houses which he so dealt with was, that they 'were exile' (mean or poor in revenue), and 'small monas-'teries, where neither God is served, nor religion kept.'[1] It is notorious that Henry actually bestowed a considerable portion of the sums brought in by the suppression, in carrying out Wolsey's original idea; and that this movement formed no cause of division in the country is clear from the fact that (as we shall see) more than one of the deprived abbots and priors became bishops under the new discipline: nay, several of the abbots and priors who were willing to resign, petitioned that their houses might be adapted to the purposes of education, or to the maintenance of hospitality.

It was, surely, necessary to do something with so many establishments; not a few of which, by the confession of those who might be expected to say the best they could of them, were barren of any good effects. Speed has filled forty-two folio pages with an enumeration of every religious foundation in the country; and from him we learn that the total number throughout the whole of England and Wales, large and small together,

[1] Letters, p. i.

those which had revenues and those which had none (the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge excepted), exceeded a thousand; the total of their annual revenues being considerably more than 170,000*l.*, which would be a very large sum in these days, but was then an enormous one. It is probable, indeed, that some of these houses might have been spared, had it not been for the horrible and revolting disclosures of the Black Book—disclosures which imperatively called for justice on the guilty, and excited a deep national suspicion against the innocent; for, if these were pure at present, they might become criminal in their turn. Even the good Abbot of Faversham, and the Abbesses of Godstow and Delapré, might be followed by vicious and criminal successors. Ignorance, too, was deep in most of the abbeys, and ingrained: the inmates would apply their minds to nothing useful; if lectures were read, few or none attended them; the rules of life given by an abbot or bishop, the monks often refused to keep. Hence several of the better sort of monks and friars requested to be allowed to leave their houses, and some abbots and abbesses either resigned or prayed to be discharged. The Abbot of Wardon, in Bedfordshire, in a statement on the subject, enlarges on the invincible ignorance of the monks, their rebelliousness, and immorality. An extract from his paper will say more than we can:—

'Item, Forasmuch as I did perceive ignorance was a great cause why that these my brethren were thus far out of good and order, and in continual unquietness, to the intent that I would somewhat an induced them to understanding, I caused books of grammar to be bought for each of them, and assigned my brother to instruct them, but there would come none to him but one Richard Balldok and Thomas Clement.'

'Item, they be in number fifteen brethren, and except three of them, none understand nor know their rule, nor the statutes of their religion.'[1]

We have no wish to be unjust to any of the parties concerned in this great national movement. No doubt there were cases of individual hardship practised towards the religious of either sex, and, in some instances, even of oppression and tyranny. This is occasionally seen from the statements of the commissioners themselves; and the laity, who hoped to gain a portion of the spoil, showed themselves as avaricious and grasping as fame has commonly reported them to have been. But to the question whether or not it was, on the whole, a good and right thing to alienate foundations, and issue the decree of destruction against establishments, which had been instituted with the avowed object of the service of God, but which had so lamentably betrayed the designs of their founders, we think the volume in question affords sufficient grounds for a decided answer in the affirma-

[1] Letters, p. 54.

tive. We have seen the verdict pronounced on the members of religious houses by Mapes in the 13th century, and Wicliffe in the 14th; and in the century and quarter which had elapsed between the death of the latter and the accession of Henry VIII. they appear to have become still more depraved. The popular ideas on the subject are, we fear, fully borne out by this volume. There were not merely harmless impostures, such as those discovered in the priory of Maiden Bradley—'Gode's cote, our 'Ladye's smoke; part of Godde's supper in cœna domini, pars 'petre super qua natus erat Jesus in Bethlehem:'[1] and in the monastery of Bury S. Edmund's—'The coles that S. Lawrence 'was tosted with all, the paring of S. Edmunde's nayles, S. 'Thomas of Canterbury penneknyff and his bootes, and diver 'skulles for the hedache; pieces of the holie crosse able to 'make a hole crosse of,'[2] &c., and elsewhere;—but they contained persons of both sexes living in open and habitual infraction of the laws of morality: *e.g.* there was the Prior of Maiden Bradley, 'which,' says Dr. Layton to Cromwell, 'is an 'holy father, and hath but six children, and but one dowghter 'married yet of the goodes of the monasterie, trysting shortlie 'to marry the reste. His sones be tale men waittyng upon 'hym.' What follows is too gross to be transcribed. The Pope, it appears, 'considering his fragilitie,' actually gave him a license to continue in this way of living; and he took a Mr. Underhill to be his 'gostely father.' The Abbot of Langdon, in Kent, was in much the same circumstances. The commissioner, Dr. Layton, visited the abbey, suddenly, and arranged his attendants so as to 'circumcept the abbay, and surely to kepe 'alle backe dorres and startyng hoilles,' &c. Dr. Layton then forcibly entered the building, on which the abbot's

'Gentilwoman bestyrrede hir stumpes towarde her starting hoilles, and ther Bartlett watchyng the pursuet, towke the tendre demoisel, and after I had examynede hir, to Dover ther to the maire to sett hir in sum cage or prison for eight daies: and I browght holy father Abbot to Canterbury, and here in Christes churche I will leve him in prison. "To tell you," he continues, "all this commodie, but for the Abbot a tragedie, it were too long. Now hit shalle appere to gentilmen of this contrey and other the comons, that ye shall not deprive or visite but upon substanciall groundes.'"[3]

In this sentiment our readers, we doubt not, will concur. He attributes the idea of making that sudden visitation to Divine inspiration, confessing that he had rather expected to find a woman of that description among the canons, than in the very chamber of the abbot himself. Even the monks in the Charter House, in London, who were of all the orders the most obsti-

[1] Letters, page 58. [2] P. 85. [3] Letter 33, p. 76.

nate in opposing the measures of Henry, lived more or less in contradiction to their rule.

'These Charterhouse monks would be called solitary; but to the cloister door thereby above twenty-four keys, in the hands of twenty-four persons, and it is like in letters, unprofytable tales and tidings, and sometime perverse councell cometh and goeth by reason thereof.'[1]

There is certainly one thing to be urged in extenuation of the immoral clergy of those days, though the excuse, of course, cannot apply to the members of the religious houses. The King was entirely opposed to the marriage of the clergy. Letter 78, from Tyrrell to Cromwell, relates that the Vicar of Mendyllsham had, at Pentecost, 'brought home his woman and children into 'his vicarage, declaring how he is married unto her,' and begging to know what should be done 'for the reformacion off his 'open crime, whyche is abomynable in the jugement off the lay 'people.' The next letter, apparently from the same person, informs Cromwell of his marriage; and whilst he slips in the argument for the marriage of the clergy, that it would make them 'dubbyll and dubbyll faythefull' to the crown—'furste 'yn love, secondly for fear that the byschoppe of Rome should 'sette yn hys powre unto their desolacion'—it is amusing to see in what a hurry the author was to comply with the royal and popular feeling; in obedience to which (and to an order from the King in Council) he immediately sent 'the woman' to her friends sixty miles off.

These were, however, by no means the only kind of evil that was to be found in the religious houses. The monks of Pershore spent their time in cards, dice, tables, and debauchery;[2] and the Abbot of Rievaulx was in other respects as unworthy his post.

'All the country maketh exclamations of this Abbot of Rievaulx, upon his abominable lying and extortions by him committed, also many wrongs to divers miserable persons done, which evidently doth appear by bills corroborate to be true, with their oathes corporal in the presence of the commissioners and the said abbot taken, and upon the same sixteen witnesses examined, affirming their exclamations to be true.'[3]

The Abbot of Fountains was convicted of still stranger crimes; viz. theft and sacrilege. 'At midnight,' as Layton and Legh wrote to Cromwell,

'Caused his chaplain to steal the sexton's keys, and took out a jewell, a cross of gold with stones. One Warren, a goldsmith of the Chepe, was with him in his chamber at that hour, and there they stole out a great emerald with a ruby; the said Warren made the Abbot believe the ruby to be but a garnet, and so for that he paid nothing, for the emerald but 20*l*. He sold him also then plate without weight or ounces: how much the Abbot, therefore,

[1] Letter 29, p. 67. [2] Ibid 60, p. 133. [3] Ibid 26, p. 62.

therein was deceived he cannot tell, for the truth is he was a very fool, and a miserable idiot. We pronounced him perjured, and willed him to shew us a cause why he ought not of right and justs to be deprived, and rehearsed and read unto him his own rule, which deprived him for the premises, with other many his transgressions more, which were too long to write. He could not deny but that by those his own rules he ought to be deprived, if there had been no other law made or written for deprivation; and for a conclusion he hath resigned privily into our hands, no man thereof yet knowing. We have accepted and admitted his resignation, *et declaravimus monasterium jam esse vacans*, and suffereth him to minister in all things (for the avoidance of suspicion), even as he did before, till we know your further pleasure. There is never a monk in that house meet for that room.'[1]

The truth of the character here given of the abbot few will be disposed to deny or question. But now follows a little jobbing, of what we should call a Simoniacal nature, for the appointment for his successor.

'If the Earl of Cumberland knew that it was void, he would make all labour he could possible for the cellarer there, which I ensure you is not meet, therefore, for such causes as I know ye will allow, when I shall declare them unto you. There is a monk of the house called Marmaduke . . . . the wisest monk within England of that coat and well learned, twenty years officer and ruler of all that house, a wealthy fellow, which will give you six hundred marks to make him abbot there, and pay you immediately after the election, without delay or respite; at one payment, and as I suppose without much borrowing. The first fruits to the king is a thousand pounds, which he with his policy will pay within three years, and owe no man therefore one groat, as he saith, and his reason therein is very apparent. If ye have not therefore provided or promised such a room for any other your friends, this man we think were meet both for the king's honour, and for the discharge of your conscience, and the profit of house; and I am sure all the abbots of his religion will think him a right apt man thereunto, and the most meet of any other.'[2]

The Abbot of Bury S. Edmunds hardly lived according to the example of his predecessor, Samson; and it is, perhaps, on the whole, well for his credit that there was no Chaplain Jocelin to relate his life.

'As for the Abbot, we found nothing suspect as touching his living, but it was detected that he lay much forth in his granges, that he delighted much in playing at dice and cards, and therein spent much money, and in building for his pleasure. He did not preach openly. Also that he converted divers farms into copyholds, whereof poor men doth complain. Also he seemed to be addict to the maintaining of such superstitious ceremonies as hath been used heretofore.'[3]

This abbey had become very rich.

'Pleaseth it your lordship to be advertised, that we have been at St. Edmund's Bury, where we found a rich shrine which was very cumbrous to

[1] Letter 47, pp. 100, 101.
[2] Ibid.
[3] John ap. Rice to Cromwell. Letter 38, p. 85.

deface. We have taken in the said monastery in gold and silver five thousand marks, and above, over, and besides, a well and rich cross with emeralds, as also divers and sundry stones of great value, and yet we have left the church, abbot, and convent very well furnished with plate of silver necessary for the same.' [1]

The same was also the case with the convent of Glastonbury [2] and many others.

We are glad to find, among the many instances of profligate monks, one at least of an opposite character. Had all the monasteries produced superiors as blameless of life as the aged Abbot of Faversham, they might perhaps have remained to this day. He is writing to beg a continuance of his house and office:—

'If the chief office and profession of an Abbot be (as I have ever taken it), to live chaste and solitarily, to be separate from the intermeddling of worldly things, to serve God quietly, to distribute his faculties in refreshing of poor indigent persons, to have a vigilant eye to the good order and rule of his house and the flock to him committed in God, I trust your favour and benevolence obtained (whereof I right humbly require you), I myself may and am as well able yet now to supply and continue those parts, as ever I was in all my life, as concerning the sufficiency of mine own person.' [3]

Many of the nuns were no better in life than the monks; [4] but there were honourable exceptions, like the Abbot of Faversham, among them also. Such was the Abbess of Godstow, who challenges inquiry into her past life.

'In my office I trust I have done the best in my power to the maintenance of God's true honour, with all truth and obedience to the king's majesty.' [5]

And with much natural pathos implores the aid of Cromwell against Dr. London and his 'greate rowte.' Of the same good cast were the prioress and nuns of Lekeburn, in Lincolnshire: [6] and the Abbess of the Nunnery of Delapré, in Northamptonshire. The following provision was made for the last named,

'And forasmuch as I found that late abbess so conformable, and the house in so good state, considering divers grave charges she hath be att, I did assign unto her for her comfort in her great age the fourth part of the sheep, viz., fivescore, a certain of every kind of grain, a certain of every sort of the cattle, whereof I found praty store, and likewise of the stuff and implements, beseeching your lordship to ratify the same, and to be good lord to her and to her poor sisters in their pensions.' [7]

But the allowance made to those who left their convents was both meagre and paid with difficulty. [8]

But now comes the question of what is to be done with those

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[1] Commissioners to Cromwell.
[2] Letter 127, p. 257.
[3] Letter 48, p. 104.
[4] See Letters 42, p. 91, and 45, p. 97.
[5] Ibid 112, p. 230.
[6] Ibid 5. p. 116.
[7] Ibid 114, p. 233.
[8] Ibid 22, p. 56.

abbots or priors who refused to surrender their houses? The editor of this volume has a very pertinent remark on the subject:

'"Several of the abbots," he says, "who were stubborn in refusing surrender, or who thwarted the king's measures, or disobeyed his arbitrary commands, were on one charge or other indicted for high treason, and brought to the block, or to the gallows, which helped to strike terror into the others." '—P. 254.

His words are quite borne out by the case which he gives at length, of Whiting, the last Abbot of Glastonbury; and it certainly is a very grievous blot on the proceedings of the crown. Abbot Whiting would not resign his house. Like the Abbot of S. Albans, 'he contynued allweys one man, and waxed hourly 'more obstinate and less conformable.' So the commissioners had him to the tower of the abbey, 'being but a very weak man and sickly.' They then proceeded to his trial and the suppression of the monastery. They informed Cromwell of the contents of the abbey, which were, certain articles of plate, and 300*l.* in money. There were living in it three Bachelors of Divinity, 'which were but meanly learned.' They soon after announced the discovery of much more money and plate, 'muryde up in 'wallis, vaultis, and other secrette placis, as well by the abbott 'as other of the conventt, and also convaide to diverse placis in 'the countrye;' and 'they do suppose daily to increase in plate 'and other goodis, by false knaves convayde,' and the 'detection 'of dyvers and sundrye treasons' committed and done by the 'Abbot of Glastonbury.' The result was, that he was arraigned for the robbing of Glastonbury church, and the next day executed on Tor Hill, near Glastonbury, with two of his monks. 'He wente,' says Pollard to Cromwell—

'From Wellys to Glastonbury, and there was drawyn thorow the towne upon a hurdyll to the hyll, callyd the Torre, wheare he was put into execution, taking his death very patiently.'

His remains were not allowed Christian burial, but the head was struck off, and the body divided into four parts, of which one part was exposed at Wells, another at Bath, the third at Ilchester, and the last at Bridgewater.[1] It is impossible to justify a trial conducted in such indecent haste, where the accused had no time or means allowed him to plead, and where his enemies were his judges; and it is little to be wondered at that his death should have had a profound effect on the neighbourhood, and his name have been long held in remembrance—if, indeed, it can be said to be forgotten even now. The editor

[1] Letters 129, 130.

gives us some doggerel lines, commemorative of the fate both of the abbey and its chief ruler, as in popular use in the seventeenth century. They conclude thus:

> 'Tis an ominous thing how this church is abused.
> Remember how poor Abbot Whiting was used.'

But whilst there were numerous petitions from laymen, to purchase or have bestowed on them the lands, buildings, or building-materials of the religious houses, it was by no means the intention of the commissioners to give away all the proceeds of the suppression of these houses. Dr. Layton writes to Cromwell, from Oxford, that he had established lectures in Divinity, Moral and Natural Philosophy, Latin and Greek, in six of the colleges, and had directed that such as were too poor to support public lectures should compel their men to 'frequente and have 'dayly concourse unto the saide lectures.'[1] And at the close of the volume we have a draft, partly, we are told by the editor, in Henry's own hand, of several new bishopricks which it was his purpose to found out of the monastic revenues, and of which six were afterwards actually founded. Five of these were till lately in existence, viz. Peterborough, the last abbot of which was the first bishop; Chester, Oxford, Bristol, and Gloucester. The see last named had for its first bishop John Wakeman, previously Abbot of Tewkesbury.

We here take leave of these instructive volumes. We have been able, indeed, to call the attention of our readers to but a very small portion of the vast number published by the Society. Our choice in those which we have made the subject of our remarks has been influenced by a wish not to give a thorough review of their contents (for even that, in our limited space, would have been impossible), but to show by the selection of a few here and there, which give occasional glimpses of the condition of the Church and State, and afford something of an illustration of, if not a key to, some of the great movements in each, what sources of thought and information the labour of a few individuals is offering to the public; and that, among the works issued by the Society, there are some at least which will amply repay perusal, even though couched in an antiquated dialect, or a semi-barbarous language.

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[1] Letter 30, p. 70.

ART. II.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. I—IV. London: John W. Parker & Son, West-Strand. Second Edition. 1857-8.

THERE are two methods of writing history which are entirely of modern growth. We will call them respectively the philosophical and the hero-worshipping style; the former is, perhaps, only a natural development which is necessarily attendant on a largely-increased accumulation of historical facts, and a corresponding cultivation of intellectual power; the other, we think, more nearly resembles a *lusus naturæ*, being not so much dependent on laws that can be traced, as owing its existence to the accident of having been adopted by an individual writer. Accordingly, writers of the philosophical school form a class, or, indeed, it may be said, many classes, whilst the hero-worshipping writers of history are to be counted as so many separate units. Philosophical writers of history, of one kind or another, have existed almost from the earliest times. It is only necessary to mention Thucydides as distinguished from Herodotus, and Tacitus in contrast with Livy, as instances in point. Both Thucydides and Tacitus knew something about human nature, as any one might judge, if only from their utter carelessness about displaying their knowledge; both also understood something of political science, and both are entitled, in contrast with other historians of their time, to be called philosophical writers; and certainly history, without some such relief as this, must be considered a dull study; neither if writers of history had always made their philosophy subordinate to their facts, should we have any ground for complaint against them on the score of interspersing a dull routine of facts with remarks tending to apportion the value of the different transactions they narrate, their relation to each other, and their general bearings upon political and social science. But this kind of thing has been immensely overdone, and we must own to a feeling of disgust at both of these classes of writers which we are alluding to. If the events of the last few years had been ever so ambiguously predicted, we might have thought more highly of the *Inde tibi tuæque reipublicæ quod imitere capias;* but as we do not find that, in point of fact, the most accomplished readers of history are

able to predict the future, so we must be allowed to express a misgiving as to the depth of those writers who set themselves to prove that all things have happened just as they ought to have happened. M. Guizot will occur to most of our readers as an instance of the philosophical school of historians, and we may speak of him as one of the best specimens of the type. He was so completely a statesman, and possessed so many qualities of mind to check and counteract the tendency to run wild in philosophising, that his views are always valuable and instructive, even when his readers may not precisely accord with his sentiments; but let any attentive reader go through his 'History of the Times of Charles the First and the Protectorate,' and he will see how entirely he was absorbed by the one idea of the inevitableness of every thing that happened. We shall be curious to see how far this writer will be led away by the same idea, in narrating the circumstances of his own life, and whether the coming volumes of the 'Memoirs of my own Time' will attempt, on philosophical grounds, to show that his own banishment from political life was the inevitable result of circumstances. What writers of this stamp have more or less ignored, viz. the influence of what we may call *accidents* on the fate of history, a recent writer, who has pushed the philosophical mode of composition to its extreme development, has boldly and designedly set aside as having no existence, because all things, in his opinion, may be reduced to fixed laws. Mr. Buckle has settled the question, and affirms that the course of history could have been no other than it has been. Let it be remembered that he has also, apparently to his own satisfaction, settled the deep questions which have remained for so many hundred years without the slightest approximation to a solution; viz. the doctrines of fatalism and of responsibility, and the moral government of the universe. He has seen his way further than previous writers of this class; with him the particular is altogether merged in the general, the individual lost sight of in the principle.

The general resemblance of feature between the history of different periods and different countries cannot be denied; the influence of climate, and a thousand other conditions, upon human character, must not be underrated; but history can never be read aright by any one who ignores the freedom of the human will, or what we take leave to call the *accidental* existence at a given moment of certain individuals who turned the course of things. Had Newton never lived, it is certain that astronomical science must have made progress in a somewhat similar mode to that in which it has advanced. How long the discovery of the law of gravitation would have been retarded, we do not know; we only know that it would have been retarded, if

only from this, that when discovered, and all but proved, it failed to gain the assent of philosophers of the day. Similarly, if Napoleon had been cut off in childhood, the course of events of European history would no doubt have somewhat resembled the history of the first half of the nineteenth century; but we think all our readers will agree with us that the modifications would have been neither few nor unimportant. And what we mean to assert is, that after tracing out the general laws which pervade history, and however successful we may have been in exhibiting the similarities of development in different periods, there will always remain a very large residuum of outstanding facts to be accounted for on no general principles, but referable only to the individual and the accidental.

It is this difference that must ever obtain between the historical and the physical. The outstanding facts of physical science are destined some day to be inclosed in more general laws, or in modifications of existing laws, and will give their place to other facts of observation, which, after exhibiting apparent discrepancy, will at last be made to yield their tribute to human ingenuity; but so long as the freedom of the human will is what it is, will the phenomena of history refuse to be included in mathematical formulæ.

There is an opposite error in writing history which is even of more recent growth than the philosophising spirit of which we have been speaking. It is, perhaps, scarcely so dangerous an extreme as the other; for though the attempt to philosophise may carry with it those who are unable to see far into principles, or disentangle fallacies of argument, yet the writing up an individual hero is sure to be seen through in the long run, by any ordinary person who accustoms himself to judge of characters for himself. The most remarkable instance of this style of writing is, or we should rather say was, Lord Macaulay's panegyric of William the Third. From such authorship we admit that we do not expect any permanent ill results. All people are judges, or at least fancy themselves able to judge, of individual character; and if people have been deceived into an undue admiration of the conduct or the talents of the hero of the story, it is tolerably certain that a reaction will, sooner or later, set in; and, notwithstanding the praise which has been echoed in high quarters of the ability of William of Orange, and the barony which his encomium has earned for his biographer, the next generation will probably recur to the opinions which, within this quarter of a century, were more commonly held of the vulgar Dutch Protestant, to whom the people of this country thought proper to offer the crown matrimonial of Great Britain.

We have said Lord Macaulay was the principal exponent of this system of writing history. And we speak in the past tense, because Mr. Froude has certainly out-Heroded Herod, in his admiration of the hero to whom he devotes himself. A few months ago one would have thought, if there was any sovereign of England more hopeless for any such purpose than another, Henry the Eighth would have been, by universal consent, fixed upon as the tyrant who could not possibly have been held up to the admiration of our countrymen. Yet, strange to say, a tale of wonderful plausibility has been constructed,—and that, too, on the basis of State Papers and original documents of all sorts,—and there is so much of valuable information mixed up with the romance, and so great a display of good writing, that we doubt not many a reader has been inveigled into Mr. Froude's estimate, whether real or professed, of the character of the greatest monster who ever sat on the throne of England.

After having said what we have as to the certainty of public characters finding their proper level, and being estimated tolerably fairly in the long run, it might be thought a superfluous task to attempt to unravel the story which Mr. Froude has so carefully woven together. And, indeed, all we propose to ourselves is to hasten the downfall of the popularity of a work which will last but a very few years at the longest. There are two points which Mr. Froude has undertaken to exhibit: first, the great intellectual power, and force of will with which Henry managed the affairs of the great nation of which he was absolute monarch; secondly, the self-abnegation which prompted him to sacrifice all his own private interests and affections for the good of his darling people. Both these views are in a manner new. No writer has, before Mr. Froude, done justice to Henry's great capacity of government; nor indeed has any historian appeared to appreciate the extraordinary power of will by which he swayed the opinions, or, at least, the actions of all his officers and subordinates. We are told indeed of the strong will of the Tudors, but by far the strongest of them all has had far less credit on this score than he deserved. The inevitable progress of affairs, the spirit of the age, the invention of printing, the diffusion of knowledge, have all been made to play their part in bringing about the mighty changes that were effected in State as well as in Church; yet all these were but the conditions; the sole cause, so to speak, was the stern will and unflinching consistency of Henry the Eighth. This view comes out rather incidentally than as of set purpose in Mr. Froude's volumes. It seems as if it were impossible for those who have had access to original documents, and seen how Henry interlined,

altered, amended, the productions of statesmen and divines,—to dispute either his intellectual power or his industrious devotion to business; but to make a display of him in this light was at least not the primary object of the volumes before us. Nay, in one point of view, it was expedient to understate the amount of the king's individual labours in the cause of his beloved country; and there is evident policy in attributing to others, in conjunction with the king, acts and proceedings, the very defence of which rests mainly on the allegation that parliament, privy counsellors, and archbishops acquiesced in and approved of them. Even our author cannot disguise that some things in Henry's conduct look a little ugly at first sight. And it establishes a very plausible defence if it can be shown that the king was not solitary in his judgment. What people will condemn as solitary in an individual, will appear excusable, or even right and necessary, when many appear to concur in and sanction it. Accordingly, the spirit of self-sacrifice rather than either the intellectual power or the strength of will in Henry's character, must be considered the point, to illustrate which these volumes were principally written; and, omitting any direct allusion, for the present, to the interesting episodes which are interwoven with the plot of the drama, we will follow Mr. Froude along its main current.

Before, however, we enter upon this, we may congratulate Mr. Froude on his entire freedom from the fault which we have been charging on Mr. Buckle. The two styles of writing history of which we have been speaking, it is true, seem somewhat exclusive of each other, if not contradictory; and it could only be by a strange inconsistency that they could appear in one and the same work of any given author. Yet, though we gladly acquit Mr. Froude of inconsistency, on the logical ground that *eodem tempore* is one of the conditions of a perfect contradiction, we may be allowed to congratulate him on the happy inconsistency exhibited between his present work and a previous publication, which ten years ago enjoyed an ephemeral popularity. We mean the 'Shadows of the Clouds,' which, as it appears to us, could scarcely have had any other purpose than to disprove human responsibility, on the ground that circumstances determine human actions; in other words, that human things must happen as they do, the actors in them being the tools of a controlling fate, or an unavoidable destiny. We do not allude to the change of opinion as being at all against Mr. Froude. On the contrary, we think the change is so much from the worse to the better, that an author is really to be congratulated upon it, supposing it to be a real and genuine change. And we have no more reason to question the reality of this

change, than we have to doubt the reality of his belief in the theory which he advocated in the little volume we have been referring to, or the apparent belief in miraculous agency in another anonymous publication, which is usually attributed to the same author, and which appeared in Dr. Newman's series of 'Lives of the Saints.' Certainly, the author who could attribute such momentous consequences to a single step of Margaret of Scotland, cannot be spoken of as undervaluing the influence of an individual will on the course of public events.

'Meanwhile the queen-mother was reaping the harvest of her own folly. There had been a moment when it rested with her to have anticipated the ruin of the kingdoms, and to have coloured (it is impossible to conjecture how deeply) the complexion of their fortunes. Had she played her part, the marriage would have been arranged between James and Mary. An act of Parliament, would have declared them, should no male heir be born to the King, joint inheritors of the two crowns. Then there would have been no divorce of Catharine; for there would have been no object for a divorce. No miserable scandals would have clouded the declining years of Henry. Perhaps there would have been no breach with Rome, and no Reformation in the form which it in fact assumed. On the behaviour of such poor creatures as Margaret, events of so mighty a moment at times depend.'—Vol. iv. p. 43.

We must leave it to the author to reconcile this statement with the opinions expressed elsewhere in these volumes, as to the swelling and uncontrollable tide of reformation.

'Yet still the stream flowed on, caring little for human opposition. To swim with it, or to swim against it, affected little the velocity with which the English world was swept into the new era. The truth stole into men's minds, they knew not how. The king, as we have seen, began to shrink from persecution, and to shelter suspected persons from orthodox cruelty. The Parliament, which would not yet alter the heresy law, tempered the action of it, and was rather contented to retard a movement which threatened to be too wildly precipitate, than attempt any more to arrest it.'—Vol. iv. p. 481.

In the general sentiment which this passage is meant to illustrate, we entirely concur. Before the reader can acquiesce in the truth of the particular instance alleged, he must dispose of the case against Henry's character, which the following pages are mainly intended to elucidate.

The first instance in which the sincerity of Henry's desire to sacrifice himself for the good of his people, is tested, occurs in the divorce of Catharine of Arragon. And here, if implicit credence is to be given to the king's public asseveration, the case is settled. The policy and skill exhibited in Henry's speech before the court, which sat in June, 1529, cannot be called in question; the speech itself has been recorded in all the histories of the period; we need not, therefore, do more than quote a few

important words from it. 'I will in her absence declare unto 'you all, that she hath been to me as . . . . . *comfortable* a wife as I could wish or desire.' After going on to say, that the miserable state of doubt in which he had for years past been labouring, was first suggested by the ambassador of the French king, who, as he alleged, thought the legitimacy of his daughter Mary a matter of question, he craftily alluded to the disastrous consequences of the doubtful succession, if he should not have an heir male (the apparent sincerity of the admission that this consideration had some little additional weight in the prosecution of the cause is quite charming). Then follows the repeated assertion, 'that I thought it good therefore, in relief 'of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet 'estate of the whole realm, to attempt the law therein, and 'whether I might take another wife, in case that my first 'copulation with this gentlewoman was not lawful; which I 'intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I 'could be as well content to continue during my life, if our 'marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman 'alive.' We must make one more extract from the speech made by the king a few months previously, to Cardinal Campeggio and a concourse of the nobility assembled at Bridewell. The consistency of this speech with the other is most remarkable. We only concern ourselves with the following passage: 'And, as touching the queen, if it be adjudged by the law of 'God that she is my lawful wife, there was never thing more 'pleasant nor more acceptable to me in my life, both for the 'discharge and clearing of my conscience, as also from the good 'qualities and conditions the which I know to be in her. For 'I assure you all that . . . . she is a woman of most gentleness of mind, humility, and buxomness; yea, of all good 'qualities appertaining to nobility. She is without comparison, 'as I these twenty years almost have had the true experiment, 'so that if I were to marry again, if the marriage might be 'good, I would surely choose her above all other women.' The date of this speech is October, 1528, that of the speech from which the preceding extract was made, is June of the following year. The dates are, in this instance, important, as will appear by the sequel.

Nothing certainly could be more reasonable, or creditable to the king, supposing him honest and sincere, than these speeches; but most people know enough of history to be sure that the speeches of kings are not always to be trusted. In the private letters which pass between individuals, there is a better chance of getting at the secret motives and mainsprings of

action. Indeed, evidence of this kind, especially where the letters were not intended to be divulged, is perhaps the best historical evidence that can be produced. Let us see what is producible in the matter of the divorce of Catharine of Arragon. We do not profess to be able to bring forth much that is new; but shall quote for the most part from documents which have long been before the public, and which are entitled to as much consideration as the new records to which Mr. Froude seems almost exclusively to have devoted himself.

In the first place, then, we refer our readers to the second despatch of Cardinal Wolsey, to Sir Gregory de Casale. It is not printed in Burnet's or Strype's Collections, perhaps because it did not altogether suit their purpose, but it is alluded to in the first despatch which Burnet published, and which we believe exists nowhere else in print, except in the Collection of Records, to the first part of his 'History of the Reformation,' p. 11. These despatches are unfortunately in Latin. The second of these, which was printed from the State Paper Office, is in the State Papers of King Henry the Eighth's reign (vol. vii. p. 18.) It is difficult, and for our present purpose unnecessary, precisely to estimate the conduct of Wolsey throughout this affair. One thing is certain, that he was privy to the king's secret wishes; and, as far as any person could be, was acquainted with the motives which prompted his conduct; and, though we have it not in Henry's own hand-writing, yet the evidence is as good as if we had the king's own expression of his intention. 'In hac præterea re,' says Wolsey, 'nonnulla sunt secreta 'Sanctissimo Domino Nostro secreto exponenda, et non credenda 'scriptis: quas ob causas, morbosque nonnullos, quibus absque 'remedio Regina laborat, et ob conceptum etiam animi scru-'pulum Regia Majestas nec potest nec vult ullo unquam posthac 'tempore illa uti, vel ut uxorem admittere, quodcunque evenerit.' 'There are, moreover, certain things to be privately explained 'to his holiness, which may not be committed to paper; also 'certain irremediable diseases which the queen labours under, 'on account of which, as well as on the score of his Majesty's 'scruple of conscience, he neither can nor will ever again live 'with her as his wife, whatever may be the issue of the case.' The date of this letter is December 6, 1527, nearly two years prior to the twice repeated solemn declaration of the king, that he would, if free to choose, fix upon Catharine for his wife before any other person in the world.

We have preferred quoting this passage from Wolsey's despatch, because of the date, which we repeat is December 6, 1527; but lest it should be thought a mere invention of Wolsey's, we will quote a few words from a despatch of the

king, of December, 1528, (State Papers, vol. vii. p. 128), where Knight and his colleagues are commissioned 'to say plainly 'unto his holiness, that this the king's desire and intent *convolare* 'ad secundas nupcias non patitur negativum . . . . and that all the calculation to the contrary shall be thought vain and frus-'tratory.' In another set of instructions, (ibid. p. 136), they are required to say of the queen, 'whose body his grace from 'marvellous great and secret respects is utterly resolved and 'determined never to use.' The date of this is December 1, 1529. Now these extracts contain an avowal on Henry's part, consistently persevered in for two years, *i.e.* from the end of 1527 to 1529, to abstain from cohabitation with Catharine.

We are indebted to Mr. Froude himself for pointing attention to this document, but must express our unfeigned astonishment that he should quote it in evidence of Henry's desire of straightforward dealing, both in himself and all parties concerned. In the analysis given by the editor of the State Papers, the commencement of this document is accurately described thus:—'They are to induce the pope to pronounce against the pre-'tended brief found in Spain;' and the whole sum of the instructions is that of an imperious tyrant, whose purpose is to force the pope to use all the power vested in him (of the extent of which power the writer is evidently uncertain) 'in deciding in 'Henry's favour.' It assigns all the arguments for the invalidity of the brief, and all the advantages which will accrue from its being declared not authentic; it goes on to advance that the pope shall be made to promise to give sentence in the king's favour, and for the king's purpose, within three months at the furthest; and, if nothing better could be obtained, that they should procure a dispensation for the king to marry again, if the queen could be induced to 'enter religion,' *i.e.* to take the vows of chastity; and if there should be any difficulty on the queen's part, to ascertain whether the pope would dispense with Henry's vows of chastity, if the queen should undertake to enter religion, upon the king's promise to do the same; and, this failing, whether the pope could be urged to grant an absolute dispensation to have two wives, so as to legitimate the children of both marriages, 'whereof some great reasons and 'precedents, specially of the Old Testament, appear,' (p. 136.) Finally, they were instructed to say, that 'whatever shall be 'found of bull or brief, or otherwise, the king's highness findeth 'his conscience so unquieted, his succession in such danger, 'and his most royal person in such perplexity, for things 'unknown and not to be spoken, that other remedy there is not 'but his grace to come, by one way or other, and specially at 'his hands, if it may be to the desired end, and that all the

'concertacion to the contrary, shall be thing vain and frus-
'tratory.'

The case against the king seems tolerably complete; but, that nothing may be wanting, we will quote another extract or two from Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn. The originals of these letters are preserved in the Vatican, and they have frequently been printed. They are without date, but the arrangement and the dates have been fixed beyond all possibility of doubt, by Dr. Lingard, in his history. In the autumn of 1527, he writes, 'And seeing my darling is absent I can no less do 'than send her some flesh, representing my name, which is 'hart's flesh for Henry, prognosticating that hereafter, God 'willing, you must enjoy some of mine, which if he pleased I 'would were now.' Three or four months later he concludes his letter thus, 'Wishing myself (specially an evening) in my 'sweetheart's arms, whose * * *[1] I trust shortly to cusse.' In September, 1528, we find him making use of the expression, 'No more to you at the present, mine own darling, for lack of 'time, but that I would you were in mine arms, or I in yours, 'for I think it long since I kisst you.'

And now we ask any unprejudiced reader to judge for himself, whether he can agree with Mr. Sharon Turner's view of these letters being delicate and respectful. To us they appear to prove almost to a demonstration, that Anne had allowed the king every liberty, short of actual sexual intercourse. We may say, by the way, that they seem to us to prove also that matters had not gone so far as this. To this we shall have an opportunity of recurring; for the present we are only concerned with the matter of Henry's consistency and honesty, his self-sacrifice, and single view to the good of his people. It was with the same view, we suppose, that whilst this was going on, and the sweating sickness raging all around him, he was receiving the Holy Communion every Sunday and festival.

We perhaps owe some apology to the reader for quoting these passages. Dr. Lingard alludes to one of these letters, and says that it concludes with expressions too indelicate to transcribe. Our object being to enable the reader to judge for himself of the professions of the king, we have felt that it was impossible to omit them.

These letters seem to be much less known than they ought to be; the reason of this probably is, that it has not been thought worth while to bring forward evidence of such a kind, in a case where, as it might have been thought, the world had pronounced

[1] We have been obliged to omit the expression here, as not being fit to appear in print.

its unalterable judgment. Now that there seems to be some danger of that judgment being rescinded, there is an increased importance attached to them, and perhaps a short account of them may be acceptable to our readers, if only with the view of precluding any argument that may be alleged against their authenticity. They have been lodged in the Vatican library for more than a hundred and eighty years, for Burnet saw them there in 1685. (See his 'Travels,' Letter 4, p. 227). He says, 'When it appeared that I was come from England, King 'Henry the Eighth's Book of the Seven Sacraments, with an 'inscription written upon it with his own hand, to Pope Leo 'the Tenth, was showed me, together with a collection of 'some letters that he had writ to Anne Boleyn, of which some 'are in English and some in French. I, that knew his hand 'well, saw clearly that they were no forgeries.' The letters were first printed in London, in 1714, with the title 'Lettres d'Amour du Roi Henri à Anne Boleyn,' and they have been subsequently reprinted several times. A minute description of them is given in the twenty-first volume of the 'Pamphleteer,' (p. 329), and a fac-simile of the commencements, as well as of the signatures, appears in the same volume (pp. 346-7). Henry's handwriting is so peculiar and illegible, that it would be recognised at the first glance by any one acquainted with it. And there is no difficulty in getting access to genuine specimens of his handwriting, as numerous documents exist in the Cotton Collection, written either wholly or in part in the king's hand. Indeed, the theological papers, interlined and altered by him, are well known to all editors and writers who have been concerned in the history of that period.

These papers are amongst the Codices Vaticani (No. 3731), and are signed H. R., with the exception of three in which the signature is Henry R., but are without any date of the month or year. There is no actual account of the mode in which these letters were deposited in the Vatican, but they may nevertheless be identified by the following account given by Lord Herbert. He tells us, (See Kennett's 'History of England', vol. ii. ed. 1719), that Cardinal Campeggio was dismissed in October, 1529, and was conducted honourably to the sea-side, where he expected only a fair wind; 'but when he came to take ship, 'the searchers, upon pretence he carried either money or letters 'from England to Rome, ransacked all his coffers, bags, and 'papers, not without hope certainly to discover that decretal bull 'our king so much longed for. I find also (by some relation) 'that divers love-letters, betwixt our king and Mrs. Boleyn, 'being conveyed out of the king's cabinet, were sought for, 'though in vain, they having been formerly sent to Rome.'

This passage from Herbert was probably taken from Hall, who says (fol. 183), 'Campeggio took his journey towards the sea-'side, where the king's counsel caused his chest and carriages to 'be opened, to see what letters the Cardinal of York had sent 'to the court of Rome, and there were but few letters found, for 'they were sent before by post.' The only other contemporary account of the matter, that we are aware of, is that of Cavendish, who, in his life of Wolsey, speaks of the search made into the baggage of Campeggio. Fuller's account, which of course is second-hand is, that 'The papists tell us that Cardinal Cam-'peggio sent over before him some amatorious letters, which 'passed, written with the king's own hand, betwixt him and 'his dear Nan, as he termed her. These are said to import more 'familiarity than chastity between them, and are carefully kept 'and solemnly shewn in the Vatican, to strangers especially 'of the English nation, though some suspect them to to be forged. 'For though the king had wantonness to write such letters, 'yet Anne Boleyn had wit and wariness too much to part with 'them. In a word, so cunning was she in her chastity, that 'the further she put him from her, the nearer she fastened his 'affections to her.' ('Church History,' lib. v. p. 175, ed. 1656).

This is the first instance, and one which we think quite settles the question, as to whether Henry, in procuring a divorce from Catharine of Arragon, and marrying Anne Boleyn, was solely or mainly actuated by a love for his people.

Perhaps our readers will think that the facts which we have detailed will go some way towards disproving another of Mr. Froude's allegations concerning the hero of his romance. This author is bold enough to institute a defence of the king from the charge of impurity. It is true that Henry's excesses were moderate compared with those of many others, both of his predecessors and successors on the English throne, and will contrast favourably, perhaps, with the vicious conduct of some of his contemporary monarchs. It is, too, a lucky defence, if it can be established, for the charge of impurity is so mixed up with that of cruelty and brutality in this case, that a successful rebutting of the one will in many minds carry with it a refutation of the other. It may be worth while, therefore, to say a few words on this subject, before we proceed to notice transactions which belong to a later period of his reign. We have already said that we think the letters which passed between Henry and Anne, at the close of the year 1527 and commencement of 1528, seem to us clearly to prove that criminal intercourse had not yet taken place between the parties. How far this may have been due to Anne Boleyn's chastity or policy, may be a matter of opinion; but Henry's married life had

certainly not been so free from blemish as to warrant the conclusion that he would have been scrupulous, even if we had not the distinct assertion of Cardinal Pole, that he had made improper overtures to the lady and that they had been rejected. It must not be forgotten that Henry duke of Richmond, his natural son by Lady Talboys, was born in the year 1518, nine years after his marriage with Catharine. This fact disposes of the view taken by Roman Catholic writers, that Henry lived a godly and virtuous life till his rupture with the see of Rome. Whatever were the demerits of that step, the king's deflection from the path of right had begun some years previously. Nor is this to be regarded as a single instance of unfaithfulness on the part of Henry. Mr. Froude is obliged to throw overboard Cardinal Pole's assertion, because, if admitted, it damages his case most materially. He tells us (p. 104) that 'Though the 'marriage was dictated by political convenience, Henry was 'faithful, with but one exception, to his wife's bed—no slight 'honour to him, if he is measured by the average royal standard 'in such matters.' The author, reasonably enough, objects to the evidence of Fox and Sanders being admitted; the one was a lying Protestant, the other a lying Catholic; and to say more about either is only like a vain attempt to slay the slain. No one who knows anything of the history of the period would think of taking any statement from either, unless substantiated by some other less prejudiced witness; but we think Mr. Froude would have acted more wisely if, being unable to suppress, he had more effectually concealed, his hatred of Cardinal Pole, perhaps the greatest and best man in Christendom. If Cardinal Pole is to be believed,—and we cannot stop here to weigh the evidence for the character of this great prelate,—Henry had been engaged in an illicit connexion with Mary, the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Pole repeatedly asserts the fact, and as there is no other extant authority, its credit must rest upon his veracity. To us it appears certain that Pole would never have been guilty of asserting any such accusation, unless he had not only believed it, but had certainly known it. However, we do not wish to insist upon a point which cannot be proved, and the story must go for what it is worth. Moreover, it must not be omitted that there was a bull of dispensation drawn up in England and sent to Rome, for Knight to obtain the signature of the pontiff to it. It was most carefully worded, and contained a dispensation for Henry, in case a divorce should be pronounced, to marry any other woman, even if she had contracted marriage with some other person, provided it were not consummated, though she were related to the king in the first degree of affinity, either by lawful or unlawful intercourse,

excepting always the widow of his late brother. The only possible explanation of these words rest on Henry's wish to marry Anne Boleyn, who had been previously contracted to Lord Percy, and whose sister, Mary, he had, as Cardinal Pole accuses him, violated. 'Etiamsi illa tibi alias secundo aut 'remotiore consanguinitatis aut *primo affinitatis gradu*, etiam 'ex quocumque licito seu illicito coitu proveniente, invicem 'conjuncta sit, dummodo relicta fratris tui non fuerit.' (Herbert, p. 294. al. 118.)

If additional evidence were wanted on a point which to ourselves, we confess, is as clear as daylight, it will be found in the statute of 28 Henry VIII., referred to by Dr. Lingard (p. 395). This author seems to us to have proved, as far as such matters are capable of proof, that the confession which was extracted from Anne Boleyn of the connexion between Henry and her sister, was made the ground of the dissolution of her marriage with the king.

The sort of intercourse that existed between Henry and Anne, at the time of his protestation of love for Catharine, we have already pointed out. As to the extent to which this intimacy was carried between the years 1528 and 1533, when the marriage took place, it is impossible to speak certainly. In such matters there can scarcely be more than circumstantial evidence, and we must ask our readers to distinguish between what is certain and what is only inferential. What we have already alleged disposes once for all of the question of Henry's character for honesty and consistency; and we think we have effectually disproved the audacious assertion of Mr. Froude (p. 108), that 'hypocrisy was not among his faults.' It is, however, scarcely credible that Anne resisted the king's importunities till the time of their marriage. Dr. Lingard's very sensible view of the matter would, we feel sure, commend itself to every candid reader, if he had not unfortunately betrayed his prejudices here, as sometimes elsewhere, by overstating the matter.

'The charge of cohabitation,' he says (vol. vi. p. 188), 'has 'given offence. Yet if there were no other authority, the very 'case itself would justify it. A young woman of one-and-'twenty listens to declarations of love from a married man, who 'has already seduced her sister; and, on his promise to abstain 'from his wife and to marry her, she quits her parental home, 'and consents to live with him under the same roof, where for 'three years she is constantly in his company at meals, in his 'journeys, on occasions of ceremony, and at parties of pleasure. 'Can it betray any great want of candour to dispute the in-'nocence of such intimacy between the two lovers?'

We are ourselves entirely persuaded of the truth of Dr. Lin-

gard's view, that Henry's patience may mainly be accounted for by the infecundity of Anne; nay, we ask any candid reader to consider what judgment the world in general would pronounce as to the chastity of a lady who lived, in the way in which it is admitted Anne Boleyn did live, who received such letters as those from which we have made extracts, whose marriage was solemnized secretly on January 25, and whose child was born September 7, and the date of whose marriage was given out and commonly believed to be November 14th. All the historians of the period, with the single exception of Stow, we believe, assign November 14 for the day of the ceremony, and the true date, January 25, has only been settled, so great was the uncertainty of the matter, in the present century. We ask is any view more probable than that Henry, in his anxiety for a legitimate male heir, should wait till Anne's pregnancy was as well ascertained as could be, should then marry as soon as possible to save appearances, and should have the ceremony performed secretly, in order to persuade people that everything was correct. The difference between Henry and other princes who were notorious profligates, seems to have been simply this, that the English monarch was perhaps satisfied with a single mistress at a time. In estimating the king's conduct in these particulars, it is not to be forgotten that Anne Boleyn was executed May 19, 1536, and the king married to Jane Seymour May 20th of the same year. Another element in the estimation of Henry's physical coldness will be found in the well-known story of Anne's reproaching him for having her maid of honour, Jane Seymour, sitting upon his knee. We suppose it will scarcely be maintained that it was necessary for the good of the nation that Henry should be familiar with the maids of honour at his court, before Anne's infidelity was even suspected, however disposed any one may be to look upon the execution of Anne and the marriage with Jane as an accidental combination of circumstances. This particular incident in the intimacy which existed between Henry and Jane Seymour may possibly be apocryphal: we do not wish to attach undue weight to such a trifling circumstance; but we would ask our readers to read the touching letter from Anne to the king, written from her prison, not a fortnight before her execution, when she implores the king to grant her a fair trial, adding, 'so that whatsoever 'God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed 'from an open censure, and mine offence being so lawfully 'proved, your Grace is at liberty both before God and man, 'not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful 'wife, but *to follow your affection, already settled on that party* '*for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some*

'*good while since have pointed unto; your Grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.*' The letter, which may be seen in Burnet's Collection of Records (vol. i. p. 154), is perhaps the best plea that could be put in for the acquittal of the writer. Doubtful as we feel about the verdict we should have to pronounce, we think the internal evidence of the letter would weigh more than anything we know of in favour of Anne Boleyn's innocence of the crime of adultery. Her guilt or innocence is a material point in the evidence upon which we should have to sum up the character of Henry the Eighth. And it is not surprising that Mr. Froude should appear to be a full believer in her guilt; neither have we any right to find fault with him for taking this view, because we ourselves incline to the opposite. Her early life shows what she was capable of, and, dangerous as might be the indulgence of the vicious inclinations from which it is impossible to consider her as exempt, it is well known how little sensuality of this kind is generally influenced by fear of consequences or considerations of policy. However, we must be content to leave the case in that impenetrable darkness which will never now be removed, and content ourselves with the verdict allowable in Scotch law, of *Not proven.* We must return to the point of Henry's honesty, straightforwardness, and disinterestedness in the affair of the divorce.

Mr. Froude observes of the king, with ludicrous *naïveté*, that 'Henry's peculiar temper never allowed him to believe beforehand that a way which he had chosen could lead to any conclusion except that to which he had arranged it should lead.' We think we have shown that he had arranged that the negotiations, in the matter of Catharine of Arragon, were to issue in a marriage with Anne Boleyn. The mode in which this was compassed does not meet with his full sympathy. He is content to admit what Burnet, in the teeth of evidence which he himself produces, ventures to deny—viz., that the opinions of the foreign universities were obtained by bribery. It is impossible to conceal the fact, for a quantity of evidence, beyond what was known in Burnet's time, may be adduced in confirmation of it. However, Mr. Froude is content upon it to admit that the king made a mistake of policy, and is only too happy to insist on the fact that the persons bribed are ecclesiastics; for the corrupt state of the Church at large, and in particular the Church in this country, and the clergy, as contrasted with the frank, loyal, honest, upright conduct of the laity, is another of the points made in these volumes, and is perhaps the most transparently fallacious conclusion at which the author has arrived. It is seldom we have to notice inaccuracies of fact in our historian, but he might have maintained his charge of being a pluralist against Cardinal Wolsey, without making him hold

the bishoprics of Winchester and Durham simultaneously. The mistake is so trifling that it would have been scarcely worth the noticing, if it were not for the *animus* which it displays, and also because it shows that Mr. Froude has not examined previously printed documents as exactly as he professes to have done the new materials supplied to him. The *exchange* of the see of Durham for that of Winchester is a point frequently alluded to in Wolsey's correspondence. But, to return to the bribes; not only were the opinions of the foreign universities gained in this way, but the consent of the heads of colleges of Oxford is made to represent the opinion of the University, as expressed in Convocation, though it was certain, such was the spirit of the younger Masters of Arts, that the decision would have been rejected by them. Similar disgraceful proceedings were enacted at Cambridge, as may be seen in Burnet's 'Collection of Records.' But there is one very curious fact, that we do not think has ever been noticed by historians, that the book in which these 'Censuræ' of foreign universities was first printed, was prepared and printed before the 'Censuræ' themselves were obtained. Any one who will examine the extant copies will be able to discover this, for the date is on the last page, April,1530; whereas the opinions, which were all given subsequently to that date, are printed as a preface on two sheets, which may be distinguished from the others by the small letters at the foot of the page.

There is another paper preserved amongst the Cotton MSS., the heads only of which were printed by Burnet. It was drawn up by Cranmer, and shows how determined he was to falsify facts in order to get at the desired end. The heads, form number xxxvi. of the Records, appended to the second book of the first part of Burnet's Reformation, with the title, 'An Abstract of the Grounds of the Divorce.' But the proofs, about which Burnet says nothing, and Strype merely observes, that in the original they follow each article, have never been printed, and certainly were never read through by either of these collectors. The Articles are twelve in number, and proceed systematically from the first to the last. The very vehemence of the statements in which they are drawn up, and the care taken to exhaust the case, so that if any one or more of the proofs should be thought insufficient, the case might be rested on the remaining articles, is sufficient evidence how strong the party for the divorce felt the case against them to be. Perhaps this paper is the most damning evidence in existence against Cranmer's character. It has been strangely past over by historians; and this is the more to be wondered at, because it appears to us to throw considerable light upon the disputed question of Mary Boleyn, having been

the King's mistress. We can ourselves imagine no other solution of the mode in which the first six of these articles are worded, than that they were intended to provide for the marriage with Anne as well as for the divorce from Catharine. They are as follows:—

1. The affinity which by the law of nature and of God, does not allow of marriage, and annuls a marriage already contracted, is created only by the nuptial contract.

2. A true and perfect marriage is effected by the mere conjugal contract, and not by carnal knowledge.

3. A man and his wife are made one flesh by the marriage contract only.

4. Affinity, as effected by carnal knowledge, is a mere institution of ecclesiastical law.

5. Such affinity as is spoken of in the last article, is a mere human sanction for prohibiting or annulling a marriage.

6. Carnal knowledge of necessity consummates a marriage.

Now the second and sixth of these articles no doubt are very much to the point of the divorce; the second providing for the possibility of the marriage with Prince Arthur not having been consummated, and the sixth being conclusive, if only the fact could be proved; yet the second, it will be observed, is so worded as to provide for the legitimacy of a marriage of a man with the sister of his previous mistress. The first and third may indeed be interpreted to mean, that the marriage ceremony alone is sufficient to render a marriage true and valid, so as to provide for the supposed case of Catharine having been left a virgin. But the assertion of the fourth and fifth articles have no conceivable reference to the circumstances of Catharine's case, whereas they are exactly in point, if the writer had in view the adjusting such a case as we are supposing between Henry and the two daughters of Sir Thomas Boleyn. The compiler's sense of the weakness of his case is further illustrated in the remaining articles, which, whatever may be thought of their reasonableness or the arguments by which they are supported, have a direct reference to the divorce and to that only. They assert, first, that a marriage may be consummated, and yet the virginity of the wife not be irrecoverably lost; (2), that Catharine was not left a virgin; that there is such evidence of the consummation of the marriage, that Catharine's oath to the contrary could not be admitted as evidence, and that a judge could not allow her to take the oath; and, finally, that the marriage, according to the law of nature and of God, is null and void. The concluding words are worth quoting, *prætensum matrimonium nullum omnino fuisse neque esse posse censemus*, as they show the spirit of the advocate rather than the judge.

Now, if any one will compare this paper with the judgments of the foreign universities before referred to, we think he will agree with us, that there must be some reason why they so closely adhere to the question put to them, whilst the Archbishop's paper is in so many instances wide of the mark. If any better explanation of the case can be given than that he was, under the king's direction, providing for the legitimacy of the coming marriage with Anne Boleyn, we should be glad to see it. We have noticed this paper at greater length than we should otherwise have done, because it appears to have escaped the notice of Dr. Lingard, whose view of the case, which is nearly the same with our own, was formed in ignorance of its testimony.

We have before said, that it is impossible to prove the intrigue with Mary Boleyn. The case will probably be decided one way or the other, according to the preconceived opinions or the wishes of the reader. To disprove it is of the last importance to Mr. Froude's view of the character and conduct of Henry; and we must suppose that the elaborate defence of the position which he maintains, that there was no such criminal intercourse as has been alleged between the king and the elder sister of Anne, implies, if not some misgiving of the truth, at least a due sense of the importance of disposing of the accusation. The appendix to the fourth and last volume, extending over sixteen pages, is wholly occupied with this one subject.

The defence itself is of the most flimsy description, and so illogical that it is difficult not to speak of it as disingenuous. The author especially attacks Dr. Lingard, but can scarcely think he has successfully answered the whole charge. He entirely puts out of sight the possibility of an illicit intercourse between the parties taking place, without being continued any great length of time, or being well known to the world at large, or being capable of proof. And this is exactly the supposition that is most probable. The very pains taken by Cromwell to make Throgmorton eat his own words, looks like a belief on Cromwell's part in the truth of the accusation, or, at least, a fear on the king's part that people should become acquainted with what had actually taken place. That the accusation does not occur in the original letter of Pole to the king proves no more than that Pole, when he wrote it, either did not know it, or prudently abstained from making a charge which he could not prove.

We confess our utter inability to conceive what the fancied inconsistency between this statement and another part of the book, in which Pole insists on the nobility of Henry's character, *has to* do with the argument in question. Neither do we see

any necessary inconsistency in the cardinal describing Henry as being 'a person of remarkable nobility of character,' though he was aware of flagrant sins, into which he had been at different times betrayed. The author's argument against the words of the breve, which was drawn up in England, allowing the king to marry within the degree of affinity created '*quocunque licito seu illicito coitu,*' would indeed have been much to the point, if the author had shown a single other breve of dispensation in which the same words occur. Neither, of course, did the king wish to inform the pope of what had passed; but merely to secure himself against the possibility of any objection being hereafter taken to his projected marriage with Anne. The other surmise of Dr. Lingard's, that the previous connexion with her sister Mary was the fact revealed by Anne to Cranmer, upon which he pronounced the marriage null and void from the first, must be taken for what it is worth. It fits well with the supposition we have been making, and neither Mr. Froude, nor any other writer of the history of the period, has given any more probable explanation of the mysterious circumstance, which was communicated by Anne Boleyn to the archbishop, and which was important enough to enable him to annul the marriage between her and the king. Again, let us repeat, that the story cannot be proved, unless further evidence should start to light; a circumstance which is very improbable—but that the probability is very strong in favour of its truth. As to the extreme villany and effrontery which it implies in Henry, this may appear wonderful to Mr. Froude, but does not in the least degree surprize us. It may seem a little ungracious if we allude to a mistake of fact, of Mr. Froude's, in the course of this investigation; but accuracy is a point of some importance, and though it does not affect his argument at all, still he has mistaken Anne Boleyn for her sister Mary. The latter had been married the year before that in which there was an attempt to marry Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter to the son of Sir Piers Butler. Consequently, it must be Anne and not Mary, who was the subject for the alliance of the two families.

We cannot close this part of our subject without reference to another argument, which has only been brought to light by a contemporary review;* though the statutes, on the wording of which the argument is founded were open to any reader to draw the same inference from which the writer in the Edinburgh Review has done. The effect of it, in combination with the argument from Cranmer's paper, which appears for the first time in these pages, is very striking. The paper to which we

* See Edinburgh Review for July, 1858.

have been referring shows a laborious attempt on Henry's part to deny that affinity could be created by such a connexion as that with Mary Boleyn; and the statute (cap. 7, an. 28, Henry VIII.), in order to strengthen the case against the validity of the marriage with Anne, declares that affinity is created by illegal intercourse as well as by marriage. And this is the more remarkable, because in cap. 22 an. 25, Henry VIII. where the impediments are enumerated, no mention is made of any such cases. It is obviously necessary to suppose that, in the interval between these two dates, had arisen the necessity for an alteration in the mode in which the statute was worded.

There are two false assumptions which pervade the whole of Mr. Froude's work; one of fact, the other of principle. With regard to the first, it is difficult to view it under any other light than that of wilful blindness. We do not wish to speak unnecessarily harshly, but it is almost inconceivable to us how any one who is so well acquainted with the general outline of the history of the time, could have so completely ignored the fact, that the bishops, the nobility, the convocation, and the House of Commons were entirely under the dominion of Henry, the passive instruments in fulfilling his arbitrary will. Occasionally Mr. Froude seems to have a glimpse of this truth, as, when he gives the account of the two celebrated letters of Cranmer, newly appointed to the archbishopric, requesting the king's leave to try the case of the marriage with Catharine of Arragon. But even here he understates the case. Under the appearance of fairly stating the contrast between the first letter, which the king refused, and the second which he condescended to accept, the ridiculous farce of Cranmer's asking permission to try a case, for the very deciding of which in the king's favour he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, is entirely kept out of sight—and nothing whatever said of the dishonest letter to Cromwell, advising him to conceal the coming judgment to be pronounced, for fear of the queen's appearing in court to protest against it.*

With few exceptions the acts of parliament, and the proceedings of the clergy in convocation, are treated as if they were independent witnesses of a state of things, public and private, which the king and the nation equally deplored. The entire subservience of nearly all the upper class of society to the king's will, is the key to much that would otherwise be quite inexplicable in Henry the Eighth's reign, and must constantly be borne in mind by readers of Mr. Froude's history. It would have been thought that any one so familiar with the documents

* See Cranmer's Works, ii. 242.

illustrative of the period, must have seen through, the preconcerted arrangements, the results of which alone appear on the surface of history.

There is, perhaps, no more palpable proof of this than in the series of events connected with the divorce of Anne of Cleves. It has been strangely overlooked by historians, and even Dr. Lingard only gives a contemptuous allusion to the dates of the different portions of the transaction, apparently thinking the case too clear to need any lengthened statement or proof. The story of the aversion which Henry conceived to Anne of Cleves, at his first interview with her, is well known, and in substance given correctly by Burnet, in his 'History of the Reformation,' —a voucher for which, as well as for the dread of the king's cruelty and tyranny, may be read in Cromwell's letter from the tower. The date of Anne's coming to England was New-year's-day; the date of Cromwell's letter, detailing the circumstances which prove that the king from the first had determined to get rid of her, was the last of June. The mode in which the affair was arranged was by Cranmer appearing at the head of a deputation of peers and commoners requesting permission to try the validity of the marriage. This matter was first moved in the House of Lords, July 6. Little other evidence was wanting, to exhibit the houses of parliament as the abject slaves of the king; but the State Papers furnish additional proof that even the minutest details of this interview were arranged—whereas Henry appears on the surface of history as saying that he could refuse nothing to the estates of the realm, who he was sure would never make any unjust or unreasonable demand; that the decree of his learned and pious clergy would no doubt be upright; that he was himself ready to answer any questions, as having no other object in view but the glory of God, the welfare of the realm, and the triumph of the truth. His letter of the 3d of July, three days before the first mention of the affair in the House of Lords, describes the whole transaction as it was to happen. And now for the conclusion of the story let us again quote Mr. Froude's words (vol. i. p. 108). 'Hypocrisy was 'not among his faults.' We do not ask any one well acquainted with the history of the period to weigh the king's acts and his professions and see upon the whole which way the balance turns. We are content to rest the issue of the case upon this single transaction. The dates of the journals of the House of Lords, we presume, are unquestionable evidence as to the facts happening on the days to which they are assigned; and, unfortunately for the view which maintains the king's freedom from hypocrisy, the dates of his letters in the State Papers are specified both in days of the week and the month;—there is no

loophole. The king's correspondent was directed to narrate the request of the Lords and Clergy to the emperor before it was made.

We really hardly can call it an inference; it is but varying the mode of statement of the same thing, to say that the king and his deputation had prearranged the farce. Here is the history of one of the many reluctant concessions which the king made to the wishes of his affectionate subjects; one instance of the exhibition of that self-sacrificing spirit which has been so strangely misinterpreted by posterity.

We should extend this article to far too great a length if we were to attempt to notice, in detail, the political views of the author, or his description of occurrences which illustrate them, either in the internal or external relations of the country. Neither is it necessary that we should; for the work has been ably done by several of our contemporaries. It will be sufficient for our purpose, if we can show that the author's view of the character of the king, which gives its chief colour to the book, is entirely false.

It would, however, be wrong to omit all reference to the opinions of the writer, which are either artfully or unconsciously sprinkled over its pages. We have before alluded to the dislike to the Church system and its chief representatives, the contemptuous derision of the system, which he calls Anglo-Catholic. Side by side with these we have an affected sympathising with Protestantism, which reminds us of the grotesque attempt of Mr. Carlyle to throw himself into the views of Puritanism, and occasional hints, that Protestantism has yet to develop itself in the direction pointed at by the poet:—

> 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

The *animus* shown in such passages as the following is unmistakeable:—

> 'When they reached the water's edge, she gave the child to a nurse; she was hurled in —— and the justice of the church was satisfied.'

Sometimes the author insinuates his views gently and, as it were, in a musing style; as, when he speaks of the execution of Anne Boleyn as transferring her from this world of sorrow to that place where all is well for all of us, and therefore for her. In fact, Mr. Froude is an adept in a species of fallacy which corresponds to that which old logicians have called *fallacia plurium interrogationum;* if for *interrogationum* we read *assertionum*, we shall have a fair description of the style in which Mr. Froude, like the author of the 'Decline and Fall,' implies a great deal

in a sentence which asserts directly scarcely anything at all. Indeed, after a perusal of his four volumes, it would be very easy to draw out a long list of doctrines which their author does not believe in; but we should be puzzled to say what he *does* adopt for his religious creed; whilst on one occasion we have, not the distinct avowal of indifference to all creeds, but the implied aversion to any form of definite belief. When, observing of Bainham (vol. ii. p. 85,) that he had ventured to assert, that 'if a Turk, a Jew, or a Saracen, do trust in God and keep 'his law, he is a good Christian man;' he adds, 'a conception 'of Christianity, a conception of Protestantism, which we but 'feebly dare to whisper even at the present day.' If Mr. Froude is not very exact in his faith, neither is he a very stern moralist; he is quite willing to make excuses for sins in his favourites, on the score that others have exceeded them in the measure of their iniquities. Things that to an unprejudiced eye look like awful acts of cruelty and tyranny, are justified on the plea of state necessity. He can speak with extreme liberality on the side of persecution, if the exigencies of state policy seem to require the removal of an obnoxious citizen; but has the keenest sympathy for the victim, shall we say,—or, is it the most bitter hatred for the persecuting party—when ecclesiastical authority consigns a criminal to the flames? In such cases he appears to forget the destiny with which he so tenderly soothes the memory of Anne Boleyn. There are parts of his work which raise a momentary doubt on the reader's mind, whether there is not some deliberate attempt of the writer to impose upon his common sense. Of this kind are the elaborate praises of the honesty of Cromwell, the description of the 'almost un-'exampled grandeur' of an address of Latimer, and others which we need not particularize.

Indeed, Mr. Froude's book is particularly dangerous, because of its fascinating descriptions; and though, as we have implied before, we are confident that its popularity will be short-lived, yet we cannot doubt that it will effect extensive mischief whilst it does survive; and this principally indirectly, in promoting a disregard for exactness of statement, and encouraging that tone of paradox to which, at the present time, there appears to be so great a tendency amongst the more intellectual class of the rising generation. The coincidence of such views and prejudices, with a very loose tone on the subjects of morality and political honesty, forms the peculiar danger of this work. We shall pursue our notice of Mr. Froude's volumes through one more of the many distinct subjects handled in them.

Perhaps the best specimen of Mr. Froude's mode of representation occurs in the tenth chapter of the second volume,

headed, 'The Visitation of the Monasteries.' Readers of history had been prepared for some startling revelations, as to the manner of life in monastic establishments, by the volume of letters relating to the suppression of monasteries, issued by the Camden Society fifteen years since. We are not concerned here to notice the *animus* displayed in that volume, nor to show up the absurd mistakes into which the editor has been led. Such a book, however, is not likely to be reprinted, and it seems just worth while to draw attention to the fact that none of the dates of these letters can be trusted. We have had occasion frequently to refer to the work, and have found the dates of the years assigned nearly as often wrong as right; and this in the face of internal evidence which was fully conclusive, if there had not been ample evidence from other sources to condemn the editor's arrangement. Mr. Froude makes great use of this volume, but apparently has not consulted the volume in the Cotton Library, which contains the originals of these and many other documents on the subject. And here we are obliged to repeat the charge against Mr. Froude of neglecting previously known documents, and giving his attention too exclusively to those which have not yet been made accessible to the public. He has, for instance, copied Burnet's egregious blunder (p. 443) in asserting that there were thirty-two houses refounded; when an inspection of the mere catalogue of the Patent Rolls of 28 and 29 Henry VIII. would have convinced him that the number is considerably more than double that mentioned by Burnet. The matter itself is too trifling to be insisted on, otherwise than as throwing light on the partial way in which Mr. Froude's laborious investigations have been conducted.

The object of the chapter is to make out a case for the Government against the monasteries, and nothing can be more satisfactory, if only the facts alleged are, first, true; and, secondly, the whole truth. With regard to the first, the truth of the facts, the author has most skilfully arranged his picture; it is addressed to the popular feeling against conventual establishments, the English objection to secrecy, and the violent prejudice that exists against everything connected with the see of Rome. The author himself, indeed, soars high above such petty views and oldfashioned prejudices. Here is all the appearance of candour which gulls the reader into a belief that what the writer says must be true, because, looking at it from a different point of view, he has arrived at the same conclusion which the reader earnestly desires to reach. This remark contains the solution of the slightly exaggerated claims of monastic houses to our sympathy and admiration for 'many hundred years 'after their foundation.' Any sympathy with Roman Catholics,

as such, is no part of his view; Romanism only comes in for its share of praise as against the contemptible theory of Anglicanism; but the admission is a useful preliminary, because it acts as a foil to set off the degenerate march of the successors of the regular clergy, who were 'the finest body of men of which 'mankind in their chequered history could boast,' at whose feet 'the world, in its instinctive loyalty to greatness, laid its lands 'and its possessions.' We have next the description, in guarded terms, of the profligacy of the monks and nuns, and the implied suppression of awful disclosures which might be made, but which could not pollute the pages of a decent history of England; and then the avowal that the author had come to the task with prejudices enlisted in favour of the poor monks, which had been overwhelmed by the accumulated evidence of their profligacy. Alas! there is too much of truth in the description; but we have read the evidence, and we do not scruple to avow that the impression left by the perusal of this chapter goes far beyond the real truth of the matter. Disgusting details have indeed been suppressed, but the facts recorded in pp. 420, 421, 423, and 426, are, upon the whole, a specimen of what the visitors professed to have discovered in many houses. We have no wish whatever to extenuate the charge of profligacy and unnatural crimes which were brought against some of the abbeys. That they were swept away we must conceive to have been one of the principal blessings of the Reformation of the sixteenth century. We are not, therefore, making out a plea for the monasteries, but are only desirous now to point out the false colouring with which Mr. Froude has invested his descriptions. There are some beautiful accounts even in Mr. Wright's volume, from which these disgusting stories are taken, of abbeys and priories managed with skill; their inmates performing, in an admirable manner, the duties of piety and hospitality. Many more might have been collected from Dugdale's Monasticon, and other sources, which have won the sympathies of Protestant writers, who are not likely to be accused of any tendency towards Rome, or any fondness for monasticism. From some of them, too, we learn something of the conduct and character of the visitors—certainly quite enough to throw grave doubts on the accuracy of their statements. Setting out, however, from the starting point, that they were upright and plain-dealing, and that the letters of the King and Cromwell show plainly that the first object was to reform and not to destroy, all which Mr. Froude appears to believe, with a sympathy that is quite amusing, we have another link in the chain on which our admiration of the policy and honesty of Henry is hung. It was, we suppose, with the object of reforming the monas-

teries, and with no ulterior purpose of enriching the King's impoverished coffers, that the richer houses were relieved of their superfluous plate and jewels; the visitors being constituted judges as to what was to be deemed necessary, and what superfluous. The object of the visitation was evidently perfectly well understood amongst the monastic bodies, and the circumstances under which it was conducted gave rise to an immense amount of hypocrisy and fawning servility towards Cromwell and his delegates. The letter of the monk of Pershore, accusing his brethren (p. 427), is of itself sufficient to show how an unusually ignorant ecclesiastic was skilful enough to know how to ingratiate himself with the rising minister and his associates. The rules laid down by the visitors for the future management of the abbeys, and conduct of their inmates, were certainly stringent, and, *on the supposition that they expected them to be obeyed in point of fact*, we should agree with the author that 'no government which intended to make the irregularities of 'an institution an excuse for destroying it, ever laboured more 'assiduously to defeat its own object.'

But Cromwell's letter to certain monasteries, quieting their fears, shows pretty clearly that they understood full well what was the meaning of the *voluntary* surrender that had been extorted from five or six houses in Kent and Essex, in the winter of 1535-6. And the ineffectual attempt to enforce more strict living than had hitherto been practised, would afford a very good additional plea for the destruction of the monasteries, which was pressed through Parliament at the commencement of the year 1536.

There are several letters in existence which speak in the most undisguised terms of the intentions of Cromwell and the Commissioners. Perhaps there is none that so plainly declares what was the deliberate purpose of those extremely careful injunctions which, with their superficial appearance of honesty, have so misled Mr. Froude as the following. The instructions themselves are printed by Burnet in his 'Collection of Records.' The end, steadily kept in view, is pretty plainly expressed in the following supplement to one of Dr. Legh's letters to Cromwell by his fellow-commissioner, John ap Rees:—

'Sir,—Although I reckon it well done that all were out, yet 'I think it were best that at their own instant suit they might 'be dismissed, to avoid calumniation and envy. *And so com-* 'pelling them to observe these injunctions ye shall have them all to 'do so shortly. And the people shall know it the better that 'it cometh upon their suit, if they be not straight discharged 'while we are here. For then the people would say that we went

'for no other cause about than to expel them, though the truth 'were contrary. For they judge all things of the effects that 'followeth, and not always of the truth.

'Your most bounden servant,

'JOHN AP REES.'[1]

Dr. London's letters exhibit such a disgraceful scene of riot everywhere, that it seems an impossible task to defend either the principals or the subordinates in the work. It appears as if the monks and friars were turned out at a moment's notice, and as if all haste was made to secure all the property which was easily moveable, such as plate and jewels, to the king's use, and to sell off the rest of the household goods, in order to anticipate their being plundered or destroyed by the poor people of the country round, who made the most they could out of the ruins. When this was completed, the next step was to deface the buildings as much as possible, partly with the view of preventing their ever being used for the same purpose again, partly for the sake of destroying, if possible, all evidence of the site of the monasteries. All the while this consummate hypocrite could write to Cromwell, 'I have found but few true or good, 'and among many blessed reformations done by the king's 'grace, I suppose this be not the least, utterly to suppress these 'friars, in whom I find so much dissimulation as may be in men.' He had the audacity, moreover, to complain of the poor people for following the example which he, in the name of the king, was setting of pillage and robbery. It is a singular picture, and contrasts rather roughly with Mr. Froude's description of the halcyon days of King Henry the Eighth, when all classes, save and except the clergy, were honestly doing their duty in their respective stations of life.

'The poor people,' he says, 'thoroughly, in every place, be 'so greedy upon these houses when they be suppressed, that by 'night and day, not only of the towns, but also of the country, 'they do continually resort, as long as any door, window, iron 'or glass, or loose lead, remaineth in any of them. And if it 'were so done only where I go, the more blame might be laid to 'me; but it is universally that the people be thus greedy for 'iron, windows, doors, and lead.'

It is the same story everywhere;—'Such bedding as was cast 'abroad in the cloister, or other places, were conveyed away and 'embezzled by poor folk, which came rather to spoil than to 'help.' Layton engages to despatch the prior of Folkstone speedily, if Cromwell will make the king patron and give him the living; and the whole tone of all the letters of the Com-

[1] Ellis, 3. iii. p. 120.

missioners is that of men intensely anxious to better themselves, and who apparently understood perfectly well that the proper mode of doing so was to send as many ounces of plate and as large a quantity of jewels as possible for the king's use. The whole transaction of the suppressing of the monasteries bears on every feature of it that can be traced at this interval of time—such marked evidence of the rapacity of the king, his vicegerent and the commissioners—that we really do not know how to make any selection from the immense amount of evidence which exists on the subject. There is much that is accessible to every reader, and there is much more that has never been printed. The few extracts we here present are from well-known publications, and are transcribed not so much with the view of putting the reader in possession of the facts of the case, and enabling him to form a judgment as to the principles of the visitation and suppression, and the mode in which they were conducted, as of showing how entirely Mr. Froude has misrepresented this portion of history, in describing the Commissioners, as men who did their work fairly and honestly, and in estimating the motives of the king in destroying the monasteries.

Let it be remembered that the original surrenders are for the most part still in existence, and all express that the surrender was perfectly voluntary, and that in the strongest imaginable terms. Thus, *ultra et sponte concessisse* and, *deliberate certa scientia et mero motu nostris ex quibusdam causis justis et rationabilibus nos animas et conscientias nostras specialiter moventibus*, is the language, with very slight variations of form, of nearly every one of these documents; and, amongst others, of the surrender of the Benedictine nunnery of Shaftesbury, which took place March 23d, 1539. Yet in the following letter may be seen the true representation of their willingness to surrender; here also may be seen the view which the abbess and her nuns took three months earlier, as to the best method of preserving their house from dissolution. Speaking of Dr. Tregonwell, the writer says to Cromwell:—

'Notwithstanding the long and earnest practising of the said 'Master Doctor for their surrenders, they have in right lament-'able wise answered, that having the favour of the king's ma-'jesty, they will not by any means willingly thereunto agree. 'Whereupon they have most heartily desired me to write unto 'your good lordship to move their petition, that it might please 'the same to move the king's majesty that they may remain 'here by some other name and apparel, his Highness' poor and 'true bedeswomen, for the which they will gladly give unto his 'said Majesty five hundred marks, and unto your lordship for your pains a hundred pounds.' Further on in the same letter

the writer adds, 'And since my coming home the Abbot of 'Cerne hath desired me to make the same offer, which I will 'be bounden to see performed also, if it may so stand with 'your good pleasure.' This abbey also held out for three months longer, and was not dissolved till the middle of March, 1539. The date of the letter is Dec. 18, 1538. Other houses were saved for a few months by the expedient of making Cromwell steward of the monastery. Thus the Abbess of Godstow contrived to save her nunnery from the 12th of March, 1538, till Nov. 17th, 1539. She says:—

'Whereas the last week I was informed by the Dean of the 'Arches' letters that you are so good lord unto me as to accept 'this little office of the stewardship of this monastery, I am so 'bold as to send unto your honour herewith the patent thereof, 'under our convent seal, for term of your life, beseeching your 'honour to accept the same, though it be but small: for if it 'were a thousand times better, you should have it with all my 'heart and prayers, as knows our Saviour Christ, who ever 'preserve you in honour duly to increase to his pleasure.

'Your most bounden bedeswoman,

'KATHARINE BULKELEY, Abbess there.'

It seems Cromwell forgot to caution his officers to leave the house at Godstow alone, and Dr. London, was upon the point of suppressing it in November, 1538, when it was saved for that time from pillage by Cromwell's interference, which provokes another letter of thanks from the abbess. This letter, as well as that which we have quoted above, shows, indeed, a good deal of fawning servility to Cromwell, and a readiness to comply with all the changes in religion introduced by the king; and the abbess is especially careful to inform him that there is 'neither 'Pope nor Purgatory, Image nor Pilgrimage, nor praying to 'dead Saints used or regarded amongst' them. We have no defence to allege for the hypocrisy of monks and nuns; the case we are making out is the rapacity and hypocrisy of their persecutors, which at least cannot be excused on the score of poverty and death staring them in the face if they offered any resistance to Cromwell and the king. The hypocrisy of both parties is indeed so transparent that it is scarcely possible to imagine they thought that they were deceiving anybody. The form of words used was intended perhaps to wear the appearance of submitting with a good grace; and the strong expressions look as if the monks were vying with each other in the abjectness of their submission to the king's authority. We have no other account to give of the warden of the Franciscans, in London, waiting for Cromwell's dispensation to allow him to put off 'papistical,

'slanderous apparel.' With regard to many of these abbots and priors who appear in so unfavourable a light, it must be observed that they had been put in, as vacancies from time to time occurred, for the express purpose of eventually surrendering the abbey to the king. As to the misdemeanours of the visitors it is not possible now, nor happily is it necessary, to distinguish the amount of wickedness which is displayed by each. It is certain, however, that acts of violence of a most frightful kind occurred, and that the visitors generally took care to provide, first, for themselves; secondly, for their friends and dependents. The disposal of the monks evidently was felt as a difficulty. It would have been dangerous to allow them liberty to range about the country without employment, and the insurrection that arose upon the suppression of the monasteries shows what trouble they might have caused the king if they had been left without provision. Few of them would have been fit for any other work than that in which they had passed their lives; and Cromwell appears to have given orders that they should be suffered to say or sing, without interruption, in any church—quite regardless of whether they were in holy orders or not. Lee, archbishop of York, had the courage to prohibit their officiating till they could show their letters of orders.

The real state of the case, as far as it can be gathered, appears to be this: the Commissioners, some of them men of the vilest character, all of them persons whose interest it was to find out all the mischief they could, report of some houses that the most abominable crimes were commonly or occasionally practised there. It is impossible to suppose that their description is wholly without foundation, but there cannot be the smallest doubt that, in most cases, it is greatly exaggerated; whilst in other cases they narrate the good opinion which they have been obliged to form of the conduct of the monks and nuns; or the general good character which the monastic establishments bear in the country round about them, and mention exceptional instances of monks or nuns who had run away to escape punishment. The king wanted money, and he was determined to get it by the suppression of the lesser houses, as none of the abbots and priors of these had a seat in parliament, so as to be able to speak in their defence. The plea of impurity of life, which certainly could be proved in some few cases, was alleged as a general reason for suppressing them, and transplanting their inmates to those larger houses where godly living was admitted to be the practice.

There are several letters which show that Cromwell received a pension for not interfering with them, and some where the *pension* was doubled when the danger became more imminent.

It was scarcely safe, however, for the Commissioners to speak a good word for the abbeys or the monks. If they did so, the king charged them with having done so upon the receipt of bribes, and many letters are on record which testify the repentance of the writer for having alleged any good of the houses which he visited, and his entire change of mind with regard to those whom the king and Cromwell had resolved to condemn. Let it be remembered, we are not quoting isolated specimens, but giving the tone of the correspondence which passed between the Commissioners and Cromwell. Moreover, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the picture of devastation, we have Henry himself allowing that money was the object of the suppression. The 'Pilgrimage of Grace,' as the rebellion was called, broke out at Louth, on the 2d of October, 1536, the very day for which the visitation of the Commissioners was fixed. In his answer to the demands of the rebels, the king skilfully entrenched himself behind the position, that what he had done was no act merely of himself and his privy-council, but that the monasteries had been granted him by Act of Parliament, in which the commons as well as the nobles, spiritual and temporal, had agreed. He even condescended to explain, that no houses had been suppressed but such as 'where vice, mischief, and abomination of living was used.' This was in 1536, after the suppression of the lesser houses. The leader of this rebellion understood perfectly well the meaning of the suppression, when he said that the intention was to destroy the Church of England and the ministers of the same, and to spoil and rob the whole body of this realm. The king complains of them for preferring that a churl or two should enjoy the profits of the monasteries in support of vicious and abominable life, rather than their prince in support of his extreme charges incurred for their defence. The following interesting letter is the last we shall transcribe, and shows how hopeless it was thought two years later to offer any resistance to the king, and probably represents the position to which, in the year 1538, the abbots who had not yet surrendered were reduced :—

'Where ye marvel,' says the prior of Hinton, writing to his brother in London, 'that I and my brethren do not freely and 'voluntarily give and surrender up our house at the motion of 'the king's commissioners, but stand stiffly, and, as ye think, 'obstinately in our opinion; truly, brother, I marvel greatly 'that ye think so; but rather that ye would have thought us 'light and hasty in giving up that thing which is not ours to 'give, but dedicate to Almighty God for service to be done to 'his honour continually, with other many good deeds of charity 'which daily be done in this house to our Christian neighbours.

'And considering that there is no cause given by us why the 'house shall be put down, but that the service of God, religious 'conversation of the brethren, hospitality, alms-deeds, with all 'other our duties, be as well observed in this poor house as in 'any religious house in this realm or in France; which we have 'trusted that the king's grace would consider. But because 'that ye write of the king's high displeasure, and my lord privy 'seal's, who ever hath been my especial good lord, and I trust 'ever will be, I will endeavour myself, as much as I may, to 'persuade my brethren to a conformity in this matter; so that 'the king's highness nor my said good lord shall have any cause 'to be displeased with us, trusting that my poor brethren, which 'know not where to have their living, shall be charitably 'looked upon.'

Cranmer came in for his due meed of praise on the score of sagacity for being foremost in the scheme of suppression; but it became the historian of the period to inform his readers that the Archbishop was, at least in part, influenced by sublunary considerations in his desire to see them abolished. An amusing instance of this occurs in one of his letters to Cromwell, asking for the suppression of Roucester or Crokenden (he did not care which), that his servant, Francis Basset, might have a lease of one of the houses. This is only a specimen of several similar requests made by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King's Vicar-General. All these are instances in point to show the one-sided view which, under the plausible appearance of moderation and impartiality, characterize the whole current of this history. And, whilst we are on this subject, we may notice the overstatement as to the feelings generally entertained against the clergy. The scene at Norton Abbey, described at p. 424, surely proves that the country was far from being unanimous in their hostility to ecclesiastical houses. It appears from this letter that the abbot could muster as many as two or three hundred in the immediate neighbourhood of the abbey, to resist the robbery of jewels and plate which the Commissioner had perpetrated in the name of the supreme head of the Church of England. Before we quit this subject, we may notice that the author has been candid enough to quote (p. 448), what it would certainly have been for the advantage of his argument to suppress:—

'On Saturday, in the Easter week, the King's grace came in among the burgesses of the parliament and delivered them a bill and bade them look upon it, and weigh it in conscience; for he would not, he said, have them pass either it or any other thing because his Grace giveth in the bill, but they to see if it be for the commonweal of his subjects, and have an eye thitherwards; and on Wednesday next he will be there again to hear *their minds.*'

This, if it did not imply that the king compelled the passing of such bills as he chose should pass, at least proves what was the usual practice of the time, with regard to measures proposed with the royal authority. Again, Layton's letter to Cromwell (we do not know why Mr. Froude persists in spelling his name Leighton, in spite of its never being so spelt by himself) sufficiently shows the intention of the visitation, and the anxiety that was felt to procure all the evidence possible for the deprivation of the abbots and monks. 'Now,' he says, [p. 421], 'it 'shall appear to gentlemen of this country and other the com- 'mons that ye shall not *deprive or visit* but upon substantial 'grounds.'

And against the spectacle of religious persons kneeling to the Commissioners praying to be delivered from their bondage, in all which we do not know how much weight is to be given to hypocrisy, and how much to the desire of making the best possible terms with the visitors, must be set the many letters to which we have already referred, in which abbots and abbesses stoutly refuse to resign, and monks and nuns, declared by the visitors themselves to be of irreproachable life and conduct, decline a return to the world and its ordinary occupations.

Fortunately for Mr. Froude's view of the matter, we can ascertain little as to the mode in which this bill was carried through parliament, the journals of this session being lost. We can only judge from indirect evidence; and unfortunately the haste with which the investigation was conducted, and the manner in which the bill was hurried through parliament, are almost the only evidence we possess as to what were the original intentions of the visitation. A very few months only elapsed from the commencement of the visitation to the final passing of the Act. Between September, 1535, and February, 1536, the Commissioners had to make themselves masters of the whole subject of the greater and lesser monasteries; that is to say, about a dozen visitors, divided into two or three parties, were required in five months to ascertain the facts of the management or mismanagement of nearly seven hundred monastic establishments. Truly the author may well call it a rapid progress of Lee's through Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland; and of Layton from Middlesex and Kent to Sussex, Hants, Somersetshire, and Devon. Parliament met in February, 1536, and the Act had become law in the spring of that year; but not with the unanimous consent of the Houses of Parliament, which the author would fain have us believe. If the Lords made no opposition, we know that at least the Commons made an ineffectual struggle to throw out the King's measure. In want of other evidence, Spilman is a very re-

spectable authority, and he tells us that the Commons were refractory, and refused to sanction the measure till they were intimidated by the threats of Henry. The King sent for the members, he says, and informed them that they must pass the bill, or he would take off the heads of those who opposed it. If more evidence is wanted to prove that the motive for suppressing 376 religious houses was to gain a yearly revenue to the crown of more than thirty thousand pounds, and a present value of about one hundred thousand pounds in goods and chattels, it may be found in the statute of the 36th year of the king's reign, which dissolves the greater monasteries, in which, as appears from the act for the suppression of the lesser houses, the monks lived piously and regularly—a piety and regularity which was rewarded by the king's allowing them to stand unmolested for two whole years longer.

To mitigate the horrors which must have ensued from the monks and nuns being turned adrift on the world without any provision, many of them were pensioned; but the comparison of the pension-lists in the Augmentation-Office will convince any one what were the principles on which these pensions were awarded. It is patent to everybody's observation that those who were unable to defend themselves, including nearly all the nuns, were put off with the smallest possible annuities; and that the larger sums awarded in such disproportioned amounts to the abbots and priors of the larger houses were regulated much more according to their willingness to surrender than to the necessities of their worldly rank and station. This is no new view, but has been noticed by Fuller, whom no one will accuse of any tendency to represent the morals of the monks as better than they were, or any prejudice in favour of the monastic establishments. It affords further evidence of the King's great care for the welfare of the Church, whose government he had usurped with the title of supreme head of the English Church, that he promoted a large number of these same scandalous monks to vacant benefices, by means of which the exchequer was saved the paying of the pensions.

One word more and we have done with this subject. To complete the hypocrisy of the whole measure, it was represented that the monasteries were resigned voluntarily, and as we noticed above, a clause to that effect was inserted in the surrender, as may be seen in nearly all the forms of resignation that are still extant. But documents are not trustworthy which profess a willingness which is compelled—and, fortunately, we have a few contemporary documents still surviving, which show that the words were a mere matter of form. Thus the Abbot of Vale *Royal in* Cheshire, appears with his fourteen monks signing the

surrender of his abbey on the 7th of September, in the 30th year of the king's reign; and, on the 9th day of the same month, we have another letter from him, addressed to Cromwell, denying that either he or his monks had been a party to the resignation, or had signed any such document. Here is an instance of a forgery, and it may pass for a specimen of the mode of proceeding generally adopted; for the name of the abbot and his monks may be seen at this day, with the convent seal attached to the deed of surrender, and, but for the existence of the letter we have been alluding to, none of them would ever have been suspected of being a forgery.

It is very remarkable, too, that the so-called Act for the dissolution of the greater monasteries does not dissolve any monastic establishment, but only provides that the property of all houses already or hereafter to be suppressed, relinquished, forfeited, or given up, should be vested in the crown. Probably the inability to procure the signatures of the abbot and monks is the account to be given of the many surrenders which are said to have been lost. It is extremely curious that those which are not found in the Augmentation-Office, are, with very few exceptions, those missing in the Close Rolls; and it is probable, therefore, that there never was any formal surrender made in many of these cases, but that they were treated as forfeited to the king upon some ground or other of misdemeanour.

We should not have dwelt so long upon the dissolution of the religious houses, if it were not that this subject affords one of the most glaring instances of Mr. Froude's partial amount of reading, and prejudiced interpretation of what he has read. There are hundreds of documents in existence to prove to any one who cannot see the same truth written on the very surface of the history of the period, that the whole object of the government, that is, of the king and his vicegerent, Cromwell, was to harry the monks, and force them into what should have the appearance of a voluntary surrender. We need not weary the reader with long extracts from letters, which imply this—the object was perfectly well understood, and answered in the corrrespondence of the minister and his subordinates. Mr. Froude had no right to ignore if he had read, and had no right to publish his history without reading the extract quoted by us at page 27, from a volume, with some of the contents of which he is familiar. It proves the very contradictory of what Mr. Froude asserts, that the injunctions were made for the sake of reforming the monasteries.

As for the mode in which the visitors conducted themselves, we repeat that it was most disgraceful, if we may judge from their own statement and the accusations made by them against

each other; Cromwell himself was prevailed upon to accept bribes for good offices done and to be done, to the monasteries, and in more than one instance was made seneschal and high steward of the house. Legh is especially charged by one of his colleagues for accepting large sums of money for the nomination to vacant abbeys (see Ellis, 3. vol. ii. p. 356). We are really astonished at the effrontery with which Mr. Froude can defend his view of the motives of the king and his commissioners, in first robbing and then suppressing the monastic establishments. We could have imagined that he had never seen the following interesting extracts from Cole's Collection, if they did not occupy a prominent place in Sir Henry Ellis's volumes. But as they occur in a volume to which he has made frequent reference, it is almost unaccountable that he should have so entirely ignored it. We select the passages which bear most distinctly on our present subject, and will only premise that the document was written about fifty years after the suppression, by one whose father and uncle had witnessed it.

'In the plucking down of which houses for the most part 'this order was taken; that the visitors should come suddenly 'upon every house and unawares (for they never looked to be 'visited out of the doors, seeing they had pleased the king so 'well with their ready money bestowed on him, in good hope 'of the standing thereof) to the end to take them napping, as 'the proverb is: lest if they should have had so much as any 'inkling of their coming, they would have made conveyance of 'some part of their own goods to help themselves withal, when 'they were turned forth of their houses. And then they had 'to give the king great thanks, yea, pray for him upon their 'black beads that was so gracious a prince to them, to suffer 'them to stay so long after all that was given from them.

'So soon as the visitors were entered within the gates, 'they called the abbot and other officers of the house, and caused 'them to deliver up to them all their keys, and took an inven-'tory of all their goods; and when they had so done, turned 'the abbot with all his convent and household forth of the 'doors. Which thing was not a little grief to the convent, and 'especially such as with their conscience could not break their 'profession; for it would have made a heart of flint to have 'melted and wept to have seen the breaking up of the house 'and their sorrowful departing.' The writer then proceeds with the description of the sack of Roche Abbey, from which the monks were turned out with their cells, beds, and apparel. It contains a most graphic description of the scene. In proof of his assertion that persons of all kinds joined in the spoliation, even those who two days before seemed to join with great reve-*rence in their* religious exercises, he adds:—

'For the better proof of this my saying, I demanded of my 'father, thirty years after the Suppression, which had bought 'part of the timber of the church, and all the timber in the 'steeple, with the bell-frame, with others his partners therein, 'in the which steeple hung eight, yea, nine bells, whereof the 'least but one could not be bought at this day for twenty 'pounds (which bells I did see hang there myself more than 'a year after the Suppression), whether he thought well of the 'religious persons and of the religion there used. And he told 'me, Yea: for, he said, I did see no cause to the contrary. Well, 'said I, then, how came it to pass, you was so ready to destroy 'and spoil the thing that you thought well of? What should 'I do? said he. Might I not, as well as others, have some profit 'of the spoil of the abbey? for I did see all would away, and 'therefore I did as others did. Thus you may see that as 'well they who thought well of the religion then used, as they 'which thought otherwise could agree well enough, and too well, 'to spoil them. Such a devil is covetousness and mammon! 'and such is the providence of God to punish sinners in making 'themselves instruments to punish themselves and all their 'posterity from generation to generation. For no doubt there 'hath been millions of millions that have repented the thing 'since; but all too late. So it appeareth whether the founda-'tion touched superstition or sincere religion, all was one: for 'all was fish that came to the net.'

We believe we have given a fair representation of the suppression of the monasteries. That the iniquities practised in them were great, cannot be denied, and that a reformation was imperatively called for, is equally certain. Alas! we must confess that we scarcely know where to look for probity and honesty in this reign. That there were good people then, as in every other age of the Church, we cannot doubt; but they are not to be found amongst historical characters. Licentiousness was not the peculiar fault of the monastic establishments; least of all can we acquiesce in Mr. Froude's view, which we should not have hesitated to pronounce *à priori* impossible, but which we are content to condemn as being at issue with the plainest historical evidence, that the people of England, as a body, were prosperous, loyal, honest, religious, whilst those whose office it was to teach them better were only remarkable for servility, dishonesty, covetousness, and profligacy.

ART. III.—*A Decade of Italian Women.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. London: Chapman & Hall.

A SAILOR made his way to the top of a coach one early morning in a state of conspicuous intoxication. 'My friend,' remonstrated a grave fellow-passenger, 'are you not ashamed to be 'seen in this state at six o'clock in the morning?' 'Why, you 'see,' argued the offender in reply; 'there must be some of all 'sorts, and I'm of that sort.' Some such weighty reason must have influenced Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope in his choice of subjects for the work before us. Except under the compulsion that there *must* be some of all sorts we cannot account for the singularity of his classification. Even supposing some new unexplored virtue in the number ten had made it imperative to select that precise number of female worthies, could there not be found more congenial company for a Saint of the Calendar on the one hand, a renowned Confessor of the Reformation on the other; or the learned and dignified matron Vittoria Colonna; than 'modern Aspasias,' and the witch and murderess Bianca Capello, of whom we already know too much; or an actress of three hundred years ago, of whom we know, and of whom Mr. Trollope tells us, nothing? And if we question the principle of selection, we are often disposed to quarrel as much with the execution of the work. Mr. Trollope's style is strangely unequal: in the first volume it is fairly natural, but the second is characterised by fits of direct and servile imitation of Mr. Carlyle, whose style is of all others least fitted for a model. It is only because Mr. Carlyle does not seem able to express himself in ordinary language—because his style shows a very peculiar mental organization—that it is tolerated. But Mr. Trollope says nothing that might not be said with equal force in commonplace English, and that would not have been so expressed if Mr. Carlyle had not preceded him. We have the *bizarre* structure without the excuse of original ideas—the tricks of manner with no grotesque humour to excuse them—the iteration and repetition, but they enforce and emphasise nothing; the burden and refrain of mere sounds, but not the strength and impetus which gives them a meaning and effect; the same way of working to death some chance saying, or expression, and making it super-significant, till the worried reader wishes it had never been spoken, but the effect in this case more tedious because it *is* affected. We do not say that this style is always in the ascendant, even where it has taken hold of the writer's taste and fancy; for pages together, the work is merely compilation and translation from

Italian authors, and so follows their lead. But by fits and starts,—whenever the writer is seized with the ambition to be ultra clear sighted and perspicacious, whenever he wishes to show off as a man in advance of the age, he drops himself, and is Mr. Carlyle. As an instance, the story of Bianca Capello begins by speaking of the 12,000,000 volumes in the Archives of Venice, in one of which the 'lynx-eyed curiosity of modern peerers into 'the past has detected a significant erasure.' Turning over the leaf, we find, 'These judicial records are terribly unmanagable 'materials in a biographer's hands. To think that a lynx-'eyed palæographer, by poking out one volume among twelve 'million, and therein decyphering what was meant to be concealed 'for ever, three hundred years ago, should have utterly spoiled for 'us the pretty romantic story.' . . . And next page—'All 'knocked to the ground like a child's card-house, by the inter-'ference of a lynx-eyed, Dry-as-dust palæographer!' And the page after—'A poor fact-bound biographer, therefore, having 'due fear of Dry-as-dust before his eyes,' &c. &c. And after all, this incident, of which so much is made, is really nothing at all. There may be millions of books in a library, but no especial research is implied in taking out the one you want to read. Nor is it so very wonderful that, the ink of the erasure having faded, the original words should be apparent through it. The whole little excitement got up on the occasion is a bit of make-believe, to usher in a new version of the story with a flourish. Following the same model, we have facts assumed, and the details of a story filled in, with less solid ground-work to go upon than can be supposed possible, till the trick is learned. Of course, in writing of past times, a great deal must be assumed; but authors should not raise a structure upon mere assumption, they should found theories upon recognised facts, not their own guesses. In the girlhood of Olympia Morata, her father was absent from Ferrara six years. How he passed this period nobody knows, except that he visited several Italian cities, whose names are given, and had leisure to train his daughter to her extraordinary proficiency in the dead languages. For the sake of saying something, the author asserts that they suffered poverty. They may, very likely—but there ought to be some fact too at the bottom of a fine alliteration like this. 'From Venice to Vicenza, and from 'Vicenza to Cesena, the poor pedlar-pedagogue had to hawk his 'learned wares, and drive a very up-hill trade.' The fact that Olympia returned to Ferrara highly accomplished, extremely beautiful, and with manners fit for a court, does support the hypothesis, though, in moderation, we do not dispute it. Of course, the thing itself is of no consequence, but the habit of

taking guess for fact which pervades the new school of biography is of very great consequence. We need scarcely say that Mr. Adolphus Trollope talks about 'flunkeyism.' For our part, we see a great deal of this quality in deliberate imitation of a fashionable writer, nor less in the second-hand infidelity which, more or less, tinctures the whole work. He is so plainly following a fashion, adopting a tone. We recognise him as one of a party who assume to possess all the enlightenment of the day—who lead the van of progress—who have emancipated themselves from prejudices in which the rest of mankind wallow, by simply adopting the conclusions of a few minds, thinking, as it were, by proxy. For though Mr. Trollope's infidelity is a very real thing, it arises apparently from no independent exercise of thought. It has always the look of being the mere language of a school which he has accepted without any severe thought, and certainly with no comprehension of the creed he is refuting, or, we suspect, of the feeling he outrages. He clearly expects a more general sympathy than we can suppose possible in the most careless world of readers, or he would not spoil his narrative by mis-timed reflections which, in their place, are as great a breach of good taste, and as injurious to the effect, as they are contrary to revealed religion. The biographer ought to be able to throw himself into the circumstances of his subjects, and to realize their position; but Mr. Trollope cannot allow Olympia Morata to pray for her husband in fever without a reflection on her understanding; though really to admire her as a whole, and to take exception to so inevitable a feature of that whole as faith in the efficacy of prayer, is simply an absurd anachronism, for who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, ever heard it questioned?

'Before long, Grünthler was struck down in the midst of his labours (in the besieged town of Schweinfurth). Help there was none. Every man was too much engrossed by his own desperate fight with the misery around him. Medicine there was none—food but little. Olympia watched, alone and helpless, by the bedside of her husband, sustained only by the belief that her fervent and unceasing prayers might move Heaven to that miraculous interference with the unseen working of the material laws, which even then mankind had ceased to expect in cases where their operation is seen and comprehended. Even Olympia, whose love for her husband poured itself forth in such earnest supplications that the fever in his blood might not produce the effect upon his organism which in other men it did produce—Olympia herself would not have prayed, that water closing over his head should fail to drown him. Not the less did her belief sustain her in those long hours of dreadful desolation and sickening dread. She was comforted—though at the cost of a lower ideal of the nature of the Creator than she would have attained had such comfort been impossible to her, and, therefore, with the cost of a proportionate inferiority in her own moral nature.' 'But the physician's malady was not "unto death." He *recovered*; as M. Bonnet writes, "It required a miracle to save Grünthler.

. . . Olympia's prayers, and those of the Church of Schweinurth, were heard, and Grünthler was saved." '—Vol. ii. p. 173.

On another occasion, Olympia expresses thankfulness. Her husband's little brother fell from a high window to the ground on some rough stones, so that it was thought he must be killed.

'But the incident is only worth mentioning for the sake of Olympia's method of improving it. This happened, she writes, "that we might know by experience that God hath given order to his angels to bear up his sons in their hands." And again: "Thus God, who can raise up even the dead from the grave, is wont to defend and preserve his sons in safety." It is painful to find one, for whose character we cannot but have the warmest esteem, and with the feelings of whose heart we can always sympathize, forming for herself such theories of the Divine government of the world,' &c. &c.—Vol. ii. p. 150.

After this we need not wonder that Mr. Trollope considers the absolute and unconditional belief in the Bible as 'equally 'destined with the extreme tenets of the Church of Rome to 'impede, for long ages, the progress of mankind to a higher 'and purer theology.' All creeds, as such, are with him mere emanations of the brain that holds them; his respect for one more than another, he carefully explains, has nothing to do with its subject-matter, but only as the times convert it into a resisting power.

'Noble and heroic—with a heroism inferior to none other practicable by man, and wholly unmodified by the intellectual value of the conviction for which a martyr dies—is the soul that, true to its own indefeasible independence, refuses, in the face of all the worst the body and the heart lacerated in its affections can suffer, to abdicate its right of self-sovereignty.' —Vol ii. p. 117.

In fact, Mr. Trollope's religion is protestantism of a very extreme dye, and resents every form of positive definition. It comes out, therefore, most when legitimate protestantism is the theme; as in his notices of the early Reformers, whose distinct, sharply defined polemical statements jar upon him, and check his sympathies. He cannot understand such stopping short in the road which he supposes them to have set out on; and only values a protest as implying a state of general philosophic doubt. When history shows him the one without the other, he breaks out into a certain impatient scepticism for which the rest of his work does not furnish the same temptation. He is content to show the religious element before the period of enlightenment, in the aspect least agreeable to our modern sympathies, but with little departure from the tone of an ordinary Protestant writer. His series of distinguished Italian women begins with S. Catherine of Sienna, a remarkable woman, whose course is fairly open to two distinct interpretations, of which, in most points, we must accept our author's. For

modern insights into the mysteries of the human frame do prove that what would, to those around her and to herself, appear miraculous suspensions of the laws of nature, were the natural, though perplexing, phenomena seen in catalepsy, mesmerism, and the various forms of trance. We can also believe that such manifestations were far rarer then, as well as less understood, than now; for we perceive in none other of Mr. Trollope's subjects any indication of *nerves* at all, and are led to suppose that the ladies of the two centuries of which he treats were practically without them. In those days of physical force and violence, it was necessary even for the women to be proof against thrill, or shock, or jar—to blanch and quail at nothing—to have each sense strung up to endurance—and as it is woman's especial gift to adapt herself to circumstances, whatever was necessary to give her her proper status in the world, it seems she could do; and therefore we hear nothing of nerves in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries among the Italian ladies. These rare and eccentric manifestations in S. Catherine were adapted to the times, and made to play a grand part, raising the dyer's daughter, one of the youngest of twenty-five children, into an authority amongst popes and princes. But Catherine of Sienna had, besides her morbid physical tendencies, a strong will and determination, so to say, to be a saint, at the cost of everything pleasant and desirable to ordinary humanity. We cannot estimate true saintship by mere powers of endurance, but so popular opinion did test it in her day; and she never seems to have affected any independence of judgment on these points. She aimed to reach the acmé of the religion of her own time, and she succeeded. She had more religion than conscience; her ideas of right were formed more by what others said around her, than by the dictates of her own heart. At six years old, she devoted herself to a virgin life, when it was impossible she could have comprehended why such self-dedication was a virtue, using language which she had heard probably in connexion with her namesake, S. Catherine of Alexandria, whose 'marriage' the painters have made so familiar to us, but which must have been utterly without meaning to herself. At the same age, she habitually flogged herself. At seven, she deprived herself of a great portion of her food, and at the same time she began to manifest that attachment to the Dominican order which afterwards conduced so much to her celebrity, running out whenever a monk of that order passed the door to kiss the spot his foot had trod on. At about twelve—in pursuance of the same ceremonial rather than moral notions of goodness—she resisted her mother's persuasions to wash her face rather oftener, and to be more tidy in her dress. Though coming direct from

her mother, she could not see this request in any other light than a temptation; and all her life took this line, frequently shedding bitter tears to her confessor while bewailing a momentary compliance, though she expressly exonerated herself from any low motives, or desire of admiration, which never once entered her mind. She never even 'placed herself at the 'window, or at the door of the house, to look at those who 'passed.' So intent was she on considering this a sin, though the conscience cannot have so represented it, that it seems to have been admitted between her and her confessor, that her worthy sister-in-law, who had been the mother's mouthpiece on the occasion, died by the judgment of God for having interfered in so delicate a matter. The truth seems to have been that, even at this early age, she had already marked out her course, and conceived herself something peculiar and set apart; for when, in later years, her confessor, puzzled by the vehemence of her contrition, endeavoured to moderate it by the argument that, 'Seeing that there had been no bad or even vain intention, 'there was nothing contrary to divine precepts,'

'She lifted up her eyes and voice to God, crying, "O Lord, my God, what kind of spiritual father have I now, who excuses my sins? Was it right then, Father, that this bad, most worthless creature, who, without labour or merit of her own, has received so many favours from her Creator, should spend her time in adorning this putrid flesh, at the instigation of any mortal? Hell, I think, would have been no sufficient punishment for me, if the Divine mercy had not shown me pity!" "Thereupon," concludes the conscientious confessor, "I was constrained to be silent."'—Vol. i. p. 35.

At about this period of her life she wholly abandoned the use of animal food; at fifteen she left off wine; at twenty she gave up bread, living only on uncooked vegetables; when she visited the poor, she courted whatever was loathsome or disgusting, for its own sake. She used to sleep, according to her biographer, but one quarter of an hour in the twenty-four hours; always scourged herself till the blood streamed from her, three times a day; lived three years without speaking; wore a chain of iron round her body, which gradually eat its way into her flesh; used for her cell a room in her father's house, nine feet by six, with no aperture to admit light or air but through the door; and finally, according to the narrative of her confessor, reprinted by authority at Milan, in 1851, remained wholly without food for many years, a statement elsewhere modified to her subsisting on the sacramental element, which she received daily till her death, at the age of thirty-three. Throughout the period of this tremendous discipline, she supposed herself, and was believed by all around her, to be favoured by divine visions and ecstacies. Her confessor infers that she

had some power of producing the bodily state which preceded these visitations, and which curiously resembles modern descriptions of trance:—

'Whenever the remembrance of her sacred Husband,'—by which phrase, thousands of times repeated in the course of his work, the monk always alludes to our Saviour,—'became a little refreshed in that holy mind, *she withdrew herself as much as she could* from her corporeal senses; and her extremities, that is to say, her hands and her feet, became contracted and deadened; her fingers first, then her limbs, became so strongly fixed, both in themselves, and attached to the places where they touched, that it would have been more possible to break them to pieces, than to remove them in any wise. The eyes, also, were perfectly closed, and the neck was rendered so rigid, that it was not a little dangerous to her to touch her neck at such moments.'—Vol. i. p. 23.

The visions recorded in this work (we have not the original life to refer to), all tend to her own glory as an especial favourite of heaven, and seem to have this as their main object. At six years old, she saw in the sky immediately over the Dominican church, a throne whereon Christ sat, dressed in papal robes, accompanied by apostles. At a later period, she believed our Lord to be her daily visitant, instructing her in the truths of religion; sometimes by means 'of a clear bodily appearance, 'manifest to the bodily senses, and talking with me, as I talk to 'you.' Indeed, all the practices, ceremonies, habits, and even hilarities of mortal daily life, such as she would see in her home and its world, she believed to be constantly transpiring between herself and her heavenly Spouse. It is needless to repeat relations here, which are to our ears profane, and even blasphemous. We only note them as enacting over again towards *herself*—herself the object,—in a transcendent, glorified manner, what others experienced and enjoyed with fellow mortals. No new ideas or scenes are presented either to mind or to imagination, it is simply re-production, with circumstances of self-exaltation; even to the 'new heart' and crimson robe' of imputed righteousness which she received from the divine hand, and the bridal ring of precious jewels which she always saw on her finger, and the stigmata which she believed to be impressed on her hands, feet, and side.

We must remark that many circumstances conspired to sustain Catharine in this excited state. It is true that her earlier confessors did not believe in the miraculousness of these manifestations; but when she came into the hands of the Dominican order, and had one of its principal men as confessor, everything was done to give point, and weight, and frequency to her visions. The assumed stigmata, especially, was a triumph in their hands, placing their order thus on a par with that of S. Francis, to *whom this* mark of Divine favour had alone, according to the

belief of the time, been vouchsafed. She was carried about from city to city, attended by an ecclesiastical train; the popes granted her especial privileges; everywhere she was hailed and visited as a saint of miraculous powers; everywhere she was the centre, the object, of a wondering and admiring circle. She had amanuenses to write down her epistles, and other compositions; every word she uttered was believed to come from heaven. Without suspicion of deliberate design, much less fraud, we see how all these circumstances would maintain and support her in the isolated and exalted part she had to act. Nothing would be lost, no act of self-torture, no utterance of assumed inspiration, but would have its immediate effect. Under these conditions, and with our knowledge of the wonderful way in which mind and body mutually act on one another, it is not to be expected that either visions or austerities should cease; and in the world's further experience of what men will do when great things are expected of them, and when bodily pain is immediately followed by awful, enthusiastic, wondering applause, stimulated by curiosity and sympathy, we need not be surprised that the strong-willed Catharine not only maintained, but added to her self-tortures while life lasted. What moral effect they must have had on the mind, whether the heart can remain true and honest to its core under such handling, is a painful question, which we need not go into, beyond observing that Catharine had never had the highest fame for truthfulness; as a child she had deceived her mother by trifling pious frauds, and it is clear that she never questioned there being better things than common truth and common honesty. Mr. Trollope, who has chosen the subject as a specimen of utterly dark popular religion, yet exonerates Catharine from wilful deception. He thinks that most things may be explained on a more favourable hypothesis, and directs the current of suspicion on the 'Blessed Raymond of Capua,' her confessor and biographer, who, sometime before her death, was elected general of the Dominicans. But, considering that he wrote from recollection, in his old age, when an utter oblivion and neglect of dates is natural, and a general fusion of events in the crucible of the memory a very supposable thing, we are not disposed to take the harsh view. He seems to us to represent the ordinary religious biographer. It is impossible to read the lives of good people of any age, written for the avowed purpose of edification, and not be alive to habitual suppression and exaggeration in their biographers; there is a universal habit of making the occasional, exceptional, or extreme of any good or self-denying habit the ordinary rule; if a person of the old severe days occasionally only allowed himself an hour's sleep, he

never took more; if a young lady of our own times sometimes spends her whole day amongst the poor, it is her rule of life—she always does. All times are the same, all schools so far alike, as to make it necessary to use our reason in reading, and say to ourselves,—if human nature, five hundred years ago, or fifty years ago, or in the next town, or village, or street, was and is at all like the human nature we have lived amongst, we are *certain* something is missing, kept out of sight because it would not be good for us to know it. We see that the writer has constituted himself the judge of what ought to be told and made the most of, and what kept in the background; and we learn inevitably to distrust; we doubt if this picture of a mind would be recognised for a likeness by those who passed their lives with the original: not that there is intentional untruth, but unless we know every side of a character, we cannot know the truth about it. And truth is too often in this branch of composition a grand abstraction; not the petty chronicler of intrusive faults, and puzzling inconsistencies, which mar an example, and possibly even give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme.

This class of writers are peculiarly subject to influence, from the tone of their age, for they have to commend their subject to their contemporaries, and therefore the popular ideal of religion, whatever it is, will be aimed at, and will insensibly guide and moderate expression. Such, no doubt, was the case with the Dominican monk, who had likewise his order to advance, so that probably he had more than the usual array of pious motives to display his subject in a picturesque point of view. And doubtless there was great unity in the character he treated of; she was actuated all her life by one design and purpose. It is simple, natural people who are the hardest to represent; but Catherine, probably, had no moral dishabille—never certainly stood at ease, but felt as much necessitated to self-restraint as the queen on her throne. If her confessor ever saw her unbend, it would, of course, be mere treachery to record the fact. Even we, impressed by the saint's prestige, feel, as it were, outraging proprieties in the supposition; and in his day, to the people of the fourteenth century, it would be an impossibility, if he wrote her life at all, not to write out the popular ideal, miracles and all. Yet we cannot deny that one or two things must have needed some intellectual conjuration. But even of these as of the assertion that she acquired the arts of reading and writing by miracle, instead of taking the trouble to learn, all we can say is, that we meet quite respectable people who assert for mesmerism and spirit-rapping similar wonders. We adduce these alleged miracles as especially those of the age. We have no instance in Scripture

of the order of nature being reversed simply to bring about ends which ordinary pains could have effected. But, however acquired, Catherine used other pens in the many compositions of hers, still preserved. Our readers will remember the remarkable effects of some of her letters, which, indeed, in our day also, do savour of the miraculous. That a low-born female recluse should have power in those lawless, proud, overbearing times to influence popes and emperors, should be permitted a voice in the leading affairs of the world's government, is indeed one of the wonders of an age. Several of her letters to Gregory XI., written in her 29th year, are extant. Their object was to bring him back to Rome from the long papal absenteeism at Avignon. She sought a personal interview for the same purpose.

'To bring back the Pontiff and all the good things that would follow in his train was the cherished wish of all good Italians, and especially of all Italian Churchmen. Petrarch had urgently pressed Gregory's predecessor, Urban V., to accomplish the desired change. Dante had, at an earlier period, laboured to accomplish the same object. But it was not altogether an easy step to take. The French cardinals, who surrounded the Pope at Avignon, were of course eager to keep him and the Court in their own country. The King of France was equally anxious to detain him. The French Pope's likings and prejudices pointed of course in the same direction. Rome, too, was very far, just then, from offering an agreeable or inviting residence. The dominions of the Church were in a state of almost universal rebellion. The turbulence of the great Roman barons was such, that going to live among them seemed as safe and as pleasant as finding a residence in a den of ruffians.

'Thus all the representations of the Italian Church, and all the spiritual and temporal interests, which so urgently needed the ruler's presence in his dominions, had for some years past not sufficed to bring back the Pope to Rome. Under these circumstances, Catharine, the obscure Siennese dyer's illiterate daughter, determined to try her powers of persuasion and argument on the Pontiff, and proceeded to Avignon for that purpose in the summer of 1376. In the September of that same year the Pope set out on his return to Rome; the dyer's daughter succeeded in her enterprise, and moved the centre of Europe once more back again to its old place in the eternal city.'—Vol. i. p. 26.

On Gregory's death, two years after, followed the strange division of the Church between Pope and Anti-Pope. And here again Catherine took an influential part, addressing a letter to Charles V. of France, who favoured the party of the anti-pope Pope Clement VII. Mr. Trollope gives it in full to the length of ten pages as a specimen of the style, which has been commended both for its pure Italian and its persuasive eloquence. A translation can hardly prove either; but we see evidence of that voluminous hand which found expression in 373 similar effusions, 'forming two stout quarto volumes,' which have been widely circulated. Many of these are addressed to kings, popes, cardinals, bishops, conventual bodies, and political

corporations; and others to private individuals. It is mentioned that no originals have been preserved; but we see no reason from the specimen before us to doubt that they are what they pretend to be, though we must assume that Catharine was put in possession of all public events, and a certain cue given by the persons about her, her confessor being, as we have seen, one of the political characters of the day. The account given of her mode of composition implies the notion on her part of inspiration. We have ourselves known some female writers, whose religious letters convey much the same impression. She gave no time or thought to the wording. All flowed from her spontaneously, and the same morning that she dictated the letter to the French King, she dictated three others of equal length. Of his letter the French Jesuit Masson has recorded his judgment:—

'Several epistles are extant,' writes the sixteenth century Frenchman, 'from Catherine of Sienna to Urban, and one to King Charles V., written on the 6th of May, 1379, to uphold that Pope's cause. And certainly nothing more weighty or more elegant could have been conceived or written by any man of that time, and not even excepting Petrarch, whose genius I admire, and whose works I generally prefer to those of any other writer of that age.'—Vol. i. p. 65.

We need scarcely say that to the taste of the 19th century this praise is unintelligible. But we should gather that she had that stream of words peculiar to some religious writers, adapted to the expression of a narrow, continuous, unbroken tone of thought:—the power of standing still on a subject or idea possessed by it, contemplating it, rather than pursuing it. The words flow and accumulate; the thought rests, does not leave hold, does not lose itself; while the sentences gather round it, not in mere repetition or verbiage, but with confirming force. We see the writer's attention does not slacken or grow weary, as he broods over the image or speculation that possesses him; and we are impressed with a sense of infinity, acceptable or burdensome according to the temperament. Readers of kindred minds find a delight and solace in this class of composition, which no other affords them. Humble minds of a more ordinary practical character take it for granted, and read with reverence, if without sympathy or comprehension. To others of a more questioning and impatient sort, who look for some ascertainable result from their studies, it is as though they were set to eat grass; they have not the ruminating powers to turn it into food. But if they are modest they will still recognise real power in thus resting balanced on a subject, producing and reproducing it, dwelling on it, absorbed in it.

But further, in finding ourselves dead to the magic of a style that was once so potent, we may class it among the mysteries

of our nature, how the influences of one age are powerless upon another. Nothing influences the masses but the style and tone of thought of their own day. Education and discipline enable a fortunate and gifted few to read and profit—not without conscious difficulty and effort—by the select thoughts and works of past generations, but it will be hopeless to make these tell directly on the many; they have not learnt the language; for each age has its own intelligible tongue compared with which the writings of even a century ago are a dead language; the authors of the 14th century speak to most of us in this dead language, and S. Catharine's and her biographer's amongst them. Before so many years are past the thousand writings of Dr. Cumming, and other popular favourites, will lie in as deep and unintelligible an oblivion—many of their favourite prophetical speculations will class with the Blessed Raymond's lucubrations on the name of Catharine, and the mystic properties of the number seven. It may seem a contradiction to this argument, that the recent reprint of the Legend and letters of S. Catharine has a large circulation; it at least proves that the Church in Italy tries to use them and other similar literature as a counteracting force against the ideas of progress which belong to the age, and which in Italy are so jealously watched. Our author thus sums up his view of his heroine, for as such he regards her, and not without favour; there is truth in it as far as it goes, though the influences of faith and hope are not assigned their just place:—

'To such ages Catharine was admirably adapted to appeal with remarkable force and success. Her strength of will, and her infirmity of body, both contributed to produce the effect to be explained. The first as evidenced by the unflinching, persevering infliction of self-torments, such as would have been wholly intolerable to a weaker will; and by continued exertion under suffering, weakness, and malady, made a large and important part of the saintly character; as the same qualities differently evidenced would have led to eminence in any career, and in any age. But joined to this potent strength of will, may be observed evidences of a very remarkable degree of spiritual egotism and pride that apes humility. The poor Siennese dyer's daughter must have been one of those rare natures to whom the quiet obscure career marked out for them, as it might seem, irrevocably by the circumstances of their birth, was an intolerable impossibility. A woman, poor, plebeian, unlettered, frail in health, and in the fourteenth century! Surely no possible concatenation of circumstances could be devised from which it would appear so impossible to emerge into power and celebrity! But the "*Io Caterina schiava dei servi di Dio*" of the letters, who thinks that entire nations shall be accepted or rejected as reprobate by the Eternal in accordance with the measure of HER merits or demerits, and who bargains with God to bear in HER own person the sacrilegious sin of a whole revolted people! This Caterina was one whom no position could doom to the obscurity intolerable to such idiosyncracies, and she rushed forth with uncontrollable determination on the one only path open to her; not by any means necessarily, with the conscious intention of making hypocritical use of the

profession of sanctity for the achievement of distinction, but driven by the unrecognised promptings of ambition to the determination to excel in the department of human endeavour which all contemporary opinion pointed out to her as the highest, holiest, and noblest, open to mankind.'—Vol. i. p. 85.

But the book carries us on to a very different Catharine after an interval of nearly a century. No history is more full of strange romantic incident than that of the Italian Republics; nowhere does individual character stand out more distinctly, or is illustrated by more detail. So that we have history made intelligible by biography, and that in the very focus of light and intelligence when Italy was the centre of civilization. It is exempt, too, from the reproach young ladies have brought against history—'that there are scarcely any 'women at all in its pages;' for women play a very important and effective part in Italian history, and Italians as a nation are less jealous than elsewhere of woman's influence. It ought to be one of the most interesting fields of study the chronicles of the world can offer. To many it is so, to judge by the use poets and romancers have made of its annals; but we do not find it so. A sense of weariness and satiety oppresses us as we read this varied record, where the incidents change and are even stranger than fiction; but the actors are all alike, where tyrant succeeds tyrant, and one bold, bad, beautiful woman follows another, all playing the same game under different circumstances, and all without any conscience appreciable by our ideas. Their ordinary proceedings are like the monstrous expedients of a melodrama, and affect us in the same way. Murder ceases to be exciting when nobody has any scruple about it; poisonings, tortures, intrigues, conspiracies, become monotonous when they are the rule, not the exception,—when they disturb nothing, when they are permanent institutions. Of course in the life of even those times they must have been interruptions to a quieter state of things, but history has no space for anything but excesses, and however curious, clever, or atrocious, they pall upon our attention in time. At first we may, if we choose, find something grand, after the fashion of Milton's Satan in the unblushing front wickedness there set up: but there is no element of the tragic or sublime in human crime without remorse, and this spectre never lowers on the gigantic criminals of the period we speak of. As a rule, nobody repents. A corrupt church in infamous hands, in conjunction with revived heathenism, had, it seems, the power to quench conscience in high places. Yet this age of licence and aggression must have had oases of rest, and peace, and an orderly *in*dustrious class, of which history tells us little or nothing, to

account for the following picture of Italy under native rulers—a retrospective one, it is true—by Guicciardini:—

'The latter years of the fifteenth century, up to 1494, were a time of unusual prosperity in Italy. Never since the fall of the Roman empire, one thousand years previously, had she enjoyed a period so flourishing and happy. Reposing in perfect peace and tranquillity,' continues the great historian, 'cultivated in the more sterile and mountainous regions as well as in the plains and fertile districts, subject to none save her native rulers, she not only abounded with inhabitants, trade, and wealth, but was especially adorned by the magnificence of a great number of princes, by the splendour of many noble, beautiful cities, by the majesty of the supreme seat of religion, by the excellence of her great men in every art, pursuit, and science.'—Vol. i. p. 90.

The persons, however, with whom we have mainly to do in this work were the spenders, consumers, and wasters of this wealth, and the betrayers of their country for selfish ends to a foreign yoke. There is, however, as Mr. Trollope truly says, nowhere any feeling of nationality (of which people now talk so much) in the Italy of these times. The intense rivalry and hatred of state against state, and city against city, necessarily prevented this. Patriotism merged into clanship, and the great families were too intent on aggrandizing themselves and destroying each other to be capable of any enlarged views, or even wishes, for their country as a whole. We see no room for such sentiments in the perpetual struggle for pre-eminence in which their violent lives were past. The only approach to anything generous is the tenacious fidelity with which families held together in their wrong doings, and supported and protected each other. This was apparently the one bond which preserved society from collapse; treacherous to all beside, they were often strangely faithful to a name and to the tie of consanguinity, though this was so often monstrously outraged.

Catarina Sforza was a product of the times in which she lived. With no moral qualities to preserve her from their contamination, and with strength of nature and intellect to play her part with vigour, what she did, what she endured, what she braved, constitute her a heroine. She was constitutionally without feminine weaknesses and fears, and endowed with a marvellous presence of mind and readiness of resource; and moreover, as far as we read or can judge, she was a faithful wife to her three husbands, and a natural mother to her eight children. In quieter and more favourable times she would have made herself a high reputation, for her sins were prompted by the difficulties and vicissitudes of her position,—that is, they were perpetrated under temptation, and justified by example. But example and temptation made her a tigress, fierce, vindictive, impure, and remorseless. These beautiful shining

Italian women, trained from earliest girlhood in intrigue, and to play their part in the game of politics; versed in the literature of the day, skilled in all accomplishments, presiding over their courts with grace, glittering in processions, magnificent in their palaces, and under all these feminine gifts possessed of iron nerves, undaunted courage, unscrupulous consciences, and the willingness at a moment's warning to exchange the excitements of luxury for those of war and strife,—equally at home and in their place in both—remind us constantly of our own historical type of the character, Mary Queen of Scots; educated as she was by one of the very women we are describing. The likeness is so strong, the cases so similar, that we can hardly imagine a reader of Italian history finding any difficulty in crediting what history records against her. There are no difficulties that he has not had to encounter a hundred times, and which never lead him to deny what every chronicle assures him of, because it is impossible for beautiful, graceful, winning, accomplished women to be treacherous and cruel at heart.

Caterina was the 'legitimatized' daughter of Galleazzo Sforza, the profuse and sumptuous Duke of Milan, and married by him at fifteen to Girolamo Riario, the nephew or son, as it may be, of Sixtus IV., after having previous to that age gone through other betrothals, and been admitted into secrets which made her experienced before her time in the state craft of that age. The history of this period abounds in beautiful pictures, and this fair bride entering Rome is one of them.

'The "sensation" produced in Rome by the young bride's arrival, is dwelt on by the historians, and may be readily believed. All the contemporary chroniclers agree in describing her as eminently beautiful. . . . When at fifteen she rode through the Porta del Popolo, in the midst of the brilliant cavalcade composed of all that was noblest in the eternal city, those finely cut features were doubtless softer in their expression, more delicate in their beauty, and more fitted to win all hearts in the manner we are assured they did. It was almost a generation later that a jovial prelate, writing to his friend from Rome, protested that nothing was wanting to the pleasures of a residence there, save "a court of ladies." But no doubt the same want was a frequent one among the tonsured epicureans of a court in which every high office was held by a priestly incumbent. And now the lamentable deficiency was about to be supplied by the young and lovely bride of the most powerful, most magnificent and wealthiest prince in Rome. . . . Doubtless nothing was left undone which could add brilliancy to the gay cavalcade amid which Girolamo brought his wife to her new home. The period was especially favourable to the display of personal splendour; and the fashion of dress, especially of female costume, had recently assumed an elegance and costly gorgeousness unknown to the previous generation. If we could figure to ourselves our fifteen-year-old heroine, as she appeared on her richly-caparisoned "dappled palfrey," to *the admiring* eyes of the Roman citizens, we must picture her clad in one

of those recently-introduced dresses called "Cyprians," of which we hear so much in the records of that time, and which were the favourite mode of the young and beautiful towards the end of the fifteenth century. . . . These dresses were cut square in the bust, were extremely full about the feet, close fitting from the waist upwards, and had very long and large sleeves. . . . We may be perfectly sure that the daughter of Sforza, and bride of Riario, displayed whatever was most costly and most superb as she passed from the Porta del Popolo to the princely residence of her husband on the Lungara, that long street which runs along the further bank of the river from S. Peter's to the Porta Settimana.'—Vol. i. p. 123.

Here Catharine spent four happy prosperous years.

'She very shortly became an all-powerful favorite with her uncle (or father-in-law), Sixtus. All Rome was absolutely at her feet. Courtiers in search of favour, litigants in search of justice (or injustice), officials, in search of promotion, brought their petitions and applications to her. The most important employments were often given according to the recommendations of this girl in her teens. At this period of her life, writes another chronicler, she was so great a favorite with the Pope, that most of the princes of Italy, who had any request to make of the Apostolic See, availed themselves of the intercession of Catharine for the attainment of their desires. Though apparently totally unaware that all this was in any way otherwise than it should have been, the old writers tell us much of Catharine's prudence, discretion, and moderation in wielding and managing the great power so strangely intrusted to such hands.'—Vol. i. p. 125.

The Pope, who, as a bare-footed Franciscan friar, had risen to eminence for his learning and skill as a casuist, was now bent solely on raising a family, the passion of the age, and the fruitful source of oppression, extortion, and every form of wickedness. For this purpose he wrested from the Ordelaffi family the city and county of Forli, in Romagna, and invested his son with the fief. Catharine on her side was dowered with the neighbouring city of Imola, of which her father, under the promise of giving her to the heir, had gained possession, and these cities became the scenes of much of her subsequent career. We cannot detail the conspiracies, murders, tortures, and violence, part of the apparent condition of a noble's life, in which Girolamo and Sixtus were concerned, and in which Catharine's interests were necessarily engaged. They succeeded in transporting to Forli all their immense wealth before the Pope's death, which was accelerated by an excess of passion on a Peace being made, which rendered it impossible to secure the dukedom of Ferrara for his son. Catharine found herself alone in Rome at this juncture, and in circumstances of great peril, for the difference between belonging to a living and a dead pope was tremendous. The enemies of the Riarii rose *en masse*; but Catharine showed herself at two-and-twenty, on this her first meeting with difficulty and danger, as promptly energetic and as equal to the emergency as she did on every subsequent

occasion. She threw herself at once into the Castle of S. Angelo, which she took possession of on the ground of her husband being commander of the forces; and when Girolamo returned to Rome a few days after, he found his home in ruins, all his property and that of his relations given up to pillage, but his wife and children safe. When order was in some degree restored, they left the city and took up their residence at Forli, and commenced the life of the nobles of those times—a life of lavish expense, of debt, and extortion.

'One consolation, however, this hard-worked prince had in all his troubles, and that, perhaps, the greatest that a man can have—his wife was in every way truly a help meet for him. Catharine was a very *belle idéale* of a sovereign châtelaine in that stormy fifteenth century; her aims and ambitions were those of her husband, and she was ever ready, in sunshine or in storm, to take her full share of the burden of the day. . . . From what she deemed to be her duty, as far as we can discern, this strong, proud energetic, courageous, masterful woman never shrank; and it led her, on many a trying occasion, into by no means rose-strewed paths. Her duty, as she understood it, was by all means of all sorts; by subtle counsel when craft was needed, by lavished smiles where smiles were current, by fastuous magnificence where magnificence could impose, by energetic action when the crisis required it, by gracious condescension when that might avail, by high-handed right royal domineering when such was more efficacious, by fearlessly meeting peril, and resolutely labouring to aid and abet her husband in taking and holding a place among the sovereign princes of Italy, and to preserve the same, when she was left to do so single-handed, for her children; and this duty Catherine performed with a high heart, a strong hand, an indomitable will: throwing herself wholly into the turbulent objective life before her, and perfectly unmolested by any subjective examination of the nature and passions which conveniently enough seemed to range themselves on the side of duty, or doubt-begetting speculations as to the veritable value of the aims before her, and the quality of the means needed for the attainment of them.'—Vol. i. p. 175.

As an instance of this spirit, and also of the strange incidents which the history of this period furnishes, a story is told of the important fortress of Ravaldino, the stronghold of Forli. These fortresses were attached to every city, and were the refuge of power on all sudden insurrections and turns of fortune. News was brought to Imola, where Catharine was nursing her sick husband, that the castellano had been poignarded by an old retainer, who now held possession in his own person. The count could not leave his bed; the countess was on the eve of her confinement, but something must be done in so critical a juncture, so she at once got into the saddle, and by midnight was before the gate of Fort Ravaldino at Forli. Summoning Codronchi, the usurper, to give an account of his conduct, with all courtesy to his 'dearest lady, he refuses her admittance 'that night, but counsels her to seek repose, and to return to-'morrow to breakfast with him. She had nothing to do but

'take his advice, and next morning repairs to the same spot, 'with an excellent breakfast, but is told that only herself and 'one servant would be admitted.' The man might be a traitor in the pay of her enemies, and, if so, to enter was destruction; but, on the other hand, he might only wish to secure immunity for the step he had taken. She decided, against the opinion of her counsellors of the city, that this was the real state of the case, and passed into the fortress with one servant. All Forli was in suspense as to what would happen. After a time she came forth, summoning one Tommaso Feo, and returned with him within the fort. Codronchi at once gave up the command into his hands, and, leaving Feo there, he and his mistress came away together, and, in a few vague words, she addressed the citizens as to the steps she had taken; 'whereupon Co-'dronchi and the countess mounted their horses and rode away 'to Imola together.' 'And the next morning, two hours after 'sunrise, Catharine gave birth, without any untoward accident 'whatever, to a fine healthy boy.' Not long after this event, Girolamo having recovered, returned to Forli, where he enforced a certain odious bread-tax. This impost he farmed to one Checco d'Orsi, who wished to pay out of it various arrears due to himself, and some ill feeling ensued. One night, having made sure that Catharine had retired, he sought an audience, and he and two or three friends were admitted.

'They found Girolamo leaning with one elbow on the sill of the great window looking on to the Piazza Grande, and talking with his chancellor. "How goes it, Checco mio?" said he, putting out his hand kindly. "That way goes it!" replied his murderer, stabbing him mortally, as he uttered these words. So Catharine became a widow with six children at twenty-six years of age.'—Vol. i. p. 180.

But neither did assassinations startle people in those days; no event was unprecedented, or could absolutely take people by surprise. Catharine, by the same means, had already lost her father and brother-in-law; and probably was very familiar with her husband's machinations in this line; for we read afterwards, on the occasion of her second husband meeting a similar fate, and suspicion having fallen on herself, her boast, that, 'thank 'God, neither she nor any of her family had need to apply to 'common bravoes, when they saw fit to make away with their 'enemies.' The instant the intelligence reached her, she sent a trusty messenger, first, to the fortress, and next, to her brother the Duke, at Milan. In another minute the conspirators were thundering at the door of her chamber, and she and her children were their prisoners. The conspirators hoped to make themselves lords of the place; and, as a preliminary, made the city authorities sanction their placing Forli at the disposal

of the Pope: a usual course, to which the Pope's representative in the place dare not refuse to accede, though he thus became a party in the conspiracy. The point now was to get the castellano to give up his castle. With Catharine in their power, this seemed easy. She was taken to the foot of the tower, and there compelled to give her own orders, *viva voce*, to the castellano to open his gates. On his showing himself at the ramparts, she implored him with every appearance of earnestness, to save her life by delivering up the fort. But the man had had that first secret message, he paid no heed to her entreaties, and steadily refused. 'Ah, Madame Catharine,' said one of the three who had murdered her husband, and who stood by her side as she parleyed with Feo, 'if you were really in earnest he would yield; 'but it is you who do not wish him to obey your words; 'and it makes me long to lay you dead where you stand with 'a thrust of this partizan through your body.' How Catharine outwitted them all, and actually gained admittance into the fort, as the only means of inducing him to yield, is too long to tell. On the strength of leaving her children as hostages, it was permitted. After the three hours' term of conference was over, and all Forli waited in breathless suspense beneath the walls to see their mistress issue forth, 'Feo appeared at the 'battlements, and announced with perfect coolness, that "his 'liege lady was much fatigued by what she had gone through; 'that immediately on her entry into the fort, he had counselled 'her to seek repose, and that she was now, in fact, enjoying a 'sound sleep, from which he could not think of disturbing her; 'that, as to her quitting the fortress in the present state of her 'city of Forli, he, governor of that fortress, judged it safer 'for her not to do so; and, therefore, be her intentions what 'they might, when she should awake from her slumbers, he 'should in nowise permit her to go forth."' And secure in the perfect strength of his walls, he calmly retreated within their shelter. The enraged Orsi presently brought Catharine's children before the fort, threatening them with instant death if she did not yield; but again the castellano appeared, reminding the citizens of Forli that the Duke of Milan was the children's uncle, and that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah would be tolerable to that of Forli, if a hair of their head was injured. It is not every good mother who could see her children in the hands of their father's murderers, and hear them entreat for their lives, and still trust to a well-reasoned chain of probabilities; but to her, and for their own sake too, their inheritance would be as dear as life. She proved to be right, though it was a very near run thing; and her distant allies now coming to her aid, the day was eventually hers, and she

was established regent for the young Count. And now came the hour of vengeance. The three assassins had escaped, but others implicated were secured and hanged, and torn to pieces by the mob. But it was on the venerable father of the Orsi that the ingenuity of revenge wreaked itself:—an old man of eighty-four, of noble patrician bearing, with long, flowing, silver locks, who had in his day been implicated in seven insurrections.

'On the evening of that day an ominous decree was posted in all quarters of the city, requiring that one able-bodied man from every family in Forli should attend on the morrow with pickaxe and crowbar, in front of the vast and magnificent palace of the Orsi. At daybreak, on the 2d of May, a great crowd, armed as had been ordered, were assembled. At the same hour the venerable-looking head of the great Orsi clan was seen coming forth from his prison on the piazza, bare-headed, with his long silver locks glancing in the sunshine of that bright May morning, with hands bound behind his back, and led by the hangman, holding the end of a halter passed round the old man's neck. Thus led into the midst of the crowd of his fellow-citizens, he was placed in front of his ancestral home. And then the work of demolition commenced.

'"Have you well marked the spectacle, O Orso?" said the hangman to his prisoner, when the work was done; and then led him by the halter back to the piazza.

'A cruel death awaited him there, but that which he had already endured was probably the bitterest part of his punishment to the old patrician. That razing of the family mansion was infinitely more to a mediæval Italian noble than the mere destruction of so much property, and carried with it a bitterness and misery hardly appreciable to our less clannish feelings, and less localized attachments. . . . His strongest passion, his family pride, saw in the old ancestral walls the corporeal presence of the family name; and the levelling of the massive building with the soil was the extremest ignominy an enemy could inflict, and was felt by the doomed race as a symbol of the extinction of their name and stock for ever.'—Vol. i. p. 201.

But this vengeance was nothing to what followed on the murder of Catharine's second husband—in a certain way a mésalliance—seven years after this event; when forty persons were put to death. 'Not only were the families of the guilty 'men, even women, and innocent children, and infants at the 'breast, slaughtered indiscriminately, but the slightest cause of 'suspicion sufficed to involve others wholly unconnected with 'them in destruction.' But, even excesses like these were not wholly without warrant from the times, when all the members of a family were made responsible for the political crimes of any one of them. And this award was accepted by the lookers on as natural, and to be expected, it being an understood thing that the members of a political assassin's family adopted his views, and more or less actively shared his crime.

In the midst of it all, Catharine did not escape suspicion of having herself instigated the deed; but for this there does not seem sufficient warrant. Next year she consoles herself by

building palaces and laying out parks, and finds her excitement in taxing her subjects, and, shortly after, in her thirty-sixth year, contracts a third marriage with a Medici, which elicits a letter of advice on government from the celebrated Savonarola. The result of this union was the birth of a son, afterwards the greatest captain of the age, 'Giovanni delle Bande Nere,' through whom she became ancestress of Mary de Medici, wife of Henry the Fourth of France, and of our Henrietta Maria. But evil days were at hand. She was a third time left a widow, when the aspect of Italian affairs was at its darkest. She could hold her own against Venice, and might be more than a match in *viva voce* diplomacy for Macchiavelli, but who could resist the enormous grasp of the Borgias? Alexander VI. gave Forli and Imola to his son, Cesar Borgia; the citizens, glad of change, sided with the new comer, and even then had their city sacked by his army. Catharine's fortress was stormed, and she made another entry into Rome—a prisoner, riding between her conqueror, and one of the French generals. She was confined in the castle of S. Angelo, charged, probably only as a pretext, with an attempt to poison the Pope, and would certainly have been put to death by him, but for the energêtic interference of the French king, who procured her release. But she seems to have felt that her day was over, and withdrew henceforth into private life, taking up her abode at the convent of the Murate in Florence, where she lived in retirement till her death, in the year 1509, in the forty-seventh year of her age—a very creditable conclusion to a perturbed existence, but for the evidence of a certain MS. volume, copied from her own handwriting, which formed the employment of these leisure hours: a sort of collection of recipes and secrets, ranging from cosmetics and medicines to 'modes of changing pewter into silver,' and other hints on the subject of coinage; specifics against witchcraft, love philtres, and finally things of a nature totally unproduceable to modern eyes and ears, but which she did not scruple to leave on record against herself, and not only herself, but against the morals of the age which had made her what she was, and moulded her into a type of the action and feeling of that strange period.

Though Catharine Sforza may present a type of her age, there were distinguished women of her own day of a very different order. When she was celebrating her first wedding, Vittoria Colonna was born, a name still honoured and dear to her country, and of which any age and country might be proud. Mr. Trollope remarks on the little surprise or censure the faults and excesses of the prominent women of the time excited in their contemporaries; but when a model of womanly virtues did appear among

them, they showed themselves fully alive to its attraction, treating it with a distinction and a homage truly Italian in their manifestation. For it was the purity and graceful decorum of Vittoria Colonna's character which laid the foundation of her fame: giving the charm to her genius and beauty, and prestige even to her high rank. There is something very remarkable in the national pride her countrymen felt in her, at a time when there was little of what we call patriotism among them. The whole peninsula united to do her honour; cities contended for her presence; and a brief was absolutely obtained from the Pope on her widowhood, forbidding her to bury so much excellence in a cloister.

Vittoria Colonna, a scion of the ancient and magnificent Roman family of that name, was born at Marino, in the Roman States, in 1490. The Colonnas were necessarily engaged in all the party contests of the period. Their power was great, their wealth enormous, and they seem to have no way differed from the other great nobles of the period in the tyrannical and oppressive use they made of these distinctions. Vittoria's fate was early determined by the political necessities of their position; for, as a guarantee of their good faith to Ferdinand II. of Naples, she was betrothed at four years old to his subject, Ferdinand d'Avalos, son of the Marquis of Pescara, a child of about her own age. To secure the fulfilment of this contract, she was committed immediately to the care of the elder sister of her betrothed, the widowed Duchess of Francavilla, a lady of so high a reputation for prudence and trustworthiness, as to be appointed by the King châtelaine of the important island of Ischia, and also, on the death of the elder Marquis, guardian of her little brother, Vittoria's future husband. The children were thus educated together from their earliest years, and formed a strong and lasting attachment. It was at a time when the Court of Naples were the great patrons and cultivators of literature and poetry. Costanza d'Avalos, their guardian, was herself distinguished for her accomplishments; so that Vittoria's natural powers could nowhere else have received the same training: for her own family were too constantly engaged in strife with their neighbours for much attention to intellectual culture. The little Court of Ischia seems to have been a real oasis of peace and refinement in the general disorders; and here Vittoria grew into womanhood, pronounced by poets and graver writers, lay and clerical, the most beautiful woman of her time, with the 'chiome d'or' which painters and poets love, but, we suspect, really of the tint which gets called ugly names in our own time. In 1509, in her nineteenth year, the long-projected nuptials took place with infinite pomp, feastings, and presents; and for two years of happy

married life the young couple remained in Ischia. At the end of this time, Pescara, who was, of course, like every gentleman of his time, to be a soldier, left his bride, and joined his father-in-law, Fabrizio Colonna, in the war then going on in Lombardy for the possession of Milan. Vittoria parted with her husband with the keenest regret, but was so far one of her own times as to believe that fighting was the only road to glory; and would therefore no more listen than her young husband to the prudent arguments set before them, that as the sole surviving scion of a noble house, he might be more useful at home. He went, then, to learn the science of war in the field, with the Spartan motto on his shield of 'With this, or on this,' and joined the army at an unfortunate moment, when the Spanish and Papal army met with a total defeat from the French, and Pescara was taken prisoner, being found in the field of battle covered with wounds. He was carried into Milan, and tended by an aunt on the winning side; for in those times, when the greatest men were mercenaries, selling their services to the best bidder, relatives of every degree were opposed to one another, and could help one another at need. The young Marquis amused his leisure by composing a Dialogo d'Amore, addressed to his wife, 'full of 'grave and witty conceits and thoughts,' or, as another account says, 'stuffed full of grave sentiments and exquisite conceits;' while Vittoria, on her part, composed a poetical epistle to her husband in prison, in terza rima, the first known production of her pen, highly commended at the time, but, Mr. Trollope says, too strictly according to classical models to admit of any forcible expression of natural feeling. Shortly after, he obtained his release, and returned to his wife, who for a short time 'con-'sidered herself the happiest of women,' till he was again recalled to military service. In spite of Vittoria's intense admiration of her husband, as expressed in her celebrated sonnets, in many points he was no better than his age. His great military talents and courage were stained, indeed, by a more than ordinary hardness and indifference to the inevitable miseries of war.

'The other scattered notices of Pescara's doings during his campaign are of a less festive character. They show him to have been a hard and cruel man, reckless of human suffering, and eminent, even among his fellow-captains for the ferocity, and even wantonness of the ravages and wide-spread misery he wrought. On more than one occasion Passari (the historian) winds up his narrative of some destruction of a town, or desolation of a fertile, cultivated district, by the remark that the cruelty committed was worse than Turks would have been guilty of. Yet this same Passari, an artisan, belonging to a class who had all to suffer and nothing to gain from such atrocities, writes, when chronicling this same Pescara's death, that "on that day died, I would have you know, gentle readers, the most glorious and honoured captain that the world has seen for the last hundred years." '—Vol. i. p. 309.

Mr. Trollope expresses some wonder that Vittoria, herself so gentle and humane, so incapable, in her own person, of disregard to human suffering, should have lavished unmeasured love on a husband so differently constituted: but as she knew him, he was true, kind, and tender; and even in our own time we are in the habit of tracing many unpleasant features of character to 'the inevitable evils of war;' and if the historians of that time could so regard them in Pescara's case, much more his wife who would hear in her retirement only of the glory, and certainly no details of needless cruelty and oppression. While her husband was thus engaged, the little court of Ischia was distinguished for its patronage of literature and poetry, and many were the sonnets composed to that 'superbo scoglio' and its distinguished inmates. Whenever Vittoria was seen in a more enlarged sphere, it was with pomp enough: as when she visited Naples, on occasion of the wedding of the King of Poland with Donna Bona Sforza, when the chroniclers record such splendour and fine clothes as must make the youth of our day sigh at the limitations modern fashion puts on our indulgence of finery. Even the ladies can hardly equal in gorgeousness

'The illustrious lady, the Signora Vittoria, Marchioness of Pescara. "She is mounted on a black and white jennet, with housings of crimson velvet, fringed with gold. She is accompanied by six ladies-in-waiting, uniformly clad in azure damask, and attended by six grooms on foot, with cloaks and jerkins of blue and yellow satin. The lady herself wears a robe of brocaded crimson velvet, with large branches of beaten gold on it. She has a crimson satin cap, with a head-dress of wrought gold above it; and around her waist is a girdle of beaten gold.'"—Vol. i. p. 316.

Vittoria, who seems to have had no misgivings as to her husband's military career, was forced on one occasion to interfere when she thought his honour imperilled by some transactions in which he was engaged; transactions which, in their best interpretation, have, to our perceptions, the strongest taint of treason upon them. It seems certain that he was considered a man whose honour could be tampered with; he had clearly no code of his own: for, on receiving proposals from the Pope to turn traitor to Charles V. of Spain, in whose service he was, with the reward of the throne of Naples,

'Pescara received his overtures favourably, saying that if he could be satisfied that what was proposed to him could be done without injury to his honour, he would willingly undertake it, and accept the reward offered to him. Upon this reply being communicated to the Pope, a couple of cardinals forthwith wrote to the Marchese, assuring him that the treason required of him was, according to the dispositions and ordinances of the laws, civil as well as canon, perfectly consistent with the nicest honour.' —Vol. i. p. 322.

It is clear that a private education had not suited the Marchese's moral development, that when he got into the world he

was less able to withstand its seductions than even his compeers of more public training; for 'Guicciardini has recorded that he 'had often heard Morone (one of the most clear-sighted men of 'his day) declare "that there did not exist a worse or more faith-'less man in all Italy than Pescara."' It was on this occasion that Vaschi writes—

'This I know well, that the lady Vittoria Colonna, his wife, a woman of the highest character, and abounding in all the virtues that can adorn her sex, had no sooner heard of the intrigue on foot, than, wholly untempted by the brilliant hope hung out to her, she with infinite sorrow and anxiety wrote most warmly to her husband, urging him to bethink him of his hitherto unstained character, and weigh well what he was about, assuring him that, as far as she was concerned, she had no wish to be the wife of a king, but only of a loyal and upright man.'—Vol. i. p. 323.

Whether Pescara had entered into the plot on his own account, or simply to betray all to Charles V., it is certain he was engaged in it; but his wife's warnings, or difficulties in the way of success, hindered its being carried out. The anxieties connected with the affair are supposed to have preyed upon his health, which suddenly gave way, and a premature decay of all the vital forces came on. He summoned his wife in all haste to join him where he lay at Milan. She set out instantly on her long journey, but on reaching Viterbo on her way northwards, was met by the news of his death. She had not seen him for three years since a hasty few days' visit in 1522, and we infer that but a small proportion of the sixteen years of their married life had been passed together. But these forced separations may have even added romance to their union; and certain it is that, thus left a widow at thirty-five, still in the full pride of her beauty, as contemporary writers assert (a statement borne out by the medals struck at the time, presenting a faultless profile), her first thought was to separate herself for ever from the world. Her position is thus described:—

'The exalted rank and prominent position of her own family, the high military grade and reputation of her husband, the wide-spread hopes and fears of which he had recently been the centre in the affairs of the conspiracy, joined to the fame of her talents, learning, and virtues, which had been made the subject of enthusiastic praise by nearly all the Ischia knot of poets and wits, rendered her a very conspicuous person in the eyes of all Italy. Her husband's premature and unexpected death added a source of interest of yet another kind to her person. A young, beautiful, and very wealthy widow gave rise to quite as many hopes, speculations, and designs in the sixteenth century as in any other. But Vittoria's first feeling on receiving that fatal message at Viterbo was that she could never again face that world which was so ready to open its arms to her. Escape from the world, solitude, a cell, whose walls should resemble, as nearly as might be, those of the grave, since that asylum was denied to her, was her only wish; and she hastened, stunned by her great grief, to Rome, with the

intention of throwing herself into a cloister. The convent of San Silvestro in Capite,—so called from the supposed possession by the community of the Baptiste's head,—had always been a special object of veneration to the Colonna family; and there she sought a retreat. Her many friends, well knowing the desperation of her affliction, feared that, acting under the spur of its first violence, she would take the irrevocable step of pronouncing the vows. That a Vittoria Colonna should be so lost to the world was not to be thought of; so Jacopo Sadoleto, Bishop of Carpentras, and afterwards made a cardinal by Pope Paul III., one of the most learned men of his day, himself a poet, and an intimate friend of Vittoria's, hastened to Pope Clement, whose secretary he was at the time, and obtained from him a brief addressed to the abbess and nuns of San Silvestro, enjoining them to receive into their house, and console to the best of their ability, the Marchesana di Pescara, "omnibus spiritualibus et temporalibus consolationibus;" but forbidding them, under pain of the greater excommunication, to permit her to take the veil, "impetu potius sui doloris quam maturo consilio circa mutationem vestium vidualium in monasticas."'—Vol. i. p. 329.

This brief is dated the 7th December, 1525, within a fortnight of her husband's death. Before long Vittoria found another resource as soothing to her fidelity, and probably of more lasting efficacy. Those who can express their feelings with grace and eloquence will never die of them, and are rarely inconsolable. Vittoria retired to Ischia, and relieved the poignancy of her grief by the composition of a series of sonnets to her husband's memory. Now she seems to have found her vocation, and from henceforth poetry was the occupation of her life. Sonnets were the fashion of the day; she excelled in the elaborate graces demanded by this form of verse, and one hundred and thirty-four sonnets remain, 'inspired by her grief for 'the loss of her husband.' Pescara is her 'bel sole'—a phrase repeated so continually as to add to the monotony which is the ordinary defect of this form of composition. The labour and concentration of thought inseparable from their construction, and demanded by her own fame, are hardly compatible with that disorder of mind incident on keen affliction. Whenever a person is hard at work from choice, we cannot believe him seriously unhappy; but Vittoria's heart no doubt really spoke after a fashion in her sonnets, and in the way to ensure unwearied sympathy in her own time, though Mr. Trollope is cold-blooded:—

'No sooner was each memory-borne pang illustrated by an ingenious metaphor or pretty simile, packed neatly in its regulation case of fourteen lines, with their complexity of twofold rhymes, all right, than it was handed all over Italy. Copies were as eagerly sought for as *the* novel of the season at a nineteenth century circulating library. Cardinals, bishops, poets, wits, diplomatists, passed them from one to another, and made them the subject of their correspondence with each other and with the fair mourner, and eagerly looked out for the next poetical bonne-bouche which her undying grief and constancy to her "bel sole" should send them. The

enthusiasm created by these tuneful wailings of a young widow, as lovely as inconsolable, as irreproachable as noble, learned enough to correspond with the most learned men of the day on their own subjects—and with all this a Colonna—was intense; Vittoria became speedily the most famous woman of her day, was termed by universal consent "the divine," and lived to see three editions of the "grief cries" which escaped from her "without her will."'—Vol. i. p. 335.

The series extends over many years. In one of them she laments that seven years have brought no alleviation to her grief, all which expressions a modern Italian writer takes *au pied de la lettre;* but there is no reason why we should so far outrage our sense of the probable, and Mr. Trollope is right in assuming that the whole thing was an acknowledged poetical fiction. She certainly made it known that she had no intention of 'changing her condition;' her constancy to her husband's memory was genuine, but the passionate grief she probably never dreamt would be taken for literal fact. Love was the stock subject of poetry in those days of the renaissance; the only form of the passion suited to her position and character was this constant love for her dead husband. To see the thing as her contemporaries saw it, we must regard it from a literary point of view.

'The passion-poetry which addressed itself to the memory of one no more, met the requirements of the case exactly, and Vittoria's ten years' despair and lamentations, her apotheosis of the late cavalry captain, and longing to rejoin him, must be regarded as poetical properties brought out for use when she sat down to make poetry for the perfectly self-conscious though very laudable purpose of acquiring for herself a poet's reputation. But it must not be supposed that anything in the nature of hypocrisy was involved in the assumption of the poetical rôle of the inconsolable widow. Everybody understood that the poetess was only making poetry, and saying the usual and proper things for that purpose.'—Vol. i. p. 344.

And if any of our readers are repelled by this view, let them consider how slowly the world has learnt to express its fresh and actual feelings in print. We have no doubt that the attempt would have been an indecorum in Vittoria's day, like entering into company in dishabille. Thoughts and emotions must be dressed up to be presentable; they must have the sanction of precedent and authority. In fact, there was a certain reserve hidden under all this passionate language, which was known to be poetical rather than natural.

In 1530 she visited Rome, and took intense interest in the discovery of precious antiquities which was then occurring. Here her presence was valued and her words treasured up. Her exclamation, 'Ah, happy they who lived in days so full of 'beauty!' furnished a poet with material for four sonnets. But *questions of* deeper moment were beginning to stir the world of

thought in her country; and in these, too, Vittoria shared with a genuine enthusiasm. Paul III., in the hope of averting schism, had at this time raised a number of learned and devout men to the purple, our own Cardinal Pole, Contarini, and others, with most of whom she was on terms of friendship. It was a period for liberty of thought, before men saw to what their speculations might lead. At Ferrara, especially, the Duchess Renée was known to possess what we now call Protestant tendencies; and in 1537 Vittoria visited that city, prompted, as Mr. Trollope asserts (an opinion vehemently combated by her Catholic biographers), by the wish to exchange ideas on these subjects with some of the leading minds of the time. It is not probable, from what we see of her character, that under any circumstances she could have been led to separate herself from the Church of Rome, with which her whole being was bound up. But no such contingency presented itself to her mind, and the great spiritual truths which formed the subject of discussion were such as her whole train of thought and life led her to embrace. We cannot accept Mr. Trollope as an authority on these matters, as he is in the habit of regarding all definite doctrine as 'Calvinism.' The doctrine of free grace, for instance, he seems to suppose was never held before Calvin's time; and wherever Vittoria's sonnets assert it, he triumphantly points it out as rank heresy. He considers the following sonnet, expressive of the conflict of good and evil in the heart of the believer, and the coldness and deadness that sin induces, as certain of condemnation 'by orthodox members of either the Roman Catholic or 'Anglo-Catholic Churches:'—

'Quando dal lume, il cui vivo splendore
Rende il petto fedel lieto e sicuro,
Si dissolve per grazia il ghiaccio duro,
Che sovente si gela intorno al core.
Sento ai bei lampi del possente ardore
Cader delle mie colpe il manto oscuro,
E vestirmi in quel punto il chiaro e puro
Della prima innocenza e primo amore.
E sebben con serrata e fida chiave,
Serro quel raggio; egli e scivo e sottile,
Si ch' un basso pensier lo scaccia e sdegna.
Ond' ei ratto sen vola; io mesta e grave
Rimango, e'l prego che d'ogni ombra vile
Mi spogli, acciò più presto a me sen vegna.'

We give Mr. Trollope's translation, which means to be faithful; but the reader will see that he has not apprehended the force of the fourth line, 'Che sovente,' &c., meaning, 'which *often* gathers round the heart;' or of the eighth—

'Della prima innocenza e primo amore,'

that is, a 'garb previously possessed by the speaker,' which is not rendered by 'The garb of primal innocence.'

'When by the light, whose living ray both peace
And joy to faithful bosoms doth impart,
The indurated ice, around the heart
So often gathered, is dissolved through grace,
Beneath that blessed radiance from above
Falls from me the dark mantle of my sin;
Sudden I stand forth pure and radiant in
The garb of primal innocence and love.
And though I strive, with lock and trusty key,
To keep that ray, so subtle 'tis, and coy,
By one base thought 'tis scared and put to flight.
So flies it from me. I in sorrowing plight
Remain, and pray that He from base alloy
May purge me, so the light come sooner back to me.'

Mr. Trollope's concluding comments on these lines are, 'that 'here we have the doctrine of sudden and instantaneous conver-'sion and sanctification, and that without any aid from sacrament, 'altar, or priest,' a remark which, we need not tell our readers, implies a total misconception of the writer's meaning. That they excited no perplexity in the minds of her friends we are assured, for her religious poems were received with enthusiasm by faithful adherents of the Church of Rome, of the more religious and thoughtful class. Sometimes Mr. Trollope expresses a morbid morality, as where he takes such vehement exception to the following lines, the conclusion of a sonnet, 'in which she 'has been lamenting the blindness of those who sacrifice eternal 'bliss for the sake of worldly pleasures'—

'Poichè'l mal per natura non gli annoia
E del ben per ragion piacer non hanno,
Abbian almen di Dio giusto timore.'

On which we have this forced and strained comment—

'She appears incapable of understanding, that no fear of God could in anywise avail to improve or profit him who has no aversion for evil, no love of good. She does not perceive, that to inculcate so godless a fear of God was to make the Creator a mere bugbear for police purposes; and that a theory of Deity constructed on this basis would become a degrading demonolotry.'—Vol. i., 374.

Vittoria Colonna was the chosen friend of Michael Angelo, and it is her crowning glory that to her influence he attributes all the depth of his religion. She made him, from a worshipper of the beautiful, 'a devout Christian.' Their acquaintance began late in their respective lives,—for he was in his sixty-third and she in her forty-seventh year,—and ripened gradually into a warm friendship, which lasted till her death. Records, by a

mutual friend, are preserved of their conversations, and he was present at her death.

'In her last hours she was visited by her faithful and devotedly-attached friend, Michael Angelo, who watched the departure of the spirit from her frame; and who declared, years afterwards, that he had never ceased to regret that in that solemn hour he had not ventured to press his lips, for the first and last time, to the marble forehead of the dead.'—Vol. i. p. 391.

She died in Rome, February, 1547, in the 57th year of her age. Cardinal Pole had been the director of her conscience, and whatever misgivings or illumination she had received in the stir of religious thought and opinion, they did not disturb her faith in the Church of Rome. There may indeed be truth in Mr. Trollope's view, that this is Italian patriotism:—

'She acted in this respect in conformity with the conduct of the majority of those eminent men whose disciple and friend she was so many years. And the final extinction of the reformatory movement in Italy was in great measure due precisely to the fact that conformity to Rome was dearer to most Italian minds than the independent assertion of their own opinion.'—Vol. i. p. 383.

Passing over Julia D'Aragona, who deserves very little attention at our hands, we come to Olympia Morata, who forms a very fair parallel, and also contrast, with the princely lady just under review. Both were learned; both had genius which won them European reputations; both were pure and exemplary in their lives, and both were affected by the peculiar religious influences of the day: though Vittoria died honoured, praised, and cherished, by the church, and in the faith in which she was born; and Olympia died an exile and outcast, her days shortened by sufferings and privation, a confessor, if not a martyr, to Protestantism. She is a great favourite with our author; nevertheless, he is ill-suited to be her biographer; for she had a strong actuating faith, and he sympathises with her only so far as she forsakes the church and creed of her fathers. Any belief cast off, is a proof, with him, of strength and enlightenment; but where a definite, positive faith is asserted, we are in bondage again. As we have already shown, he cannot refrain from the most ill-timed expressions of surprise, and almost disgust, at any evidence of it. But even under the constant jar of Mr. Trollope's comments, the history is a remarkable one, and Olympia Morata a fine character, formed under most anomalous circumstances. Born in the very heart of the Renaissance, when heathen gods were in fashion, and heathen literature the sole interest and authority—except where certain new or forgotten doctrines and questions were stealthily making their way;—in the country where religion suffered its foulest dishonour in the person of those who were its official

heads and exponents,—in Ferrara, where, a quarter of a century before, the reigning duke, Hercules, had given his son to be Lucretia Borgia's fourth husband, and then thought to make all square by washing hundreds of poor men's feet in Passion Week;—herself a favourite at the same court where now, under the patronage of the Duchess Renée, the new opinions were encouraged, we cannot wonder that when religion took hold of her affections, it should take the cast of those minds who might well seem to her the most in earnest in their profession, and whose views were adapted to her intellectual and inquiring turn of thought. Indeed, it seems pretty certain that her father had early entertained them as interesting speculations, 'before,' as Mr. Trollope expresses it, 'the Church-in-danger alarm bell 'had been rung in Italy:' and hers was a mind peculiarly open to early impressions.

She was born in Ferrara, in 1526; her father, Peregrino Morata, had a high reputation as a teacher at the time when the revival of classical learning made this for the first time a lay profession. He seems to have had a large circle of literary and learned friends, amongst whom the little Olympia seems to have imbibed her first notions:—

'That the precocious child had already attracted the notice of the grave and learned seniors who frequented her father's house, is indicated by a passage in a letter from Calcagnini to Morata, when absent from Ferrara, bidding him kiss for him the little muse, whose prattle was already so charming. And at a later date, when writing to her, and recalling his remembrance of her infancy, he says that the language of the Muses was her earliest mother tongue, which she had imbibed together with the milk from the breast.'—Vol. ii. p. 62.

The Italians have never been jealous of learned women; as the Greeks personified all beauty in the female form, they loved to see their favourite studies represented and embodied in a living muse. This impersonation was Olympia Morata, who, at the time when to think in the old classic mould, and to write and speak (what tried to be) pure Latin and Greek were not only accomplishments of the highest consideration, but the whole of learning—had in her sixteenth year attained a command of language, and a correctness of diction, which scholars of mature age had spent their lives to acquire. The spirit of the life around her had been infused into her being by that subtle sympathy which intelligent children at the earliest age have with whatever part of the world comes within their experience. She had probably no great original genius, but that gift of identifying herself even in infancy with the intellectual impulse of the age, and making herself one with it. The strength and beauty of her character, that which makes her now interesting to us, lies in her

maintaining her own status in the midst of the various temptations to which her youthful fame exposed her. Prodigies have proverbially a short reign; the vigour is sapped by early forcing; but Olympia is an exception; all the adulation and strange distinctions of her girlhood did not spoil her, or unfit her to meet adversity and disgrace, when they came, with dignity and fortitude. The pet of a court returned to her widowed home to be the stay of her mother and sisters, and to devote herself, when court favour was over, to concerns of more absorbing and lasting interest, with all the unwarped energy of her nature.

It scarcely accords with our modern ideas of courts, that Olympia's fame as a scholar should, when she was fifteen, lead to her being installed the companion of Renée's daughter, the Princess Anne, and sharer of her studies; but probably there never was a period when learning brought with it so much distinction, or conferred such positive rank. This was at a time when the Duchess's 'literary academy' was exciting some suspicion from the nature of the topics discussed there; but as yet the young scholar took no part in such subjects, and her promotion was regarded by her friends with much satisfaction. Her learned friend writes to her—

'Henceforward you may give yourself up to your favourite pursuits, change the distaff for the pen, house-linen for books, and the exercise of the fingers for that of the mind . . . It will now be for you to preserve without flaw the good gifts which you have received from your parents—modesty, candour, and virtuous principles, and to add to them wisdom, eloquence, high-mindedness, and contempt of all that is base.'—Vol. ii. p. 82.

Her compositions at this time were the subject of high-flown eulogies; and for correctness of classic phraseology were very remarkable: a point then more appreciated than originality of thought. There is an essay of hers, written between fourteen and sixteen, on Mutius Scævola, in Greek; a defence of Cicero against some of his detractors, and lectures on the paradoxes of that author:—

'Then,' writes her faithful friend Curio, 'we used to hear her declaiming in Latin, improvising in Greek, explaining the paradoxes of the greatest orators, and answering all the questions addressed to her.'—Vol. ii. p. 84.

Her father gave her counsel on elocution, on which Mr. Trollope comments in his imitation of the Carlylese dialect:—

'Humph! It does not quite please us!—rings mighty hollow, at least on the Teutonic ear, all this about Minerva, Mercury, Apollo; king of song, and the wheel of Ixion! Was that worthy old sixteenth-century schoolmaster really and truly scooped and hollowed out by perpetual droppings from Helicon, into an empty shell, resounding classicalities a mere simulacrum of a Roman of the Augustan age? To the Teutonic imagination, the picture thus far realized of our Olympia, seems to present an altogether scenic personage, prepared for purposes of representation: slender, graceful

figure, draped in long white muslin robes with beautiful eloquent upraised arm, "Andres Athenaioi," on her lovely lips, and background of gleaming marble porticoes, and grey-green olive groves behind, the cloudless blue above, and bluer Ægean in the distance! A truly charming picture; and yet this nineteenth century of ours would be sorely puzzled to what good use to put the original, if we had her among us for any other than mere academic drawing-school purposes.'—Vol. ii. p. 85.

It suited her own times at any rate, of which testimony remains in solemn Latin eulogies by men of learning and note, in the tender kindness of her patroness, the Duchess, in the intimate friendship with the Princess Anne, to whom she subsequently writes:—

'You remember how familiarly we lived together, notwithstanding you were my sovereign and liege lady, and for how many years the companionship lasted, how all our studies were in common, and how the pursuit of them continually increased the affection that had grown up between us.'—Vol. ii. p. 89.

She had another friend of the same rank, the Princess Lavinia della Revere, with whom she studied, and with whom she must have conversed on those theological questions which began to be the great turning points of opinion; for, in after life, when religion had become a practical thing to her, she alludes to the doctrine of Election, which they had once discussed as a theory, and which, with John Calvin a refugee in Renèe's court, was likely to be prominent, saying—

'Lay aside that old error which formerly induced us to think that, before calling upon God, it was necessary to know whether we had been from all eternity elected by Him. Rather let us, as He commands us, first implore His mercy, and then, when we have done so, we shall know of a certainty that we are of the number of the elect.'—Vol. ii. p. 102.

That she considered such abstract speculations of small value, we gather from her subsequent review of her court existence:—

'Had I remained longer at court, it would have been all over with me and my salvation. For never while I remained there could I attain the knowledge of aught lofty or divine, or read the books of either Testament.' —Vol. ii. p. 103.

But this soul-emancipation was to be at the cost of much sorrow and trial. She was called away to attend the lingering death-bed of her father. In the meanwhile the Princess Anne married, and when Olympia returned to court, she had no longer a place there, and was dismissed under circumstances which show her to have fallen under the Duke's displeasure, probably for being suspected of the new opinions, at which he had taken political rather than religious alarm. The Duchess had had to make a sudden profession of faith, the reforming party at her court was broken up, and the Inquisition let loose upon the Church. One of its first victims was one Fannio, who was

hung and burnt in the market-place of Ferrara, and whom, previous to his execution, the discarded Olympia, with her friend Lavinia, took courage to visit in prison; a strong measure, and one which implies a mind almost made up as to its future course. The change of outward circumstances was great indeed:—

'It is difficult to imagine a more violent contrast than that between the brilliant palace life which eight years had made habitual to her, and the pale existence, made up wholly of those elements both so new to her—duties and difficulties, which passed in the narrow home, overshadowed by the cloud of disgrace, and tenanted by a helpless family of five women and an infant brother, whose education was one of Olympia's most pleasing duties.'—Vol. ii. p. 118.

Of this period she herself writes:—

'After my father's death, I remained alone, betrayed, abandoned by those who ought to have supported me, and exposed to the most unjust persecution. My sisters were involved in my misfortune, and received only ingratitude in return for the devotion and services of so many years. How great was my grief under these afflictions you may easily believe. Not one of those we had in other times deemed our friends dared to manifest the least interest in us, and we were in so deep a pit of adversity that it appeared impossible for us ever to escape from it.'—Vol. ii. p. 120.

But Olympia was not wholly deserted. The University of Ferrara had been an attraction to certain German students, who had brought with them across the Alps the new theology. One of these, with the unmelodious name of Andreas Grünthler, a distinguished man with a high reputation for scholarship, had there taken his degree of doctor of medicine, and made acquaintance and wooed Olympia, in her days of prosperity. At first she rejected his advances; owning in after years, that she had 'then 'conceived an aversion to him;' but time brought about changes:—

'In that time of tribulation and trial, when all the world had suddenly changed its welcoming smile to a frown; when none of those she had once thought her friends dared to manifest any interest in the disgraced favourite, then Andreas Grünthler dared to woo, and succeeded in inspiring as devoted a love as ever woman's heart felt. Olympia was deeply touched by the noble disinterestedness of her lover's suit. "Neither the resentment of the Duke," she writes, long afterwards to her earliest friend, Celio Curione, "nor all the miserable circumstances that surrounded me, could induce him to abandon his desire to make me his wife. So great and true a love has never been surpassed." '—Vol. ii. p. 126.

The marriage took place in 1550, in her 25th year. And now the Italian muse had to make the great sacrifice of leaving her country for what must have seemed to her a rude exchange. But Ferrara was no longer a place for her or her husband. Their Protestant convictions daily strengthened, and with this the desire to express them; with Fannio's impending

fate before them this could only be done across the Alps. Grünthler therefore left his wife for a season in search of employment, hoping to obtain some German professional chair. After a weary separation he returned, with the promise of shelter, rather than occupation, at Augsburg; and Olympia, after a sad parting, and in the conviction, which was realized, that she should never see Italy again, accomplished a journey of such hardships, that, as she wrote, 'after having 'followed her husband across the Alps, she could have no dif- 'ficulty in crossing the Caucasus—"inhospitalem Caucasum"— 'or accompanying him to the uttermost ends of the earth if it were 'needed.' Even in Germany Olympia's name was known. She was received with distinction at Augsburg, where she remained till her husband got the appointment of physician to the garrison at Schweinfurth, in Bavaria, whither she accompanied him towards the end of 1551. There her fame preceded her; and inquiries were made if Olympia Morata were indeed a real name, because it was generally suspected to be a fictitious *nom-de-plume*. There for some time she lived in peace, and not without congenial society. Some of the correspondence remains with her friend Lavinia, whom at one time she entreats to use all her influence to save Fannio, whose fate was soon afterwards sealed; at another, she sends her copies of Luther's works, which she was very anxious to have translated into Italian; a task her own determined ignorance of German incapacitated her from attempting. We presume the idiom was too barbarous for her classic training; but however much her ignorance of the vernacular might interfere with household management or intercourse with her own sex, it was no hindrance to intellectual communion, for which she felt Latin the natural medium. A pleasing picture is given of Olympia presiding with all sweet domestic graces in her new home; hers seems to have been a happy temperament; she found pleasure in her duties; looked after her ménage, and complained of her German servant-maid, in choice Latin, to her correspondents; undertook the education of some young people, having no children of her own; studied the Scriptures; and translated the Psalms into Greek, which her husband set to music, and she sang with admirable taste. But this serenity was presently disturbed when Schweinfurth became the bone of contention between contending factions, and suffered the horrors of a fourteen months' siege, during which Olympia's household had to endure every hardship. Presently, her husband, who was unremitting in his medical duties, was struck down with the plague, and Olympia in her extremity uttered that prayer on which Mr. Trollope has so much to say. Finally the city was taken by assault, by the Catholic assailants, and given up to the license of the soldiers.

'Olympia has recorded some of the incidents of that dreadful day, in the letter to her sister that has been already quoted. The soldiers rushing into the town in complete disorder, set fire to the houses in many places. "In that moment of trepidation and panic terror," she writes, "My husband and I were rushing to the church as the safest asylum, when a soldier, altogether unknown to us, addressed us, and warned us to fly from the city, if we would not be buried beneath its ruins. Had we remained in the church, we should have been suffocated by the smoke, as many were. We followed the man's advice, and made for the gate accordingly." But before they could reach it, the letter goes on to say, they fell into the hands of a party of soldiers, who stripped them of everything, and took Grünthler prisoner. Escaping from their hands, he was a second time seized before they could reach the gate. "Then, I can tell you, I knew what agony of mind is, if ever I knew it; then I prayed with ardour, if ever I did so. In my sore distress I cried aloud 'Help me! help me, oh Lord, for Christ His sake!' Nor did I cease my cry until He helped me, and set my husband free. I would that you could have seen in what a condition I was, covered with fluttering rags, for my clothes had been torn off my back. In my flight I lost both shoes and stockings, and had to run barefoot over rough stones and rocks, so that in truth I know not how I won through. Again, and again, I said, 'Here I must fall and die, for I can endure no more.' Then I cried to God, 'Lord, if Thou wilt that I live, command Thy angels that they carry me, for carry myself I cannot.'" At length they reached the gate, and escaped from the horrors of the town, "And having my husband with me," says the letter to her sister, "I minded not the loss of all else, though I had only my shift left to cover me." In that plight the fugitives travelled ten miles that dreadful night, till they reached the village of Hammelburgh. Olympia had been suffering the whole time from tertian fever, and was absolutely unable to proceed further; "among the poorest of the poor," she writes to Curione, "I might have been taken for the queen of the beggars." At Hammelburgh they met with scant hospitality; the people were afraid of giving offence to their fierce bishop by harbouring fugitives from Protestant Schweinfurth. Nevertheless in the absolute impossibility of dragging herself out of the town, Olympia and her companions were allowed to remain there three days. On the fourth, though still very ill, and hardly able to walk with the support of her husband, the miserable wanderers were obliged again to take the road. —Vol. ii. p. 177.

At length they reached Erbach, and found a friendly and hospitable asylum. The counts of Erbach were zealous Protestants, and Olympia was known to them by reputation. This 'tenth muse,' with a European fame, arrived at their gates 'utterly prostrated and broken down, almost literally 'naked, and having lost all that she and her husband possessed 'in the world.' The countess succoured and tended her with her own hand, and to her care Olympia attributed her restoration. But she never recovered the shock her system had received. These friends bestirred themselves to find some suitable provision for their distinguished guests, and procured for Grünthler the professorship of medicine at the University of Heidelberg; and at the same time, one authority states that the Elector offered the Greek professorship to Olympia, 'who should more

'justly be called Sappho of Lesbos;' but her broken health did not allow her to accept it.

She set about as she could to make a new home, and her letters contain amusing supplications to her old scholar friends to find her a good servant,—a class which seems to have been as rare, to say the least, in the sixteenth as the nineteenth century. She remembers certain poor pensioners at Schweinfurth, and sends assistance to such as outlived the siege. Her letters breathe pious sentiments of resignation, as she feels her life ebbing away, which excite characteristic comments from Mr. Trollope, which we need not further dwell on.

There was much at this time to try both faith and spirits. Religious persecution was raging in Ferrara; some were loaded with chains, some condemned to exile, others took shelter in flight. She wrote urging her mother and sisters to join her at Heidelberg. At the same time our Mary succeeded to the throne of England, and, to complete the gloom, the pestilence broke out in Heidelberg, and Grünthler had to leave the bed of his evidently dying wife to encounter it. 'But he 'was strengthened in the path of duty by the exhortations of 'Olympia.' Her last letter to her early friend Celio describes her state and feelings with natural pathos:—

'As for me, my dear Celio, I must tell you that it is hardly probable that I should survive much longer. Medical treatment can do nothing for me. Each day and hour my friends see me perishing from before them. This letter is in all likelihood the last you will ever receive from me. My body and my strength are worn out. I have no appetite; and I am constantly, night and day, threatened with suffocation by my cough. A burning fever consumes me; and pain in every part of my body takes away the possibility of sleep. There is nothing further for me but to breathe my last sigh. But up to that last sigh I shall not forget those whom I have loved. Do not let the news of my death afflict you. I know that the reward of the just is reserved for me, and I long to quit this life to be with Jesus Christ.'—Vol. ii. p. 196.

Her husband writes to the same friend the account of her last moment:—

'A short time before her end she waked from a short sleep and smiled, as if moved by some pleasing thought. Hanging over her, I asked the cause of this sweet expression. "I saw in my dream," she said, "a place illuminated with the most brilliant and pure light." Her extreme weakness did not permit her to say more. I said, "Courage, my best beloved! Very soon you will be living amid that pure light." She smiled again, and made a slight sign of assent. A little afterwards she said, "I am happy, perfectly happy," and ceased speaking just as her sight began to fail. "I can scarcely see you, my loved ones," she said: "but all around me there seem to be beautiful flowers." Those were her last words; an instant afterwards she seemed to fall asleep, and breathed her last.'—Vol. *ii. p. 197.*

She died October, 1555, in the twenty-ninth year of her age. Not many months after, her husband, who remained at his dangerous post of duty, was struck down by the pestilence, and so followed her. Her loving friend, Celio Curione, set about at once collecting her works, which he dedicated to our Queen Elizabeth, with the words, 'This book will prove the marvellous 'knowledge of Olympia; her zeal for religion, her patience 'under severe trials, and her unshaken constancy in adversity.' The beauty and charm of her character to us is its simplicity and unselfishness; qualities which seem to have withstood every peril of adverse influences. In a polemical age, her religion was practical, with apparently no element of party spirit; the truths she received she did not dispute about, but they strengthened her in life, and sustained her in death. The most learned and flattered women of the age, afforded one of its fairest examples as a daughter, a friend, and a wife.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of Bianca Capello's history, some of which are probably already known to our readers. How she eloped from her father's house at Venice at barely fifteen; how she forsook this husband immediately, and became mistress of Francesco de Medici, afterwards Grand Duke of Florence; how she subsequently married him, and became grand duchess, with all the iniquities of each stage of her career, we have not space to recount. In some points of her character she is an Italian and disreputable Lady Macbeth. There is astounding resource and courage, but she has not the grandeur, nor the conscience, of Shakspeare's heroine, and is altogether of a coarser mould. Her portrait expresses a stolid, sensual temperament, adapted to a career of great crimes, to which the excessive corruption of manners in that age naturally led. In the leprous and tainted state of society in Italy of the sixteenth century, the lovers of the strange and exceptional find a tempting field of speculation. Almost anything can be maintained from facts which seem so at variance with the first principles of humanity. We may be quite sure that something monstrous and abnormal would result from it, though the good that can be derived from investigating such mysteries of iniquity is doubtful indeed. It is something like studying the human form in a valley of *goîtres*, especially in the case of those chimeras of atrocity the noted bad women of the time, withheld by no scruple, visited by no shame, living and dying the same, and always affecting an outward show of religion; coarsely beautiful, gross in their pleasures, faithless and treacherous, poisoners, and murderesses, realizing the fables of Syrens and Harpies. We hear of the renaissance, but it was the extinction of truth and light, not illumination of any kind, which produced them. It was as

much their ignorance and narrowness of view, as their cleverness, which helped them to their bad pre-eminence.

We do not believe Bianca Capella had much cultivation of mind. She began her career at fifteen, and she had no time for study afterwards. The knowledge which such women get of the minds which yield to their snares, is an instinct, not a process of reasoning,—the fruit of a certain force of character, which beauty will always foster by the mere habit of conquest. We do not credit the deep designs and far-seeing plots which their biographers attribute to these heroines. Nothing checks people of this sort so much as a wide range of observation, and large forethought. Things are done step by step just for the *present* need. Look at the impostors and criminals of our own experience, and we see that with them the present is everything; they face no paralysing array of consequences; remote contingencies have little power as a motive. To be cool and clear, they must apply their shrewdness to the present aim and crisis, trusting vaguely to its befriending them when the next pinch comes. And with these general remarks, to which, indeed, our space limits us, we pass over this class of Mr. Trollope's subjects.

After the melodramatic horrors and splendours of the period of Italian power and pre-eminence, the book concludes in a glimmer of modern daylight, which gives a tinselly and faded effect to our parting impressions; and is intended to do so by the author, as illustrating the decadence of all masculine vigour in thought and literature which had resulted from ages of social abuse.

Corilla, the improvisatrice—crowned at the Capitol within the life, and almost the memory, of some of this generation, and already utterly forgotten—certainly suggests ideas of sham or burlesque. We are too near the fact, and yet too remote from it in our sympathies, to take a serious view of the ceremony, which we can believe to have been imposing when Petrarch and Tasso received the honour, but which turns to travesty as performed in the eighteenth century on Perfetti and Corilla, whom so august a distinction has not rescued from oblivion. But after all this only proves that honours have no inherent greatness in them; that they can do nothing in the long-run to elevate mediocrity. While Corilla's laurels were fresh, they did the work honours are intended to do—they produced more Corillas. Mr. Trollope makes no mention of 'Corinne,' but it is clear that this scene at the Capitol suggested the form and subject of Madame de Stael's celebrated novel.

The brilliant Frenchwoman had, no doubt, been dazzled by so conspicuous a female triumph. She chose to see a reality in it;

to her it was a real homage, a recognition of woman's genius and equality. She rejoiced in the enormous publicity: a woman recognised as a divinity, and crowned a muse in the eyes of the whole condensed world, as Rome affects to be; — by an epitome of the human race. And this in so transcendent a sense, that for a given space of time no other creature was looked at, listened to, thought of, cared for. What a moment for the object of this idolatry! This may, indeed, be called success! Supreme in power, in grace, in expression; absolute mistress of the occasion; none else with the right, none with the wish even, to break the charm by a word; all accepting with wonder, and love, and reverence, the laurel-crowned poetess as the representative of their feelings and intellect—the voice of their heart. Madame de Stael was not the woman to see either impossibility or absurdity in such a picture; she saw no reason against herself forming its centre figure; her feelings expanded, her eloquence flowed, in mere contemplation of the scene. She herself, in fancy, was the Muse. She stood on the pedestal; the garland touched her brow; she felt the inspiration. For once she realised a glorious satiety of Praise.

But we lookers-on see all through a different medium. The question of praise is a perplexing one when we attempt to analyse it. Something real there must be somewhere; but how shadowy, intangible, illusory, when we try to grasp it! We all know this in the chance little dribblets that have from time to time fallen to each one's share; pleasant at the first scent, but bearing no investigation, eluding inquiry or search. Nor is a great deal of the article likely materially to alter its nature or quality. People must learn to gulp it: leisurely sipping it will not improve the flavour. We doubt if there is any human praise that can stand a metaphysical analysis, so as not to lose every exhilarating property in the process. But whatever it is, and in spite of philosophy, praise will still be a popular commodity. It is something to long for, whatever the Corillas who have it may find it to be. Mr. Trollope's treatment of the scene is somewhat rough, and hardly does it justice. His ridicule does not sufficiently sympathise with the actors. Those poor Arcadian shepherds, as they chose to style themselves—cardinals, bishops, lawyers, and whatever they were who got up the occasion—deserve a gentler handling. It was a recognition of the intellect and genius of woman in advance of their age. There was no self-laudation in it at all; and, moreover, for a woman to be able to improvise day after day on a great variety of subjects, always to the delight of a refined audience, was a proof of power. Not much came of it; but this may be said of so many triumphs. Mr. Trollope is ungallantly jealous of the lady's fame, which he

shows by calling her husband—of whom we are only told that he was a Spanish gentleman—a 'Barnum,' and assuming, without any warrant, that he married her as a pecuniary speculation. Corilla, who was invited to be female laureate at the Courts of Austria and Russia, and who preferred remaining at her own Florence, assumes in our eyes some dignity and independence, though she was enrolled a member of the Academy of Arcadians at Rome, whose associates gave each other pastoral and sentimental names; where a good deal of heathen jargon about gods and goddesses was in vogue, and where much grave nonsense was talked in quite another vein from the nonsense current among ourselves, with which Mr. Trollope has a good deal more sympathy. What Mr. Trollope adduces as the most signal sham of the coronation, we are inclined to regard as a testimony to its reality and worth. It is a fact that Pope Pius the Sixth actually charged 40,000 dollars for the use of the Capitoline Hill, and somebody was found to pay it.

But it is high time to bring our remarks to a conclusion. The present aspect of affairs, and the central position of Italy in the current struggle, give Mr. Trollope's work, as so much Italian history in a popular form, a value and interest it would not always possess. Historical reminiscences are not friendly towards the country with 'the fatal gift of beauty.' These records of violent party strife and inextinguishable rivalries do not inspire hope of a united course of action for any object whatever. But the time may be near at hand when the experiment of self-government shall again be tried, and the principle of nationality have its chance of a fair field.

ART. IV.—*The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country.* Edited and Translated by the Rev. J. M. NEALE, M.A., Warden of Sackville College. Hayes: 1859.

WHO that has ever seen it can forget that south chapel in the Cathedral of Ghent, where is Van Eyck's picture of the Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb? The 'Lamb as it had been slain,' standing on that wonderful altar—angels bearing the instruments of the Passion around it—the fields of Paradise, bright with thousands and thousands of flowers—the company of the blessed, martyrs, confessors, and virgins, in their different troops—below, pilgrims and hermits, righteous judges, righteous kings, righteous warriors; and as a background to all, the towers of New Jerusalem, idealized indeed, and transfigured, but still the steeples of old Belgian cities: you have Utrecht, you have Liège, you have Tournay, Mechlin, and others. It would be an interesting inquiry, how far national habits and natural landscape moulded the ideas which mediæval sculptors and painters formed of paradise. Chiefly we mean in the sculpture and stained glass of the cathedrals of middle ages; the sculpture which forms the capitals of Romanesque piers, or which coyly hides itself in the gigantic portals of western or transeptal façades: stained glass which requires many a fatiguing climb up ladders, or winding round tourelles, or along the back of flying buttresses, many a serpent-like creeping through triforia, whence you look down on the pavement from a giddy height; while, close to the ribs and bosses of the vaulting, you marvel at the care bestowed by the artist on the House of God in those parts which not one eye out of twenty thousand will ever behold.

Thus, in Swedish cathedrals, you shall see the heavenly battlements represented as rising in the midst of a wild waste of snow, in which bears and other wild beasts are prowling about: in Spain, it shall be a garden luxuriant with semi-tropical foliage, and where great palms fling up their heads to the sky; in France, it shall be a mediæval city, with church-spires, and religious houses, bastions, moats, and portcullises; in Germany, it shall resemble the court of the Holy Roman Empire, God Himself being merely a representation of the Cæsar; in the Greek Islands, S. Sophia forms the model temple of the

heavenly city, and our Lord is vested as an Oriental metropolitan. It is not, however, on sculpture or painting that we are now about to dwell; the design of the present paper is rather to show how that first of all poems, the Apocalypse, inspired, and moulded, and tinged the poetry and the hymnology of primitive and mediæval times; the Apocalypse, deriving light from, and shedding it on, the Prophecies of Isaiah, the Temple of Ezekiel, and the Song of Songs. It is impossible to tie ourselves down to any very exact treatment of the subject; nevertheless, as far as we can, we will begin at the beginning, and see how Christian writers, before classical shackles were thrown off, were wont to look forward to that 'city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.'

But, first, we must remember how slowly, and with what difficulty, the Apocalypse itself vindicated its position as a canonical book; how the Syrian Church long rejected it altogether; how the great light of the third century, S. Dionysius of Alexandria, wrote and spoke strongly against it. Hence, we must not expect to find its picture so fully employed in those early as in later times. Perhaps one of the most poetical descriptions of heaven that remains to us from the three first centuries, is that of S. Cyprian, in his treatise on mortality. 'Grief, and sorrow, 'and crying shall flee away. What can be happier than that life, 'where there is no fear of poverty—no weakness of disease; 'where none can be hurt, none can be angry; where none can 'envy, none can be impure; where none can be tormented with 'the desire of honour, or the ambition of power? No fear 'there of the devil; no snares there of evil spirits; no terror 'there of hell; no death there, either of soul or body, but a life 'blessed in the gift of immortality. No discord there for ever, 'but all things in harmony—all things in agreement: because 'there will be one concord of all saints—one peace and one joy. 'Tranquil are all things there, and quiet. Perpetual is the 'splendour there: not such as the sunlight which now is, but 'both more glorious and more happy; because that city, as we 'read, "*needeth not the light of the sun: for the Lord God giveth 'it light, and its brightness is the Lamb.*" There, "*they that be 'wise shall shine in the brightness of the firmament; and they that 'turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.*"' And so he goes on for many paragraphs; paragraphs, however, too well known to be quoted here. We are not concerned to discuss the question, whether that most graceful allegory, the 'Tree of Life,' be or be not rightly ascribed to S. Cyprian; at all events, it falls within our present subject, and, as it has never been translated, the reader may not be unwilling to have a version, however rude.

THE TREE OF LIFE.

There is a spot—the centre of the earth
Ancient belief hath deemed it—which the Jews
Name, in their country's language, Golgotha;
A tree was planted here, of barren stock,
That brought forth fruits of glory; not to those,
Its husbandmen; its blessed fruits were reared
For strangers only. And its form was this:
Rising with one tall stem, it forthwith stretched
Into twin arms its branches, like the shrouds
That cross the masts, or as the yoke that hangs
Athwart the plough what time the ox is loosed.
Here rose that tree at first; and here the earth
Matured its blessed seed in coming years;
Long days beheld it stretch its branches high
Rich with the fruit of life: then forty nights
Saw it increase and grow until it reared
Its blessed head from earth and touched the sky.
Meanwhile, twelve branches from its sacred stem
Shot forth and flourished, shadowing all the world
With their thick foliage, and to every land
Yielding the blessed fruit of endless life,
And telling of the death of Death. And when
A Pentecost of fifty days had passed,
The heavenly Spirit, gliding from above,
Shook from His wings celestial dew, and bade
Each freshened bough of that sweet nectar drink.

Beneath the thickest foliage there arose
A fountain clear as crystal; never yet
Or soiled by rain, or troubled by the storm.
Laughed the green earth around it; thousand flowers
In joyful intermixture wove their hues
A border to its waters. Evermore,
Of various age and sex, and rank, and tongue,
Virgins and happy wives, and innocents
New to the world, and youth and eld, were there;
And when the blessed fruit weighed down each bough,
With eager hand they yearned to pluck and eat.
But eager hand availed not, until first
Each miry token of the tedious way
By which they journeyed thitherward, was cleansed
In that celestial fountain. Then at last
'Twas theirs to grasp the bough and gain the fruit,
Luscious with heavenly nectar. And when once
On that celestial fruitage they had fed,
Their minds were changed; the things that pleased before
Grew irksome and displeasing; and the toil
That seemed impossible, with effort glad
They undertook, and reaped its high reward.

O ye who fain would enter that bright fount,
Seven days must first pass by before 'tis given
To wash away the stains of former life,
To purify the soul, to free from death
And ope the passage to the light of heaven.

The fountain gives the way to that sweet fruit;
The fruit and branches of that noble tree
Form the highway to Paradise; the Tree
Of Life to them which shall believe. Amen.

It is singular how little there is in those two prosaic poets, Juvencus and Sedulius, which is worth quoting with respect to our subject. Whatever glimpses of the future world the life of our Lord gives—as, for example, in the Transfiguration—they simply repeat, in the dullest and most inanimate manner:—

Talia dum loquitur, cœlo prefulgida nubes
Circumjecta oculis vestibat lumine montem,
Et vox e medio lucis manifesta cucurrit, &c.

Many of our readers will remember the beautiful way in which a hymn, of perhaps a thousand years' later date, turns the same subject to our own future Home:—

Cœlestis formam gloriæ,
Quam spes quærit Ecclesiæ,
In monte Christus indicat
Quo supra solem emicat.

Glorificatâ facie,
Christus declarat hodie
Quis sit honor credentium
Deo pie fruentium.

And, in like manner, a sequence which has never been printed:—

O quam felix sors bonorum!
Talis enim beatorum
Erit resurrectio.
Sicut fulget sol plenus luminis,
Fulsit Dei vultus et hominis
Teste Evangelio.

Does the reader wish for the description which that most pedantic of ladies, Proba Falconia, gives in her Virgilian Centōs?

Ecce autem primi sub lumine solis et ortus (Æn. vi. 255.)
(Æn. i. 365.) Devenere locos | ubi mollis amaracus illos (Æn. i. 693.)
(Æn. i. 694.) Floribus | et dulci aspirans amplectitur umbrâ,
Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas (Ge. ii. 149.)
(Ge. iv. 118.) Hic liquidi fontes, | hic cœli tempore certo (Ge. iv. 100.)
(Ge. iv. 101.) Dulcia mella premunt; | hic candida populus antro (Ecl. ix. 41.)
Imminet et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. (Ecl. ix. 42.)
Invitant croceis halantes floribus horti (Ge. iv. 109.)
(Æn. vi. 658.) Inter odoratum lauri nemus | ipsaque tellus (Ge. i. 127.)
Omnia liberius, nullo poscente, ferebat. (Ge. i. 128.)

Nor does the prince of early Christian poets, Prudentius, distinguish himself in his allusions to Paradise. There is but one lengthened description of the celestial city to be found in the whole of his works, and that occurs towards the conclusion of the Psychomachia. It is little more than a versified transcript of S. John's catalogue of the twelve stones that form the twelve foundations; though there are two lines of singular beauty, but which cannot possibly receive an English version:—

> Has inter species smaragdina gramine verno
> Prata virent, volvitque vagos lux herbida fluctus.

S. Augustine had for many centuries the credit of the Rhythm on the joys of Paradise, the true author of which is S. Peter Damiani. Some of our readers may remember that the heroine in that extraordinary book, the Amber Witch, when being led to the place of punishment, comforts herself with some of its stanzas; and that her father, the old Lutheran clergyman, allows it rather in condescension to her weakness than as altogether approving of the hymn. We think that this composition stands in the very first class of the descriptions of Paradise; and from the very commencement of the study of hymnology, it has been honoured with the most enthusiastic praise. Rambach, in his collection, seems to consider it the very first hymn of the Christian Church; and, doubtless, were ten to be selected as forming the first class, this would be one of them in the judgment of all critics. Our readers may know it through the admirable translation of Mr. Wackerbarth; or the good, though in some respects inferior version of Dr. Kynaston; a version which, however, does not reproduce the exact rhythm of the original. It is a singular fact that many of the sentences, and several of the exact phrases, are to be found in one of the published letters of S. Peter Damiani; as if he had first written it in prose and then versified it. Tolerably well known as it is, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few of its stanzas, accompanying them with Mr. Wackerbarth's version:—

Non alternat luna vices,
Sol, vel cursus siderum;
Agnus est felicis urbis
Lumen inocciduum:
Nox et tempus desunt ei;
Diem fert continuum.

There nor waxing moon nor waning:
Sun nor stars in courses bright;
For the Lamb to that glad city
Shines an everlasting light:
There the daylight beams for ever,
And unknown are time and night.

Omni labe defecati
Carnis bella nesciunt;
Caro facta spiritalis
Et mens unum sentiunt;
Pace multâ perfruentes
Scandala non perferunt.

Freed from every stain of evil
All their carnal wars are done;
For the flesh made spiritual
And the soul agree in one;
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment;
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Hic perenne tenent esse,
  Nam transire transiit;
Inde virent, vigent, florent;
  Corruptela corruit
Immortalis vigor atræ[1]
  Mortis jus absorbuit.

Here they live in endless being
  Passingness has passed away,
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,
  For decayed is all decay;
Lasting energy hath swallowed
  Darkling death's malignant sway.

Felix cœli quæ præsentem
  Regem cernit anima:
Et sub sede spectat altâ
  Orbis volvi machinam;
Solem, lunam, et globosa
  Cum planetis sidera.

Who shall see heav'n's monarch present,
  Oh, how blest that happy soul!
And beneath its throne of glory
  See the orbs of nature roll,
Sun and moon and stars and planets,
  As they course around the pole.

This stanza, we may observe in passing, is an imitation, or rather a transfiguration, of those lines of Virgil—

Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

Christe, palma bellatorum,
  Hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum
  Militare cingulum:
Fac consortem donativi
  Beatorum civium.

CHRIST, Thy soldier's palm of honour,
  To this city bright and free
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle
  I shall cast away from me:
A partaker in Thy bounty
  With Thy blessed ones to be.

Præbe vires inexhausto
  Laboranti prælio;
Ut quietem post præcinctum
  Debeas emerito;
Teque merear potiri
  Sine fine præmio. Amen.

Grant me vigour, while I labour
  In the ceaseless battle pressed;
That Thou may'st, the conflict over,
  Give me everlasting rest;
And I may at length inherit
  Thee, my portion ever blest. Amen.

It is not wonderful that this magnificent hymn should have had hosts of imitators. Among these there are two who deserve more especial mention:—our own poet, Giles Fletcher, and a Portuguese writer, Child Rolim de Moura. It may be allowed us to quote two stanzas of the latter; the words of which, from their similitude to the Latin, almost any reader can understand:—

Nâo ha noite que a luz vá perturbando,
Nem luz que extensão tenha limitada,
Nenhûa cousa o tempo vai mudando,
Nem ha vontade d'outra separada;
E posto que de Deos está manando
Hûa perenne Gloria incomparada,
Sempre a vâo de novo apeticendo,
Sem que o desejo fique padecendo.

[1] We cannot but think that,—though, so far as we know, supported by no authority,—*aurœ* is the true reading of this passage.

Seguridade eterna e deleitosa,
Perpetua paz, perpetua liberdade,
Inteira caridade piedosa,
Certa sciencia da maior verdade;
Cidade emfim que fazem populosa
Anjos de tâo subida qualidade,
Que nâo só deste bem sâo sustentados,
Mos inda de perdê-lo preservados.

The resemblance is still more striking in the concluding stanzas of that magnificent poem, 'CHRIST'S Triumph after Death.'

Here may the band, that now in triumph shines,
And that (before they were invested thus)
In earthly bodies carried heav'nly minds,
Pitch round about, in order glorious,
Their sunny tents, and houses luminous,
All their eternal day in songs employing,
Joying their end without end of their joying,
While their Almighty Prince destruction is destroying.

No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace,
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours.

But now their naked bodies scorn the cold,
And from their eyes joy looks, and laughs at pain:
The infant wonders how he came so old,—
The old man, how he came so young again;
Still resting, though from sleep they still restrain:
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,—
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know:
All full, and yet no time on food do they bestow.

For things that pass are past: and in this field
The indeficient spring no winter fears:
The trees together fruit and blossom yield;
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,
The common rose a scarlet garment wears.
And all of these on the Saints' bodies grow,
Not, as they wont, on baser earth below:
Three rivers, here of milk and wine and honey, flow.

In midst of this city celestial
Where the eternal Temple should have rose,
Lightened the Idea Beatifical:
End and beginning of each thing that grows,
Whose self no end, nor yet beginning knows:
That hath no eyes to see, no ears to hear,
Yet hears, and sees, and is all eyes, all ear,—
That nowhere is contain'd, and yet is everywhere.

Fletcher clearly had S. Peter Damiani before him; or such close resemblances as, 'Nam transire transiit,' 'For things that pass are past,' had been impossible.

Schiller was a great admirer of mediæval hymnologists; and he, too, may have had the *Rhythmus de Gaudiis Paradisi* in his mind when he wrote his beautiful *Sehnsucht*, and wrote it, too, in the same rhythm.

Ach! aus dieses Thales Gründen
Wo der kalte Nebel drückt,
Könnt' ich doch den Ausgang finden,
Ach, wie fühlt' ich mich beglückt!
Dort erblick' ich schöne Hügel,
Ewig jung und ewig grün:
Hätt' ich Schwingen, hätt' ich Flügel,
Nach den Hügeln zög' ich hin!

Harmonieen hör' ich klingen,
Töne süsser Himmelsruh',
Und die leichten Winde bringen
Mir der Düfte Balsam zu.
Gold'ne Früchte seh' ich glühen,
Winkend zwischen dunkelm Laub,
Und die Blumen, die dort blühen,
Werden keines Winters Raub.

Ach wie schön muss sich's ergehen
Dort im ew'gen Sonnenschein!
Und die Luft auf jenen Höhen,
O wie labend muss sie sein!
Doch mir wehrt des Stromes Toben,
Der ergrimmt dazwischen braust;
Seine Wellen sind gehoben,
Dass die Seele mir ergraust.

Neither is it strange that Latin hymnographers should also have imitated S. Peter Damiani. Mone has for the first time printed three hymns, apparently of the fourteenth century, in the same metre as the Rhythmus, except that there are double rhymes. The first entitled,—Of the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, in common; the second,—Of the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, with respect to the endowments of the glorified body; the third,—Of the Glorified Soul. Some of the stanzas are not unworthy of Damiani,—that one more particularly:—

In a glass, through types and riddles,
Dwelling here we see alone:
Then serenely, purely, clearly,
We shall know as we are known;
Fixing our enlighten'd vision
On the glory of the throne.

And that again :—

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

The national stamp is on this hymn; it could not have been written, as Damiani's, in the South of Europe: for autumn, the most delicious season of the year there, is strictly banished from the poet's heaven :—

In te florida vernalis
Perdurat amœnitas:
Ferax semper æstivalis
Rutilat serenitas;
Autumnalis seu brumalis
Procul est frigiditas.

But to pass on. The dedication feasts of Churches gave ample scope, both in sermons and hymns, for a description of that eternal dedication festival when, as S. Fulbert of Chartres says, 'Jesus shall evermore walk in the Temple, but not in the winter.' Open any volume of mediæval sermons, and that in which the preacher has exhausted all his eloquence will be seen to be *In Dedicatione Ecclesiæ*. Great cathedrals were not yet; and in the years when they did come, they were inspired as much by a political as by a religious feeling; but those old Abbey Churches, such as Vezelay, and Cluny, and Alcobaça, and Westminster, and Peterborough, were the offspring of religious feeling only; and when every known resource of art had been expended on such a building, no wonder that it roused and excited to the utmost the preacher or the hymnographer who had to assist at its dedication. Hence such hymns as that grand old rugged one, *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, which is at least of the eighth century. And how do we know that? Because that great, though somewhat crotchety, prelate, Hincmar of Rheims, quotes it in one of his letters. The comparison between the earthly temple and the house not made with hands, makes this, as it has been well said, a song of degrees, leading the soul up from the earthly to the heavenly Jerusalem. This poem was cut and pared away, had all its sharp edges taken off, and came out like a cast-iron thing in the deformation of the Roman hymnology under Urban VIII., when it becomes *Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem*. Santolius Victorinus was more successful in his recast of it; but his falls very far short of the original. As these hymns can be seen in the 'Hymnal Noted,' we will instead quote a sequence on the same subject, giving it, as it is a Notkerian one, in prose :—

1. The Church, spotless Mother, and Virgin without blemish, sings in honour of this Church.
2. This house approves itself the fellow of the heavenly hall,
3. In its praise of the King of heaven and its ritual,
4. And its perpetual light, emulating the city wherein is no darkness;
5. And cherishing in its bosom the bodies of those souls which live in heaven.
6. May the Right Hand of GOD protect it
7. Ever and ever to His praise.
8. Here grace, made fruitful by the HOLY GHOST, brings forth a new offspring:
9. Here Angels visit their fellow-citizens, and the Body of JESUS is received.
10. Hence, all things that may hurt the body, depart:
11. Here the crimes of the sinful soul perish.
12. Here the voice of joy echoes.
13. Here peace and joy resound.
14. In this house the praise and glory of the Trinity re-echo for evermore.

But perhaps the noblest of all these dedication hymns is that of Rosegarten, *Stadt Gottes, deren diamantnen Ring;* a stanza or two of which we shall venture in a translation:—

City of GOD, whose safe and diamond towers
No enemies oppress;
Wherein no tyrant dwells,—no lordly powers
Its free abodes distress:
But truth builds up each story,
And that great Throne upholds:
And glory beyond glory
The Royal Son enfolds.

City, whose bulwarks of transparent gold,
Whose walls of marble be;
The streams, amid thy streets of beauty roll'd,
Of silver purity:
A crystal river quickens
Those flowers that never fade:
And, o'er that river, thickens
The Tree of Life's cool shade.

No sun, blest City, rises on thy night;
Nor moons thy shade dispel:
The Beatific Vision is thy light,
Hence love and beauty well:
The LORD Himself thy splendour,
The Lamb Himself thy light,
To whom thy ransom'd render
Their praises infinite.

Another fruitful source of hymns regarding Paradise arose at the Crusades. The pilgrims to, and warriors for, the earthly Jerusalem, were naturally enough reminded of that 'Jerusalem which is free, and the mother of us all;' and many and many a

pilgrim song, or hymn, or ballad, remain to tell us of their zeal and their love. One of the most striking of these, and which seems to be of the twelfth century, shall here follow:—

Appropinquat enim dies
In quâ justis erit quies;
Quâ cessabunt persequentes
Et regnabunt patientes.

Dies illa, dies vitæ,
Dies lucis inauditæ,
Quâ nox omnis destruetur
Et mors ipsa morietur.

Ecce rex desideratus
Et a justis expectatus,
Jam festinat exoratus
Ad salvandum præparatus.

Apparebit, non tardabit;
Veniet ac demonstrabit
Gloriam quam mereantur
Qui pro fide tribulantur.

O quam dulce, quam jucundum,
Erit tunc odisse mundum;
Et quam triste, quam amarum
Habuisse mundum carum.

O beati tunc lugentes,
Irrisores irridentes;
Quibus seculi pressura
Regna dat semper mansura!

Ibi pax erit perennis,
Et lætitia solennis;
Flos et decus juventutis
Et perfectio salutis.

These are pretty verses, but not for one moment to be compared with those of Hildebert of Tours, written in the same measure, and on the same subject. Hildebert, the clever politician, the free-liver in youth, seems in this one poem to have concentrated all his devotion and fervour; and the result is a composition which in some passages presses very hard on the Rhythm of Damiani. The writer must acknowledge that the remembrance of this hymn made the crypt at Le Mans, built by Hildebert, when Bishop of that see, a place of deeper interest to him than even its magnificent, and indeed unrivalled, Middle-Pointed Choir. We give a part of the Latin and a translation:—

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion, David urbs tranquilla:
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus porta lignum crucis,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos rex festivus.
In hac urbe lux solennis,
Ver eternum, pax perennis:
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela,
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto;

Mine be Sion's habitation;
Sion, David's sure foundation;
Formed of old by light's Creator,
Entered by the Mediator:
On a jasper pavement builded,
By its monarch's radiance gilded.
Peace there dwelleth uninvaded;
Spring perpetual, light unfaded:
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth,
None can err, and none offendeth.
All, partakers of one nature,
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.
Home Celestial, home eternal,
Reared upon the rock supernal,
Home, no change nor loss that fearest,
From afar my soul thou cheerest:

Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro.
Quantum tui gratulantur,
Quam festive convivantur,
Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
Quis Chalcedon, quis jacinthus,
Norunt illi qui sunt intus.

Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.
But the gladness of thy nation,
But their fulness of salvation,
Vainly mortals strive to show it;
They, and they alone, can know it,
The redeemed from sin and peril,
They who walk thy streets of beryl.

We now come to the work which stands at the head of our article, the poem of Bernard of Morlaix. This monk of Cluny, then the first religious house in Christendom, composed a poem of three thousand lines on the Contempt of the World, which he dedicated to S. Peter the Venerable, then general of his order, and himself a poet of no mean reputation. The greater part consists of a bitter satire on fearful corruptions of his time; some portions in particular being of a coarseness utterly disgusting to our age of refinement. It was this part, probably, which recommended it to Flacius Illyricus, the red-hot reformer, who discovered that prodigious mare's nest of an early Liturgy, as he called it, which was to abolish the Missal for ever. But towards the beginning of the Cluniac's poem is a description of heaven, or rather of the heavenly home-sickness, of the most surpassing beauty; of such loveliness, in fact, as to place it, without any manner of doubt, at the head of all similar compositions. Dean Trench was the first to introduce this to the English public, in his 'Sacred Latin Poetry' (1849): he formed from it a cento, not only omitting but transposing, and printing in the whole ninety-six lines. Of this, Mr. Neale translated the greater part in his 'Mediæval Hymns and Poems;' and centos from that version, such as 'Jerusalem the Golden,' &c. have found their way into almost all modern hymnals. He has now reprinted, and without any transposition, a much larger portion, consisting of about 220 lines. We will content ourselves with one extract:—

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur:
Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrymantur.
Est tua mentio, pectoris unctio, cura doloris,
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradisus:
Non ibi lachryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.
Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo:
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo.
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus:
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque CHRISTUS.
Lux tua, mors crucis, atque caro Ducis est crucifixi:
Laus, benedictio, conjubilatio personat ipsi.
Dos tibi florida, gemmaque lucida, Rex Nazarenus:
JESUS, Homo Deus, annulus aureus, hortus amœnus
Janua, janitor, ipseque portitor, ipseque portus,

Ipse salutifer, est tibi Lucifer, arra, vir, ortus.
Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons modo rivus,
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.
Ipse tuus DEUS est lapis aureus, est tibi murus
Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora.
Candida lilia, viva monilia, sunt tibi, sponsa:
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.
Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte:
Pax tua, præmia; conditor, atria; crux sacra portæ;
Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,
Tam mala debita, quam bona præbita conjubilare.

For thee, O dear, dear Country! mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness, and love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only mansion! O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished, and smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters, all plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest, the hyssop of the wall:
With jasper glow thy bulwarks; thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded with amethyst unpriced:
Thy saints build up its fabric, and the corner-stone is CHRIST.
The Cross is all thy splendour, the Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction thy ransomed people raise:
JESUS, the Gem of beauty, true GOD and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden, the ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband, the Guardian of His Court:
The Day-star of salvation, the Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean! thou hast no time, bright Day!
Dear fountain of refreshment to pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages they raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel, and thine the golden dower.
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture, O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses, the Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets of living pearl thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee, the Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon, the Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion, and He the Architect.
The only art thou needest, thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest, the Life where death is not:
And all thine endless leisure in sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit, the wealth that is thy King's!

It is this same feeling,—of longing for the home after the exile,—which has inspired many of the most beautiful passages of the great mediæval writers. Indeed, nothing can express it more strongly than the scholastic appellation of man, *viator*, the traveller; and the constant application of the word *patria* as a technical name for heaven. In the same way, such words as *illic* and *ibi*, used without any other explanation, as if there could be but one *there* to a Christian, are very remarkable.

A writer of very different character from Bernard de Morlaix, Casimir Sarbieffski, the prince of modern Latin poets, has expressed the same feeling with singular beauty, in an ode which may fairly compare with any of Horace's.

Urit me patriæ decor;
Urit conspicuis pervigil ignibus
Stellati tholus ætheris,
Et lunæ tenerum lumen, et aureis
Fixæ lampades atriis.
O noctis choreas et teretem sequi
Juratæ thyasum faces!
O pulcher patriæ vultus, et ignei
Dulces excubiæ poli!
Cur me stelliferi liminis hospitem,
Cur heu cur nimium diu
Cœlo sepositum cernitis exulem?
Hic hic spargite lilia;
Hic leti pedicas exuor, et meo
Secernor cineri cinis:
Hic lenti spolium ponite corporis
Et quidquid superest mei:
Immensum reliquus tollor in æthera.

It kindles all my soul,
My country's loveliness! Those starry choirs
That watch around the pole;
And the moon's tender light, and heavenly fires
Through golden halls that roll.
O chorus of the night! O planets sworn
The music of the spheres
To follow! Lovely watchers, that think scorn
To rest till day appears!
Me, for celestial homes of glory born,
Why here, O why so long,
Do ye behold an exile from on high?
Here, O ye shining throng,
With lilies spread the mound where I shall lie!
Here let me drop my chain,
And, dust to dust returning, cast away
The trammels that remain;
The rest of me shall spring to endless day.

The Jesuit Avancini has an ode on the same subject, and in the same metre, probably in rivalry with this. It is the 30th of his first book. Little as this poet is now known, had we to name the three greatest writers of modern Latin Poetry, they would be: Sarbieffski, whom we regard as *at least*[1] equal to

[1] If any one considers this exaggerated praise, we would ask what there is in Horace equal to Book ii. Ode 5—'Humana linquo;'—to Ode xv.—'Albis dormiit in rosis;'—xvi.—'Et me Latine non solitum loqui;'—iv. 4—'Dives Galesus;'—and vii.—'Jessæa quisquis.'

Horace; then, Santolius Victorinus; then, Nicolas Avancini. His ode is as follows:—

Quænam stelligero labilis æthere
Lux mî pectora corripit?
Quæ fax sidereæ filia flammulæ
Me sacris cremat ignibus?
Mens desiderii fertur ab æstibus
Supra blanda pericula:
Sirenumque modos et Siculi freti
Prædones Acheloidas.
Uror conspicuis ætheris orbibus
Extorris patrio solo:
Cœli sidereis uror amoribus.
O lucens facies poli!
O flammæ vigiles! ô Hyacinthina
Stellati domus ætheris:
Cur me Dædaleis, heu nimiùm diu!
Mundi erroribus implicas?
Cur me sepositum terra tenes polo;
Mendacique bono exulem
Irrides, solidis dum vacuus bonis
Uror Tantaleâ fame?
Ah sortis fluidæ lubrica somnia!
Mentem solvite compede.
Jam cœli excubiæ, jam vigiles chori
Arcem pectoris occupant,
Extremum valeas, terra; micantibus
Cœlorum inferor atriis!

Another writer, widely different from Casimir, George Buchanan, the Calvinist, has a very fine passage on the same subject. It occurs towards the end of his tragedy of John Baptist, and is well worth a translation:—

Chorus . . How canst thou leave thine own disciples orphans?
John Bapt. He cannot be an orphan who hath GOD
To be his father.
Chorus . . Canst thou not be moved
By friends and kindred whom thou leav'st a prey
To all the malice of a tyrant's hate?
John Bapt. I leave them not,—am rather left by them.
This is the law that from the world's beginning
Is man's appointed lot; that each day leads
Nearer and nearer to the goal of death:
Death, GOD'S own heaviest terror to the ill,
But to the good, a port; the entrance gate
To longer life; which sends us to our home,
The Home of glorious light, in truth reborn
Rather than dead: the herald that sets free
Each mortal from his prison, and that gives him
Access to life that cannot taste of death.
So went the Fathers to their heavenly seats;
So we shall follow. Who, some stormy night,
Wandering and tempest-tost, would fear to enter

The quiet harbour? What poor exile, pressing
With weary steps through tedious plains of sand,
Would grieve if called again to see his home?
Now, almost freed from this wild gulf of life,
I see the shore at hand; I hasten home
From sorrow and from exile; home indeed,
For there my Father lives; my Father He
Who girt the sea with barriers, stretched the sky
Above the earth; guides sun and moon and stars,
Preserver, author, ruler of the world;
He to Whom all things live, both quick and dead.
As leaps the flame with many a spiry whirl
Up to the source of fire, my spirit thus,
Whose native seat is heav'n, now yearns to see
The glorious FATHER of eternal light,
Whom to behold is life; Whom not, is death.
If mountains barred the way, and nature's powers,—
The air with tempests and the deep with billows,
The wilderness with tracts of arid sand,
Were all to rise against me,—should I not
Gladly burst through them so to join that band
Of kings and prophets, righteous judges, saints
Made perfect through their sufferings? Thousand deaths
Were well endured for this. This path must needs
Be trodden soon or later, and the man
That treads it soonest is the soonest free.

Utterly over-rated as Buchanan has been, these are fine lines, and about the best he ever wrote; certainly worth more than all that heap of rubbish put together which he calls a Paraphrase of the Psalms. There is one other beautiful allusion which he makes to heaven in his celebrated Ode on May-day. After he has gone through the various common-places of that season, it is *not* a common-place conclusion to add:—

Forsan supremis cum Deus ignibus
Orbem piabit, lætaque sæcula
Mundo reducet, talis aura
Æthereas animas beabit.

The same topic which inspired Bernard of Morlaix and Sarbieffski, also forms the subject of a short ode of the modern Adam of S. Victor of Germany,—the Catholic priest Werner:—

I come from yonder pine-crowned hill:
The fir-grove roars, the vale is still:
And as I wander on and on,
I think of pleasures past and gone.

Where art thou, O mine own dear land?
Far from whose lovely shores I stand;
The land that knows not woe or gloom,
The land where all my roses bloom?

The land where every dream-thought flies;
The land where all my dead shall rise!
The only land, all realms among,
That knows and speaks my native tongue

Sadly I wander on and on,
With faded hopes and pleasures gone:
But still that land remains to bless,
And where it is is happiness.

He that wrote these stanzas certainly felt what he was saying; and the same observation may even be more truly made of a hymn known in its corrupted state to most of our readers, in its original, perhaps, unknown,—Jerusalem, my Happy Home: the composition of a Roman Catholic priest in the Tower of London, during the persecution of Elizabeth or James I. It is well worth reprinting here:—

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!

In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore;
There is no death, no ugly dole,—
There's life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night;
There every soul shines as the sun;
There God Himself gives light.

Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold:
O God, that I were there!

Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean;
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth, may there be seen.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crown'd with glory great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice:
Most happy is their case!

There lust and lucre cannot dwell;
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye to be!

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square,
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine,
Thy very streets are paved with gold
Surpassing clear and fine.

There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Are trodden under feet.

There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound:
What tongue can tell or heart conceive
The joys that there are found?

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks, on every side,
The word of life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnished with trees and fruits
Most wonderful and rare.

Thy garlands and thy gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

There David stands with harp in hand,
As master of the quire:
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings Magnificat,
With tune surpassing sweet;
And all the Virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like,
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their song to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessed saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.

Jerusalem, my happy home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

It is almost sickening to turn from these heartfelt expressions to the fine and classical language of the poets of the Renaissance. They carefully read, not the Apocalypse, not Isaiah,—but Virgil and Statius and Lucan, and out of these they made up their Heaven, or, rather,—we beg pardon for so unclassical an expression,—their Olympus. And what wonder, when even Buchanan could thus translate, or rather parody, the opening of the eighty-second Psalm, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes, He is a Judge among gods:'

Regum timendorum in proprios Greges,
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovæ.

Did any of our readers ever peruse the poem of Sannazarius, '*De Partu Virginis*'? It had the credit of being, and indeed is, the most Virgilian composition that modern times have produced; and the labour bestowed upon it seems almost fabulous. The poet's subject introduces him over and over again into heaven; and a more completely heathen Olympus, Homer or Virgil never conceived. Here is his idea of the dwelling of God:—

Auratum interea culmen *bipatentis* (!) Olympi
Conscendit Genitor, rerum inviolata potestas,
Læta forens tacito sub pectore: mox jubet omnes
Ad sese acciri superos, quique atria longe

Observant, quique arcanis penetralibus adstant.
Præterea quos Eoos Aurora per ortus,
Et quos occiduæ propior videt Hesperus oræ.
Namque ferunt olim leges dum conderet æquas
Rex Superum, et vacua mundum suspenderet axe,
Diversas statuisse domos, diversaque Divis
Hospitia, ac æquos mentis habuisse penates.
Ordine cuique suos. Illi data tecta frequentant:
Armaque, et æratis adfigunt nomina valvis.

How different is this bit of Churriguresque from the heart-felt, heart-uttered, 'first-pointed,' if we may use an architectural nomenclature:—

O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo?
O bona Patria, num tua gaudia plena tenebo?
Dic mihi, flagito; verbaque reddito: dicque, Videbis.
Spem solidam gero; remne tenens ero? Dic, Retinebis.

But some of the strangest poems on the subject of heaven are the 'Celestial Echoes' of Francis Panagirola. One of these we cannot refrain from quoting: its stupid ingenuity and laborious idleness may amuse the reader. The subject is The Nativity; one out of many of a similar kind.

Hæc Bethlemitæ pastoris verba referre
Audita est Echo,—quæ juga montis habet.
"Quis natus?" Dixit, *Natus*. "Patris-ne Judæi?"
Illa,—*Dei*. "Verusne est homo?" Dixit, *Homo*.
"Atque hic idem nonne Deus remanet?"—*Manet*: "Est-ne
"Ut Pater, omnipotens?"—Rettulit illa, *Potens*.
"Hunc quid de cœlis duxit?"—*Lis duxit*. "At istam
"Dic utrum vincet?" *Vincet*, et ipsa refert.
"Litis erat radix longæva?" *Eva*. "An mala?" *Mala*.
"Num gula sic potuit?" Illa refert, *potuit*.
"An Puer hic fiet magnus?" Quæ reddidit, *Agnus*.
"Ipse ait hoc?" *Ait hoc*. "Cur ita clamat?" *Amat*.
"Is majus nostro numquid dare possit amori?"
Reddidit illa nihil quam gemebunda, *Mori*.
"Hoc faciet?" *Faciet*. "Moriens?" *Oriens*. "Deus ille?
"*Heus ille*. "Est forsan causa tua?" *Ausa tua*.
"Diligere hunc ergo par est super omnia Christum?"
Istum. "Nonne Deum?" Dixit *eum*, et tacuit.

But we must not weary our readers with quotations which, though, as we hope, interesting in themselves, may, from their sameness, soon weary. If those who peruse this paper should but be indebted for some beautiful thoughts to which they were before strangers, we shall be more than satisfied.

ART. V.—*The Venerable Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England. Also the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, with Illustrative Notes, a Map of Anglo-Saxon England, and a General Index.* Edited by S. A. GILES, D.C.L. Second Edition. London: H. G. Bohn, York Street. 1859.

THE ideal of a history for teaching how to study history aright, would be a narrative composed from the natural instinct of a generation, to let posterity know what their forefathers had been; composed under the influence of every taste, and every passion of the time and rank of the writer; produced, lastly, by a man contemporary with, but yet standing a little aloof from the whirl of events,—a spectator, indeed, but an interested spectator of the course of circumstances. It must present those circumstances such as they were, and embody the feelings of one contemplating them.

All these conditions are fulfilled most completely in the venerable and most *national* Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. It is full of poetry,—the poetry derived from a perfect picture of a certain national condition,—and of the passions indigenous in a race. No rhetoric is used but the spontaneous eloquence of men who sympathized with their country's degradation as their own. We miss both those two traits so odious in Hume and the Anglo-Norman chroniclers, viz., the narrow-mindedness of caste, producing a theory without relation to facts, and contemptuousness at the spectacle of men fighting with weapons unknown to themselves, and for objects in which they had but a very imperfect interest. If ever a record were meant by its intrinsic character and merits to be national, and handed down to posterity in the memories of each succeeding age, one might have augured this fate for the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. On the contrary, it has been buried in obscurity, and dug out only to be dissected for the amusement of antiquarians. It has itself been totally neglected while served up second or third-hand in the compilations, or disquisitions of subsequent writers. With every apparent condition of popularity, it has been unpopular; because not containing results which may be learnt by heart, but suggestions how to infer conclusions for ourselves. It is seldom, indeed, that we meet with a volume which bears on its face so clearly its own title to belief. Each passage is a witness to the veracity of the rest, from the pervading and undesigned oneness which proves its genuineness, demonstrating it to have been the result of homogeneousness of race and

circumstances overruling the idiosyncrasies of different minds engaged upon it. Thus, the element in it of possible confusion, viz., the diverse authorship, tends to make, or, at all events, prove it a still more exact reflex of the fortunes and character of the people described. Its merit is not the merit of one or two of its writers, and not of the rest. It is a praise which belongs to the book, and cannot be supposed to issue from the peculiar talents or position of individual authors. All these had the same point of view from which to regard the period which they pictured, for all were of the same profession, and when living, as many of them did, in the same period, had the same interests.

Before the Conquest, the policy and sagacious philanthropy of the House of Cerdic bound the Church, as represented by the monks, to the throne. Hence the general loyalty of the Chronicle. Before the Conquest, too, the cruelties and colonizing propensities of heathen freebooting Danes roused all their patriotism as landowners and improving agriculturists, as devoted enemies of the rites of Valhalla and Odin, and as feeling for the sufferings of their friends, relations, and tenants. Hence their universal and deep interest in the progresses and violences of the invaders, and the exactness of the descriptions of their marches and aggressions. Whether it were the private monk who had attended his abbot to the witan, convened to consider the state of the kingdom, or the dignified prelate himself, who handled the pen, and recorded the conference, and report of the proceedings of the foes who had occasioned it, these motive forces were equally at work. But they were not so predominant as to conceal or destroy that underlying substratum of Anglo-Saxon character, which so distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle from its successors. The interest which Malmesbury and his fellows take in triumphs over the Welch, Scots, or French, is very unreal and fictitious. They were caught by the splendour of a campaign, and were glad to obtain materials for a parallel between some rude knight and Cæsar or Nero. Normans as they were in predilections, they were otherwise, even when narrating the acts of a king of their own party, as merely bystanders and spectators of the sovereign's foreign or domestic tactics, as when recording the perils of Alfred or Ironside. The pomp of a court allures their fancy just as does the tradition of a saint. Nothing like history can be expected from them, unless when they have a theme specially interesting to themselves; for example, the horrors of Stephen's anarchical reign, which pressed particularly on them as members of a profession which, through the connexions of their leader, the Papal Legate, with the two factions, and their strivings as a body

after independence of the crown and aristocracy, were especially exposed to the brunt of the tempest. Generally, where their taste, or their curiosity, or their private professional sympathies are not evoked, they are remarkably cold and unobservant.

The writers of the Saxon Chronicle, on the contrary, with a full measure of professional feeling, always keep that on a level, and in the same direction with national objects and cares. This makes it difficult to pick out any portion of these annals as especially deserving praise; for, though some parts are more spirited and abounding in interest than others, the spirit and the interest seem clearly imputable to the character of the events recorded, rather than to that of the writers. The narrative is poetical, but its authors are not poets; that is, the colour was innate in the character of the events themselves, and not induced by the manner of relating them. In the later Chronicles the historians are seen, as it were, engaged with more or less of skill on a gallery of portraits of the illustrious men of the age. But the picture which we have *here*, is rather a photograph,—registering not what the artist, but what nature would. The people we see always in the foreground, doing or suffering; and but little space or thought seems at liberty to be bestowed on depicting and analysing character. The kings and the nobles were men of the same blood, sentiments, and education with the nation and the annalists; their motives were thus seen by the latter intuitively, and there was no need for speculating upon their idiosyncrasies. When the succeeding period has to be described by them, the difference between their point of view and that of the following series of chroniclers diminishes, it is true, but still is never wholly eliminated. Then the race which is the subject of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle was no longer *the State*, but a sort of rude material in the hands of foreign rulers, to be directed—though not fashioned—at their will.

These rulers were men, neither of the same blood, nor of the same sentiments and education, nor, lastly, under the same circumstances with the race of Saxons, or with the historians of them. But yet the latter were too closely dependent upon them and their interests as sovereigns, to neglect them. They became studies of character for these authors, and received condemnation or eulogium at their hands,—but the latter seldom without a mixture of the former, and still more rarely without an implied reference to the bearing of their policy and dispositions on the fortunes of that people which was, after all, the real subject of the history. The princes may be the bright centres of the scene, but only as Rembrandt manipulates a sunbeam, to envelope some point of peculiar interest in yet more visible

darkness. The wars and State systems of the times are referred to as formerly, but rather referred to for criticism, than described as the natural subject of the national history. Characters are oftener drawn than in the earlier portion of the narrative. There are more allusions to national phenomena, and vicissitudes of seasons, and the matters pressing chiefly on special classes of the nation, than before, when, the race being the whole nation, kings, prelates, and nobles were, therefore, described as its natural representatives. Now, the race was looked at in the mass, as one thing; and the lower orders, as presenting to the glance the greatest body, and as the most distinguishable in position and circumstances from the Norman Conquerors,—with whom the wealthier Saxons had a certain sort of analogy,—almost monopolise the history, and certainly possess the entire sympathy of its authors. Yet these latter were the same in rank as formerly. It is the subject which constrains them, and compels a complete *rapport* between the dignified ecclesiastic and the calamitous condition of a subjugated and oppressed nationality. We are plainly told by some of them that they were great and powerful courtiers, and with a right to contemplate the life of the sovereign, and to watch the inner workings of his policy. Still, in the actual character of the history, there is no distinction between the men with these attributes, and the rest of the staff of annalists. They all alike write of the Saxon commonalty, its distresses and interests; they all alike survey, curiously, but with the cold curiosity of strangers, considering, somewhat contemptuously, customs alien to their own, the characters, and plans, and habits of their masters. Misfortunes had produced a very real and genuine equality of feeling and tone in the Anglo-Saxon race. They were forced to make common cause together; at least all but those who had, from rank, become amalgamated with the foreign noblesse—all, in short, but the ealdormen of the Saxon period.

A Chronicle written, as was this, by various writers of different epochs, and settled in different provinces of the kingdom, but which yet the strong force of kindred blood and traditions cements into one continuous unbroken narrative, finally, a volume which, meant for a minute-book, from the energy of handling and the interest of the theme, has assumed the rank of a history, must be called *national*. While the ordinary reader may find weighty reasons for studying it, to do so is a positive duty in the professed student of history. The labours of Palgrave and Kemble, Lappenberg and Pauli, if not producing highways always straight and level, yet give us a vantage-ground amidst the fens and highlands of the whole period. It is absurd to suppose that the student can ever be above gaining

help from those who have preceded him; that the attention to original authorities will ever supersede attention to commentators upon these documents. Too great an independence may be, not as vicious in itself, but productive of as erroneous conclusions as excessive subservience. Still, these tracks must not satisfy him; he must use them as a basis by means of which to discover more direct routes. Their great end and advantage is that they may furnish us with the rudiments of a *carte du pays* through books like this venerable Chronicle. It is a narrative, in fact, upon which all that is real in the result of historical investigations into the early history of England throws light, and which in its turn illustrates whatever is true in these. It could, indeed, be broken up and distributed, in the shape of notes and references, over any good and complete description whatsoever of the germs of our national character. Everything which should be found there alien or contradictory to its spirit, ought to be condemned or explained away. It furnishes a most unerring standard and gauging-rod of the manners and state, political and social, of the Anglo-Saxon people in the Anglo-Saxon period. Its apparent partisanship, national and of class, its local sympathies and concentration of interest, give it more value, as showing the sincerity of the writer, and as having actually produced greater vigour, and earnestness in his observations.

But, though it is natural, at the same time it preserves the distinctiveness of a work composed by men with a strong professional and national instinct. It may even be violently prejudiced; but its prejudices, professional, as well as national, happen often to be on the side of truth, and, when not so, still have no dissimulation about them. To be perfectly unbiassed, to be independent of the circumstances in which he is placed, is not always a virtue in any writer,—most rarely so in a historian who has to feel out the truth from among inconsistent facts by the *touch* of national instinct. An annalist not belonging decidedly either to the noble, the ecclesiastical, or the *bourgeois* class among the Anglo-Saxons, would have gained exemption from the narrow-mindedness; and the prejudices which assailed all thinkers then. He would have been exalted far above the fogs and mists of a particular phase of society, but would have been, from the very fact of his elevation, perfectly removed from any object of vision, and incapacitated, perhaps the more by the purity of the atmosphere about him, from seeing into the denser air beneath. Thus, to have been philosophically independent of the particular sentiments of the nation and its different orders, would have been destructive to the historian. At the same time, the prejudices of the Saxon Chronicle are very

different, in their origin and their results, from those which its successors suffered. The glance and the pen of the former were directed immediately at the events recorded. The reflection was tinted, and perhaps in some degree distorted, but by the very same colours and medium through which the events themselves had passed; so that, although the writer was prejudiced, his prejudices, being those of the class or classes which, at all events in the earlier epoch, controlled the national fortunes, imbued with no strange hues those national fortunes which he had to depict. Had the monasteries been but a small power and feature in Anglo-Saxon England, or, again, guided absolutely by an Ultramontane policy, then would a Chronicle compiled by monks have been most deceptive. But, as it was, the labours of Dunstan and Ethelwold only represent, in the space which they engross in that volume, the position and relative importance belonging to them in the acts, and policy of Alfred and Edgar. The Anglo-Norman Chroniclers, on the other hand, look on the history of the times through a medium by no means, in its entirety, the same with that through which the events had themselves passed. Not merely had the position of the clergy changed. Before, they had laboured to be, and had actually become, representatives—authoritative, indeed, and often tyrannical ones—of national progress and feeling. Now, it was their object to be isolated, and, as it were, to form a free municipality, or rather an independent State, in the midst of the kingdom, controlling it from without, rather than from within. Formerly, their public spirit in putting themselves forward in all secular schemes for the advancement of society, had constrained the kings to make them their counsellors. Now, it was the sovereign who had to attempt to reduce them by force within the verge of national attraction. Not that this difference was wholly the growth of the Anglo-Saxon dynasty. It had been slowly prepared by the policy of the later Saxon princes. But it was reserved for a race of monarchs who had no sympathy with religious development, to bring out more vividly the contrast between lay and clerical interests. Before, their strength had been cherished by the will and consent of the nation. Now, it reared itself in opposition to that will. But, besides, the learning of the monks of the Norman tendencies was greater, and events were viewed by them, not only through the medium of different, often, opposed interests, but also through the medium of a historical theory, and theories of style and composition borrowed from the classics. The deep policy, and the strangely-opposed lights and shadows in the Norman character, revolutionizing by nice gradations the Anglo-Saxon laws and *régime*, not rudely casting them down, as the later his-

torians would, by the sudden cessation in their works of all mention of Anglo-Saxon forms and customs, seem to imply, were subjects impervious to the taste and the knowledge of regularly-trained scholars with a violent *esprit de corps*, teaching them to despise and neglect everything else. When a writer racked his imagination and his facts to discover a close analogy, even descending to the hypothesis of metempsychosis between the souls of the brave, brutish, cunning Rufus, and the most refined of Roman chiefs, it followed that, though anecdotes of the great men of the court and field might still be admissible, and still afford premisses whence the truth might have been inferred, all general views respecting the whole race, its national character and customs, must have been unattainable.

Even in its involuntary outbursts of blame, triumph, or sorrow, combined as they are with a remarkable absence of pretentiousness, the Saxon Chronicle is more natural and unaffected than these its imitators. The writers, while designing a mere catalogue of national events, and destitute of any pride of authorship or hope of fame, appear unable always to refrain from an expression of opinion, often most impassioned and poetical. A foreign scribe might have reported acts and sufferings; only a native, and one who thought and wrote as a native, could have penned that Book of Lamentations,—the annals of the first four Norman kings, and the sad preface, at once expressive of the writers' repudiation of personal responsibility, and of national self-condemnation, that 'all was as God willed, for the people's sins.' They break, on any opportunity, as it were, from their historical ledger, to record their aversion for any sort of cosmopolitanism. They speak of doings on the Continent with a certain appreciation and interest; but foreigners, as soon as they set foot on English soil, become a mark for their revilings. Even their great favourite, the builder and restorer of monasteries, the magnificent Edgar, is assailed for this one fault, that he introduced 'foreign vices, heathen customs, and outlandish men,'—in fact, for exercising the same kind of hospitality which William of Malmesbury commends so warmly in William Rufus. In the same way, and for the same reason, the religious Confessor's reign is represented as tarnished and tainted by the favour shown to the French prelate, Robert, and his companions; and hence the Chronicler's exultation, but half repressed, though the sufferer was an Archbishop, when the same man was forced to 'leave 'his see, and all Christendom, here on land, so as God would 'have it, inasmuch as he had before obtained the dignity so as 'God would not have it.' Hence, finally, arises the affection for Godwin, though a man 'who did all too little penance for the

'property of God which he held belonging to many holy places;' and for his son Tosti, 'who robbed God first' and then his subjects; and their detestation, on the other hand, for that systematic edifier of churches and reviver of learning, the mighty Conqueror and his whole line. Such patriotism, narrow-minded as it was, is no real defect in a contemporary historian. It may make a modern one paint ancient events with the colours which seem brightest and pleasantest to his own eye. But the writer of the same period surveyed all things with a prejudice in favour of defects themselves, which made him careless of disguising them, if, at least, he had been brought up under the influence of popular feelings, and not, like the Anglo-Norman monks, transplanted from French or Italian monasteries, or educated by teachers thence imported.

But, though the older annalists let their feelings appear in their narrative, they never allow their intellectual development to colour it. Their digressions are emotional rather than intellectual, and we have every right to assume that the inconsistencies occasionally apparent, were inherent in the circumstances of the time, and not the result of an attempt to reconcile facts with hypotheses. The minute variations in their narratives, the bias shown by one in favour of a great earl, by another against him; the declaration, at one period that bishops were chosen by the sovereign, at another that they were elected by the witan, are all evidences of this fidelity. Their authority does not support any very systematic theory of the Anglo-Saxon Constitution, except in its tendencies. They exhibit in the nation such rudeness and originality as to make it very hard to accept Palgrave's hypothesis, that the torch of Roman civilization had been regularly handed down to, and by them. Still less do they bear out conjectures about the existence of perfect freedom of opinion in the commonalty on the one hand, or of the absolute despotism of an irresponsible sovereign on the other; or even—which has been a much more plausible and favoured opinion—of the existence of a tyrannical and independent oligarchy of birth. The king always keeps his place as a component element, in the account of all public acts, whether of peace or war. He is often spoken of as doing what now the nation does, and as exercising freedom of choice in giving away national property. But then, again, on occasions exactly analogous, the assent of the States-General is referred to as having been absolutely necessary before he could part with a single fraction of the public demesne, or even of what appears to have been royal property. The nobles, on the other hand, want that indispensable feature of feudal oligarchy, the privilege of acting at times as individuals. They are rarely brought in as, like the

Norman barons, heading rebellions, and meeting by knots in cabals. They are of right counsellors of the monarch, and apart from them he seldom acts; but his sanction seems as necessary to their deliberations as the Queen's to those of the Houses of Lords and Commons. On the one occasion when they seem to have manifested their right of meeting without the sovereign to preside, their object was to call back the exile Ethelred to his throne. It is true that the mere populace is rarely mentioned; but, as it is evident from the incapacity of the greater landowners, members of the witan, to act as provincial tyrants without some regular name or office as a cloak for their oppressions, that these could not have constituted an oligarchy by themselves, so the equal omission from the annals of the thanes and of the ceorls, proves that the absence of notice of the latter is no proof of the supremacy of the former, the landed aristocracy, as a body. The germ of the practical freedom we enjoy was produced among the Anglo-Saxons, but not guarded by the artificial barriers and distinctions which the experience, and suspicions of a more civilized age have raised about us. We perceive, in the Chronicle, the monarch acting as the representative of the State, but acting by the advice of the 'great and wise men' of his realm. The richest and furthest-descended of the nobles were his counsellors, and had a virtual monopoly of office. They were controlled, not within any regular or definite limits, but, as the last resource, by force of arms, wielded, as in the mutiny of Northumbria against the viceroy Tosti, by the landowners of the neighbourhood. The burghers had a slight influence through the influence of money, and the instinct of lords of the soil, whether Danish, Saxon, or Norman, that trade must have security in order to flourish. Lastly, the ceorls, being the tenants of the thanes, were protected by them from the aggressions of other seigneurs, for their own interest, and as a matter of pride and honour. But safeguards of liberty, existing in the shape of recognised charters and institutions, are not described by the early chroniclers, for the simple reason that there were none such.

In the same way, we miss that numerical harmony which later writers looked for, or fancied they had discovered, in the local divisions of Anglo-Saxon England. From an escape from this source of error, we are indebted, in a great measure, to the diverse authorship of the volume. Had the whole record been the work of a monk of the capital of the royal province, Winchester, we should, probably, have had exhibited to us the semblance of a national unity which would have existed only in the fancy and vanity of the West-Saxon annalist. A succession of monks, now of Peterborough, now of Canterbury, now of Abing-

don, reveal the distinctions between England in its then condition as a confederacy, in which, eventually, the same man occupied the throne of each separate member of the league, and its subsequent state as one kingdom, indivisible even in conception, in their true proportions, and yet in no more than their true proportions. We see a whole country the heritage of one nation, yet broken up, so far as constitution, into many independent units with the same tendency and direction; and that, apparently, not from any artificial agency, but the spontaneous and natural effect of a similarity of circumstances and popular character. A distinct period, styled the Heptarchy, is proved to be a fiction, not because we have it demonstrated to us that there never existed that splitting up of the land into distinct states, but because no definite period can be assigned as the time when all were consolidated. So far as records go, we are unable to discover that, in principle, or even in practice, were the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons at any time very unlike. So far, again, as records go, we are unable to point to any single epoch when Mercia, Northumbria, or East Anglia, made, with Wessex and the South-Eastern provinces, one compact kingdom. Everything is in a state of change and modification, perhaps development. The precipitate is only discovered on the sudden fusion of the elements which the rude shock of the Norman Conquest brought about. Yet it is difficult always to rest satisfied with such a conclusion, so unsystematic, so incomplete. It makes England seem an exception to the general condition of the kingdoms of Europe, which were formed out of the dissolved mass of the Roman empire.

It is this very want of system, and incompleteness which warrants the truth of the narrative. But it is the actual facts and course of the nation's life from which these seeming defects proceed. They are not the fault of the chronicler, but of his subject; not even of the race, but of its circumstances. It was persecuted and worried on every side till its very history loses unity, and the existence of a real beating heart within the mass is scarcely recognised. In the multitude of sides which it had to present to assailants from within and without, we lose the effect of a single panorama; for against these attacks each division and section had to develop, for its own protection, independent vitality, till we almost forget to see anything great or noticeable in the multitude of independent repetitions of woes, however nobly endured. When we are led to comprehend that the annalist is following the facts, that there were various sides, but one form, and one reservoir with so many distinct streams, our appreciation of the merits not only of the historian, but also of the people, apart from its interest as containing the germ of our own England, becomes clear and vivid. We see that

the nation was not one which originally had had a tendency to tumble to pieces from anarchy and incapacity for self-maintenance, but that it had been long lacerated and torn by attacks from without.

It is, indeed, a race well worth studying for itself. Not yet condensed into one body, it was then, and continued to be, spite of interruptions, in process of growing into a great kingdom. In addition to, and in close juxtaposition with indications of a grave, statesmanlike, and self-governing temperament, are found in the Chronicle abundant tokens of a brightness and mobility, as well as solidity of genius. The Anglo-Saxon is often spoken of as prosaic, dull, and matter-of-fact; while with the name of Norman are associated dreams of the Crusaders and knights-errant. Nothing can be more fallacious. The former was, and is, matter-of-fact, it is true, but neither dull nor prosaic. Poetry is the birthright of his stock; it was not the amusement, but part of the substance of his life. It breathes in his history, it even lights up his laws:—'Let him who burns 'trees in a forest, pay the fine for each tree,' pronounced the austere legislator, 'for fire is a thief.' The not less grave history often blossoms forth with flowers of ballad and hero-song. Yet, strangely enough, the Normans have entered into his heritage of poetic fame, and monopolized the credit. Their's are the tedious metaphysics of Gower; *his* are 'Chevy Chase,' and 'Robin Hood.' In itself, the Anglo-Saxon race was far more poetical as being more various: and that from the greater individual freedom and independence of its members. With a tendency to become the most orderly and law-loving of all peoples, it displayed, in the morning of its nationality, more disorder and confusion than any other nation. The cause was that which finally resulted in subjecting it to discipline, viz. the determination of each man to obey only what he had helped to form. Compare the great men of the Saxon Chronicle with those of the later histories;—how poorly do the latter show! The Conqueror's house display, it is true, admirable energy and strength of will, for they, being at the head of all things, had their whole nature strained, and almost dislocated into kingliness. Just in the same way, and for the same reason, the Genghiz Khans, and Timurs of Tartaria, excel our modern European sovereigns, except that wild man in the midst of order and discipline, that Mongol of the West, the first Napoleon. But, beneath this energy, we see a terrible sameness. Chivalry itself had but one side; only, this side was polished. Nay, that impulse itself did not arise to give a little beauty to the dreariness of the Norman character, till the victors had fused with their more intellectual subjects. In one, and this its

more religious phase, it was not so alien to the Anglo-Saxon mind. The Anglo-Norman chronicles are full of tales of Templars and Crusades. The Anglo-Saxon loved to tell of battles with Danes and Welchmen, but could also dwell with pleasure upon a king's pilgrimage to Rome. He could not, however, comprehend knight-errantry. It seemed all folly and hypocrisy to him. 'Hugh of the Temple got much gold here and in Scotland for 'Jerusalem,' and enticed men thither. 'Thus were all these 'people miserably betrayed.' Such is always his tone. For the rest, even those mighty nobles, with domains which were in themselves petty kingdoms, were all formed on the same type, indulge in the same round of vulgar tyrannies, and have the same ambition, or rather, impulse. To the very end of their era of despotism as a conquering race, they were the same, always uninteresting. Cœur-de-Lion himself is but a rough sort of hero, an exaggeration of brute, obstinate courage. As we advance beyond the Anglo-Norman to the English period, the scene opens, and new characters enter. The warriors of the Black Prince's and Edward IV.'s court are of a superior order to the earlier Bohuns and Bigods. But even to the fall of the feudal system, the Norman element was too strong in the English nobility to allow of much diversity in the model and shape. The Nevilles, the finest cast from it, catch the eye from the boldness of the outline, but do not bear looking into. Garth and Harold fighting about the hill, from which still floated the standard of a free people, are a nobler spectacle than all the Wars of the Roses. Cedric the Saxon is as clearly the most interesting character in 'Ivanhoe,' as is the whole novel superior to the unmitigated Normanism of the 'Last of the Barons.' None of the characters of those 'grands seigneurs' had any delicacy of contour, or finish of detail. What variety, on the other hand, we remark in the Wilfrids, the Egberts, the Alfreds, the Thurctyls, Edrics, and Godwins. Each seems to have acted as a free agent. The Norman barons were uncontrolled on most occasions; but their education, characters, and circumstances being all the same, made them act all upon the same principle, and even in exactly the same mode. Their poetry and their vivacity itself were very automaton-like, much like that of our own neighbours, not bred in the heart and affections, and, therefore, with but few changes and tones. Shakespeare is most Anglo-Saxon in character and feeling, yet only one play bears marks of his having had his attention turned to the rich mine of history blended with poetry; and in the character of Siward, to which we allude, he has taken the phase which was most Norman. He saw, indeed, the defect in the character of the classes which he was bound, by the taste of the then patrons

of literature, to depict, and the consequence of his own good taste is the production of that great contrast to historical novels which his historical dramas present. In them he leaves, as far as possible, the common specialities of his knights and barons, and makes them men actuated by various passions. He could not have selected personæ from Anglo-Saxon history; first, because it was indispensable, in a historical plot, to portray the Nevilles, and Beauchamps, and Bohuns; but secondly, and chiefly, on account of the want in the earlier period, arising from its actual circumstances, of sufficient concentration there for the purposes of a drama. He would have found no lack of poetical material.

Indeed, the evident truthfulness and simplicity in the older compositions is itself presumptive evidence of poetical capacity in a people whose representatives could thus look straight at Nature, and not at its picture in a mirror reflecting their own fancy and conventional prejudices. The narrative of a miracle by the Anglo-Norman writers is heralded by a sort of pompous preface which casts an air of doubt over the whole story, or of consciousness that their readers would not receive it, unless either amused into faith or deceived. But the more ancient record narrates everything, even the phenomenon of springs of blood, with the same solemnity and appearance of candour as when a witan's acts are being registered. It was not so much that these writers were in the poetic stage of development, as that they were by origin and race poetical: being apt to discover relations between the deeds and fortunes of men and the phenomena of nature; to record the appearance of a comet or of wild-fire, a terrific tempest and the apparition of many ghosts, in the same breath, and with the same feeling, with which they speak of the exile of an Atheling, or an Archbishop. They insinuate the connexion as of cause with effect by the order of the narrative. The relation of the two events they give as a fact; they do not, seemingly, wish to suggest a theory, or to consider the connexion as a plausible hypothesis.

Most books, even most histories, can easily be broken up under different heads. There are passages which aim at being poetical, and others which deal with what is considered the dry, serious work of history: descriptions of debates in Parliament, battles from gazettes, and eventful alliances from the genealogical trees of Burke. When they depict the life of the people and their morals, they do it as though it were, as though it could be, a separate subject; as though, in short, the people were one thing and the nation another. The strangeness of this our only really Popular History of England, at once of England and the English, consists in the perfect blending of all the details, so that it is only by violence that they can be plucked

asunder, and bound up into smaller, separate bundles of disquisitions. It is poetical, suffused with the fire of high imagination; it is full of feeling, and full also of delicate appreciation of character; it tells of battles, and of councils, of plagues, and famines, and fires. But it is not of one aspect only, but with as many phases and modes of development as the nation itself delineated in it. Such a volume it does not do to attempt to describe by quotations. We might transcribe a ballad, glorifying Edgar, as at once the Peaceful and the Bracelet-giver to heroes, or singing the triumph of Athelstan at Brumby. But such a method of criticising, however suitable for Henry of Huntingdon, would not be adapted for his great original. It would prove that there have existed such beings, from the earliest ages, as Anglo-Saxon poets; but that would be but small and scanty information as to the merits or demerits of Anglo-Saxon history. It would, on the contrary, give a false notion of the Chronicle, to suggest that it was a compilation of ballads and of songs. On the contrary, it only took and absorbed these poetic fragments as describing most really and picturesquely the poetic moments of a nation rising in its strength against the oppressor, in the same manner as it might, at a subsequent period, had it reached so far, have taken a stave from the praises of Robin Hood, or even Wat Tyler. It did not borrow them to lend a grace to a tedious narrative; it does not take pains to make them fit in nicely and neatly; it does not, on quitting the song, sink down into prosaic minutiæ. Indeed, sinking down are words which can never be rightly used of the Saxon Chronicle. Throughout it is penned—though by men whom the Humes of our day delighted to style ignorant, and to picture as debased, sensual, unpatriotic—in a high and lofty spirit, with an apparent sense of dignity in the writer, but as though the dignity and grandeur were essential to the story he was telling. Yes, grandeur; for over the whole scene of Anglo-Saxon misfortunes, as there depicted, there is an exceeding brightness and glory. It was not as though the nation were slowly sinking from the germ of constitutional disease, but as if the blows came only from without. Much of that spirit which is so apparent in the Greek dramatists, breathes almost unconsciously in the Chronicle. It makes us look upon the nation from the first, when the writer was one who could not possibly have seen with his own eyes the fatal catastrophe of Hastings, as doomed, as speeding on to destruction, by a species of necessity. Crimes there were and weaknesses; but the impression is, not that they were causes of the decay, but rather a species of effects contemporary with the causes. Everything in the narrative tends to encourage the same sentiment, or rather sensation. It partakes in no wise of the nature of a prepossession; but creeps over one insensibly

during the perusal of the book itself. The notices of natural and social portents are enough to stock a chapter on the domestic character of the people, and the physiological character and history of the age and country. But the Chronicle weaves them into the narrative, which is, after all, not a narrative, but a scene, as constituent parts along, and equally with wars and tumults. The Anglo-Norman annalists drag a meaning out of such natural occurrences, interpreting harshly and rudely this their great exemplar and authority. This itself simply places side by side the change of human fortune and the revolutions of nature. It does not strive to prove its writer's skill by exhibiting a significance. It just shows him they sympathize together, and leaves the reader to point the moral. This year came a comet, and the same year a hero or a tyrant was borne away to joy or lamentation; one summer, wild-fire burnt up hamlet, and wood, and minster; at the same time came a storm of Danes to complete the carnage initiated by Heaven. Even the phenomena of political science, in their relation to the native population, are connected with celestial phenomena; with the same *naïveté* with which the appearance of 'a star, which some men called a comet,' is related in the same breath with the death of a prelate or a king—no causation being asserted as to the two events—with the same guilelessness is each act of Norman policy, whether it were the laying on of a tax to maintain hostilities in France, or a camp in Wales, tacitly brought into juxtaposition with misery and bane to the Anglo-Saxon. Every event in the records of the race and its land, tells for the conclusion, and sad woful point of the story. There is no break or interruption when the narrative neglects the ravages of foes, or the solemn inauguration of an abbey, to speak of natural portents. All things in nature and society are viewed as having more or less significance in unfolding the history of this one people. But, although the narrative is tinged deeply with sorrow, it is the sorrow of a Hercules burning in the poisonous robe on the summit of the Œta. High endurance, and a proud contempt for their enemies, even in the midst of their victories, mark it throughout. The treachery of the Edrics and the massacre of S. Bride's, are touched upon but lightly, and the chronicler gladly passes to the noble, however futile struggles of an Edmund, when the glories of Alfred's dauntless son and grandchildren were not for his pen. It tells well for the harmonious blending of all the topics of the narrative that, though the whole is charged fully with woe and conflict, the effect produced is so different to that which is the result of reading the Anglo-Norman chroniclers. *They* appear to be always viewing the melodramatic side of history; and, true as their accounts may be,

to be searching the records for a tournament, or, at all events, for a striking fancy police-report. The Saxon Chronicle, with much *matériel* of this special character, forces one to feel that the everyday life of the nation, and genuine realities are passing before our eyes. The difference is great.

Not merely in the selection of subject-matter, but in all else, a most conspicuous contrast exists between this and its successors. Even when they both treat of the same events, they do it from such different points of view that we hardly perceive that the topics are the same. It is satisfactory to be able to come to the clear conclusion that of the two narratives the Anglo-Saxon is, most certainly, as far at least as regards the Anglo-Saxon period, the more faithful, since it is also of the two far more complimentary to the then dominant race. Something of *couleur de rose* there may be. It never says what the author believed to be untrue; but it may be conceded that it at times suppresses facts, not for the purposes of a historical theory, or to catch a grace of style, but from patriotic prejudices. Thus its very defects and concealments have a historical value and significance of their own. The *lacunæ*, however, whatever their importance, are few and far between. A lengthy list might, it is true, be compiled of anecdotes discreditable to the Anglo-Saxon, of which the Chronicle makes no mention. But most of these facts, so damning to the memory of our ancestors, rest upon no contemporary evidence at all. Neither the laws with their graduated register of penalties for all imaginable crimes, nor the annalist with his annals of sufferings cruel and long at the hands of the Danes, reveal any great depths of depravity. It is to William of Malmesbury, and his gossip-mongering Anglo-Norman followers, that we owe the tale of Athelstan's murder of his brother Edwin, of Edgar's cold-blooded and tyrannical severity, of the unprovoked character and terrible completeness of Ethelred's vengeance upon the resident aliens. The same authors speak with a never diminishing undertone of contempt of the semi-barbarous Englishmen, making the Normans, spite of the horrors perpetrated by Norman barons, and depicted by themselves, their types and heroes. There is nothing in Anglo-Saxon history to equal the enormities of the reign of Stephen. But the English were prejudged; they were in the eyes of the fastidious Anglo-Norman monks, all savage and rude, their saints abnormal, and their heroic kings strangers. The later writers spoke of its race and its glory from presumptions formed from the spectacle of the same in its degradation. It seemed, perhaps, a degenerate people on account of the complete annihilation, that is to say, absorption in the lower orders, of the cultivated ranks, at least

for a time. The English were described by them as, even in their antecedents, peasants and boorish, because the narrators only knew, in fact, of Englishmen who were peasants and boors. But who can read of the Harolds, and Edwins, and Morcars, and then compare them with the common pictures in the monkish chronicles of the later date, without observing that these men who outshone the court of Normandy, and were received with distinction among the chivalry of Italy, Germany, and Constantinople itself, must have sprung of a noble stock, although the best specimens and representatives of the higher kind of cultivation existing here precedent to the Conquest had disappeared? The Anglo-Saxons seem, indeed, to have been capable of a high degree of advancement, not to call it refinement. They had, in themselves as a nation, the germs of modern England. But their bloom and flower was swept away by the storm of invasion by a yet rougher and harder race, the Norman; and the substratum, left exposed to the superficial gaze of the annalists, looked rude and stony. A conquest often thus steals away the beauty of national polish, and induces men to rank a people with barbarians as unjustly as men would act in making Whitechapel and S. Giles' the measure of London's civilization. Really, the Anglo-Norman, notwithstanding the plausible completeness with which they invest their narrative, and the abundance of their details, had no real basis for their accounts other than this very Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. The laws they neglected as foundations for historical investigations. The Anglo-Saxon annals were too meagre to attract their audience; it perhaps, too, did not exhibit that race in the inferior intellectual condition, relatively to their conquerors, which the sense of propriety and political fitness, or historical harmony of the writers' imagination thought right. They have therefore attempted to colour the dusky photograph. Athelstan, not born strictly within lawful wedlock, they describe, according to their own notions of hereditary succession, as an usurper. They even charge him with having acted the murderer, explaining, and perhaps inventing the crime so alleged, on the ground that he felt his illegitimacy made him an intruder. Of such a thought he, strong in the national choice, was probably himself altogether incapable. Elfric and Edric they convert, in the same way, into regular Norman-like traitors. Everything in their narrative is so well rounded off, and, according to their conventional standard, so perfectly systematic,—after a fashion which Hume himself, who indeed relies upon them, might envy,—that we have learned to discover a defectiveness and gaps in the authentic original records, which, it may be, have no existence in reality.

It would hardly appear to be, *primâ facie*, inimical to our claim

for this volume of the place and dignity of a national history, not merely of a description of the country, that the great names of Hume's and William of Malmesbury's Anglo-Saxon history enjoy by no means a monopoly of consideration therein. We should be ready to allow that the chronicler may have had plausible reasons for not dwelling upon these heroes exclusively. Had the whole country been in the reign of an Ina, an Egbert, or even an Alfred, one consolidated kingdom, the absence of any extraordinary degree of reverence for these names might indeed have been a fatal objection to any argument in favour of the pre-eminence, among records of the age, of this volume. It could then have been explained away only by the confession, ruinous to its fame as the best exponent of those old times, that annals framed by different individuals, living in different districts, and with dissimilar opportunities of observation, necessarily were peculiar in their modes of noting events. But in fact, so loose during the whole period in question was the unity of the realm, that even, throughout the reign of Edward the Elder, Ethelfleda had most independent authority over the Mercians; much less, before his time, was the right of the kings of Mercia to treat of war and peace of their own free will ever contested. From the first, with the exception perhaps of the reign of Offa, the Saxon Chronicle makes the state of Wessex the type and exemplar of the rest of the country. But in describing that one principality it intends to draw a picture of a province which best represented the whole, not to confound the part with that whole. So, as must be always the case with records of primitive times, we find these records dwelling altogether and solely in personalities, the acts and policy of prelates and kings. But they do not tell of one prelate alone, not even of a Dunstan to the exclusion of an Ethelwald, not of an Alfred to the exclusion of a Burhred. They were intended to give a picture of the time and country. No single personage engrosses the scene. In the same proportion, however, as the prospect really did open, and all England began to grow accustomed to the claims, if not to the actual supremacy of one sovereign, the oneness of the Chronicle increases. Alfred himself was, as there represented, somewhat to our astonishment, and, it may be, disappointment, only the great *Anglo-Saxon* monarch of Wessex, and champion of all the Anglo-Saxons in England against the Danes. He does not occupy the space upon the canvas of the tutelary king of England, because such was not looked upon by these writers as his position. That Hunniades, Sobieski, or Marlborough saved Germany, would be no excuse for a historian who should devote himself to composing a biography of one of them as identical with the national history of that country. Thus,

Edward the Elder and Athelstan, Edmund and Edred, fill a larger part in the annals of early England than this our national hero himself; and for this reason, that, in the North as well as the South, *they* were found exercising the prerogatives of kings. Thus, finally, the Chronicle dwells absorbed on the glories of Edgar, as being the sovereign of the realm of England now first made one. While the later writers speak of Alfred, Athelstan, and, above all, Edgar, because of their liberality to the monasteries, the elder Chronicle singles out the first two on account of their schemes, partially carried out, for the attainment of a more regularly acknowledged supremacy; the last, primarily, on account of his far-extending power, secondarily, for the policy engendered by that power, which made him a patron of the class, the ecclesiastic, which at least was a link between nations, and a necessary instrument in the hands of a prince who wished to be known beyond the shores of his own island.

So as the narrative goes on, each reign engrosses more and more of the chronicler's attention, not, as one is tempted at first to fancy, on account of the nearer approach of the writer to something like civilization, and, therefore, his clearer comprehension of that theory of history, now old-fashioned, which made the writer look to a monarch as the centre point of all, but because of the actual condition of things making this theory the true one, and that which contained the exact principle for embodying the facts. A great warrior or legislator is recognised there as such; but the narrative lightly passes on, unless he were also the embodiment of the State. It is, on this principle, natural that Ethelred, amidst all the calamities of his reign, should occupy a central position, for such was his place, partly as inherited from his father, partly because these very evils drew all Englishmen more nearly together. The sagacity of the first Danish king consolidated the realm eventually; and what Canute had initiated, Edward the Confessor's rule consummated. Ages of almost continuous invasions, and, virtually, permanent settlement within the frontier, had prepared the way for this amalgamation, till the contest became one, not for the annihilation and dispossession of one race by another, but for sovereignty and preponderance in the confederacy of which they were both really, though by no formal act, members. We have this result very properly expressed in this volume by the delineation of a whole people, whether Danish or native, grouped round one man. The *one* sovereign now did at last represent the entire nation, though the different divisions still kept their formal distinctiveness. His predecessors had been passed over cursorily, however eulogistically, because they did not. But the spectacle of such apparent *eventual* unity, though succeeding centuries of disunion,

dazzled the eyes of the historians of the Anglo-Norman period, and made them ascribe, as does—following them, and some preconceptions of his own, and prejudices in favour of the same conclusion—our own Hume, the instances of petty State-governments in the age preceding Egbert to the ignorance and provincialism of the native writers, rather than to the circumstances of the times. They endeavoured to cure the constitutional disease of the facts, which showed a complete want of system, by assuming, on all occasions, the Prince of Wessex, or, in earlier days, of Kent, Northumbria, or Mercia, to have been *de jure* and *de facto* King of England.

A difference in their historical point of view is another and more creditable cause of the contrast to the Saxon recorders which the Anglo-Norman annalists display when treating of the same periods and events. When the subject is the period succeeding the Conquest, both sets of writers maintain the same absolute position; but the relative inferiority of the later ones, it must be confessed, greatly diminishes from the nature of their subject-matter, having now come more within the radius of the light which their torches can throw upon it. The Saxon Chronicle is the history of a race at one epoch conquering, at another subject. Its writers have a closer sympathy with the soil itself than with that of any other country. They do not dwell on the glories and sufferings of Pendragon and Arthur with tender interest; these heroes were nothing to them but enemies of the Anglo-Saxons. When the dominion of their race is established, its heroes and kings are naturally the subjects on whom they concentrate all attention. The fact of their having tried to demonstrate their claim to stand forth as the chroniclers of the race by describing only the masses, would, instead of being a proof of that right, have been a most suspicious circumstance. They care for the whole nation, and show this by taking for its representatives, in the period of its independence, ealdormen, prelates, and kings. But though the authors of the volume were the casual historical teachers of widely separated monasteries, from the very first, along with naturally a greater minuteness as to the events of the neighbourhood of the then writer, a general thoughtfulness is shown respecting the fortunes of the whole commonwealth; Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, are in it manifestly regarded as constituting one nation. Again, while the 'great men' and the 'wise men' are its personæ, it attends to the events, dearths, ravages, and pestilences, and, especially, the signs and portents, which affect the populace. We must repeat, that the race is the sole direct object of its interest, and the nobles and court as representing the race.

How different is the spirit with which it enters upon the Anglo-Norman period. The Conquest was properly and immediately the catastrophe, in a war of king against king, of William against Harold. Throughout the whole affair there is something intensely personal. The two chief personages are always being brought face to face in deadly and deliberate opposition. Yet, as soon as the conflict has terminated, the character of the war, such as it was at its outset, seems forgotten, so far at least as the outward form and plan of the narrative is concerned. The victorious monarch is treated as having a legitimate right to his throne. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, though designed for an account of England, takes for its apparent centre the man at the head of the Council, Court, and Church; and, indeed, could not have done otherwise consistently with the origin of the record, a compilation probably from the secretary's minutes, brought back to the abbey by deputed monks and abbots, of the proceedings in Gloucester, Winchester, or London. The death or misfortunes of a prince excited the pity or indignation of men personally, who had perhaps beheld his state, and received favours at his hand. But, as historians, they had to do with the *de facto* ruler, and not with the steps by which he had risen to or descended from his lofty station. As ecclesiastics, too, set in the midst of semi-barbarism, and from their riches ever exposed to the envy and covetousness of neighbouring feudal lords, a king, of whatever disposition, was looked upon by them, professionally, with interest (if not with good will), if only he proved himself possessed of royal determination, and a will to maintain peace in the land.

In short, as historians of the race, they still thought it necessary to describe its rulers, though aliens and tyrants. But even the writers who knew the court, and speak with authority of a sovereign's character, yet affect the coldness of foreign critics, not the affection, or the hatred of subjects. Cold respect is paid to them as rulers *de facto;* but they have no love for them as sovereigns *de jure.* They praise them fully for all the instances of good government they discover in their administration—for the Saxon race from the first had an instinct for law and order—but they understand the reason by which these oppressors were induced to maintain justice; they see in it not the patriotism of Alfred, but the selfishness of sentinels set to guard the soldiers' booty from camp-followers. Bitter is the emphasis with which they dwell upon the facility with which every petty object of continental princes' ambition seduced them into becoming themselves perpetrators of the selfsame oppressions for which they had the moment before been chastising a dangerously powerful baron. Nothing is more

noteworthy, more suggestive, than the strange, and, at first sight, apparently contradictory way in which the man who held the pen for the time mingles with his praises censure, and almost anathemas. 'Mild,' he tells us, 'was the Conqueror to 'those good men who loved God,' but 'a very stern and wrath-'ful prince,' establishing 'such good order, that any man 'might travel with his bosom full of gold.' Then comes the blame, with no softening shades between: 'He was a builder 'of castles and oppressor of the poor, taking money, and with 'little need, being given to avarice.' So, again (and with, spite of the Saxon approval of good government, whatever the machinery, a Saxon's equal and contemporaneous loathing of tyranny), 'All must will that the king willed, if they 'would live and keep their lands.... Alas! that any man 'should carry himself in his pride over all! May God 'Almighty show mercy to his soul!' Thus did not the Alfreds and the Edgars, though they were strong-handed, sometimes indeed red-handed, as well as strong-minded monarchs. Their acts were not double-faced, like the policy of the Norman dynasty. They did not contain within them tokens that this strict and impartial discipline, forced on yeoman and lord, was intended by the sovereign as an engine of self-aggrandizement.

Besides, whatever the true motive in the background, a Norman prince's measures were regarded from behind a strong barrier of prejudice. If the act looked good for the country, still men who hated all that was English must, they believed, have some ulterior design in it. Even the miserable folly and weakness of Ethelred, which betrayed a kingdom to its enemies, is not blamed as a public crime, but rather pitied as a calamity to the king himself. The tranquillity preserved by William the Conqueror and Henry I. is made an occasion for bitter, though covert execrations. Moreover, the Chronicle, though still, as we have said, dealing with kings and nobles, is no longer, as before, a history, properly speaking, of the *kingdom*. The race was previously merged in the kingdom; now it is separate and a distinct subject. It is as though a man were writing a history of the Poles: biographies of Casimir and Sobieski would be essential constituents, but not of the Emperors Constantine and Alexander. Great public events are noticed, but only for their relation to some misery or oppression of the Saxons flowing out of them. Every triumph or reverse of the Norman lords on the Continent or in Wales has, in their eyes, besides, and far above its public significance, a domestic and gloomy meaning relatively to the unhappy natives. Taxes and death, famine and plague, have a regular and logical sequence, seldom broken or interrupted in the pages of the Chronicle now. Local

portents and incidents take up a more prominent position than formerly, and seem all to have an undercurrent of meaning, relatively that is, to the government of the Normans.

As might be supposed, this being the case, the policy of the kings is not very clearly marked. The Chronicle does not care to discover the reason of their acts; it contents itself with pointing out how great and invariable a pest each of these acts proved to their new subjects. The Anglo-Norman chroniclers are not nearly so much national historians, in the more modern sense of national, though they approved apparently of the popular idea of that office. They do not seem to comprehend the possibility of being called upon for any notice of the state of the people, or even of the way in which the acts of their lords affected them. For them, the relation of those acts of one man to another of the same rank, monarch, prelate, or noble, is the sum and entire scope of history. Yet this is not so surprising, when we consider how the seigneur did really monopolize all the opportunities of action; how the tenantry and burghers were, practically, treated as existing for him. It is the contrary phenomenon in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle which more legitimately startles us. It is not that separate paragraphs are devoted to statements of the condition of the multitude, not even that it goes out of its way to describe the masses, but that they seem to come in its way; that the bearing upon their happiness of the doings of their superiors is noticed as proper matter of history. The Anglo-Saxons seem forgotten by the Anglo-Norman historians, except when, in panegyrizing a king, they sum up his praises by declaring, with the effrontery of ignorance, that a man (Henry I.) who worked out order by open tyranny, and was hated accordingly, 'ruled the people with moderation,' and was 'for the rectitude of his conduct beloved by them in return.' If this were the sum of their short-comings it would be venial. Kings and nobles were so pre-eminent in the times succeeding the Conquest as to be rightly made the great centres of the narrative. But the earlier epoch has been described by them just as though a selfish caste-domination had always been the normal state of things. The difference between the two periods, as portrayed by them, does not strike the mind, because in their account kings and nobles appear as distinct and isolated a race in the former as in the latter epoch. Their theory of the Saxon-government is copied from their knowledge of the Norman; and some modern historians, when writing of the same times, have copied them. The nation at both epochs is not considered so much as represented by these castes as identified with them.

Consequently, there is an unreal appearance of completeness

and unity about the Anglo-Norman descriptions of the earlier period, as well as of their own, which has deceived posterity. The converse charge can scarcely be alleged against their predecessors. The Anglo-Saxon chroniclers wrote at the time. They wrote, too, as a matter of business, and from a feeling of their obligation to preserve the memory of the present, which must soon become the past, and, but for them, the forgotten. Their successors, on the other hand, composed from a love of fame, or as regular professors of history in the monasteries, which were then, as afterwards, great places of education. The former had no present by which to interpret the past; no foreign habits and modes of expression for which to seek distant analogies in another time and other customs; no semi-foreign race to conciliate to the task of listening to what did not directly concern their own race and constitution, by describing the similarity as greater between themselves and their subjects than between their subjects and them. Hence, composing from their own narrow point of view, their gaze was not distracted. They saw what they did see clearly, and, not discovering obscurity in it themselves, they did not attempt, what with the chaotic state of things, and their meagre conceptions of the idea, would have been of doubtful success, the task of elaborating the image of a constitution. At the same time, they avoided the temptation to centralize all scattered facts round the powerful focus of some hypothesis. They described what they were perfectly acquainted with, and, not imagining that they could be obscure to any who might take interest in the same events, they fortunately use the expressions which were then in vogue for daily occasions, and not those which might, by their cosmopolitan vagueness, have appeared to them more likely to be intelligible to men ignorant of the period and race.

While making no attempt to interpret the hated new constitution as merely an aspect of the old, which they adored, at the same time they could not conceal resemblances between the two, or the existence of relics of the one in the other. We perceive from them, what we should never else have learned, or but very imperfectly, from the later series of chroniclers, that the Conqueror and his progeny looked upon themselves as successors of the descendants of Egbert, and desired to be so regarded by their subjects. Thus the two Williams, and Henry, and Stephen, wore their crowns before their subjects, and kept their high festivals at the same places and in the same order as their predecessors. The Anglo-Norman writers, however, saw in these solemn progresses only the desire to astonish foreigners, and not the intention of nourishing in their new vassals, by the spectacle of the maintenance of old forms, the

belief that fealty was owing to them by a *quasi* right of inheritance. So, again, the Anglo-Normans, with their love of the splendid and imposing, dwell exultingly on the pageant of the magnificent Edgar the Peaceful on the Dee at Chester, with his regal regatta. They speak of it as though it had been a grand show, got up simply to exhibit that monarch's widely extended sway. The Saxon Chronicle, by its casual expressions, intimates that it took place on the occasion of the customary progress through his dominions, after the coronation, of the Anglo-Saxon king (whom it styles before the ceremony most significantly, but unconsciously, the Etheling, or Crown Prince, though now in the fourteenth year of his reign). It was when he went to be installed king in the different provinces, each still maintaining the claim of choosing its own sovereign, and of not being bound, at least in theory, by the election of Wessex, that these, the more distant dependents of his sway, assembled all together at one city to render him their homage. It intimates, too, by its reproaches of the same sovereign's love for foreign fashions and foreign favourites, that the English sovereigns were now attempting to join the confederacy of European potentates, and to bring the free Anglo-Saxon under the sway of that systematic feudalism which alone, they perhaps thought, could properly protect a kingdom against the unforeseen attacks of an enemy like the Dane. This is alluded to as being planned by Edgar, in the oath administered to the vassal princes at Chester that they would be 'his faithful *fellow-workers.*' It also suggests that that king did not, spite of his surname, 'the Peaceful,' quietly succeed to the supremacy over all England; but that Edwy and the secular clergy's partizans were still powerful enough to make it unadvisable for him to attempt, at an earlier date, to exchange his rank of Prince Royal for that of King.

In these, and many other instances, the unconscious fidelity of the elder annalist has brought us within the flickering shadows of important truths. Yet, at the same time, it must be confessed that the theory of historical composition taken up by the later monks has replenished their volumes with a much fuller and truer conception of the Norman potentates, as monarchs of a powerful country and influential continental princes,—in short, as the masters of, and able to evoke great resources,—than could come within the scope, or even the capacity, of their predecessors. The picture of William is deeply coloured in the latter; but it is that only of a magistrate and conqueror. In William of Malmesbury and his compeers, it (and the companion portrait of Rufus) come out with a most marvellously marked individuality, so that we can almost see

them. We could not have known William I. by the light of the Saxon history as the cunning politician. Indeed, this is a part of the ferocious fox-like Norman character which has generally been forgotten in our confusion of the original examples of the race with the more English warriors of Edward III.'s and Henry VI.'s courts. William of Malmesbury tells us that, brave and daring as he (the Conqueror) was, he would trust nothing to the blind chances of war; 'often purchasing the forbearance of his enemies with gold.' So with Rufus. The Chronicle assigns as the motive for his extortions, what was perhaps to some extent a popular calumny, love of pleasure: the Anglo-Norman writers, more profoundly, while allowing for this,—though, in a courtly manner, veiling it under the name of hospitality to strangers,—tells us that he had as fiery and unfathomable an ambition of dominion as his father; and that his object in accumulating treasures was to buy of needy Crusaders, duchies and principalities. So the latter explains the suspicion and dislike felt by the noblesse for Henry I. 'He 'was inferior in wisdom to no king of modern times, contending 'by *counsel* rather than by the sword;' and, as Roger of Wendover informs us, by his aversion to the lengthy debauchery of the table, inducing the censure of being effeminate. In the same way, the Anglo-Saxon gives no hint or help toward interpreting the unpopularity in England of the Empress Maud, notwithstanding the grossness of Stephen's usurpation, and his notorious incapacity. The Anglo-Norman, on the other hand, offers a suggestion; viz. that the odium proceeded from the Philo-Germanic prejudices of the princess; which were so violent as to make her most reluctant to quit her adopted country; and, further, from a dislike of long standing among the nobles of the Angevan connexion. Yet with this keen observation of all that concerned the relations of king and nobles is combined, in the Anglo-Norman annals, a habit of glossing over the vices of the great. These writers saw nothing but what was judicious and paternal in the compilation of Domesday Book: their predecessor sneers, just as did the Persians of old at Darius, 'the tradesman,' or as a modern farmer at a registration system, at the unkingliness of inquiring into such minutiæ as the number of each man's acres, cattle, and chattels. 'It is shameful to relate,' cries the indignant monk, 'what *he* thought it no shame to do.' Saxon rulers (this seems to be their current of thought) would never have interfered in such a meanly meddlesome spirit with others' property: *they* lived independently upon their own estates, and let others live on theirs. The Anglo-Norman authorities see nothing but vigorous and impartial justice in the execution of

Earl Waltheof, that domestic traitor; unable, though honoured, and he a Saxon, with the hand of the Conqueror's niece, to restrain his evil inclination to sedition. The Saxon, on the contrary, while hardly sympathizing with a native noble turned Norman courtier, yet remind their readers that he was beheaded, spite of the king's pledge and forgiveness; and that, too, to the desecration of S. Petronilla's Festival. The same, loving archbishops and bishops, even when foreigners, and intruded into the place of Englishmen, because they strove (with however different a motive) against the tyrannous wills of Norman lords, behold in the apparition of a comet a sign of the exile of Anselm, 'little being done here according to right:' William of Malmesbury, more truly, sees in that voluntary banishment, not the zeal of a martyr for the people's rights, but of the champion of Pope Urban, whom Rufus hated. The latter dwells upon the rough churlish magnanimity of that boorish knight with an ardour incomprehensible to the former. *They* never give way, even when extolling Athelstan or Edgar, to exalted flights of classical parallelism. The Anglo-Normans revel in memories of Queen Margaret's literary romantic court; its 'tale-bearers in endless multitude,' and 'scholars equally famed for verse and for singing,' though suggesting a reason for the general silence of the lady's own countrymen respecting her merits, in that selfish elegant prodigality which 'brought 'many claims on her tenantry, and took away their property, 'she meantime little regarding their sarcasms.' Even the unsparing justice of Henry I. in punishing his attendants who had oppressed the people with purveyance, and pre-emption, and in other ways, calls forth two different tones from the two sets of annalists. The latter eulogize it as a proof of the sovereign's impartiality; the earlier appear to suspect that it was a pretext for afflicting and destroying, as implicated in the charge, certain troublesome natives; for 'many men of truth said that many 'of the forty-four (then slain) suffered with great injustice; 'but our Lord God seeth that the miserable people is oppressed 'with all unrighteousness: first, men are bereaved of their 'property, and then they are slain!'

Thus it is everywhere in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, on the one hand, and in the Anglo-Norman on the other. Every fact related in the former has some bearing on the condition of the people; the stars in their courses, and wildfire, and meteors tell ever of some coming woe, or vengeance for them, or on them. The severity of magistrates and kings is only remarked with reference to the state of the native population, as more or less oppressed by every act emanating from authority; and wars and discords attract most attention as portending a tax.

Sufferings there were in plenty during the former period; and many parts of that division of the Chronicle read like a parish register of the time of the plague. But then the nation suffered as a nation, kings and prelates, earl and churl, all together. The triumph of one was the triumph of all; the devastation of one shire sent a thrill of sorrow, despair, and terror through the whole national heart. Now the calamities, though not more, even far less numerous, read more sadly. It is as if the private sorrows of families and individuals were made matters of history, and as when each death is a murder. The Anglo-Norman annals, on the contrary, are, even while dwelling on precisely the same epochs, full of splendid details. The horrors of the Danish wars themselves are interfused by the writer with romance; and sober, grave Saxon sages and ealdormen might start at finding themselves at times transformed into noisy and wantonly adventurous Norman knights. In the Anglo-Norman epoch itself there is no lack of intimations that the people are tyrannically treated. But a tone of tragedy is spread over the whole, and attention is so completely engrossed by the boldness of the perpetrators, that we naturally glance at their victims chiefly in the light of necessary subjects for these magnanimous kings and barons to operate upon. The tale of the desolation of sixty miles of cultivated land in the North dazzles us with the spectacle it affords of the Conqueror's stern will and grand sweep of policy. The Norman chronicler's allusion to 'once magnificent cities with towers threatening heaven itself with their loftiness,' instead of inducing reflection on the victor's horrible selfishness, gives a pleasing air of unreality, or strangeness, and remoteness from ourselves, to the whole.

Their history of both periods, and especially of their own, has allured modern students and writers, because representing the times as so much more polished than they really were. For these men only described nobles, or great and wealthy monasteries; kings at the head of armies, and brilliant courts; persons and subjects, which always have a sort of appearance of elevation from the greatness of the scale, whatever the actual character of the period. But the Saxon Chronicle produces before us the whole nation; the king and nobles in the front rank it is true, but only so as important constituents of the commonwealth; and all together struggling for life and existence. It dwells only on the details of the mutual and independent relations of the different ranks, not on the peculiarities of any one section of the nation for its own sake. It refrains from portraying the splendour and refinement of courts. But not because such did not exist in Anglo-Saxon England.

Edwin, and Morcar, and Waltheof were gentlemen more polished than the Odos and Warrennes:—Siward and Leofric were in energy and martial skill their equals. But the chronicler conceived he had to do with nothing peculiar to a single class, and cared not to expatiate on accomplishments which though common accidents of wealth in these as in many half-civilized ages, were not supposed by him to affect the historical or social position of the kingdom as a whole.

The Anglo-Norman chroniclers fail from an absorbing love of the marvellous and the picturesque. They were themselves beguiled before they endeavoured to beguile their readers. But Hume, the recognised modern historian of England, whom, however much he may be blamed, all continue to study, seems coldly and deliberately to have set himself down to the task of deceiving posterity. He sinned against his own powers of discernment, and, we will not say, knowledge, but capacity for, and means of discovering the truth. His hypothesis he first found in the intuitions of an unenthusiastic and conservative temperament, and then undertook to drag a crowd of little trembling facts within the verge of the fascination of his principle. About all which does not make for his hypothesis he is careless, and confessedly apt to neglect the authority of writers, whom, though the only genuine sources of our acquaintance with these early times, he regarded simply as ignorant and prejudiced churchmen. Between every political and social change there would seem, according to his narrative, to have been a gulf. He does not appear conscious, that in national history general revolutions are usually gradual. As he ignores the Saxon usages, while that race was dominant, so he concludes that, by the Conquest, all trace of them was swept away. On the contrary, the mass of laws continued unchanged. Those laws were still administered in Anglo-Saxon, sometimes in Latin, never in Norman French, at least till the English epoch of the Edwards; facts perfectly opposed to the doctrines of Hume and his successors.

Again, in other points we detect the same carelessness and want of painstaking, if not worse, which made one of the most sagacious of men lay emphasis upon the slight prominence of contrasts in the institutions of the two periods, rather than upon the great substratum of resemblance. In the Anglo-Norman and Hume's narratives of the Danish forays, the Danes are exhibited as a completely foreign nation, which ravaged the country simply in quest of booty; and the dynasty of Canute is spoken of as equally un-English with that of the Conqueror. But the Saxon Chronicle, while it reveals the ineradicable nature of the Danish people, and the secret of their success

against the Saxons, by the perpetual use of the term 'army' in relation to them even when settled down in East Anglia, or Northumbria, does also open up a new view of them as regular colonists in the country, by its various allusions to their bands as 'owing obedience to different towns;' as though corporations of nobles had by this time become centralized, according to their custom, in camps or fortresses, a habit so different to the Anglo-Saxon system, in pursuance of which noble and peasant lived together, sharing the same hopes and dangers. That strange expression which it uses after the death of Sweyn, that 'all the Danish kings were outlawed from England,' tends to the same conclusion, viz. to suggest that the invaders had at length made good their footing by a certain analogy of race and habits, and were looked upon as subject, in a certain manner, to the decision of the councils of the English nation; that they were, in short, when offending, liable to the penalties inflicted on domestic traitors, and not to be treated as alien foes. What French writer could have spoken of an assembly of French nobles, before the reign of Charles the Simple, outlawing Hasten or Rollo from the land of France? This expression in our Chronicle prepares us for the comparative tranquillity with which the annalist writes of the substitution of a Danish for a Saxon dynasty, and for the apparent ease and facility with which Canute adapted himself to the national tastes and sentiments, even, but half convert as he was, to the monastic predilections of the day.

Nor is it only in the historical suggestiveness of its facts and details that this Chronicle comes forth so brightly, as contrasted with Hume and the Anglo-Normans, whose likeness consists in an equally artificial system and method. The latter betray a formed and deliberate design of amusing by tales of sorcery, of inspiring enthusiasm by stories of miracles, and of polishing their pupils' minds by paraphrases of the classics. The former is at once contemptuous, both of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman, and desirous of slurring over especially the earlier period as absolutely barbarous and devoid of civilization. He seems scared at the vestiges and tracks of liberty (whether democratic, or aristocratic, all equally harmful to his hypothesis of the continuity of royal absolutism on the soil of ancient England), on which his feet would every now and then strangely echo as he groped his way along what seemed to him, in a constitutional as well as a social point of view, a mere barren waste.

But it is also in higher respects that the Saxon Chronicle is often, we affirm, more philosophical in its guileless unconscious truthfulness than the philosopher. What is the view and idea

of the English constitution and social condition during the Anglo-Saxon epoch, which we get from the pages of Hume, and what from those of this our eldest Chronicle? Hume declares England to have been consolidated into one kingdom by Egbert, in size and limits nearly resembling the present. Yet he is compelled by the force of facts, to speak of independent appanages granted to Athelstane and Ethelbald by their fathers, of Brichtric acting as real monarch of Mercia; of Mercia, Northumbria, and East Anglia, as having been omitted altogether in the division of England (which he asserts to have been complete) made by Ethelwulf between his elder children. Besides all these contradictions to the beauty of his theory, he is perpetually inveighing against the gross darkness and barbarism of the entire nation. The antithesis of a rude race and an elaborate constitution is not strange enough for him; he accumulates wonders by allowing that in this nation, which, though practically broken up and fragmentary, was to be proved to possess a regular system of government, the idea was prior to the fact. In times of civilization this will naturally be the case, but the reverse holds good in what may be called, by analogy, the inductive periods. These states, first through some fortunate combination of happy circumstances, and a strong-willed and patriotic sovereign, learn, by actual experience of the different steps, what good government is; it is not for centuries that they have leisure to reflect upon it. The Saxon Chronicle, with its intuitive philosophy, does not assert for its nation this completeness of constitution in theory. *It* never speaks of England as consolidated, whether in the reign of Egbert or of Alfred, when the broad Danelaghe still lay before its eyes a separate realm Yet, on the other hand, it does not, like Hume, who assumes this perfect unity of the land, overlook the relationship and co-membership as to race and country, between Northumbria, East Anglia, and Mercia on the one hand, and the southern kingdoms on the other. It lays more emphasis upon race, the natural bond in large and thinly peopled territories, and less on the form of government which bound all the parts together.

So it is with all the kindred deductions from this head and title. Hume talks of the king as being England, but yet shows what, allowing this, would have been a most extraordinary propensity to treason in any kingdom. The Chronicle brings the sovereign before us as naturally king of one province, there regularly obeyed, and expelled from thence the last of all his possessions. It shows him to have had a suzerainty, more or less real, according to the character of the reigning prince, over the rest of the realm. These principalities were separated from

Wessex by both original and after-growing differences in race and customs, and, especially, by their distinct dynasties of rulers, ignored most completely by Hume in the next page to the one in which he has styled them, in obedience to his authorities, kings and princes. So *he* has his national codes of laws enacted by Alfred and Edward, while demonstrating the sentiments and habits of the different districts to have been very dissimilar, and acknowledging that the laws, which he assigns to some definite legislator, must have grown up gradually in the heart of the nationality. The Chronicle talks of Alfred as signalized, not by his legislation, but his justice as a magistrate in administering the law; of the Confessor, as king of a mixed people of Danes and Angles, but, by peculiar circumstances in his position and connexions, recognised by either constituent, in some degree, as its natural monarch. Hume has his sneer at the universal degradation of the Anglo-Saxon laity, yet, at the same time, scoffs at the learning and foreign civilization which, scanty as is might be, only the clergy could import from abroad. He derides the ignorance of the clergy; yet, in describing the reign of Edred, laments that men who had been useful instructors of youth were now giving way to the novel rule of the Benedictines, who were of no use whatsoever. As, in regard to the constitution of the nation, he had a hypothesis of the absolutism of the king, a hypothesis partly encouraged by the prominence given to the sovereign as representative of the people, even in the (with all its truthfulness) personality-loving Saxon Chronicle, and as, in spite of the apparent opposition of facts to this hypothesis, he made it override them all, so, in regard to the social condition of the race, he had conceived a prejudice against the clergy, and, therefore, along with bitter denunciations of the torpidity and rudeness of the people, he assails the Ethelwulfs and Alfreds for endowing the sole teachers, and the Edreds and Edgars for their policy of choosing for ministers educated churchmen, like Dunstan and Odo. He appears to fancy that all these princes had conceived as systematic a scheme as Louis XI., of humbling a noblesse by putting over their heads men not more cultivated, but less obnoxious to royal jealousy.

Hume misjudges the Saxon race altogether. He would make out the Conquest to have been an unadulterated good; he would make it out to have, very properly and happily, introduced a completely new system, so that the English nation, though the raw material and base be Anglo-Saxon, is, really and truly, Norman in sentiment and development. With his view of the Anglo-Saxon people, he could not have done otherwise; only his facts confute his theory; and the chief of these facts come,

diluted through the Anglo-Norman Chronicles, from this Anglo-Saxon History. This volume proves the race not to have been a worn out and effete one, as Hume's conception of it, as possessed of a constitution perfect, theoretically, but, practically, most vitiated, would tend to demonstrate. It here appears in a constant process of development, in one same way, and with one regular bias. We here can watch it, impeded by Danish invasions, yet still progressing; though grievously checked and overlaid with foreign accretions by the Conquest, not annihilated; not sinking under alien customs, but meditating on its state of subjection, and that not merely as a body of Polish nobles, but as a nation still. It was the coercion of its county courts, and the overruling of its cherished privileges, together with its oppression by taxes to which it had never consented, which it lamented; but yet these institutions were not extinct, but only depressed. That such is the more philosophical view, the details which Hume does not controvert, but, on the contrary, is forced to make use of, must evince. But the gradual emerging of the race after the reign of Henry II., till it finally burst forth in those of Edward III. and Richard II., is a sort of proof by results, forbidding us to imagine that Anglo-Saxon nationality could have ever been (we will not say hidden) but completely crushed and destroyed.

ART. VI.—*On Liberty.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: John W. Parker, 1859.

IT has been said that a *via media* may be found everywhere. The kind and degree of celebrity to which Mr. John Stuart Mill is entitled, is certainly a case in point. In a book called 'Men of the Day,' containing brief biographies of most of our highly distinguished, and of many very slightly distinguished, characters, no notice whatever has been taken of one, who is certainly among the first thinkers and writers of the age. But, as if to atone for this neglect, a recent critic, Mr. Henry Thomas Buckle, author of the 'History of Civilization,' who seems to be a perfect idolater of Mr. Mill's genius, and a follower (*haud passibus æquis*) in his track, commences his critique upon the work before us, by the assertion that, 'If a jury of the greatest European thinkers were to be impannelled, and were directed to declare by their verdict who, among our living writers, had done most for the advance of knowledge, they could hardly hesitate in pronouncing the name of John Stuart Mill. Nor can we doubt that posterity would ratify their decision.'[1]

For ourselves, we are unable to follow Mr. Buckle in the excess of his admiration. His eulogy, in part, depends upon the assumption that Mr. Mill's views on Political Economy, and on the province and functions of Logic, are gaining ground. Now, we are all apt to regard our own world as *the* world, and to register its *dicta* accordingly. Mr. Buckle's assertion is no doubt perfectly sincere, and we may be mistaken in believing it to be entirely incorrect; but that Mr. Mill, who is, in Political Economy, a follower of Ricardo, does not retain undisputed possession of the throne, is evidenced by the appearance of the lectures of the late Professor Jones, of Haileybury.[2] Any one who will be at the trouble of reading the excellent Prefatory Notice, which Dr. Whewell has prefixed to that volume, may have an opportunity of judging whether the anti-Ricardo school is so prostrate as Mr. Buckle seems to imply. It must be remembered that Mr. Jones, though one of the largest and most comprehensive thinkers, was no mere theorist. The author of a large portion of the Tithe Commutation Bill of 1836 has at least as good a claim to a hearing, on the ground of practical acquaintance with the subject, as can be assigned, even by his most fervent admirers, to Mr. Mill.

[1] *Fraser's Magazine.* May, 1859. P. 509.
[2] London: Murray, 1859.

Nor does the case stand otherwise with Logic. Mr. Buckle, apparently reverencing the decisions of his master as being well-nigh those of a kind of scientific *Pontifex Maximus*, from whose sentence there lies no appeal, feels but little doubt of the ultimate triumph of Mr. Mill's view respecting the nature of the Syllogistic process, and the position that 'Logic, considered as a science, is *solely* concerned with induction.' For our own part we should be prepared to plead, in a sanguine spirit, before Mr. Buckle's imaginary jury, on behalf of Mr. Mansel's counter-position, that the above views are 'a remarkable instance of a total misconception of the nature and purpose of Logic.'[1]

But although we cannot approach a new work by Mr. Mill with anything like prostrate reverence, we are very far from wishing to underrate his really great and remarkable powers. We look upon him as a man of much depth of thought, of varied and extensive information, and a sincere love of truth. The tribute to the memory of one, whose assistance he had enjoyed in the composition of former works—his departed wife—betokens much more of affectionate feeling than those who only know Mr. Mill by his writings might have expected from such a quarter. We must add, that his pictures of certain phases of modern society display wonderful and accurate observation. They resemble photographs, but, like photographs, they often deepen the shadows, and are somewhat limited in their range.

We purpose to give, *firstly*, a brief statement of Mr. Mill's object in this Essay, with one or two of the passages which may be read with profit, and, in our judgment, with at least a partial acceptance; *secondly*, to give our reasons for dissenting from the main propositions of the volume, and from several of its *obiter dicta*; and, *thirdly*, quitting Mr. Mill and his follower, Mr. Buckle, to enunciate some propositions of our own upon the possibly dry and uninviting, but certainly not unpractical, subject of Liberty and Toleration.

I. It is only fair to the author to let him state his object in his own words:—

'The object of this essay is to assert one very simple principle, as entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the means used be physical force in the form of legal penalties, or the moral coercion of public opinion. That principle is, that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of

[1] Prolegomena Logica. P. 169. The fallacies pervading Mr. Mill's view of the Syllogism were also pointed out with much acuteness by a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* for 1857; if we remember rightly, in the June or July No. of that year.

their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is *to prevent harm to others*. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant; he cannot rightfully be compelled to do or forbear, because it will be better for him to do so, because it will make him happier, because, in the opinion of others, to do so would be wise, or even right. These are good reasons for remonstrating with him, or persuading him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him, must be calculated *to produce evil to some one else*. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is, of right, absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.'—P. 21.

The examination of this leading position shall be deferred. At present we will only observe that an all-important theme of difference lies in the sense to be attached to the words which we have taken the liberty of italicizing. What is meant by '*harm to others*,' and '*evil to some one else?*' To this point we shall recur presently; meanwhile, our readers may be glad to see a few passages, which will repay their thought and attention:—

'Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offence to those whose opinion is attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them, if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent.'—Pp. 95, 96.

We believe this warning to be needed by all of us who take part in controversy. It *is* well to ask ourselves whether the wit and sarcasm, the boldness of speech, which we admire when employed on our own side, would have appeared even tolerable if exerted against us; and whether, *e contrario*, the ridicule which we denounce as repulsive and irreverent, the denunciations which seem so extravagant and uncalled for, would have struck us in anything like the same light if we had sympathised with the opposition which they express. Of course we do not hereby mean to say that the truth or falsehood of that which is attacked or defended does not necessarily change the character of what is said; but at any rate, in cases where we feel *any* doubt as to the side on which truth lies, there is the greater call for a tolerant spirit.

A similar caution may be fairly applied to the accounts which reach us respecting the tone and spirit of publications which we do not mean to read. Do our informants support or oppose

the views of the productions in question? Are they in danger of imagining that an answer of one sort rather than the other would be gratifying to us? In such case, their speech in favour or disfavour of the spirit of a given book or pamphlet must be received by us with caution, and in a discriminating temper.

The following passage again admits of a separation from its context, and may be admitted to be a true statement of certain facts in human nature without necessarily involving subscription to certain inferences:—

'To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another, is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses, but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful, are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control.'—P. 108.

The same truths would, we suppose, admit of being stated, in another form, somewhat as follows. The majority of mankind are not so gifted as to be in danger of becoming, on the one hand, great and abandoned villains, or, on the other, of growing up into saints. But strong and forcible natures cannot rest content with the sort of mediocrity which satisfies the many; they *must* do something more than the common herd, and that something *ought* to be of the highest benefit to others.

'Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.'

But if men thus endowed will not exert their powers in a right direction, they must needs walk with faster strides towards every form of evil than those around them. If they do not attain to what even a heathen could term 'a super-natural virtue, something heroic and divine,'[1] they are but too likely to lapse into some form of the opposing vice, brutality—a state as much below as the other is above the ordinary standard. It is impossible to read the statements of ancient writers respecting Catiline—his powers of hardihood and endurance as attested by Sallust; his wonderful versatility as described by Cicero—

[1] τὴν ὑπὲρ ἡμᾶς ἀρετήν, ἡρωϊκήν τινα καὶ θείαν. Aristot. Eth. Nicom. vii. 1.

without perceiving the presence of gifts[1] which might have made a man like Bishop Selwyn, or even Francis Xavier. The temptations of such men are more fiery, their rise is loftier or their fall deeper. To the judgment of Him who made them we commit them.

There are other interesting and valuable *morceaux* in Mr. Mill's volume. His description (p. 110) of the censorship at present exercised by society over individuals, from the highest class down to the lowest, is suggestive, and even amusing, though in our judgment somewhat over-stated. It is also well worth considering whether the existence of Mormonite polygamy may not owe some portion of its success to a cause mentioned by our author, namely (p. 165), 'the common ideas and 'customs of the world, which, teaching women to think marriage 'the one thing needful, make it intelligible that many a woman 'should prefer being one of several wives to not being a wife 'at all.'

We have been obliged to separate these passages from their context, because they stand in connexion with remarks which do not command our assent. It is, however, highly probable that other extracts, equally safe and valuable, might be culled from Mr. Mill's volume, though we have not space for any more. Let us proceed to the consideration of his main subject.

II. One point we have herein in common with our author. He does not profess to treat the question of *Liberty and Toleration* as a simple and easy one. If it were such, it would not require an essay, written in a very compressed style, of more than two hundred pages. Now thus far, Mr. Mill differs from many public men of the day, who imagine the subject to be so easy that it can be settled with a few pungent sentences, in some lecture delivered at a mechanic's institute. Even men so able as Lord Brougham and Lord John Russell have not escaped this delusion; for delusion it certainly is. The question before us is one of profound difficulty both in theory and practice; it is one on which good and wise men may reasonably differ, and which may probably demand a very different solution in different countries, and different ages of the world.

With that part of the question which touches upon control exercised for the good of the individual, we shall not at present meddle. Our silence must not, however, be construed into an admission of Mr. Mill's position. We proceed to the point of difference already indicated, namely, *what is meant by harm to others?*

A person is passing through a back street at twilight, and receives a blow upon the face. It may not have been severe, nor even very alarming; but if he succeed in apprehending his

[1] Pro M. Cælio, § iii.

assailant, and handing him over to a policeman, the law of the land will punish the offender. The possible excuse that the assailant mistook the identity of the person will not be accepted. The man has *done harm*, however slight, to another, and is punished accordingly. So far Mr. Mill is in favour of the action of the law.

But on another occasion, in the same place, in broad daylight, our imaginary passer-by is struck with the presence of improper books and pictures in a shop-window. Has he any right to appeal to the law, on the ground that this display is calculated to *do harm?*

A large class of theorists would at once answer in the negative. They maintain, with Locke, and perhaps with Warburton and Lord Macaulay, that the State has no conscience; that it is an association intended for the preservation of life and property; and that any attempt at action, beyond the limits thus imposed, is an error, or even a crime. As railway directors, or the members of the Royal Academy, or the guardians of the poor, aim, in their respective capacities, at definite objects, without inquiring whether the passengers or shareholders, the artists or purchasers, the farmers and labourers, are of this or that persuasion, or are even moral in their tone,—so the State is, on this theory, bound to proceed in like fashion.

Now, even supposing that this could be established (and it is far less easy of proof than it seems) respecting such subordinate societies, it would still prove nothing, as Dr. Arnold has justly observed, as regards the functions of a sovereign society like the State. We prefer, however, at present, instead of examining the theory, to look at the practice as manifested in England at the present day.

Now, not in virtue of any law which is a remnant of medieval times, but by an Act passed but a few years since, at the instance of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the exposure of immoral books and pictures has been made penal. The offending articles may be seized, and the expositor must bear the loss. Nor has this Act remainded a dead letter; it has really been put in force. We do not, however, gain from Mr. Mill's volume any clear reply to the question, whether this is, or is not, an infringement of his notions of liberty. Of the purity of Mr. Mill's moral tone there can be but one opinion, and, in practice, we cannot but believe that Lord Campbell's bill has his approval.

But, then, the very existence of such an Act at once proves that, in Great Britain at least, the theory of Locke[1] and his

[1] Respublica mihi videtur societas hominum solummodo ad bona civilia conservanda promovendaque constituta.

Bona civilia voco, vitam, libertatem, corporis integritatem, et indolentiam, et

followers is not accepted. The display of immoral prints and publications may inspire very bad thoughts in one person, and feelings of disgust and indignation in another, but it cannot be said to affect, in any direct way, either the purse or the liberty of any man.

Such, however, is the law of the land; nor do we believe that any of those who opposed Lord Campbell's bill for a moment questioned the *right* of the State to make such an enactment. They pointed out, indeed, difficulties which might arise respecting its execution, or they questioned the wisdom of the procedure, but no one, so far as we know, ever so much as attempted to controvert the principle.

But if this principle be admitted—if the open display of what is immoral be calculated to *do harm*—in what way is it inconsistent to suppose, that the open display of that which is blasphemous, and inflicts outrage upon the religious belief of a vast majority of the population, may also be calculated to *do harm?* Merely insulting negations teach nothing; seldom, indeed, do they draw the mind of a man nearer to the truth.[1] We shall hardly expect to bring a Buddhist, or a Mahometan, one step towards Christianity by scrawling coarse invectives against Buddha or Mahomet on the gates of a Chinese temple, or Turkish mosque; nor do we imagine that even the most pugnacious of foreign secretaries would have much to urge on behalf of a British subject, who had by such means subjected himself to punishment at the hands of a magistrate. The same rule would hold good with respect to an insult offered to the Roman Catholic religion in Spain or Italy, and we believe to Christianity in several of the United States.

And now let us suppose the case of a professed and known unbeliever, who has for fifteen years annoyed and distressed his neighbours by writing upon walls and gates sentences of a blasphemous and disgusting character. Men are morally certain who the offender is, but there is a lack of legal proof. An advertisement is placed in the local papers, warning the culprit that perseverance in such a course will draw down upon him the vengeance of the law. The man repeats the offence, and moreover, signs his name with the word 'blasphemy' written before it. At the request of several persons, a clergyman comes forward as the prosecutor.[2]

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rerum externarum possessiones, ut sunt latifundia, pecunia, supellex, &c.—'Epistola de Tolerantiâ.' London, 1765.

[1] It is worthy of remark that an ancient council, that of Illiberis, decreed that the honours of martyrdom should not be paid to those who broke heathen images and insulted their worship.

[2] We must own that our friends north of the Tweed have an advantage over us here. By Scotch law, a public prosecutor, the Procurator-Fiscal, would undertake the case, as in France, and many other continental countries.

Let us further suppose that the attack has been directed, not against some distinctive tenet held by Dissenters, or Churchmen, or Roman Catholics, as such, but that it has assailed Him who is revered by all who profess and call themselves Christians, with the most gross and abusive epithets which the language can furnish. Suppose that the very children of the neighbourhood read them and inquired about them. We ask our readers, is such a man likely to do 'harm to others;' is his conduct 'calculated to produce evil to some one else?' If not, we must suppose that it is no evil to the young to have that which is so infinitely holy, connected in their minds with all that is lewd and wicked. If the exhibitor of bad books and prints is punished by the loss of his injurious stock-in-trade, the outrageous insulter of his fellow-men for years must deserve a far severer punishment.

Our readers are probably aware that our last case, though put hypothetically, is simply a statement of facts. A Cornish man, by name Thomas Pooley, *was* guilty of all this; and in July, 1857, received sentence of imprisonment for something short of two years, in the presence of an audience so strongly roused to indignation at his conduct, that there appears to have been a mental tendency towards the execution of Lynch law.

It does seem strange, but the case of Thomas Pooley is selected by Mr. Mill as an exemplification of the want of liberty in England! Fifteen years' annoyance of one's neighbours in the most gross and wicked manner, ought not, it seems, to render a man amenable to any kind or sort of punishment. But perhaps Mr. Mill had never inquired into the details. We trust and believe not. Differing *toto cælo* from Mr. Mill's tenets, we are slow to believe that he, a pure and high-minded man, can have ever seriously intended to undertake the defence and patronage of such conduct as this. But then, what becomes of Mr. Mill's strenuous advice to his readers to study all sides of a case before they speak and act? He calls upon *us* to carry out such principles on all occasions, to an extent that is practically impossible, but he first supplies us with an instance of the most flagrant violation of his own rules, in a case to which they are not only strictly applicable, but in which the breach of them is a very serious blemish upon his book. His account of the transaction is indeed calculated to *do harm*, for it leaves on the reader's mind a thoroughly false impression, and has to be corrected by research in other quarters.

Thomas Pooley received a free pardon five months after his conviction (with the full sanction of the respected judge who tried the case, Sir John Coleridge), on the ground of insanity.

One would certainly be glad, for the credit of human nature, to believe that he was mad, and the opinion of the authorities at the Home Office, coupled with the consent of the judge, deserves of course great weight. We cannot for our own part pretend to feel convinced of the reality of this defence for Pooley, though it is quite possible that our lack of confidence may arise from not having had full opportunities of examining the evidence. But the sanity or insanity of the prisoner does not in anywise affect Mr. Mill's argument. It does indeed come into the attack upon Sir John Coleridge, made by Mr. Mill's reviewer, in *Fraser*, Mr. Buckle,[1] but it is no part of the case as put forth by the author of the Essay on *Liberty*. And so long as the vast majority of the people of Great Britain believe that such insults and outrages upon their most cherished convictions are as hurtful as a blow on the person, or a libel upon character, so long, *on Mr. Mill's own principles*, will they support the existence of laws which are calculated to repress atrocious blasphemy.

We now pass on to the consideration of our author's advice in respect of the formation of our opinions. It is somewhat alarming (or, shall we say, consoling?) to find that 'ninety-nine in a hundred of what are called educated men' (p. 67), have not yet adopted Mr. Mill's suggestions. They amount to this. Before we have a right to our convictions, we ought to have heard *all* that can be urged upon the other side. This would entail upon every educated Christian a study of the remains of Julian and Porphyry, and the works of Voltaire, Strauss, &c., to say nothing of treatises on Judaism and Mahometanism, and other creeds. It would necessitate, on the part of every educated Churchman, a thorough acquaintance with the literature of every class of Dissenters. The educated democrat ought to have mastered the works of De Lolme and others in defence of the British Constitution, and the treatises of Salmasius, and the chief defenders of Monarchy. Without such examination, a man has, on Mr. Mill's theory, no right to act; 'the rational position for him would be suspension of judgment' (p. 67). We should really like to know how many educated men are on these principles justified in acting at all on the subjects of 'morals, religion, politics, social relations, and the business of life' (p. 66); how many, for example, were at all entitled to record their votes upon either side during the recent elections. Life may be imagined as something very different from what it really is; we may picture to ourselves a quasi-antediluvian existence, with time sufficient for these protracted investiga-

[1] We hope to say something upon this attack in an appendix.

tions, and an absence of all immediate call to action; but such is not life, as it has to be lived by earnest men in the present condition of the world; and our author's recommendation must consequently be regarded as a mere theory, not indeed unsuggestive nor *wholly* false, but still far above the reach and capacity of mortal men.

Willingly, indeed, do we admit that if any man were qualified to attempt the realization of this dream, it would be Mr. Mill himself. Gifted with great and varied powers (and for the most part), dispassionate in judgment, he is really anxious to see the whole of a question. Nor will we say of him, as Van Artevelde of Lois de Vaux—

> 'It is his pride to see things on all sides,
> Which best to do he sets them on their corners.'

But, in making the attempt at all, he is undertaking a task which, with our limited faculties, is, we believe, simply impossible. Let us try to take from his own work a single illustration of our position.

It will hardly be denied, as a matter of plain historical fact, that both the philosophic systems and the religious creeds, which have exercised the greatest influence over the mind of man, have, in very many cases, entailed more or less of suffering upon their originators or first professors. Mr. Mill has, naturally enough, a good deal to say upon this subject. He points out instances of success, real or apparent, on the part of persecutors; and, while condemning, mentions some of the palliative circumstances which may undoubtedly, in many cases, be adduced in their behalf. These, and some other aspects of the connexion between suffering and the influence of great teachers, are put forth with our author's accustomed force and clearness. But there is one very important point of view which finds no place in Mr. Mill's philosophy; we mean the marvellous power of suffering and self-sacrifice to set a seal upon men's convictions. Mr. Mill gravely argues, as if the teaching of Socrates would have had precisely the same charm for enthusiastic tempers, precisely the same influence over the human intellect at large, if the Athenian sage had died quietly in his bed, instead of being a martyr for the rectitude of his conduct and sentiments. To reason thus is surely either to be destitute of some generous sentiments which most other men possess, or else to stifle such emotions, and to ignore some of the most patent facts of history. Mr. Mill is well read in his Plato; has he forgotten those remarkable words in the second chapter of the Phædo? 'I was conscious of a certain strange sensation, and an unwonted 'blending together of joy and grief, as I reflected that he was

'forthwith to die.'[1] So speaks the disciple of the effect produced by the contemplation of the coming fate of his master, Socrates. Such sentiments may, for aught we know, seem to Mr. Mill unnatural or superstitious. But they do nevertheless influence the minds of millions, and ought not to be ignored by any one who professes to take comprehensive views of life. We can hardly imagine them to be wholly absent from the mind of the living historian who is most allied to Mr. Mill's school, Mr. Grote. The influence of such feelings is, if we mistake not, distinctly traceable in that remarkable chapter (the 68th) of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece,' which narrates the career and fate of Socrates.

There are indeed still deeper and diviner truths connected with suffering, but on these we shall not touch in connexion with our present theme.[2] But it is important to comment upon some of Mr. Mill's remarks in reference to this branch of his subject. He tells us (p. 53) that 'persecution has always succeeded, save where the heretics [*i.e.* the dissentient minority] 'were too strong a party to be effectually persecuted.' But only six pages farther we arrive at the following statement: 'Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose 'like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the 'whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, 'but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, 'overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling 'them by its shade.'

It is not at first sight easy to reconcile these statements; inasmuch as the position that the disciples of Socrates were a strong party at the time of their master's death, is one that few will attempt to maintain; and which, if transferred, *mutatis mutandis*, to the early Christians would be pronounced by all men, simply absurd. For this last case Mr. Mill has, however, attempted to provide a loophole. Christianity was not extirpated by persecution; but then 'no reasonable person can doubt 'that it *might have been* extirpated' (p. 53). Now we may not be reasonable persons; but whether we are such or not, we must entirely decline to read history after this fashion. The task of the historian lies, after all, more with the indicative mood, with what *was* and *is*, than with any form of the potential. Herein at least we agree with Mr. Carlyle, 'that these 'same *would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity; and the world's 'history could never in the least be what it would, or might,

[1] ἄτοπόν τί μοι πάθος παρῆν καί τις ἡδονῆς κράσις ἀπό τε τῆς ἡδονῆς συγκεκραμένη ὁμοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς λύπης, ἐνθυμουμένῳ, ὅτι αὐτίκα ἐκεῖνος ἔμελλε τελευτᾶν.

[2] These aspects of suffering have been recently treated with depth and eloquence in the second of Mr. Ellicott's Cambridge University Sermons.

'or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it *is*.'[1] Of our sure conviction, that Christianity could not have been extirpated, which is based upon the promise of the Divine Founder of the Church, that the gates of hell should not prevail against it, we say nothing. We are content at present to rest upon patent facts. After ten bitter and sanguinary persecutions, Christians were more strong than ever. The expression *martyrum sanguis semen ecclesiæ* passed into a proverb. Even persecutors began to doubt whether their plan was a safe one. The Emperor Galerius had for six years been a savage persecutor of the new religion. But he must have enjoyed as good opportunities of forming an opinion respecting its efficacy as Mr. Mill, and yet on his death-bed he renounced it as a mistake. We subjoin a few extracts from his famous edict of toleration, published in A.D. 311.

'We were particularly desirous that the Christians who had deserted the creed of the forefathers should return to good convictions (*εἰς ἀγαθὴν πρόθεσιν*). . . . In consequence of our former decree many of them have been subjected to danger, many have been harassed, and have undergone every kind of death: and since numbers persist in the same madness, we see that they neither pay the worship due to the gods above, nor attend to the God of the Christians, . . . we have now thought proper to extend our clemency in this matter, that they may again be Christians, and may rear anew the buildings in which they used to meet,' &c. &c.[2]

But still more striking is a somewhat later proclamation by another eager persecutor, Maximin:—

'Josius Maximin Augustus to Sabinus. I am persuaded that it is well known to your Gravity, and to all men, that our lords and sires, Diocletian and Maximian, when they saw that almost all men after deserting the worship of the gods, joined themselves to the sect (*ἔθνει*) of the Christians, rightly ordered that all who abandoned the worship of the immortal gods should be recalled thereto by open correction and punishment. But when under happy auspices I first came into the East, and learnt that many men, who were capable of serving the State, had been sent into exile by the judges for the aforesaid cause, I issued orders to each of the judges, that none of them should hence proceed with harshness against the inhabitants of the provinces, but rather recall them by indulgence and exhortations.'[3]

Maximin proceeds to intimate that he found this latter plan succeed better. This may have been an idle vaunt, but this much is certain, that the Emperor's language is not that of a man who had found persecution to answer.

Mr. Mill, however, appears to think that persecution can well-nigh *always* succeed in crushing truth. His mode of proof

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[1] French Revolution, Book III. chap. vii.

[2] Eusebius. Hist. Eccles. viii. 17. Cf. Gibbon, Decline and Fall (chap. xvi. *versus fin.*).

[3] Eusebius, H. E. ix. 9. Cf. De Broglie, 'L'Eglise et L'Empire Romaine,' tome i. p. 244.

seems to rest upon such arguments as we have just been considering respecting primitive Christianity, on the omission of other instances of its failure, and on the production of a very equivocal set of illustrations in favour of his own view.

We are not about to rush into the opposite extreme, and assert that persecution has *never* triumphed. But when our author supplies a list of men whom he seems to regard as unsuccessful precursors of Luther, it must be observed that some of them never intended to take Luther's line of action, and that some others would have been inveighed against and put down by Luther, and by Calvin, too, as rigorously as the Anabaptists or Servetus. Mr. Mill, however, writes as follows:—

'To speak only of religious opinions, the Reformation broke out at least twenty times before Luther, and was put down. Arnold of Brescia was put down. Fra Dolcino was put down. Savonarola was put down. The Albigenses were put down. The Vaudois were put down. The Lollards were put down. The Hussites were put down.'—P. 53.

This is a brief and off-hand way of writing history. If all these people preached truth, and if the influence which they exercised perished with them, then, but not otherwise, Mr. Mill establishes his case. Let us look at the first four as they stand.

Arnold of Brescia was far more of a politician than a theologian. He was indeed, like his master, Abelard, suspected of erroneous views respecting the Holy Trinity: views, be it observed, which, as affecting so fundamental an article of the faith, would have met with not the slightest countenance, nor even tolerance, from Luther. He is said to have taught that there was no salvation for ecclesiastics who possess property; a doctrine assuredly not acknowledged as truth by the members of any existing Christian community. He taught the town of Zurich to frame a free constitution, and succeeded in establishing for some years a republic in Rome itself. 'The Pope,' says Sismondi, 'branded his opinions with the name of *the heresy of the politicians*.' He was put to death in A.D. 1155; 'but,' adds the same historian, 'his precepts survived, and the love of liberty did not perish with him.'[1] Fra Dolcino was a monk, who, in 1305, is said to have preached community of goods, and to have defended himself by force of arms for two years. Assuredly a strange exemplification of persecuted truth. If he was a precursor of any one, it was of those objects of Luther's fiercest denunciation, the Anabaptists.[2]

[1] Italian Republics, chap. ii. Cf. Hist. des Republiques Italiennes, chaps. vi. and viii. Cf. Nouvelle Biog. Generale, *Art.* Arnaud de Brescia; and Milman, Latin Christianity, Book VIII. chaps. vi. and vii.

[2] It is, however, fair to admit that Dean Milman inclines to (though he does not prove) a more favourable view of Fra Dolcino. Mr. Mill's supporters are quite welcome to such aid as they can obtain from the description of Dolcino's general-

Savonarola, though a *protester* against certain abuses of his time, was certainly not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, a *Protestant*. His ardent desire was to reform the Church from within, and though it is true that he was put ot death, yet it is scarcely correct to say that he was put down. From the day of his death down to the present century, Savonarola has been, as it were, a living presence in the Church of Rome, associated with influential schools of thought and action within her pale. Of one of the most versatile and remarkable Italians of the sixteenth century, whom Rome canonised as S. Philip Neri, we are told on high authority that he 'had a true devotion to 'Jerome Savonarola, and a tender memory of his Florentine 'house.' Among living laymen of distinction in her communion, who hold a higher place than the Sardinian statesman, Massimo D'Azeglio? Now, D'Azeglio has written an historical tale, well known to many of our readers, *Niccolò de' Lapi*, which may be termed a glorification of many of the leading ideas which, even at the present moment, many Italians hope to see realized.

And then to think of the Albigenses as samples of the witnesses for *truth!* The Albigenses, revivers of the tenets of those Paulicians, who dared (to use the words of Gibbon) 'to 'violate the unity of God, the first article of natural and revealed 'religion.'[1] 'I have been more disposed,' says Hallam, 'to 'state explicitly the real Manicheism of the Albigenses; espe-'cially as Protestant writers, considering all the enemies of 'Rome as their friends, have been apt to place the opinions of 'these sectaries in a very false light.'[2]

On the other hand, we must not forget the many instances which tell the other way. Mr. Mill admits the success of the Socratic philosophy and the triumph of early Christianity. He might have added that the long possession of power, most unscrupulously employed, by the Arians, did not avail to overthrow S. Athanasius. And why, in his enumeration of instances, is there no mention of the Netherlands, where, on the lowest computation, 50,000 persons were put to death? 'In '1523, July 1st, two Augustine monks were burned at Brussels, 'the first victims to Lutheranism in the provinces. Erasmus 'observed, with a sigh, that "two had been burned at 'Brussels, and that the city *now began* strenuously to favour 'Lutheranism."'[3]

ship, plunderings, and war against society, as having made war upon him and his, given in the 'History of Latin Christianity' (vol. v. p. 431). For the popular accounts see the commentators on Dante, Inferno, chap. xxviii. 55—60 (Ed. Milano, 1828, for Italian ones), and the English translations of Cary and Carlyle.

[1] Decline and Fall, chap. liv. [2] Middle Ages, chap. ix. pt. 2.

[3] Morley's 'Revolution of the Netherlands.'

To Mr. Mill's assertion that the Reformation would have been suppressed in England if Queen Mary had lived, we are content to oppose the following remarks of Hallam :—

'But what had the greatest efficacy in disgusting the English with Mary's system of faith, was the cruelty with which it was accompanied. Though the Privy Council were, in fact, continually urging the bishops forward in this prosecution, the latter bore the chief blame, and the abhorrence entertained for them naturally extended to the doctrine they professed. A sort of instinctive reasoning told the people, what the learned on neither side had been able to discover, that the truth of a religion begins to be very suspicious when it stands in need of prisons and scaffolds to eke out its evidence. And as the English were constitutionally humane, and not hardened by continually witnessing the infliction of barbarous punishments, there arose a sympathy for men suffering torments with such meekness and patience, which the populace of some other nations were perhaps less apt to display, especially in executions on the score of heresy. The theologian, indeed, and the philosopher, may concur in deriding the notion that either sincerity or moral rectitude can be the test of truth; yet among the various species of authority to which recourse had been had to supersede or to supply the deficiencies of argument, I know not whether any be more reasonable, and none, certainly, is so congenial to unsophisticated minds. Many are said to have become Protestants under Mary, who, at her coming to the throne, had retained the contrary persuasion. And the strongest proof of this may be drawn from the acquiescence of the great body of the kingdom in the re-establishment of Protestantism by Elizabeth, when compared with the seditions and discontent on that account under Edward.' —*Constitutional History of England*, Vol. I. chap. ii.

So great, indeed, is the efficacy of suffering in support of a cause, that painters and poets almost invariably recur to it. In Scotland the opposing principles of Whiggism and Toryism were once embodied in the persons, as it were, of the two chieftains of the great clans of Campbell and of Grahame. And what point in the career of those chiefs do artists select that they may awake our interest? Their moments of triumph? Not so: they represent Argyll in prison the night before his execution; they paint Montrose, tied in a cart in a peasant's dress, as he descended the Canongate of Edinburgh to the place of his execution, amidst the utterly futile efforts of his enemies to render him an object of contempt.

Look, again, at the cause of Royalty. Mr. Carlyle would have us believe that the execution of Charles I. for ever broke the charm of king-worship. We have answered one assertion of Mr. Mill's in the words of Hallam: we will meet the somewhat similar teaching of Mr. Carlyle on this head in the language of a distinguished living Whig and Presbyterian politician :—

'The part which Presbytery took on the occasion of this announcement (of the trial of Charles I.) is well known. The commissioners were instantly instructed to protest, in the name of Scotland, of the Covenant

and the Constitution, against an act which was deemed a violation of justice, and of all law, human and divine.

'I do not sympathise with Covenanting Presbytery in all or in most of the grounds of its difference with Cromwell; but in this I do. I look upon the execution of Charles I. as Presbytery looked upon it then,—as an unwarrantable and needless crime. This, I am aware, is a most unfashionable opinion among "liberal" politicians and "philosophical" historians. Biographers like Carlyle speak, of course, in terms of triumphant sympathy with this, and all other deeds their idol did. Cromwell did it; he thought it necessary to be done. They therefore think it necessary too, and consequently right. With this summary conviction there is no means of reasoning. But in reference to this event Mr. Carlyle has condescended to tell us the specific ground on which he thinks this deed was necessary, and forms a subject of congratulation to after times. It broke, he thinks, —and was needed to break,—the idolatry of kings. It was as the unpunished insult offered by a pagan queen to a volcano which her people had believed a god,—it broke enchantment, and ended servitude!

'Perhaps few "philosophical" explanations of any historical event have been less consistent either with reason or with fact. That violent excess on one side is productive of as violent excess on the other, is a law of our nature which, I should have thought, had been very generally observed,—very proverbially known. The principle is of such general application, that it has been admitted to the rank of a text for copy-books. Even, therefore, if Mr. Carlyle had lived and written during the Protectorate of Cromwell, without foresight or knowledge of subsequent events, it would have been strange to anticipate the decay of king-worship from a deed against a king which was revolting to the moral sense,—to the judgment and humanity of a vast majority of the British people. But that any man who lives and writes since the Restoration should ascribe such effect to the murder of Charles I.—with full knowledge of that mad and drunken reaction which again, much more abjectly than before, placed the liberties of a nation at the feet of a despot—is surely not a very happy effect of historical philosophy. I ascribe it, however, to another idolatry, at whose shrine Mr. Carlyle is an abject worshipper—the idolatry of Genius. This, too, is an enchantment and a servitude which it would be well to break. Yet I should doubt the efficacy of an expedient such as Mr. Carlyle thinks (despite the Restoration) was so successful in respect to Kings. He probably knows best whether his reverence for Cromwell would have been less if that extraordinary man had been shot or hanged. I suspect not. The noblest light which ever flashed from genius may be easily quenched in blood. But this would only exaggerate the memory of its brightness, and enshrine it as the object of a still blinder admiration. And so with the right and prerogative of kings. They may be taken by assault, or cut short in violence. But this, if it be done at the expense of any sacred principle, whether of natural or political obligation, is directly calculated to induce that reaction and excess which in the present instance actually occurred with such long and deplorable effect.'—*Essay on Eccl. Hist. of Scotland by the Duke of Argyll*, chap. vii.

We may add that Lord Macaulay, paraphrasing the famous speech of Talleyrand (respecting the murder of the Duc d'Enghien), pronounces the execution of Charles I. to have been 'not only a crime but an error.'[1]

[1] Hist. of England, vol. i. p. 128. Cited *in loc.* by the Duke of Argyll.

The same plan for the abolition of monarchy was tried in France about a century and a half later. Was the execution of Louis XVI. a success? Was it not rather the death-blow to the republic? We may refer our readers to the observation of the wisest of French commentators on those scenes, Count Louis de Carné.[1] They virtually confirm the remarks of Sir A. Alison. 'For a few years, the death of the king, by impli-'cating so large a body of men in the support of the republic, 'was favourable to democracy: it ultimately led to the restora-'tion of the monarchy. With what eagerness do the royalist 'historians now recount the scenes in the Temple! what would 'the republican writers give to be able to tear the record of 'these from the French annals!'[2]

So magical indeed is the effect of suffering, that even when not unmerited, it has frequently produced some form of intense re-action. Bad and selfish as was the character of Julius Cæsar, yet it was not from the hands of those whom he had laden with benefits, that the fatal blows should have come; and with M. de Carné, we believe that to the death was the throne of Augustus in great part won, '*que la grandeur d'* '*Octave était moins sortie des services de César que de son sang* '*verse par Brutus.*' And so too, while it is easy to defend the statesmen, who after making trial of Elba, banished Napoleon to the rock of S. Helena, it is undeniable that the captive's predictions of the effect upon his fame, and the chances of his dynasty, have proved abundantly true; that (as Lamartine has eloquently shown) no one circumstance has so much softened the judgment of posterity on his acts, nor perhaps contributed more decisively to the restoration of the empire in France.[3]

Much more in respect of purer contests for nobler and more enduring objects. Persecution has indeed had its triumphs; but it has experienced more utter failures. In the long run, we still rely upon the triumph of Truth. *Vincit qui patitur* is still the motto borne upon her shield. And again, *Dominus mihi adjutor: non timebo quid faciat mihi homo.*

We are compelled to touch (with great brevity) on only two more points of Mr. Mill's book; namely, the value of eccentricity, and the alleged integrity and virtue of unbelievers. And first of eccentricity.

Eccentricity is a term of very wide range, extending from

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[1] Etudes sur le Gouvernement Représentatif en France, Tome I. chaps. iv., v.

[2] Hist. of Europe during the French Revolution, Vol. III. chap. viii.

[3] The images by which the captive illustrated his convictions are indeed sadly irreverent. Yet his remarkable speech, '*Si le Christ n'avait été attaché à la croix, il n'aurait pas été Dieu*,' shows how deeply he had been impressed with a principle of which Mr. Mill seems never even to have caught a glimpse.

the display of slight and harmless whims to the very verge of absolute insanity. Mr. Mill complains of the frown which society puts on at the slightest outbreak of eccentricity. Now there is one broad line between two forms of such variation from established rules: there is the eccentricity which does involve, and the eccentricity which does not involve, principle. The former kind has always appeared to us (and we have, we believe, with us men so different as Dr. Johnson and Dr. Arnold) to be very far from an object of any deep admiration or respect. Persons who *will* indulge in vagaries of such kind, are confessedly setting the world at defiance, on points whereon there is no reason to think that the world is either morally or intellectually wrong; and it is difficult, at the very best, to acquit them of a shade of vanity.

It is far otherwise with the eccentricity of a discoverer who, in opposition to common belief, proclaims some valuable physical truth; or the eccentricity of a moralist who, by precept and example, rebukes some popular and fashionable form of evil. It may be sad that such as these last should not at once be recognised as benefactors. But just as the hatred of the world, and the persecution of the ungodly,[1] are the promised lot of the holiest and the best; even so does the less brilliant aureole which shines around the brows of our lowlier benefactors, but too often involve the reflection of a similar shadow. And if those who are thus misused, have any particle of heroic virtue, they will recognise their lot; and if they cannot, like martyrs, rejoice to suffer, will, at least, trust to the justice of posterity:

> . . . . . Now thy brows are cold
> We see thee, what thou art, and know
> Thy likeness to the wise below,
> Thy kindred with the great of old.

But such men will never be silenced by the knowledge that ordinary whims and fancies, without any particle of greatness in them, are in process of being put down by society at large.

Mr. Mill asserts (p. 55) that it is historically true that a large proportion of infidels in all ages have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour, and suspects that many of us have not 'the smallest conception, how many of the persons in the 'greatest repute with the world, both for virtues and for attain-'ments, are well known, at least to their intimates, to be un-'believers.'

Now, the former of these positions is less startling to a thoughtful Christian than might at first sight be imagined. We have been taught from childhood to believe that there are

[1] 2 Tim. iii. 12.

three great avenues whereby sin approaches the soul: the world, the flesh, and the spiritual pride (with its cognate errors) which is believed to be especially the work of the Evil One. And as all men are not tempted alike, nor the same men similarly at different periods of life, there is no difficulty in supposing that a man who has had but little inclination to the lower forms of error, may succumb to the loftier and more spiritual one; or, again, that one who has gone astray, and then become steady and well-conducted, but without repentance and self-humiliation, may err grievously on questions of faith.

It may be, as Mr. Mill hints, that secret infidelity is far more widely spread in England than most suppose. The persons of whom he speaks 'are well known, *at least to their intimates*, to be unbelievers.' If this shrinking from the public announcement of their virtues arises (as we know it often does) from a wish not to bring upon other minds the misery which they themselves are suffering from their scepticism, we deeply respect their motives, and would think not altogether unhopefully of their condition. But if it arise from a wish not to break with society and lose its prizes, then such men, however 'in repute with the world,' are wanting in the one great virtue of sincerity. They have nothing of the martyr spirit about them, and in no sense can they hope to be enrolled in its band.

We know, indeed, of cases where the published correspondence of unbelievers has been doctored for the public press in such a manner as to give a very false idea of the man's real mind. But, even supposing that unbelief thus kept in check does but little outward harm to society, is that a reason for feeling no apprehension of the same principles when released from all check, as Mr. Mill would desire to see them, and openly proclaimed and spreading from the intellectual few, who may be above the grosser forms of temptation, to the reckless many, who are but too likely to prove in such cases wholly enslaved to them?

We answer, that this freedom has been tried. It has, indeed, been weighed in the balances and found wanting. A great nation across the Channel determined that the unbelief of the majority (or apparent majority) should not be known only *to their intimates*, but to the world at large. They proclaimed openly that there was no God; they wrote up over the cemeteries that death was an eternal sleep. They closed the churches. They canonized two dead men; they placed the remains of one of them upon the altar of what had been a church, offered incense and bowed down before it. And having won for themselves this liberty, they proceeded to place upon the exercise of any form of Christianity restrictions, compared to which the fetters of the middle ages were light and tolerant.

The success of this experiment, even in the lowest point of view, was not such as to induce to lend a favourable ear to proposals which, in our humble judgment, tend but too much in the same direction. After a trial of some years, it was put an end to, and stigmatised as '*an insane policy*.' The man who uttered these words was not a religious fanatic, and, indeed, could hardly at that time be called a believer in Christianity. But he *was* a statesman; a statesman engaged in a stupendous work; no less than the restoration of the framework of society. Of the step which he then took he never repented: he gloried in it on the rock of S. Helena.

III. And now, leaving Mr. Mill, we will venture to set down a few propositions on the much-vexed question of Liberty and Toleration, which our readers may be able to consider at leisure. The compressed form in which the state of our pages will render it necessary to state them, may probably render them in some instances more startling than they would prove if we had time to elaborate them. We subjoin in a note the names of a few writers who are worth looking at on the subject.[1]

1. The law of nature, by which we, of course, mean the law which God has imposed upon nature, is essentially intolerant. Standing involves withstanding. 'To fill a place is to exclude others.'[2] Things inanimate obey the conditions of their being: 'He hath given them a law which shall not be broken.' There is a law of gravitation: disobey it, and your roof falls in. There is a law of crystallization: disregard it, and you take oxalic acid for sulphate of magnesia, and are poisoned. Even where man seems to overcome these laws, his victory consists in obedience. In the words of the great man who gave the largest impulse to such conquests: *Natura . . non nisi parendo vincitur.*[3]

2. The patriarchal dispensation was probably not only intolerant of error, but entrusted its punishment to the civil power. 'If,' says the patriarch, 'I beheld the sun when it shined, or 'the moon walking in brightness; and my heart hath been 'secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand: this also

[1] See Coleridge, *The Friend* (Vol. I. Essay xiii.) Sewell's *Christian Morals.* Locke's *Letters on Toleration.* Smyth's *Lectures on Modern History* (Vol. I. Lect. x., with the notes. Smyth is seldom or never profound; but he is remarkably honest, and not unsuggestive; his references to Hallam, Robertson, and others may be trusted.) W. Archer Butler's *Letters on Development* (Letter III. sect. vii. Not one of the most felicitous parts of this able work, but valuable for historic *data* and for references.) Balmez, *El Protestantismo*, &c. (Vol. i. cap. 34. Paris, 1849. Of course extreme on one side, as Locke is on the other; but curious and well worth studying. There is an English translation.) Nicolas, *Etudes Phil sophiques* (2nde Partie, chap. xiii., a truly admirable disquisition.) We owe something to all these, but especially the first two.

[2] Coleridge. [3] Bacon. Nov. Org. Aphor. iii.

'were an iniquity to be punished by the judge: for I should 'have denied the God that is above.' (Job xxxi. 26—28.) The words '*to be punished*' are, indeed, supplied by our translators; but there seems little doubt of the correctness of their interpretation.

3. The Mosaic dispensation is essentially intolerant, extending even to the degree of revealing private information. 'If 'thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy 'daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as 'thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying, Let us go and 'serve other gods, . . . thou shalt not consent unto him, nor 'hearken unto him; neither shall thine eye pity him, neither shalt 'thou spare, neither shalt thou conceal him: but shalt surely kill 'him.' (Deut. xiii. 6—9.) 'And they entered into a covenant to 'seek the Lord God of their fathers with all their heart and with 'all their soul; that whosoever would not seek the Lord God 'of Israel should be put to death.' (2 Chron. xv. 12, 13.)

4. Christianity, though not less intolerant of error, seeks other weapons whereby to repress it. Its intolerance was the charge brought against it by many of the heathen. 'We will 'admit,' said they in effect, 'the object of your worship on a 'par with the objects of ours. Why cannot you be content 'with this, instead of denouncing our gods?'[1]

But it is alien from its genuine spirit, either directly or indirectly to take away life. 'Ye know not what manner of spirit 'ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's 'lives, but to save them.' (S. Luke ix. 55, 56.)

4*. The Athanasian Creed is denounced as intolerant. It is just as much so, but not more than, the following passages of Holy Scripture:—'Though we, or an angel from heaven, 'preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, 'let him be anathema.' 'If there come any unto you, and bring 'not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid 'him God speed: for he that biddeth him God speed (*χαίρειν*) 'is partaker of his evil deeds.' (2 S. John 10, 11.)

5. S. Ambrose of Milan, and S. Martin of Tours, are protested loudly against, the first heretical blood judicially shed, that of Priscillian.[2]

6. S. Augustine wavered, and finally inclined to sanction punishment short of death (*pœna præter supplicium mortis*) on the Donatists.

7. By the time of the thirteenth century, the theory had

[1] This is well put by Paley, in his *Evidences of Christianity*. Mr. Kingsley, too, has felicitously touched this point in his *Hypatia*, though in saying this we do not bind ourselves to accept his picture as a whole.

[2] W. Archer Butler, *ubi supra*.

become the acknowledged practice, and was countenanced by men of the saintly character and personal gentleness as Louis IX. of France, and Ferdinand III. of Spain.

8. There seem to be in the main two classes of persecutors: one class who, like Nero, persecute out of very wickedness; one who, with S. Paul before his conversion, with S. Louis and S. Ferdinand, really act, however mistakenly, with the very best intentions and full convictions that they are doing rightly.

9. It may be questioned whether the extreme schools of theology on either side have much to urge against each other. '*Quomodo . . . lernæ hereseôn et pertinacissimo homini parci potu-*' *erit, non video,*' writes one famous personage to another in the fifteenth century. Is it Cardinal Pole to Mary, and shall the hiatus left be filled up with the word *Ridleio?* Not so; it is Bucer addressing Calvin, and the name to be supplied is *Serveto.* The same Calvin tells our Protector Somerset, in England, of two sets of troublesome people, who ought to have the sword drawn upon them.[1] John Knox, in a conversation with Maitland, asserted most explicitly the duty of putting idolaters (*i. e.* all Roman Catholics, in his judgment,) to death. 'Nothing,' says Hallam, 'can be more sanguinary than the Reformer's spirit 'in this remarkable interview. S. Dominic could not have 'surpassed him.'[2] Some four-and-twenty Roman Catholics were put to death during the Great Rebellion; 'facts very disgraceful,' says Smyth, 'to the presbyterians and republicans.' But Robertson's remark is just, that 'to the first reformers and 'their followers it would have appeared a symptom of diffidence 'in the goodness of their cause, or an acknowledgment that it 'was not well founded, if they had not employed in its defence 'all those means which it was supposed truth had a right to 'employ.'[3]

This list might be almost indefinitely multiplied. But, on the other hand, besides the Inquisition in Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands, already alluded to, it must not be forgotten that Aquinas had ruled that heretics were persons *penitus eradendi* by the civil sword where it was possible: and the Roman Breviary, not content with recording the zeal of S. Ferdinand against misbelievers, mentions with praise the appalling circumstance, that '*propriis ipse manibus ligna comburendis damnatis ad rogum* '*advehebat.*'[4] And yet such was the entire sincerity of men of this stamp that it would have been useless to quote the precept, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even

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[1] Smyth, vol. i. p. 266.
[2] Const. Hist. Vol. I. chap. iii. note (u).
[3] Cit. ap. Smyth, p. 242.
[4] Officia Sanctorum pro aliquibus locis. Die xxx. Maii.

'so to them.' For such men would have replied with truth that if they ever fell into heresy, they were ready to suffer all that they inflicted. And we perfectly believe that they were ready.

10. We regard it as a great gain to the cause of Christianity that these cruel persecutions on either side have passed away. Not only do we believe them to have been contrary to its spirit, but we also think it evident, from the admissions of Roman Catholics on the one side, as Dr. Newman and Mr. Dalgairns, and of Protestant investigators, as Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Robert Chambers, that they caused an immense amount of hypocrisy and secret unbelief.

11. Yet such is the sad lot of fallen humanity that we must never look for absolute gain unchequered by *any* disadvantage. We have said that there are two kinds of persecution. We must add, that there are two kinds of tolerance. There are men who, while firmly attached to what they hold for truth, are tolerant from a large spirit of fearless charity which makes allowance for the culture, &c., of others, and believes that truth will in due time find its own. There are also men, from Gallio, and perhaps Josephus, downward, who are tolerant simply because they do not believe in the existence of objective truth, whose tolerance, in short, is but a specious form of utter unbelief.

Now, although the former kind of tolerance should be earnestly sought by Christians to whom the kindness of God's providence has given education and the means of forming large views, we can hardly, it must be feared, hope to see it displayed on a large scale. Can we feel confident that the Spaniards and the Scotch, who are probably the two most intolerant people in Europe, would be improved by becoming indifferentists? And would they be likely to pass from the one extreme without rushing into the other? We much fear not.

12. A much-vaunted ground of toleration is proclaimed *de haute voix* by Lord Brougham, Mr. Buckle, and others, namely, that belief has no more to do with the *will* than the height of our stature or the colour of our hair; that it is, in short, wholly independent of our own control. Mr. Mill, who inclines this way, says, that a man born in Pekin will be a Buddhist *or* a Confucian. Possibly; but he may *will* which he chooses to be, and even then he has the further choice of listening to followers of Lao-tze, or emissaries of the Tae-Ping, and perhaps even to Christian missionaries. But we will not argue: we leave this tenet to the common sense and instincts of mankind.

13. Perfect toleration is allowed on all hands to be impossible. Civilized society could not on such terms hold together

for a day. The reasoning of Balmez is irresistible on this head. Even Mr. Buckle allows that governments are not called upon to tolerate anything that threatens their own existence.

14. Men who wish to benefit their fellow-creatures must be prepared for opposition, and *some* species of persecution. 'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'every man has a right to preach truth, and 'every other man has a right to knock him down for it. *The 'test lies in endurance.*' That test will be applied while the world lasts.

15. We may adopt as our own the words of Coleridge in the Essay referred to: 'I fully coincide with Frederic H. Jacobi, 'that the only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscien- 'tious toleration of each other's intolerance. . . . But notwith- 'standing this deep conviction of our general fallibility and the 'most vivid recollection of my own, I dare avow with the 'German philosopher, that, as far as opinions and not motives, 'principles and not men are concerned, I neither am tolerant 'nor wish to be regarded as such. According to my judgment, 'it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays 'with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of 'being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions, 'and persuasions, those alone excepted which render the holders 'intolerant. For he either means to say by this, that he is 'utterly indifferent to all truth, and finds nothing so insufferable 'as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or 'importance attached to the possession of the truth as should 'give a marked preference to any one conviction above any 'other; or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with 'articulating the pulses of the air instead of inhaling it in the 'more healthful and profitable occupation of yawning.'

16. We must seek to make all possible allowance for the holders of error without countenancing error. To be firm and zealous, and at the same time charitable, is not an easy task; but it is a noble one, and well deserving our best efforts and our prayers. Love for enemies is one of those sublime and supernatural gifts which make men the true children of their Father which is in heaven.

NOTE.

Mr. Buckle's Attack upon Sir John Coleridge.

If any reader of *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1859, should chance to cast his eye hastily over the pages of Mr. H. T. Buckle's review of Mr. Mill's Essay on Liberty, as he might do

while cutting the leaves of the periodical in question, he would, very probably, observe that the quiet tone of the commencement of the article was not preserved throughout. After the first twelve pages, a number of violent epithets meet the eye, and a general impression is produced that Mr. Buckle is angry, and is writing with an intent to damage somebody.

Mr. Buckle has succeeded perfectly. He has damaged one person severely, deeply, perhaps almost irreparably, and that person is himself. Whether regarded as one claiming to be an investigator of facts, an educated and well-informed writer, or, lastly, a gentleman, he has given a blow to his reputation, from which it must inevitably take a long time to recover.

Regarded as an inquirer, he has given a version of the trial of Thomas Pooley, at Bodmin, in 1857, so utterly incorrect, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that he must have taken the details straight from a pamphlet by the well-known infidel writer, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, or from the *Secularist* (a print, we believe, edited by the same person), without any further examination. Yet Mr. Buckle says, 'I have carefully investigated the facts, and have the documents before me.' If Mr. Buckle had the documents before him, his bitter intolerance (somewhat similar to that of which Gibbon so justly accuses Voltaire)[1] has led him to distort them into what becomes a thoroughly false account. If he had them not, but contented himself with Mr. Holyoake's version, he has simply stated what is untrue.

The well-informed man in ordinary society is expected to know that the judges go on different circuits by arrangement among themselves; while barristers, on the contrary, do not, except under special retainer, plead out of their own circuit; that neither judge nor counsel have anything to do with the getting up of the case; and that the judge (excepting in the Courts of Equity) has no option upon the question, whether he will or will not be guided by the law of the land, although he has, within certain limits, a discretionary power as regards the degree of punishment to be awarded.

And, lastly, a gentleman (we do not, of course, say a Christian, which Mr. Buckle does not, we presume, pretend to be, unless in some esoteric sense of his own)—a gentleman is expected, as a matter of merely decent courtesy, to refrain from imputing to any man, above all, a man of high character and blameless life, that he has acted upon the lowest and basest motives; that he has virtually entered into a conspiracy with magistrates, and with his own son, a barrister, for the purpose of oppressing a poor and innocuous man whom he knew to be

[1] 'In his way, Voltaire was a bigot, an intolerant bigot.'—Decline and Fall, chap. lxvii. note 13.

insane; that he is 'a stony-hearted man,' an unjust and unrighteous judge; that he and the magistrates acted in 'the pride of their power and the wickedness of their hearts;' that the judge used his authority 'to gratify his own malignant prejudices, 'or to humour the spleen of some wretched and intolerant faction 'with which he was connected;' and that he would not have 'dared to commit such acts in the face of a London audience 'and in the full light of a London press.'

We will not insult Sir John Coleridge by writing one syllable in defence of his character against the above insinuations. It has already been observed that Pooley did not show any apparent symptoms of insanity during his trial; and it may be well to add, that the authorities of the County Lunatic Asylum discharged him, when pardon was granted by the Crown, as not being a fit subject for the asylum.

There is, indeed, one mode of repairing the injury done to his own fair fame, which still lies in Mr. Buckle's power. He may, if he think fit, confess that he has been hasty and prejudiced: that he feels grateful to the ex-judge whom he has attacked in such outrageous terms, for his generosity in not indicting him for libel; and that, being still a comparatively young man, he hopes to profit by the lesson thus taught him. A man of generous temper might yet, by some such course, do something, at least, towards recovery of his lost ground.

We must not, however, be understood to be offering advice to Mr. Buckle. A writer who appears to be content with the authority of Mr. Holyoake in such matters, is not likely to trouble himself with the comments of reviewers whom he would, probably, put out of court as High Church bigots, members of some intolerant and wretched faction. We have written, simply because the subject arose naturally out of our critique on Mr. Mill's book, and because it is very possible that many of our readers might not have had an opportunity of seeing the tone which 'a priest of the altar of the liberty' thinks proper to adopt, or of reading the reply, in the June number of *Fraser* (a perfect model of high-toned and righteous indignation), with which Mr. John Duke Coleridge has overwhelmed the unhappy assailant of his father's high and spotless reputation.

ART. VII.—1. *The Churchman's Almanack for the Year* 1859, *&c.* Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

2. *Parker's Church Calendar and General Almanack for the Year of our Lord* 1859. Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker.

3. *Cleaver's Companion for Churchmen; a Calendar containing the Lessons, &c.* London: Cleaver. 1859.

4. *The Churchman's Diary: an Almanack for the Year of Grace* 1859. London: J. Masters.

THE repeal of the duty on Almanacks, at a comparatively recent period, was followed by a multifarious issue of such yearly visitors, of all degrees of cheapness; but the Church found no representative in the throng, till the publication, under the auspices of the Christian Knowledge Society, about the year 1840, of the 'Churchman's Almanack,' with which our readers must have long been familiar, as for some years the only one of the kind, and, in its form of a single sheet, still the most convenient of any for reference to the tables of lessons (often, however, incorrect in the concurrence of festivals), the recurrence of festivals, and other matters connected with the Calendar, though one certainly desiderates some means of distinguishing sacred from secular in the notices of the minor anniversaries.

The number of the latter, it is true, is somewhat reduced in the later editions; not only have Luther and Napoleon been summarily ejected from the society of S. Jerome and S. Ambrose, but even the remembrance of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo has of late disappeared; and now even the dog-days seem no longer to occur in the course of the ecclesiastical year. We are far, however, from thinking that historical reminiscences are out of place in the calendar, nor do we make any particular objection to the few secular anniversaries which still remain; only in a '*Churchman's Almanack*' it were surely not unreasonable to look for some distinction being made between the Lord Mayor's Day and the Transfiguration of our adorable Saviour,—between the birth of the Prince Consort, and the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin,—and even, some may be so bold as to think, between the Accession of Queen Elizabeth, or the Landing of William III., and the beheading of S. John the Baptist. Nay, useful as it may be for a number of the clergy

to know the several University terms, this might be effected without apparently putting them on a footing with the commemorations of those lights of the Primitive Church which still find a place in our calendar. For that the so-called black-letter Saints' Days have some higher object than merely to indicate terms is obvious, with all deference to Wheatly, from the fact that though they had no place in the first reformed calendar, they were after a century of neglect restored in 1604, and that, at the last revision, in 1661, the Bishops not only over-ruled the objections taken against them primarily on the ground that 'they are useful for the *preservation of their memories*,' but farther, dignified the names with the prefix of *Saint*, and the title of Martyr, Bishop, &c. as the case might be, and actually added two—S. Alban and Ven. Bede—not previously commemorated.

In such matters of typography the arrangement adopted in Parker's 'Church Calendar' is a great improvement. Not only are the Sundays and such other commemorations as have special services indicated by the appropriate type—the Old English, red for the festivals, and black for the fasting-days—but by the use of small capitals a suitable distinction is also made between the minor holidays and other anniversaries, such as term-days. Care is also now taken to append to the name of each saint a word or two of chronological and descriptive notice—an addition especially useful in the case of those of less note.

The unequal celebrity of the saints thus commemorated is indeed a remarkable feature of our calendar, and one which makes it difficult to conjecture what general principles of selection guided its revisers in restoring these 'festivals of devotion,' as they were called of old. Some, of course, were inserted from their connexion with the history of our Blessed Lord and His immediate attendants, others from their commemorating saints of high distinction in the primitive Church, as SS. Clement, Cyprian, Martin, Ambrose, Augustine, and Jerome; and others, again, probably from their connexion with the early progress of the Gospel among ourselves, as S. Alban, the protomartyr of Britain, S. Chad, Pope Gregory and his missionary, S. Augustine, the Apostle of the heathen invaders of the south of England, the Venerable Bede, and King Edward the Confessor—lights of the Anglo-Saxon Church—and Boniface, its illustrious missionary to the pagan Saxons of Germany. But there still remain others, whose claims on the regard of the Church appear less than those of saints, having no place in our calendar. At least, without venturing to assert that there may not be reasons for the selection, it is not easy to suppress some feeling of surprise that when such names as Valentine, Giles, Enur-

chus, Lambert, Britius, Hugh, &c., are inserted, room was not found also for Polycarp, Ignatius, Athanasius, Patrick, Cuthbert, Anselm, and others, whose praise is in all the Churches.

Some of these deficiencies are supplemented in the calendar of the Scottish Prayer-book of Charles the First, which, containing sixteen additional saints, further recalls to the grateful remembrance of their children in the faith, the names of 'Palladius, Apostle to the Scots;' Ninian of Galloway; Columba, the founder of Iona; Colman, its apostolic missionary to the North of England; Margaret, the saintly queen, and her son David, to whom Scotland owes the foundation of most of her existing sees—commemorating, however, along with them, others known only by name, as Constantine, Drostan, Ode.[1] It is not very clear what authority this calendar now possesses in Scotland, but it seems now to have received a sort of tacit acceptance, as its commemorations find a place in the tables prefixed to more than one recent hymnal, as well as in the 'Churchman's Diary,' published by Masters, where we meet also with the names of Timothy, Polycarp, Chrysostom, Basil, and perhaps one or two others.

There are, besides, other calendars—without ecclesiastical authority, of course, but yet of more or less weight in their own localities—which contain, occasionally, names not inserted in our Prayer-book. We have, for instance, an 'Oxford Calendar' with certain additional saints, mostly such as have some reference to the principal foundations in the University. Such a calendar is also published at S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, containing the names of celebrated missionaries of all ages, to the number of fifty or more. Among them we observe those of Columbanus, Eligius, and Rupert, of Willebald, and other early English missionaries to the then heathen continent; of Aidan, the apostle of Northumbria, and Anscharius, of Sweden; and in later times, of Robert Boyle, Doctor Thomas Bray, and Henry Martyn; and of George Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne; Samuel Seabury, of Connecticut; Charles Inglis, of Nova Scotia; Thomas Middleton and Reginald Heber, of Calcutta; and Charles Stewart, of Quebec.

This principle might still further be carried out, and all the blank spaces of our almanacks of the day filled up with the names of other saints and worthies of the Christian Church. There are abundant precedents for this, not only in the calendars which one meets at all hands on the Continent, with a saint's

[1] There is also one Eastern Bishop, S. Cyril of Jerusalem, commemorated, doubtless from the high regard in which his exposition of Eucharistic doctrine was held by the compilers of the Scottish Liturgy.

name for every day in the year, but in those also which were current in this country before the change of style. Two are particularly referred to in an article in the *Quarterly Review* for March, 1843, viz., Philomath Gudbury's and 'Poor Robin'—a new almanack, with a twofold calendar, containing the 'honest, true-hearted Protestant old account, with the martyrs 'for pure religion on one side,' &c. 'Poor Robin,' we are told, 'in his day, was the delight, the counsel, the judge of the 'English countryfolk. Quaint rhymes and ludicrous prose fill 'his pages; not always the most delicate or refined, yet perhaps 'as innocuous as the useful information now presented to the 'intelligent of the masses by his untaxed successors. "*B. 'Franklin born*"—"*Voltaire died*"—"*Day when Oxford Dons 'get drunk*," and so on, as may be seen in the "Temperance 'Almanack," to the great edification, without doubt, of the 'numerous respectable clergy and pious ladies by whom the said 'society is patronized. "Poor Robin" affords much matter for 'consideration. He shows that the tradition respecting the 'appropriation of the days to particular saints was considered 'by the common people as eminently *Protestant*, that is to say, 'as part and parcel of the Church of England; and that an al-'manack without saints for every day was nought.'

Of course, we allude to such examples as precedents, not as models; for, as an innovation on the usage of a century, such a change as is proposed would require great pains in the selection of names to adapt it to the peculiar circumstances of our day. At the same time, it appears to us that it should be made on the broadest principles. Side by side with the saints of the primitive Church should stand the worthies of the medieval ages, both of East and West, along with the most illustrious Christians of modern times. Nor do we see why—following the usage of the Greek menologies—a place should not be found also for those saints of the Old Testament propounded by S. Paul as models even to Christians, and men of whom the world was not worthy. Care should be taken to distinguish, by an appropriate difference of type, the new additions from the saints who have already an authoritative standing in our calendar; and dates should be given in all cases, along with a descriptive designation, whenever the name is one which is not already familiar in our ears.

In Cleaver's 'Companion,' we have, besides the calendar, only some directions for the celebration of Divine service, which occupy about a page and a half, but which it is not our present purpose to criticise. Much fuller 'Notes' on the same subject are given in Masters's 'Diary,' in which, as well as in the other two, we have also various items appended to it, as is usual in publications of the kind. In a *Church* Almanack we look,

naturally, for a considerable amount of information on the statistics and progress of the Church; but, too often, we look in vain. The Christian Knowledge Society gives us Poor Robin's Maxims; and nonsensical verses and dry apophthegms on the virtues of cleanliness and thrift. Tables of bishops, and of the officials of Universities, &c., indeed, we find—just as we should in any almanack—and associated in the same way with other useful tables of a more general kind—as of the members of Parliament, the sovereigns of Europe, the rates of postage, &c.; but with the exception of a few lists, as of the members of Convocation, and the leading Church societies, we get little which cannot be found elsewhere. Yet, we do remark a progressive improvement in the later editions, which are considerably fuller. Parker's 'Calendar,' especially, instead of a mere list of bishops, gives a comprehensive summary of all the principal office-bearers of the Church, with a good deal of information regarding the number of clergy, churches, schools, and general population of the several dioceses; and adds, in the case of the Colonial Episcopate, a diagrammatic table, illustrative of its progressive development, and the filiation of the sees established in such rapid succession throughout our world-wide dependencies. There is wanted, however, yet another table, giving the suffragans under their respective metropolitans; in the case of the provinces of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India; and grouping together the bishops of the same district where this primitive ecclesiastical relation has not yet been revived, as in British America, and the West Indian dependencies.

But the point of all the most important would be to get some insight into the state and progress of the real work of the Church, the in-gathering and edification of souls—the progress of which of late years is at once the healthiest symptom of our condition, and the one great solace to many a pious soul, wearied out with the angry din of controversy. Mere statistical returns, which are all an almanack can give, may not go far in this way, but yet are not altogether to be despised. We may instance a return of the new churches consecrated during the year, and of the number of those with daily service or weekly Communion; a short notice of the various sisterhoods of charity and mercy, Church guilds, and other such associations for purposes of practical piety; and a brief account of the operations of our principal Church societies, and of the progress of missionary work both at home and abroad, as additions of general interest, and as means of strengthening the hands of those who are actually engaged in such works, by cheering them on with the prospect of the

number and progress of their fellow-labourers. And what, too, is more likely to stir up the prayers of others to the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth more labourers, than a knowledge of the work even now being done by the small band already engaged? No small labour of course would be required to collect the sort of information we have in view, for much of it would have to be drawn from the fountain head, never having been yet embodied in any tabular return. Time also, as well as labour, would be required to make this department at all complete: but on this very account it is the more important that a beginning should be made: for however imperfect the first summary of Church work might be, it would at least serve as a nucleus, to the enlargement of which we doubt not all concerned in such undertakings would gladly contribute, by furnishing the publishers with the most important particulars of the kind in connexion with their own neighbourhoods.

We may notice yet another point as tending to the completeness of a Church Almanack;—such a general survey of the present state of Christendom as would be furnished by a comprehensive notice of its leading communities. In the case of the Greek and Roman Churches, a list might be given of the provinces, with such particulars as space could be allowed for, regarding the number of Bishops, the condition of the religious orders, and other ecclesiastical matters. Details of a corresponding character might likewise be added in reference to the leading Protestant communities, as well of this country as of America and the Continent of Europe; and any gleanings of information which could be appended concerning the present state of the heretical Churches of the East, would possess an ever-increasing interest as prospective events bring us into closer relation with them. Here also we are well aware that some of the desired information would not be of easy acquisition; but a good many of the materials required for such a sketch would be found ready to hand in Neale's 'List of all the Sees in the Holy Eastern Church,' and in the almanacks and official returns which are published in this and other countries.

We shall only, in conclusion, express our hope, that if we have carried with us the interest of our readers, they will feel inclined to excuse us for spending so many words on what may appear, at first, to be so small a subject.

ART. VIII.—1. *Herodoti Musæ.* Edidit BÄHR.

2. *Transactions of the Geographical Society.*

3. *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* By Dr. LIVINGSTONE. London: Murray. 1857.

4. *Sinai, Hedjaz and the Soudan.* By JAMES HAMILTON, Author of 'Wanderings in North Africa.' London: Bentley. 1857.

COMPARISON between ancient and modern opinions and habits of thought is always more or less instructive, and sometimes highly curious. And it is, perhaps, in the domain of natural history and physical science that the notions of the earlier world contrast most piquantly and instructively with those of more recent times.

Dr. Livingstone's travels have recalled the days of Bruce and Mungo Park: we shall make no apology, therefore, for taking the River Nile, and the history of ancient and modern thought respecting it, for our subject; not undertaking, however, to exhaust the topics suggested by it, but contenting ourselves with some of the more salient and familiar of them. It will readily be admitted, that if there be one natural feature of the world more likely than another to furnish materials for such a comparison as we have suggested, it is the Nile. Curious, and all but unique (though not absolutely so), in respect of its annual inundation; a riddle of several thousand years' standing as to its source; a favourite subject of ancient mythological and modern scientific speculation (for the ancient mythologies were in this instance at least, as we shall see hereafter, in reality speculations in physical science); it is a theme which has seldom or never lacked a commentator. We shall have occasion, it is true, to dwell somewhat more at length on ancient than on modern opinion about it; but this is simply because the answer to a riddle is generally much shorter than the riddle itself. And one reason in favour of the choice we have made of a subject is, that the speculations of the ancients on this particular river furnish a peculiarly good specimen of their general ways of thought on physical topics; while at the same time our modern science itself has left some part of their questions unanswered.

We will ask the reader, then, to accompany us in thought, in the first instance, into a remote period of time when very strange notions were entertained concerning the world which we inhabit. It will not be beside our purpose (as will appear hereafter), to dwell for a moment on the general cosmical creed of those ages.

Those were days, then, when all alike, the wisest and the most ignorant, were, in the matter of physical science, the merest children, wondering at what they saw, and making the oddest guesses as to the nature and the causes of it. In those days, for example, it was thought, quite seriously, that the stars were bright studs or nails, fastened firmly into a hemisphere of blue crystal, not very far above our heads. According to a more advanced school of speculators in natural philosophy, there were nine or ten such crystal spheres, one outside the other, like the coats of an onion, or a 'nest of boxes,' all revolving round one centre, and carrying each one its freight of stars. It was further imagined, that each of these spheres rung out, as it moved, one of the notes of the musical scale, and thus produced the far-famed 'music of the spheres.' To these notions, of course, Milton alludes in the lines,—

> 'Moon that now fliest,
> With the fixed stars, *fixed in their orb that flies.*'

And again, when he says:—

> 'Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
> Once bless our human ears,
> If ye have power to touch our senses so;
> And let your silver chime
> Move in melodious time.'

These opinions, we say, were seriously entertained. They were the tenets of philosophers, not the mere fancies of poets; which is worth insisting on, because they have come down to us, for the most part, through a poetical medium. Originated, or, as is more likely, first methodised by Pythagoras, about 550 B.C. they were the popular creed of ages.[1] Plato, whether he believed them or not, made use of them to set forth his metaphysical creed. Ptolemy, in the second century of the Christian era, adopted some of them as the basis of his now exploded cosmical system. The Christian fathers and schoolmen acquiesced in them in default of better knowledge. And so lately as the

[1] In the regular Pythagorean system, from which some departures were afterwards made, there were ten celestial spheres, revolving round the ἑστιὰ, or central fire of the universe, as follows:—1. The fixed stars. 2. Mercury. 3. Venus. 4. Mars. 5. Jupiter. 6. Saturn. 7. The sun. 8. The moon. 9. The earth. 10. ἀντιχθών.—*Arago's Popular Astronomy*, p. 482.

days of Dante, and of our own Hooker, it was all but an article of belief that each of the nine spheres was moved by one of the nine orders of angels. 'God's own eternity,' says Hooker, 'is 'the hand which draweth angels in the course of their perpe-'tuity; their perpetuity the hand that draweth out celestial 'motion, the line of which motion and the thread of time are 'spun together.' (*L. E. P.* v. lxix. 2 *ed. Keble.*) The outermost of these spheres (it should be explained) is that of the 'Primum Mobile.' Nothing, it was supposed, was in motion, but everything absolutely at rest, beyond the sphere of this 'Primum Mobile,' whence the name. But this outermost *sphere* was conceived to be circumscribed and curtained by the empyreal heavens, or region of pure light, or fire. This region was held to be of a cubical form, and itself motionless. Here was supposed to be the blissful seat of the departed. Here, too, Plato localised the abstract existences, virtues, and the like,—his famous ἰδεαι; the types to which all earthly things are conformed, and from which they are in a manner espied: whence Pope,—

> 'Go mount *with Plato, th' empyreal sphere,*
> To the first good, first perfect, and first fair.'

Hence, too, the modern expressions of 'moving in such and such a sphere;' 'a sphere of duty;' and the like.

The following, as is well known to the readers of Hooker in Mr. Keble's edition, as well as to the less numerous students of Heywood's 'Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,' was the scheme according to which nine orders of the heavenly hierarchy were assigned their task of moving the nine spheres respectively:—

The Seraphim actuated the Primum Mobile.
The Cherubim actuated the sphere of Fixed Stars.
The Thrones actuated the sphere of Saturn.
The Dominations actuated the sphere of Jupiter.
The Virtues actuated the sphere of Mars.
The Powers actuated the sphere of the Sun.
The Principalities actuated the sphere of Venus.
The Archangels actuated the sphere of Mercury.
The Angels actuated the sphere of the Moon.

Nor, setting aside the schoolmen's theological additions to this creed, were these guesses of the ancients altogether so wide of the mark. What does modern astronomy reveal to us? Not, indeed, solid spheres, but 'great circles' of imaginary ones; —orbits approximately circular, in which the planets revolve at different radii or distances from a central body. The action, that is to say, of the planets lying in different 'spheres' was, mathematically speaking, a perfectly correct one; and what is

more, the order in which these concentric spheres were conceived to succeed each other was approximately correct. The 'fixed stars' are the most remote; and they, too, no less than the planets, as the oracles of Urania now proclaim, have a proper motion, though in an orbit of inconceivable magnitude, round some unknown centre. Again, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, Mercury, all are in the ancient scheme in their right places relatively to a common centre. Substitute the earth for the sun in the order above given, and the earth, too, is in her place; further from the sun than Venus, nearer to him than Mars. These are surely curious, and by no means contemptible, attainments of science in her infancy.

In those days, again (we speak now of ante-Ptolemaic times), the earth was—still *au grand serieux*—conceived to be a vast circular disc, vaulted over by a proportionately huge hemispherical cover, and fringed round with an ever-flowing river called Oceanus. The sun was supposed to be a meteor of very moderate dimensions, affected by every vicissitude of weather; liable, in fact, as we shall see presently, to be blown clean out of his course by the storms of winter, and right glad, at the close of that inclement season, to get back to warmer quarters in the heavens. When the sun, again, went down, it was assumed that a real exhaustion of the light of all lands took place; that the curfew of all nature rung out night after night and was obeyed. The fiery globe, plunging into the waters of Oceanus, splashed and hissed like any other heated mass under similar circumstances; and, by those who dwelt on the edge, or rim, of the flat *orbis terrarum*, the splash and the hiss were distinctly audible.

These conceptions, entertained as they were, *bonâ fide*, by such as were at the trouble to hold any cosmical creed at all, had of course considerable influence in shaping the ancient geographical tenets as to particular countries and regions of the terrestrial *disc*, not globe. If the reader will be at the trouble to cast his eye over an 'Orbis Veteribus Notus,' in Cellarius or elsewhere, he will have before him a portion of the eastern hemisphere, laid down according to a somewhat wide anticipation of 'Mercator's projections.' Dismissing all correct and modern information that he may possess as to distances and other circumstances, he is to understand that what is before him is to be conceived of as some thousand miles only in breadth, from east to west, and somewhat more from north to south. Right over the middle or equatorial line of this area, the sun performs his daily course, with the Mediterranean immediately under him. On the extreme east are the Indians, to whose heads the sun comes so near at his rising, as to

turn them black, and frizzle all their hair. Towards the north rise certain mountains, so lofty as to intercept the rays of the sun from those who have the misfortune to live further north still. These unhappy mortals are the *Hyperboreans*, who never saw the sun itself at all, and only enjoyed certain reflections of his light even in summer; while in winter they slept, perforce, six months without intermission,—a manifest instalment, this, of our present Arctic knowledge. Between them and the more southern climes lies the land where, as was reported by the Scythians, it rains feathers continually.

There were, further, certain ideas entertained of balancing and compensation between the two terrestrial hemicircles;—ideas which, applied to the terrestrial *globe* in later times, contributed to the discovery of the western hemisphere. In virtue of these conceptions (not always very clearly explained), it was deemed that Scythia and the Black Sea were each of them square in form, and of equal area. On the same principle it was that Herodotus conjectured the course which the Nile would be likely to hold in the southern semi-*hemicircle*, by observing that of the Danube in the northern.

From cosmical and geographical views such as have now been described, the transition to those of modern times is immense indeed. Since those days, the secrets of the universe have to a vast extent been unlocked. Man has done more than obey the behest of the poet, addressed *ex post facto* to the Newtonian stage of physical philosophy:—

> 'Go, wondrous creature, mount where Science guides;
> Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides:
> Instruct the planets in what orbs to run;
> Correct old Time, and regulate the sun.'

Abating rhetorical exaggerations, we say, man has done all this, and more. In the words of a poet of our own day, he has learnt to

> 'Fix where the unseen *planet* glows,
> And count the speed of light.'

The *à priori* determination by Adams and Leverrier of the position of the planet Neptune, verified by actual discovery, bespeaks the marvellous exactitude to which the Newtonian laws are now reduced. Our appreciation of the enormous extent of the universe, supposed by ancient simplicity to be so circumscribed, has been opportunely and happily accompanied by the discovery of a *unit of measurement*, without the application of which, in aid of our conceptions, the difference between greater and less distances, where all is on so vast a scale, could hardly have impressed the mind in a sensible manner. 'The speed of light' being fixed at 192,000 miles *in a second*, we form some-

thing like an idea of the distance of the fixed stars, when we are told that it takes thousands of years for light to pass from them to our earth. So, again, our now familiar conception of our own solar system enables us to take that system itself as a unit, by multiplication of which we form some notion of the immensity and the character of that 'cosmos' which we are assured is a *system of such systems*, each system having its proper motion, and revolving at an inconceivable distance round some awful and unknown centre. All those are marvellous expansions both of our knowledge and of our mental instruments, so to speak, for viewing the universe.

Meanwhile, the surface of our globe, it is needless to say, has been investigated with proportionate scientific care and skill, and with the most ample results. But though this is so, there are nevertheless questions, physical and geographical, which modern science, no less than ancient, has failed to answer altogether. And among these a very prominent place must be assigned to the phenomena of the river Nile,—meaning thereby its annual overflow, its source, and the regions traversed by it. This problem, correctly enough stated by antiquity, modern research has as yet failed to solve.

Let us hear what antiquity had to say on the subject, taking Herodotus as the exponent of her conceptions. And since 'antiquity' is but a vague term, it may be well, *pour fixer les idées*, to remind ourselves of the date at which the Father of History flourished. In the year, then, that Coriolanus besieged Rome (if he did besiege it—a question which we may safely leave to be discussed between the partisans of Niebuhr and Sir G. C. Lewis); four years before the Spartans fell at Thermopylæ and the Athenians triumphed at Salamis; just fifty years after the return of the Jews from the Captivity—that is to say, in the year 484 B.C., Herodotus was born. And by the year 445, the History which has immortalized his name, was completed. For in that year he recited it publicly at the Olympian games. And thus, as we may say, while Esther was seated with Haman at the banquet of wine; while Cincinnatus was returning from his dictatorship to his plough, Herodotus was writing his History. And well worthy of note is the juncture at which the Genius of Profane History thus made its first appearance in the world in the person of Herodotus. The records of Sacred History had just closed. Haggai and Zechariah, and, according to some, Malachi also, had uttered the last words of ancient inspiration, prophecy, and history. And the year in which Herodotus published his history *vivâ voce* (445 B.C.), is the same in which Ezra is said to have collected the old Scriptures into the form in which we now have them. A remarkable

coincidence and continuity, it must surely be admitted; more especially when we bear in mind in how many points, of Egyptian history more especially, the sacred and the profane narrative illustrate or supplement each other.

But what should induce Herodotus, it may be asked, being a Greek, and avowedly the historian of Grecian rather than of foreign events, to enter into cosmical questions generally, or into the phenomena presented by the Nile in particular? How was he carried by his subject into Egypt at all? or, if he was, what sufficient reason was there for dwelling at such length on its river? We believe that all this lay properly and really within the scope of the historian, though it may at first sight present a partly episodical appearance.

Herodotus, designing to write a history, then made a choice of a subject, and of a manner of treating it, which should flatter the national pride of his countrymen, not merely by placing on record their martial deeds, but also by investing those deeds with their proper grandeur and importance as features in the world's history. To realize his position, we must bear in mind that nothing worthy of the name of history existed hitherto. We must try to imagine some Napier or Macaulay reciting, *vivâ voce*, to some remote settlement, some Pitcairn's or Norfolk island, where books and histories were unknown, the exploits of Hougoumont and Mont S. Jean. He would naturally endeavour to set forth, at the same time, the character and the importance of the great continental struggle, which marked the commencement of the present century. He must not be content to begin at Toulouse and Vittoria, if he would convey any idea of the vast issues that were staked upon the die at Waterloo. He must endeavour to give some insight into the growth and resources, for example, of the empire of Napoleon. But in order to do this, he must first go back to the old monarchies,—the French more especially,—on the ruins of which that empire arose. The French was the most ancient monarchy, as is well known, in an uninterrupted line of male descent, in all Europe, extending from Hugh Capet in 987 to Louis XVI. in 1793, a period of 800 years. In a perfectly parallel manner, Herodotus was, strictly speaking, to tell of the laurels won by the genius of Freedom in his day, in the struggle with the mighty Persian empire. During his childhood and youth, the world was ringing with the exploits of Marathon and Thermopylæ, of Salamis and Platæa. Marathon was fought six years before his birth. He was four years old when Thermopylæ was defended, and Salamis was won. The sun of Greek glory had risen at his birth, and was in its full splendour in his manhood. He stood, with reference to the great victories over Persia, to

Marathon and Salamis, pretty much where our generation of middle-aged men stand with reference to Trafalgar and Waterloo. And he too, to make himself intelligible, or rather to secure a due estimate for the facts he had to relate, must go back to the rise of the Persian monarchy. But that monarchy was, in itself, but of yesterday. It was no older, though more continuous, than the dynasty of Napoleon is now. Originating with Cyrus some half century before, its duration had been as nothing compared with that of the old Assyrian, and yet older Egyptian monarchies. It consisted of the *débris* of those monarchies, and its history must be read in theirs. Thus was there something like a real necessity, all circumstances considered, for Herodotus' dealing somewhat fully with the history of Egypt.

It is true that this recurrence to earlier times, as being the seed plot, and in some sense giving the interpretation of later events, may be carried to excess. The prudent will stop somewhere, and not imitate the too curious diligence of one Florian de Ocampo, a Spanish historian, referred to by Mr. Stirling in his 'Cloister Life of Charles V.' This worthy, designing to write the history of that emperor, his patron, commenced his work with the Flood, and after thirty or forty years of labour, was surprised by death while engaged upon the wars of the Scipios. Herodotus was wiser, and drew the line above Egypt, though indeed it is probable that his information reached back no farther. But it may still seem strange that, our author's proper and avowed business being history, he should have thought it necessary to his purpose to enter so largely into the physical phenomena of the Nile. But we conceive that, even from the historiographer's point of view, he was perfectly justified in so doing. It is of course a nice question, to what extent the province of the geographer or the naturalist may legitimately be trenched upon by the historian. But that it may and must do so to some extent, there is no doubt. The *rôle* of the historic muse extends, as must be obvious, far beyond the mere narrations of what has been done in time past. There must be, every one acknowledges, an analysis and investigation of character; there must be discussion of causes, more or less remote. And amongst these latter, physical causes will on occasion occupy a very important place. In the conception of the enlightened and far-seeing historian, man, as seen in history, is not only an actor on the world, considered as his stage; he is also to a great extent the exponent of its mysteries. He is the great commentator; in this sense, that the fact of his existence, and the actions performed by him, serve better than anything else to expound the design of the universe. The natural world,

without man, is, it should seem, an entity without any adequate final cause. We say any *adequate* final cause, for doubtless the existence of the natural world is to be referred, in part, to the promotion of God's glory, by the mere fact of its existence and its obedience to the laws imposed upon it, as the Psalmist teaches us continually. But we may well seek a design, beyond this, for the marvellous structure of creation; and it is when man is placed in it, and becomes, so to speak, a function of it, being acted on by it in certain ways,—it is then that we trace a worthier and a perfectly sufficient purpose for its having been brought into being. Whatever moulds the fortunes of humanity, or advances its intellectual growth, or even enters as a test into the process of its probation, fulfils a great function. And this is perhaps the highest ground that can be taken for the study of natural history, as it is called, that it is the necessary and the only key to not a few of the phenomena of humanity. Lovely as nature may be in herself, and curious and instructive for their own sake as are her organizations and her laws, she can never be so properly interesting or instructive to us in any other connexion, as in her bearings upon the condition and the history of man. This is one sense, at any rate, in which the much-questioned saying is true,

'The proper study of mankind is man.'

There *is*, after all, this supreme and architectonic phenomenon of the lower world. All the main lines, at least, of nature's operations, centre in man, and find their *rationale* there. And conversely, it is really no mean part of the historian's office, rightly conceived, to exhibit nature in its bearing upon events; physical facts in their relation to man's mental and external history. It is all but necessary to set forth how such and such a combination of physical circumstances fashioned the character and influenced the fortunes of this or that nation; to point not merely to the Greeks or the Scot breathing the air of independence in their hills, and the Asiatic sinking into the sloth of their plains; but to trace by a yet finer analysis the unwieldy despotism of some vast Russia to her dreary expanse of steppes, and the no less vast, but more manageable, survey of some free England to her insular position.

In truth, all the departments of science and of thought are in reality so intimately connected, as Humboldt has shown in the most practical manner, that there is no one of them all which can afford to do without the aid of the rest. And so, evidently, thought Herodotus. It is an instructive fact, that he should have divided his History into nine books, prefixing to each one the name of one of the Muses; signifying that around

Clio, the muse of history, ought to be grouped the several tutelary deities of music, poetry, and the rest: not omitting Urania, the muse of the heavenly system and of physical philosophy.

It is no matter of mere conjecture that it was by considerations of this kind that Herodotus was induced to dwell at such length on the characteristics of the Nile. His acute and penetrating genius at once discerned that the personal ἦθος of the Egyptians, and through it their history, had been to a very great degree influenced and moulded by the fact of their inhabiting a country so peculiar and exceptional in its physical conformation and circumstances, in virtue of its great river. What their λαμπρότατος αἰθὴρ was to the Athenians, what our sea-girt shores have been to us, in the formation of national character, all this and much more was the Nile to the Egyptians. What Herodotus says of their land, was true of themselves; they were the work or 'the gift' of the river. Whatever they were, different from the rest of the world, in arts or in agriculture, in bodily or mental condition, or in religious belief; all this the Nile, more or less, made them. 'My reason,' says he, 'for entering at such length into Egyptian matters, is 'that I have observed that, along with a climate peculiar to 'them, and a river differing in its phenomena from all known 'rivers, they have inherited a character and ways'—and therewith he implies a history—'different from those of mankind in 'general.' And he proceeds to make good his assertion by instancing the peculiarity of their agricultural ways; how the otherwise universal curse laid upon mankind seemed in their case to be taken off. He views with astonishment this exceptional phenomenon. A fine time of it, says he, 'have 'these same Egyptians in the matter of agriculture. Surely, 'never did mortals partake of the fruits of the earth at a 'cheaper rate. They give themselves no trouble, not they, 'about making long furrows with the plough: it cannot be 'said of them, that

"Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke."

'No digging or delving for them; no toiling and moiling like 'the rest of the sons of men. No; they have but to await the 'inundation of the river, which, without any pains of theirs, 'takes place in its season, and irrigates the plains, and then again 'retires. After this, they have but to cast every man his seed 'into his field, and turn his swine into it to tread it in. This 'done, they may even fold their arms and await with tran-'quillity the certain harvest.' This picture is so far overdrawn, that in all ages some degree of labour has been found necessary

in the way of cutting canals, and otherwise managing the water by artificial means. Indeed, Moses seems to insist upon this as one kind of agricultural labour, from which, at any rate, the Hebrews would be free in the land of promise. 'The 'land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of 'Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, '*and wateredst it with thy foot*, as a garden of herbs . . . but a land 'that drinketh water of the rain of heaven.' (Deut. xi. 10, 11.) The 'watering with the foot' may of course refer to labour in general. But Philo among the ancients, and Niebuhr (the traveller, father to the historian) among the moderns, refer it to a machine worked like a treadmill used for distributing the Nile waters, and called to this day by the Arabs, the *foot machine*. However, after making all deductions on this account, Herodotus is no doubt right in the main in felicitating the Egyptians on the comparative facility of their agricultural processes. Indeed, we know of nothing parallel to it, if we except the cultivation of the potato in Ireland, which, as is well known, has always cost our Irish fellow-subjects so little trouble, and has, in consequence, exercised so undesirable an influence on the national character.

Again, the Egyptians had confessedly made progress in the arts and sciences far beyond their contemporaries. When Moses came out of Egypt, fully a thousand years before Herodotus was born or Greece had a literature, there was, we know, learning and wisdom among the Egyptians, for Moses was a proficient in it. They were great, even then, in sculpture, in the working of fine textile fabrics, in music, and in architecture,[1] for the knowledge of all these things the Israelites brought with them out into the wilderness. Now to what are we to attribute their marching thus in the van of science and art, if, indeed, they did not stand alone? Can anything be more reasonable than to suppose that this too, like their agriculture, was in a manner 'the gift of the river'?—that their attainments were the fruit of their leisure, as their leisure was a boon carried down to them upon the waters of the Nile?

There is in the case of those who are released comparatively from toil, and yet are not from other causes sunk in sensuality, a tendency to thoughtfulness and speculation. This not unfrequently takes the form of plaintive musing on the condition of man, all his greatness and all his littleness. Such a strain of moralising, the fruit of mental discursiveness joined to constitutional indolence, breathes throughout the romantic literature and the religious mysticism of the East. It found a natural

[1] See Osburn's 'Egypt'; Hengstenberg's 'Moses and Egypt.'

home in Egypt; she too had her Brahmins and her mystic philosophy, bespeaking the meditative tone of the national character. Who that has ever read that exquisite creation of fancy—that profoundly touching lament over the natural condition of humanity, the 'Rasselas' of Johnson, but must feel with what propriety the scene of it is laid in the reverie-inspiring valley of the Nile? One of the most finished and most harmoniously constructed sentences that ever was written, thus at once introduces the tale and sums up the moral of it: 'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, 'and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect 'that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the 'deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow; 'attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia. Ras-'selas,' proceeds the moralist, not unmindful, as it should seem, of the influence of Father Nile upon the character of his children,—'was the fourth son of the mighty monarch within 'whose dominions the father of waters begins his course; whose 'bounty pours down streams of plenty, and scatters over the 'world the harvests of Egypt.' Further on, Rasselas is represented as plaintively soliloquizing over the problem of human happiness; while one of the chapters is significantly entitled, 'The wants of him that wants nothing.' All this, we say, is true to Egyptians, or rather to Nilotic nature; Rasselas is but the intensification of the national temperament; the *roi fainéant* of a musing and meditative, because leisurely, people.

This same superabundant leisure led the Egyptians in all ages to expatiate in the fields of abstract philosophy, as well as in those of science. They taught philosophy to the Greeks themselves; Pythagoras, and Lycurgus, and Plato, sat at the feet of a nation of philosophers, or at any rate of a caste of them; men whose names have perished, but whose lessons through their means have become immortal. And it was at Alexandria in later times that schools of philosophy, Jewish and Christian, sprang up; it was from the Arabian writers that revived mathematical science was handed on to Europe in the tenth and eleventh centuries.

It may be remarked, indeed, that a very peculiar part has been assigned to Egypt in the culture and formation of philosophy and science. We owe to her, perhaps, neither the origination nor the perfecting of anything, but the transmission of everything. For it is now pretty well agreed among those who have examined the question, that literature and the arts, taking their rise in the regions contiguous to the birthplace of humanity, in the Caucasian and Indian climes, and thence passing into Egypt (whether by way of Abyssinia, or, as seems

much more probable, from the north-east,) were finally made over to the Greeks. Thus have the three great continents of the western hemisphere had others to share in the progress, none can say that it has had no need of the others. Asia was the cradle of the actor, Africa their school or gymnasium, Europe the lists or the theatre for the display of their matured powers. What then might not the consequences have been, had the Egyptian not known that respite from toil which they owed to their marvellous river? would the arts, humanly speaking, ever have emerged from their infancy, as not finding in Oriental indolence that opportunity for growth and exercise, which Egypt, midway between Oriental and Western temperament, more active than the East, more contemplative than the West, happily afforded? And the Nile, we may say, was indirectly the means of nurturing them for transplantation in due time into the stronger soil of the Grecian intellect, whence has sprung up the astonishing growth of modern science.

The mythology of Egypt, once more,—her religious belief and worship,—was of a very peculiar character. But this too may very reasonably (though of course there are other theories on the subject) be traced to the same source, her great river. The leading personage in that mythology is Osiris; among other things believed of him, was that after his death, by a kind of monopoly of metempsychosis, his spirit animated various animals, which were on that account worshipped by the Egyptians. Of these, the ox was the chief, though the ram was also worshipped, and received from the Greeks the name of Jupiter-Ammon. Now the *rationale* of this myth appears to be that Osiris is in reality no other than the Nile. The river, as the great benefactor, was likely to be conceived of as a deity, and accordingly as such had in some places temples of its own; and as the source of agricultural and pastoral prosperity, it was no less natural that it should be represented as animating in a mysterious manner the ox and other chief domestic animals. A more eloquent, but manifestly kindred legend of Greece represented the river Achelous as having contended in the form of a bull with Hercules, and as having one of its horns broken off, which afterwards being filled by the nymphs with fruit and flowers, became the famous *cornu copiæ*, or horn of plenty. The legend, no doubt, refers to the draining and rendering fruitful of the lands bordering on some tributary of the Achelous. Taking Osiris, then, as the central figure of Egyptian mythology, it would result that the whole structure of Egyptian religion was little else than a varied and elaborate mode of worshipping their great and godlike benefactor, the Nile.

In confirmation of the views which we have expressed thus far, we are glad to be able to quote the writer of the article 'Nilus' in Dr. Smith's Geographical Dictionary:—

'Of all the rivers of the globe known to the Greek and Roman writers, the Nile was that which from the remotest periods arrested their liveliest curiosity and attention. Its physical phenomena, and the peculiar civilisation of the races inhabiting its banks, attracted alike the historian, the mathematician, the satirist, and the romance writer. Herodotus and Diodorus, Eratosthenes and Strabo, Lucian and Heliodorus, expatiate on its marvels; and as Egypt was the resort of the scientific men of Greece in general, the Nile was more accurately surveyed and described than any other river of the earth.

'The civilisation of all countries is directly influenced by their rivers, and in none more so than in Egypt, which has been truly called the gift of the Nile. To its stream the land owed not only its peculiar cultivation, but its existence also. The limestone which lies under the soil of Egypt, the sands which bound it to E. and W., were rendered by the deposits of the river fit for the habitation of man. . . . . The religion, and many of the peculiar institutions of Egypt are derived from its river.'

But when we speak of the Nile, there are two topics connected with it, which at once occur to every one, as interesting beyond all others. While the effect produced by the great river upon the character or fortunes of the inhabitants of its valley, is a matter of past or of merely local importance, the questions of its annual overflow, and of its hidden sources, are problems of present and permanent interest. These are the two features or phenomena of the Nile, which, both in ancient and modern days, have attracted the largest share of attention. Others of much interest there doubtless are, such as the cause of the peculiar colour and singular fertility of its waters. But these, in reality, resolve themselves into the questions of the source and origin of the stream. Let us hear, then, how our lively informant, and no less intelligent inquirer, Herodotus, states one of these problems. He had, we need not say, travelled to Egypt for the very purpose of informing himself on this and other subjects. 'Now 'as to the peculiar phenomena of this river,' says he, 'I could 'not find that the priests, or any one else, could tell me anything. 'The point I was particularly anxious about, was as to the reason 'of the Nile's beginning to increase from the time of the Summer 'Solstice, and continuing to do so for a hundred days; after 'which it begins to diminish again; so that it is scant of water 'during the winter, until midsummer comes round once more. 'What I wanted to know, and what nobody could tell me, was 'why the Nile should thus do exactly the contrary to all other 'rivers.' Thus foiled in his inquiries on the spot, he failed not, however, to make inquiry of the learned at home; and was agreeably relieved, as he somewhat mischievously informs his

readers, to find that, though the natives were profoundly ignorant on the subject, his own countrymen possessed a fund of information respecting it. He, therefore, places their opinions on record, though only to dissent from them. One opinion (that of Thales the Milesian) was, that the Etesian winds were the cause of the swelling of the river, by retarding its progress towards the sea. His answer to this was, that very often the river overflowed when the Etesian winds were not blowing. 'Besides which,' he acutely adds, 'in that case, all other rivers 'running contrary to the direction of the Etesian winds, ought 'to overflow similarly; which they do not.' It should be said, however, in justice to the great Milesian astronomer, that it is the opinion of modern scientific men, that the blowing of these winds has some considerable effect in augmenting the amount of the inundation at the Delta.

The next opinion which he mentions (that of Hecatæus), he rejects as most unscientific, and savouring too much of the marvellous for his taste. It was, that Oceanus, a sort of sea-like river, girdling the circumference of the flat, orbicular world above described, flowed into the Nile at this particular period of the year. Herodotus had yet to learn, he said, that there was such a river, except in the fertile imagination of Homer and the poets. The opinion of its existence, however, is so far curious, that it in some sense anticipates the phenomenon of the mighty *tidal wave*, which, to the eye of modern science, is ever rolling round the earth, and producing every high tide *but* that of the Nile: and that not once a year, but twice a day.

The third and last view Herodotus has to mention (that of Anaxagoras) is, in his opinion, by far the most plausible, yet the most certainly and demonstrably wrong. It is, that the river was swelled by the melting of the snow in the regions through which it flows. 'An absurd supposition enough,' says our somewhat off-hand philosopher, 'seeing that it flows from Libya, 'through the midst of Ethiopia, and thence into Egypt: that is, 'from a warm country to a colder. Why, the very *winds* from 'Ethiopia are warm: how, then, can there be any snow there? 'Then, again, *we all know*, that after there has been snow, there 'must, of necessity, be rain within five days after. Whereas 'there is certainly no rain in these countries: therefore there is 'no snow; therefore the Nile does not rise from melted snow. 'Q.E.D.' The reader will have observed that the then current belief about snow is curiously parallel to our own common saying, that three white frosts are commonly followed by rain. Of course, the fallacy of his assumption, that a hot country must necessarily be free from snow, lay in his not considering (though the fact must have been familiar to him) that difference of elevation may more than counteract the effects of latitude. Thus, on

the two sides of the Himalayas, we have the greatest extremes of heat and cold: the livelong summer of the low plains of Hindostan, and the almost perpetual snow of the table-land of Thibet. As to the snow being the cause of the Nile's overflow, there is, doubtless, some truth in it: but it is plain that it will not account for the extraordinary degree of it. That rivers should rise in snowy mountain ranges is common enough: but the Nilotic inundation is almost unique.

Herodotus has now exhausted his stock of other men's conjectures, and proceeds to state his own: and a highly curious one, to say the least, it is. 'If,' says he, 'I am asked my opinion 'about it, I will tell you why it is, in my judgment, that the 'Nile is fullest in summer. The fact is, that in the winter 'season, the sun being driven out of his course by the stormy 'weather, makes for Libya direct.' That is, to the south and west of Egypt. 'Well,' he adds, with amusing *naïveté*, 'that is 'the whole of the matter: for, of course, whatever country this 'luminary happens to be nearest to, and most vertically above 'it, that country will suffer from dearth of water, and its rivers 'will diminish in volume.' Perceiving, however, on second thoughts, the necessity of being a little more explicit, he develops his theory as follows:—'When the sun gets into those 'Libyan parts, seeing that it is naturally a warm and genial 'country, undisturbed by any chilling winds'—(the reader will see the importance of bearing in mind the Herodotean views about the sun, above stated)—'of course he produces the same 'kind of effect there in winter as he does in summer in the 'countries which then lie beneath him in his regular course in 'the mid-heavens. That is, he attracts the water to him, espe-'cially from the parts nearest to him: and then, by the action 'of the winds, it is dissipated, and passes away in vapour. Not 'that the sun,' he adds, 'parts with *all* the water in this 'manner: for, *of course*, he keeps some for his own use:' alluding slily, perhaps, to another curious popular belief of the day, which he did not care to call openly in question, that the sun subsisted by drinking up water and vapours. 'As, then,' to complete his account of the phenomenon, 'the stormy weather 'abates, the sun gets back again into his old course in the 'heavens, and by his presence absorbs the water of the other 'rivers of the world: from which cause, added to the cessation 'of the rains of winter, these rivers diminish in volume in the '*summer* months: whereas it is in *winter* that the Nile, having 'no rains at any time, and yielding his *maximum* quota of 'vapours to the sun at that time, suffers diminution accordingly. 'In this manner,' he concludes, 'I conceive the *sun* to be the 'cause of this phenomenon.'

But he adds a curiously characteristic illustration of his

theory. 'Let us suppose,' he says, 'that the quarters of the 'heavens, from which the winds blow, were to change places—so 'that that which is now called the north wind, and is essentially 'cold and stormy, were to blow from the south, and *vice versâ*. 'In that case, the sun, driven by the now stormy *south* wind to 'the upper parts of Europe, would have precisely the same effect 'upon the Danube, Europe's great river, as it now has upon 'Africa's great river, the Nile.' Bearing in mind that, for a reason before mentioned, Herodotus assigned to the Nile a course parallel in all respects to that of the Danube, this illustration is thoroughly to the point, and sets our author's meaning in the clearest light.

Such then is the theory of Herodotus as to the annual overflow of the Nile. And the first remark which it is obvious to make upon it is, that we have here, in full operation, the ancient cosmical and physical views to which attention was drawn in the early part of this article. We have the flat table of the earth; we have the sun performing his daily semicircular course above it; we find him *affected by*, rather than affecting, the temperature and the weather. We see his feeble and weather-beaten globe disturbed and beaten about, like the merest fire-balloon, by the storms of winter. And we find the notion of balancing and compensation between the two hemicircles of the *orbis terrarum* manifestly forming the basis of a parallel between the Nile and the Danube.

We remark, next, that Herodotus is singularly correct in his description of the phenomenon which he professes to account for. This is especially true of the number of days assigned to the inundation; which he reckons at about one hundred. For it is found by observation that the swelling commences early in July, reaches its greatest height towards the end of September, and then remains stationary for about fourteen days, when the decrease begins. Giving thirty days to each of the three months of July, August, and September, and adding the fourteen stationary days, we have as nearly as possible the 'hundred days' of Herodotus; and these, too, measured from the solstice, or a little after it.

Another very remarkable feature in his solution of the phenomenon is that, according to it, the annual alteration in the condition of the Nile is to be viewed in the light of a *decrease*, not of an increase, of its proper volume.[1] The normal condi-

[1] The commentators have not realized this; and in consequence do not really understand the solution offered by Herodotus. Thus the writer already quoted, in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, says that 'Herodotus suggested that the vertical position 'of the sun in winter reduced the waters of Southern Libya to the lowest ebb. '*But this hypothesis kept out of sight (!) their overflow in the summer.*'

tion of the river, he conceives, its proper and natural state, is that it should fill the Nile valley all the year round. And this it would do, he considers, if the sun would allow it. But that meddling, or rather that hapless, luminary, constrained to make an annual winter incursion into the southern parts, becomes a great 'disturbing force.' He inflicts, *malgré lui*, on the river a *diminution* of water as the winter draws on; and it is not till the summer solstice that the stream begins to recover itself, and to fill the Nile valley in the manner natural to it. Whatever be thought of the correctness of this view, the acuteness of it will hardly be called in question; he who framed it must first have pondered well the problem that lay before him.

And now, after all, was Herodotus altogether so wide of the mark in his opinion, or conjecture, as to the cause of the overflow of the Nile? Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, we venture to affirm that he was not; modern research and science being the judges. Not, of course, but that as to the secondary causes he is palpably wrong. The nature of the sun's action in the matter, he misconceives altogether. But as to the primary cause of the overflow—the power or influence which ultimately produces the phenomenon to be accounted for, he is perfectly right in making it to be no other than the *sun*. 'And so, I take it,' says he, 'the cause of these things is the sun.' The genuine natural philosopher comes out here. He perceives that the time of occurrence of the overflow coincides with a particular and remarkable point in the sun's apparent motion; viz. with the solstice; extending from March to about the equinox. Here was something to go upon. This could hardly be accidental. The sun was somehow at the bottom of it. The intermediate agencies he might and did err about. But, as to the main cause, he felt sure that he could scarcely be mistaken. It was a thousand to one that the sun's motions and the Nile's overflow stood to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

Modern science, we repeat, is entirely with him in this. For it is now agreed that, whatever other causes may swell the stream of the Nile, it is to the *tropical rains* that the phenomenon is mainly and supremely due. These rains falling upon the mountains of Ethiopia in May, occasion the rise of all rivers flowing to the northward. But what is the cause of the tropical rains themselves?

'As *the sun* in his progress from the equator to the tropic of 'Cancer becomes successively vertical over points north of the 'equator, the air is heated and rarefied, and the cold currents set 'in from the Mediterranean to restore the equilibrium. They 'pass over the heated plains of Egypt; but as soon as they

'reach the lofty mountains of Abyssinia, they descend in 'torrents of rain. . . . . In the last days of June, or at the 'beginning of July, the rise is visible in Egypt.'

Herodotus, then, was not only right in attributing the overflow to the sun in a general way, but also in connecting it with the sun's verticality of position at a particular time of the year. Only, curiously enough, the effect of that verticality is to produce the summer *inundation*, and not, as he thought, the winter *decrease*.

All things considered, it must be admitted that Herodotus accomplished great things in the department of physical science; not least by his stubborn adherence to inductive reasoning, in reference to the Nilotic inundations. Whatever may become of the story of his appeal to all Greece, at the Olympic games, for the truths of his history, he has manifestly in these physical speculations appealed to a more scientific and better-informed age than his own. Kepler said he was well content to wait a hundred years for readers and disciples of his planetary discoveries, 'since it had pleased the Almighty to wait six thousand for an interpreter.' Herodotus, in a similar spirit, has appealed to the august Panhellenic tribunal which Science has erected for herself, in these later days, on the basis of observed phenomena; and by its award has achieved a crown for which Greece had no name.

Though in truth—to turn to the only remaining topic of this paper—even modern Science herself is scarcely less at fault than Herodotus himself, in the endeavour to pronounce magisterially upon the *entire* causes of the Nile's inundation. In order to do this, she must first solve another question, which as yet has baffled even her spirit of research and inquiry. She must lay down the entire cause, and fix the true sources of the great river. But on this point she has little to add to the prudent and withal quaint language in which Herodotus delivered himself on the subject. 'Touching the sources of the 'Nile,' he says, 'it never was my hap to light upon anybody, 'Egyptian, Libyan, or Greek, that even professed to know 'much about it.—Oh! by the way,' he adds, as recalling something he had scarcely paid any attention to at the time, 'there 'was one good man, now I think of it, in Egypt, at a place 'called Sais, if my memory serves me, a sort of scribe he was, 'or a keeper of the treasures in a certain temple. Well, he 'made as though he knew all about it; though, to tell you the 'truth, I think he must have been joking all the while. He 'had a queer story, I remember, about two mountains with 'sharp peaks to them, somewhere near the city of Elephants, 'one called Krophi, and the other Mophi. The sources of the

'Nile, he made out, were certain bottomless holes in the middle 'of these two mountains, and that half the water ran north 'towards Egypt, and half south towards Ethiopia.' This story about Krophi and Mophi has been a standing joke against Herodotus ever since the revival of learning. But there is reason for saying, that, in however *bizarre* a form, it sums up, and pretty correctly, all that we know about the matter even at this day. It is first of all worth observing that in modern copies, and therefore no doubt in ancient Egyptian, *Krophi* signifies *good*, and *Mophi* evil, as Champollion has pointed out. The legend, then, embodies a moral, *more Egyptiaco*, to the effect that the Nile, like all other earthly things, had its element of evil as well as of good for those who come under its influence; bestowing, together with the blessings of plenty and leisure, incentives to idleness and superstition.

But the value of the story, weighed in the scientific balance, is, first, that it points distinctly to a twofold source for the Nile; and, second, that it ascribes to it a course *in the south* not inferior in length to that which it pursues through Abyssinia and in Egypt. Now, in these two particulars is summed up, we repeat, all that we know from modern observation of the sources and the course of the Nile. 1. It is true that Bruce, with the older school of African travellers, concluded too hastily that he had found the veritable Krophi and Mophi not far from Geesh in Abyssinia, in two mountains named Aformascha and Litchambara, between whom he placed the genuine and sole sources of the Nile. Subsequent discoveries reveal to us that his 'Nile' was only the Blue Nile, a western confluent, meeting the eastern or White Nile at Khartum in Sennaar. But this is only a fuller confirmation of the quaint legend of the man of Sais, as far as concerns the fact of the Nilotic sources being twofold.

2. But the most recent investigations further demonstrate, —not indeed that the Nile flows southward, but—that it proceeds from some point far south not yet ascertained. In the first place, the old supposition that the Gebel Kumra, or Mountains of the Moon, presented an insuperable obstacle to the Nile's proceeding from the regions south of Abyssinia, turns out to be a mistake. The river certainly penetrates the regions in which those somewhat apocryphal mountains are commonly located. It appears from the 'Transactions of the Geographical Society,' that one party of travellers have followed *from the south* the course of a river conceived to take its rise somewhere about the tenth degree of south latitude, as far as the lofty mountain of Kilimandjaro, said to be 22,000 feet in height. Ascending the lower ridges of this mountain they saw the river stretching

away to the northward, as far as eye could reach. Another party is said to have traced the White Nile from the north, to within four degrees of the equator. And there is every reason for believing that the southern and northern streams are parts of the same river. It is true that some later explorations from the northward (lately commented on in the *Revue des deux Mondes*) tend so far to throw doubt on the subject, that they represent the White Nile as becoming all but lost in a morass. But this may be only an accidental diffusion of its waters.

If, then, the former account, and the conclusions drawn from it, may be trusted, it follows that the Nile must be placed, in point of length, at the head of all the rivers in the world. The Mississippi and the Amazon are but rivulets compared to it. The largest of these rivers does not traverse more than twenty degrees, or about 1,400 miles. The *explored* course of the Nile is upwards of twenty-five degrees, aerial measure; and is probably thirty-five or forty degrees, or near 3,000 miles.

It is remarkable that Dr. Livingstone has contributed nothing, we believe, towards the elucidation of Nilotic questions, beyond the suggestion that the peculiar form of the interior of Africa, being that of a depressed plateau, would be likely to contribute in the case of the Zambese and other African rivers to the phenomenon of a yearly inundation.

We cannot conclude better than in the words of Mr. Hamilton, in the work named at the head of this article.

'*Fontem quærere Nili* has, for more than two thousand years, signified to attempt the impossible; but modern science and enterprise have overcome greater difficulties, and it may be fairly hoped that the Nile will not for many years longer continue the opprobrium of geography. It is nearly three thousand years since Homer sang of the descent of the Nile from heaven. Fifteen centuries later, Claudian celebrated the unviolated secret which surrounds its sources.

> Secreto de fonte cadens, qui semper inani
> Quærendus ratione latet: nec contigit ulli
> Hoc vidisse caput. Fertur sine teste creatus
> Flumina profundens alieni conscia cœli.

The problem is still unsolved; but it is not (?) rash to say that it is no longer unsolvable. If I have no longer the hope of myself realising a long cherished day-dream, I cannot doubt that the poet's exhortation will soon be responded to by one more fortunate than myself.

> Ite per ardentem Libyam; superate vapores
> Solis, et arcanos Nili deprendite fontes.'

NOTICES.

MR. R. H. BAYNES, of S. Paul's, Whitechapel, is perfectly convinced of several things,—viz. that there are already too many Hymn Books in existence,—so he publishes another, 'Hymns for the Public Worship of the Church' (Heylin); and that the three faults in every modern collection of Hymns are: 1. 'That too many Hymns are collected:' so Mr. Baynes gives us only 400. 2. 'That the extant collections contain many poor, unworthy, and unpoetical verses:' so Mr. Baynes prints such stuff as this:—

> 'Ere another Sabbath close,
> Ere again we seek repose,
> Lord, our song ascends to Thee,
> At Thy feet we bow the knee.'

3. 'That too many Hymns of a private and personal character are introduced: expressions of individual experience are seldom suitable for public worship.' A very sound observation, which Mr. Baynes illustrates by printing for the use of his flock, 'When I can read my title clear,' (which, we are sorry to say, was sung at the late Special Services in S. Paul's Cathedral,) 'What sinners value I resign,' and 'I'm not ashamed to own the Lord.'

'The Life of Dr. Bunting' (Longman), the late patriarch of Methodism, is not an uninteresting book. Its subject was a person of large administrative capacity, regulated zeal, and one who displayed that amount of self-reliance and self-respect which enabled him to seize and hold an influence which was only second to that of the founder of the Wesleyan body. Only the first volume of this biography has appeared, and, as far as its literature goes, it does greater credit to the filial piety than to the technical skill of Mr. Percival Bunting. We say this, bearing in mind some lamentable efforts at fine writing, some unnecessary reflections on Church principles, with which Mr. Bunting has nothing to do, and the mistake of attributing to a lately deceased preacher a joke (p. 73) about the Thirty-Nine Articles, which is as old as the hills. A testimony to the value set by Dr. Bunting and other serious minds on the Prayer-Book, is worth some attention to those who are on the look-out for extraneous testimonies. We can scarcely say that we are disappointed with the scantiness of Dr. Bunting's theological stature as displayed in some fragments of his remains, but they show great business powers. This was his strength: and it is said that as long as the traditions of his firm rule and energetic mind survive, Wesleyanism is not likely to lose the stamp of individuality impressed upon it. But we can well sympathize with the trials to which such a temper as Dr. Bunting's must have

had to submit in attempting to reduce to order the tumultuary elements of the system which he had to coerce.

'The Lectures of Mr. Charles Marriott,'—*ὁ μακαρίτης*,—(J. H. Parker,) on the Epistle to the Romans, delivered in S. Mary's, Oxford, to his parishioners, forms a pleasant memorial of a beautiful and useful life. There is to casual readers an air of constraint if not of coldness in them, which is, however, constantly lighted up by the inner fires of love and deep experience. Characteristic of the man, they can only be rightly appreciated by those who knew him: but their external value is as a specimen of what is too rare, a continuous homiletic exposition. And in this way they present a fine contrast to the flimsy sermons of the day, especially those preached at Special Services, which are not, as in the diocese of Oxford, directed and condensed to a single point of practice or doctrine, but which usually affect to give the whole Christian scheme in all its bearings, on all sorts and conditions of spiritual attainments, in the one accredited forty minutes of display and emptiness.

Miss Sewell has gifts which especially suit her for picturesque and rapid description. Her 'History of the Early Church' (Longman) is exactly the sort of book which is stimulating in the right direction. It does not pretend either to criticism or completeness; but it is a series of pictures, carefully drawn, which on the whole convey a good and fair notion of the inner life of early Christianity: what perhaps is most wanting is an adequate appreciation of the surrounding heathenism, and—which however in a manual of this kind would have been out of place—an intimation of the incidence of external bias of thought on the progress of doctrine. We know of no book which is likely to do more in the way of instructing young persons on this subject; and while the writer acknowledges that she has compiled largely, we must add that she has woven skilfully.

Mr. J. Davies Mereweather has published an extremely interesting book: 'The Diary of a Working Clergyman in Australia and Tasmania' (Hatchard). We do not quite understand how it was that, with such rare gifts and energy for the work, he is not still in that noble mission-field. There is, perhaps, a slight element of instability in the writer's character, which, however, renders him a very genial companion. He enters into all sorts of scenes with evident relish, and as his experience was varied, his descriptions, like his career, have a free and roving aspect.

We have omitted to notice, at the time of its appearance, a pamphlet entitled, 'Free Theological Inquiry the Duty of the Laity. By a Lay Member of the Church of England' (Williams & Norgate). The authorship is, we understand, known in Edinburgh. It appears to be a recommendation to the laity to study for themselves the works of Mr. Jowett, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Donaldson, Meyer, De Wette, and so forth. If any of our lay brethren do esteem it their duty to enter upon such a course of reading, we will venture to remind them of two things, of which no hint is imparted in this pamphlet. *Firstly*, that it may be well to look also at some commentaries on Holy Scripture, such as those of Mr. Ellicott, which proceed on a

different principle from the above-named works, or at comments on Mr. Jowett's publications, like the two sermons of Dr. Pusey, or the tract of Mr. Davies. *Secondly*, that philology, though most useful in its place, is not the sole nor always even the chief key to the attainment of the mind of the Spirit. We only wish we had room on this last point to insert the warning of such a man as Dr. Mill, given at Cambridge on November 26, 1848, in a sermon called 'The Old Paths.' 'We are only deluding ourselves,' said that really profound thinker, 'if we expect a single one of those articles 'which constitute the Catholic Faith of Christ's Church to be disturbed or 'substantially affected by critical skill.' As for being jealous of laymen if they will *pray*, as well as study, we cannot forget what the Church of our own age and country owes to laymen, nor that the list of Christian Apologists in the earliest ages includes the names of S. Justin, Tatian, Athenagoras, Minucius Felix, Arnobius, and Lactantius, who were all of the laity. Other points suggested by this well-toned, but, as we think, mistaken author, must be deferred until they come under our notice in some other way.

A volume of 'Essays, by Mr. Henry Constable' (Longman), suggests to us a collection of rejected Review articles. We may be wrong in this suspicion of their origin, but they deserve this fate. Weak, wrong, and presumptuous, they are just what we should conceive editors would reject. For example, Mr. Constable affirms the three forms of absolution used in the Church of England to 'mean all one thing.' If by this he means that they are identical, we can only inquire whether he thinks that the form of absolution in the old unreformed English Service, verbally the same with that in our Visitation of the Sick—translated, that is, from the old Manual—had the same object, and therefore sense, and therefore is identical with any form drawn up by those possessed of the religious bias of the reformers and compilers of the book of 1552. It is undeniable that we have two forms, and that these forms express phases of doctrine totally different: we do not say that they are not reconcilable: but we do say that they are not the same thing. The one is a sacramental form: the other is what the American Church very properly describes it, 'a declaration,' &c. Each has its purpose; we are not setting one above or below the other: but an essayist who cannot see this writes an octavo volume of Essays to little purpose.

A second series of 'Twelve Sermons, translated from the Quaresimale of P. Paolo Segneri' (Masters). We can only repeat the high commendation we paid to the first volume: and we thank Mr. Ford for the pains he has taken with this work. It will be borne in mind that we never recommended the English clergy to preach these sermons: but we do say that they will do much to teach our popular preachers *how* to preach.

It is seldom that we can specify a single Sermon as remarkable, but one by Mr. H. W. Burrows,—an occasional one,—'The Power of God and the Wisdom of God' (J. H. Parker), preached for a local object, is remarkable as combining with much depth of thought and dignity of style the utmost plainness and simplicity of language. Mr. Burrows is a very original preacher.

Dean Newland has a fine subject in the 'Life of the celebrated Archbishop of Spalatro, Antonio de Dominis' (J. H. Parker), but he has not lived up to his opportunities. The narrative is confused and tautological, and the great problem of the sincerity of De Dominis is left exactly where it was. No attempt has been made to discover anything, either at Rome or in England, which would throw light upon the general character of the subject of the biography. We ask for new materials, which Dr. Newland's volume does not supply; and instead of a clear, consistent, and historical statement, the story goes backwards and forwards, interspersed with prosy moralizings instead of facts, and with very obvious reflections in the place of documents.

Anything which comes from the pen of the Rev. Ernest Hawkins must be received with respect by those who are acquainted with—and who is not acquainted with?—his long and self-denying labours in the cause of our Colonial Missions. Already his 'Manual of Prayers and Hymns' has reached a sixth, and his 'Household Psalms, Lessons,' &c. a third edition. A second edition of his 'Explanatory Notes on the Book of Psalms, as used in the Daily Service,' (Bell and Daldy,) is now before us. The design of this work is very simple: it is to give the Prayer-Book Version of Psalms, as arranged for daily use in Church, with brief verbal explanations of such expressions and allusions as may present difficulties to simple readers, and correct translations of passages in which the Prayer-Book Version does not correctly represent the original Hebrew. There are also notices of the circumstances under which it is supposed each Psalm was originally composed, and of the historical references in it. The notes are models of conciseness and perspicuity; and fulfil their intention of clearly indicating the literal meaning of the words of the Psalms. We should be glad to see a further work, like this in compactness, brevity, and clearness, suggesting the Christian (*i.e.* the true) sense of the Psalms as they are to us, the language of prayer and praise. Mr. Hawkins' present work designedly abstains from entering on this subject, which yet we conceive it is most necessary should be brought out, in order to assist Church people in the devotional use of the Psalter. This second edition is so great an enlargement of the former one as to be almost a new work.

The Bishop of Nelson's monograph—he modestly styles it a 'Sketch'—of the 'Life of Walter de Merton' (J. W. Parker), is quite a model of skill in the way of pointing out the sources of history. It does not pretend to completeness, but is planned rather as a guide to future explorers in archæology. The skilful and touching way in which Bishop Hobhouse connects his new duties with the Founder's intentions in his preface, is striking.

We have to recommend to all our readers to support the Marriage Law Defence Association. To speak in the language of an advertisement: the Office is in Parliament Street, Mr. W. M. Trollope is the Secretary; the subscription is small, and the mere money's worth is gained in the publications of the Society. The object is to circulate tracts and appeals, and, in a word, to do for a good object what money and zeal are doing in

a bad cause. To resist, both in Parliament and by petitions, argument, and agitation, the attempt to legalize Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, is a large and difficult work. This work the Association undertakes, and it can only be conducted by an organization large, and influential, and active like the present. A considerable number of publications has already been issued, and we trust that Churchmen will avail themselves of the interval which must elapse before Lord Bury's Bill, now, we suppose, to be backed by Government influence, can reach the House of Lords.

There are certain dishes in good cookery called *surprises*. The joke is to give flesh disguised as fowl, and beef and lamb changing places in form. Something like this ingenious fooling has been practised by the writer of 'Efficient Church Extension immediately possible, by a Layman' (Islip). It is a very clever *reductio ad absurdum* of the admissions of the Evangelical party, and it proves that on their principles neither Church nor ministry is in the least degree required. The whole tract is so cleverly done that we must state that we read two or three pages before we saw the latent irony. We have not seen this tract noticed, but the argument is no contemptible one.

'The London Poor and the Inequality of the Rates, by an East-End Incumbent' (Rymer). We know that this argument is specious, but it resolves itself into a much higher one. It is unquestionable that the pressure of the poor-rate on poor parishes is very great, and the burthen of the poor on rich parishes is very slight. Why not equalize them, and make the rich pay for the poor? Can anything be more fair, or easy, or righteous? Only the solution suggests, why should you stop here? Why not *make*—for here is the essence of the thing—the rich individual divide his income with the poor individual, as well as *make* the rich and poor parishes contribute to a common fund? If there is no reason in one case there is not in another; except just this, that in either case the very existence of property is at stake. We must be aware of these subtler forms of what is neither more nor less than disguised Socialism; and there are indications, not the least of our alarming symptoms, that even in the Clergy are at work principles which in practice would be identical with those of Communism.

'The Journal of the Workhouse Visiting Society' (Longman), on the other hand, presents an admirable contrast, both in feeling and principle, to those methods of dealing with the poor which, as in the last-named pamphlet, seem, though perhaps unintentionally, to suggest, that every poor man is, *ipso facto*, wronged and insulted by the mere existence of his richer brethren.

'The Monthly Offertory' (J. W. Parker), by Mr. S. John Tyrwhitt, of S. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, is a very good sermon. But why not a Weekly Offertory?

If Mr. Beckett Denison were not so extremely pert—the word is offensive, but we can find no other which suits his particular mode of thinking, or at least of writing—we should say that he would be a

very useful writer: and among his occasional contributions to the literature of art, his 'Lecture on the dissatisfaction felt with Gothic Architecture,' delivered at the Royal Institution, (J. W. Parker,) would hold a distinguished place; but its good is marred by egotism, and a defiance of every other judgment and intolerance of any other opinion than his own.

Mr. Cecil Wray, in his able sermon, 'The Jew admitted to the Christian Parliament' (J. W. Parker), declines to entertain the question of the actual relations of Church and State. But he assumes a good deal when he attaches the epithet Christian to the Parliament. We own that here we have a difficulty; we do not think that the admission of Jews un-christianized the State, but it is only by a euphemism that the Parliament has for some time been called Christian; it has long been de-christianized. However, we can give high praise to the vigour and soundness of the preacher.

'Conversations on the Catechism' (Mozley). Assuming the form of this production, which is open to question,—the dialogue form having this difficulty, that it is either read exclusively, to the great danger of the substance of the book, or that it is disregarded altogether, and in either case its use being hard to see,—we can recommend without hesitation these two volumes, as a really sound and complete exposition of doctrine. It is almost superfluous to observe, that it displays Miss Yonge's usual cleverness and spirit.

A little periodical,—it is in the shape of a Quarterly, and costs only a penny, the very nadir of these ambitious publications,—the 'Home Mission Field' (Rivingtons), has been undertaken by the energetic Secretary of the Additional Curates Society. We desire to urge on our readers to help this good work.

'Pictures of the Heavens' (Mozley) is really one of the cleverest and most comprehensive manuals of popular Astronomy extant. We believe that its use in families and schools may be made most instructive, and while written in a religious spirit, it is also attractive in style.

'The Healing Art the Right Hand of the Church,' by Therapeutes (Edinburgh: Sutherland), is a thoughtful and important book. It calls attention not only to the necessity which is incumbent on the clergy of learning something of the art of medicine, but it deals with the serious question of the actual connexion of disease with moral and spiritual considerations, and of the power given by the Author of nature over nature in a supernatural dispensation. This is traced historically and treated practically, and illustrated with some instructive authorities. Few books of the day deserve a more thoughtful consideration.

'Lenten Meditations' (Masters), by Mr. S. C. Malan, is a very curious, as well as deeply devotional book. It is beautifully printed, it is highly religious, it is inscribed with the name of a great scholar, and dedicated to the memory of a noble son of the Church of England, and it is a translation, for the most part, of a Russian commentary on a prayer of S. Ephraem. It is difficult to conceive anything which would more forcibly or beautifully bring out both the catholic character and the power of assimilation in our own communion.

Dean Trench's 'Select Glossary' (J. W. Parker), besides being a valuable contribution to scientific philology, is as interesting as a novel. The writer's literature, and good taste, and good feeling, are alike conspicuous in it. We subjoin two or three articles, which will be found more particularly interesting to our readers. We premise a note of our own. 'Boot,' p. 23, was applied to the side portion of a carriage, simply because it was a leathern conveyance; it may be seen in the Lord Mayor's state coach, where the chaplain and sword-bearer are stowed, sideways and crab fashion, in 'the boot.'

'BY AND BY. Now a future more or less remote from the actual present; but when our Version of the Bible was made, the nearest possible future. The inveterate procrastination of men has put "by and by" farther and farther off. Already in Barrow's time it had acquired its present meaning.

'"And some counselled the Archbishop to burn me *by and by*, and some other counselled him to drown me in the sea, for it is near hand there."—Foxe, *Book of Martyrs; Examination of William Thorpe.*

'"Give me *by and by* [ἐξαυτῆς] in a charger the head of John the Baptist."—*Mark* vi. 25. Authorised Version.

'"These things must first come to pass; but the end is not *by and by* [εὐθέως]."—*Luke* xxi. 9. Authorised Version.

'"When Demophantus fell to the ground, his soldiers fled *by and by* [εὐθὺς ἔφυγον] upon it."—North, *Plutarch's Lives*, p. 308.'

'FIRMAMENT. We now use "firmament" only for that portion of the sky on all sides visible above the horizon, having gotten this application of the word from the Vulgate (*Gen.* i. 6), or at any rate from the Church Latin ("*firmamentum* cœleste," Tertullian, *De Bapt.* iii.), as that had derived it from the Septuagint. This by στερέωμα had sought to express the firmness and stability of the sky-tent, which phenomenally (and Scripture for the most part speaks phenomenally) is drawn over the earth; and to reproduce the force of the original Hebrew word,—in which, however, there is rather the notion of expansion than of firmness (see H. More, *Defence of Cabbala*, p. 60). But besides this use of "firmament," totally strange to the classical "firmamentum," being derived to us from the ecclesiastical employment of the word, there is also an occasional use of it by the scholarly writers of the seventeenth century in the original classical sense, as generally that which makes strong or confirms.

'"I thought it good to make a strong head or bank to rule and guide the course of the waters; by setting down this position or *firmament*, namely, that all knowledge is to be limited by religion, and to be referred to use and action."—Bacon, *Of the Interpretation of Nature.*

'"Custom is the sanction, or the *firmament* of the law."—J. Taylor, *Apples of Sodom.*'

'LEWD, LEWDNESS. There are three distinct stages in the meaning of the word "lewd;" of these it has entirely overlived two, and survives only in the third, namely, in that of wanton or lascivious. Without discussing here its etymology or its exact relation to "lay," it is sufficient to observe, that, as "lay," it was often used in the sense of ignorant, or rather

'unlearned. Next, according to the proud saying of the Pharisees, "This 'people who knoweth not the law are cursed" (*John* vii. 49), and on the 'assumption, which would have its truth, that those untaught in the 'doctrines, would be unexercised in the practices, of Christianity, it came 'to signify vicious, though without designating one vice more than others. 'While in its present and third stage, it has, like so many other words, 'retired from this general designation of all vices, to express one of the 'more frequent, alone.

'"Archa Dei in the olde law Levytes it kepte;
'Had never *lewed* men leve to leggen honde on that cheste."
Piers Ploughman, 7668.

'"For as moche as the curatis ben often so *lewed*, that thei understonden 'not bookis of Latyn for to teche the peple, it is spedful not only to the '*lewed* peple, but also to the *lewed* curatis, to have bookis in Englisch 'of needful loore to the *lewed* peple."—*Wycliffe MSS.* p. 5.

'"Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,
'As *lewed* people demen comunly
'Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
'Than they can in hir *lewednesse* comprehend."
Chaucer, *The Squieres Tale.*

'"Neither was it Christ's intention that there should be any thing in it '[the Lord's Prayer] dark or far from our capacity, specially since it belongeth equally to all, and is as necessary for the *lewd* as the learned."—*A Short Catechism*, 1553.

'"If it were a matter of wrong or wicked *lewdness* [ῥᾳδιούργημα], O ye 'Jews, reason would that I should bear with you."—*Acts* xviii. 14 'Authorised Version.'

'NEPHEW. Restrained in our present use to the son of a brother or a sister; 'but formerly of much laxer use, a grandson, or even a remoter lineal 'descendant. "Nephew" in fact has undergone exactly the same change 'of meaning that "nepos" in Latin underwent; which in the Augustan 'age meaning grandson, in the post-Augustan acquired the signification of '"nephew" in our present acceptation of that word.

'"The warts, black moles, spots and freckles of fathers, not appearing at 'all upon their own children's skin, begin afterwards to put forth and 'show themselves in their *nephews*, to wit, the children of their sons and 'daughters."—Holland, *Plutarch's Morals*, p. 555.

'"With what intent they [the apocryphal books] were first published, 'those words of the *nephew* of Jesus do plainly enough signify: After that 'my *grandfather* Jesus had given himself to the reading of the law and the 'prophets, he purposed also to write something pertaining to learning and 'wisdom."—Hooker, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, b. v. c. 20.

'"If any widow have children or *nephews* [ἔκγονα], let them learn first to 'show piety at home, and to requite their parents."—1 *Tim.* v. 4. Autho-'rised Version.'

'PERSON. We have forfeited the full force of the statement, "God is no 'respecter of *persons*;" from the fact that "person" does not mean for us

'now all that it once meant. "Person," from "persona," the mask con-
'stantly worn by the actor of antiquity, is by natural transfer the part or
'*rôle* in the play which each sustains, as *πρόσωπον* is in Greek. In the
'great tragi-comedy of life each sustains a "person;" one that of a king,
'another that of a hind; one must play Dives, another Lazarus. This
'"person" God, for whom the question is not, *what* "person" each
'sustains, but *how* he sustains it, does not regard.

'"*King.* What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
'The immediate heir of England! was this easy?
'May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten?
'*Chief Justice.* I then did use the *person* of your father;
'The image of his power lay then in me."

'Shakespeare, 2 *Henry IV.* Act v. Sc. 2.

'"Cæsar also is brought in by Julian attributing to himself the honour
'(if it were at all an honour to that *person* which he sustained) of being
'the first that left his ship and took land."—Milton, *The History of*
'*England*, b. ii.

'"Certain it is, that no man can long put on a *person* and act a part but
'his evil manners will peep through the corners of his white robe, and God
'will bring a hypocrite to shame even in the eyes of men."—J. Taylor,
'*Apples of Sodom.*'

'THOUGHT. Many, as they read or hear in our English Bible these
'words of our Lord, "Take no *thought* for your life" (*Matt.* vi. 25), are
'perplexed, for they cannot help thinking that there is some exaggeration
'in them, that He is urging here something which is impossible, and which,
'if possible, would not be desirable, but a forfeiting of the true dignity of
'man. Or perhaps, if they are able to compare the English with the Greek,
'they blame our Translators for having given an emphasis to the precept
'which it did not possess in the original. But neither is the fact. "Thought"
'is constantly *anxious* care in our earlier English, as the examples which
'follow will abundantly prove.

'"He so plagued and vexed his father with injurious indignities, that the
'old man for very *thought* and grief of heart pined away and died."—Hol-
'land, *Camden's Ireland*, p. 120.

'"In five hundred years only two queens have died in childbirth. Queen
'Catherine Parr died rather of *thought*."—*Tracts during the Reign of Queen*
'*Elizabeth*; *Somers Tracts*, vol. i. p. 172.

'"Harris, an alderman of London, was put in trouble, and died of *thought*
'and anxiety before his business came to an end."—Bacon, *The History of*
'*Henry the Seventh.*'

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1859.

ART. I.—1. *Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By ROBERT CHAMBERS, F.R.S.E., F.S.A. &c. Edinburgh and London: W. and R. Chambers.

2. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. 1858.

3. *Scotland and the Scotch.* By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. Edinburgh: Whyte and Co.

4. A *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen.* Originally edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. New Edition. Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1854.

5. *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village.* By THOMAS AIRD. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1857.

THE above works are a sample, and a sample only, of a large class of publications issued by our friends in Scotland; which, whether they consist of solid investigation into antiquity, or pleasant description of sights of travel, or tales and anecdotes illustrative of national character and habits, might with propriety be classed under the comprehensive title of '*Les Ecossais peints par eux-même.*' And ever since Sir Walter Scott made known the riches of his native land, these books, when emanating from writers of such ability as the authors in the above brief list, are sure of a kindly welcome southward of the Tweed and the Cheviots, as well as in the northern capital.

And yet, notwithstanding the possession of so much information, and the increased intercourse between the two countries, we are not aware of any attempt on the part of an English writer to form a fair estimate of Scotland and her people. The Scotchman is indeed, in some sense, known to all the world; and two very distinguished men across the Channel

have published critiques of the Scottish school of metaphysics. The 'Philosophie Ecossaise' of M. Victor Cousin (which has reached a third edition) alludes to at least some general characteristics of the nation; and M. Charles de Rémusat, in an able article[1] on the same subject, has gone into fuller details with considerable success and felicity of touch. It is true, indeed, that English pens and tongues have been employed at times in portraying Scottish character. No sooner had James the 'Sixth and First,' as we have heard him called in Scotland, taken possession of his English throne, than a satirist, as Mr. Chambers shows us, made rhyming jests upon his followers. At a later date, the town rang with the sarcasms of Churchill, when, as Lord Macaulay has told us in his lively manner, the premiership of the Earl of Bute made men wish that the Duke of Cumberland had been even more unmerciful than he proved himself after the battle of Culloden. Again, our fathers have seen upon the stage Sir Archie MacSarcasm and Sir Pertinax MacSycophant: and slightly modified descendants of these gentry may, probably, be traced in some English novels of our own day. But caricatures, being usually based upon half-truths, are not portraits: they bring out blemishes in a strong light, and throw into the shade all compensating excellencies. Another kind of sketch, but almost equally unfair, is furnished by the panegyrists who have been summoned from the South to occupy for a season the rectorial chair in the University of Glasgow, or in the Marischal College at Aberdeen. It is hardly to be expected, perhaps hardly desirable, that noble lords and honourable gentlemen should try the temper of their youthful constituents by commingling with well-deserved eulogies a sprinkling of less palatable, though not less wholesome, censures.

It would be highly presumptuous in us were we to pretend that we can hang upon these volumes a criticism which should supply the *lacuna* thus existing in our literature, and lay before our readers anything like a general characterization of North Britain. It may, however, be possible to indicate certain lines of thought, which shall at least suggest to others some topics which deserve consideration. And if, in the endeavour to point features of distinction, moral, social, and intellectual, between the two portions of Great Britain, we mingle blame with praise, and touch upon defects as well as merits, it will be found that the dispraise can generally be confirmed from Scottish lips, frequently even stated in their very words. And for any who may feel aggrieved, we would call to remembrance the text, so

[1] 'L'Ecosse depuis la Fin du XVII^e^. Siècle' (*Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 Avril, 1856.)

happily cited in a well-known passage by Lord Bacon, 'Fidelia vulnera amantis, sed dolosa oscula malignantis.'

And on one point, at least, we are happy to think that there will be no dispute. Whatever be the relative claims of other countries of Europe, or of other parts of Britain, none will deny to Scotland the possession of a lavish and varied measure of that gift from the hand of God himself, which an eloquent Italian has so justly called the 'divine beauty of created things.' Sung by poets, limned by painters, yearly visited by thousand tourists, her charms have not been over praised. It is, in very truth, a glorious land. The continental tourist may indeed have seen some marvels of nature which cannot be reproduced for him in Scotland. The unearthly vision of the Bernese or Savoyard Alps, the sunny softness of those olive and chestnut-clad mountains which slope down to the lakes of Northern Italy; these we have not, and cannot have, in Caledonia. But looking at the four portions of the British Isles,—England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland,—the Scot may fairly, we think, claim to be the denizen of what is, upon the whole, the most marvellously and variously beautiful. Particular points may unquestionably be fairly matched. We have heard of a judge, of good repute, selecting Bantry Bay in Ireland as unsurpassable by any piece of scenery in the three kingdoms. Southey and Wordsworth (too much attached to their homes to be fair judges) may have preferred the Lake District of England; and Snowdonia has her own glories, which no lover of nature can presume to estimate lightly. But on the entire case, as lawyers would say, the verdict must, we repeat, in our judgment, be for Scotland. Far be it from us to pretend to the knowledge of one tithe of her sights of fairness, grandeur, and romance of outward guise and inward association; yet enough we do know to be penetrated with a deep and fervent admiration. How easily might a Scot paraphrase a great part of the famous appeal to Italy in the Georgics? *His* mother country, too, can show her illustrious cities, reared at no slight cost of toil, with citadels crowning the summits of precipitous rocks, and noble rivers gliding beneath their ancient walls; she, too, can boast of her twofold waters—the Northern Sea on one side, and the mighty Atlantic on the other. Still more easily could she challenge, with Loch Lomond and Loch Long (or, indeed, perhaps even better with 'still St. Mary's Lake' and Loch Awe) the beauties of form displayed by Como and the wilder waters of the Lago di Garda.

'Tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem:
Tot congesta manû præruptis oppida saxis:

> Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
> An mare, quod suprà memorem; quodque alluit infrà?
> Anne lacus tantos? te, Lari maxime: teque
> Fluctibus et fremitû, assurgens, Benace, marino?'

Nor, indeed, need the parallel be confined to merely material objects. The hardy Highlander, the stern Borderer, might once have been taken to represent the Ligurian and the Volsci; her noble families,—Lindsays, Douglasses, Gordons, and many more,—might stand for Scipios and Camilli; and Scottish feeling would, at the present moment, incline to find a Cæsar in Lord Clyde, saving the empire from the revolt of the (no longer unwarlike) Indian.

> 'Hæc genus acre virûm, Marsos, pubemque Sabellam,
> Assuetumque malo Ligurem, Volscosque verutos
> Extulit: hæc Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
> Scipiadas duros bello; et te, maxime Cæsar,
> Qui nunc extremis Asiæ jam victor in oris
> Imbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.'

Of the climate of Scotland it is impossible to speak so favourably as of the scenery. 'Climate,' says Miss Sinclair, 'is our 'weak side, which all who are censoriously disposed may attack 'with impunity.' It is not that Scotland is so much colder than England; on the contrary, the winter temperature on the western coast is milder; in the isles extraordinarily so. Rothesay bears the reputation of being a sort of northern Madeira. Fuschias and myrtles flourish in the open air throughout the winter, and the neighbouring gardens of Lord Bute, at Mount Stuart, display exotics such as few English gardens can exhibit save under the protection of a hothouse. But the amount of rain and of raw and chilling atmosphere on the west, the fogs and bitter east winds on the east, the want of geniality in the spring, all tend to produce a feeling of depression, which is very trying to persons who are in any way invalids or unacclimatized.

Yet even such a climate is not without some compensating charms arising from its very severities. D'Azeglio, in the passage of his 'Ettore Fieramosca,' already referred to, pities the poor inhabitants of the North, declaring that he who has not spent an hour at early dawn on the sea-shore of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies does not yet know, in its fullest extent, 'la divina bellezza delle cose create.' Assuredly (as the writer can testify), to sail into Naples' Bay at sunrise is an event in one's life not easily to be forgotten. Nevertheless, before acting upon the suggestion of the proverb, 'Vedi Napoli e poi mori,' an artistic taste, like that of D'Azeglio, might witness some sights in Scotland of a tendency to mitigate his compassion. Even clouds and mists have

their own peculiar beauty. How much of the attractiveness of many of Turner's finest pictures depends upon the truthfulness with which he has rendered that mysterious semi-transparent veil which often hangs so gracefully over Highland peak and glen; the very indistinctness now stimulating the imagination of the beholder, now giving way to a revelation not unworthy of fancy's most poetic dream. And what shall be said of the Aurora Borealis? or, again, of a less fitful and uncertain marvel, those long days which know of no real nights, when, as has happened to the actual page now before the reader, the pen can safely pursue its path until the hour of ten without the aid of artificial light—when the sun's place, just below the horizon, and no more, is distinctly perceptible at midnight, and before three in the morning restores the radiance of the perfect day.

We need not, indeed, pretend, as Tacitus and Juvenal appear to have supposed,[1] that this is the normal condition of the North British day; nor indeed should we desire it. But, for its season, that midnight brightness in the northern sky is something indescribable and unimaginable to those who have never witnessed it. No wonder that it suggests itself to poets as an emblem of the resurrection of the just: even Tertullian, in the famous passage wherein he speaks of the testimony of nature to the doctrine, might have added some fresh image had he been writing in Caledonia instead of Africa.

It is not, however, our purpose to dwell upon these external features of scenery or of climate, excepting in so far as they affect national character. That they have affected it very deeply there can be little doubt. For instance, a mountainous country, though often an object of deep attachment to its natives, is seldom able to provide for their sustenance, far less to open a road to fortune. Hence, as we all know, the Arcadian mercenaries of old, the Swiss guards of continental potentates in modern times, and the Dugald Dalgetty school of Scotland. Hence that much satirized tendency in Scotland to dismiss her sons to seek a career in other countries. In well-known words,

> 'She sends her children forth,
> Some East, some West, some—ev'rywhere but North.'

And yet it is, we believe, a mistake to imagine that any considerable proportion of her population would remain in foreign

[1] A curious instance of what may be called a half-truth. Tacitus, who had no doubt heard from his father-in-law, Agricola, of the long Scottish twilight, never seems to have suspected that the length of the days about the time of the summer solstice involved a corresponding brevity in the depth of winter. His statement is of a most generic character: 'Dierum spatia ultra nostri orbis mensuram, et nox clara et extremâ parte Britanniæ brevis, ut finem atque initium lucis exiguo discrimine internoscas.' (Agricola, cap. xii.) Precisely similar is Juvenal's allusion, in his second Satire, to the 'Minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.'

climes, or even in England, if their own country offered prizes at all comparable to those to be found elsewhere. 'I mean,' said a respectable small tradesman to an acquaintance of ours, 'to send my son to Oxford. You see, sir, in Scotland he cannot 'well rise to be more than a lord of the Court of Session, whereas 'in England there is the Chancellorship and the Archbishoprics.' But, certainly, the retired Indian functionary returns, for the most part, not merely to Scotland, but, if possible, to his own peculiar district, even though it should be among the least favoured by nature in respect of beauty or richness of soil: localism being (as we may have occasion to show) a marked feature in Scottish, as it is in Spanish, patriotism. It is highly characteristic also to find the national love of all that is ancient coming out, even in the studies of the geologist; to hear the late Hugh Miller (democrat as he was in politics) exultingly asserting that the chains of the Alps, and of the mighty Himalayas itself, are but youthful in comparison of the antiquity of certain formations on the west of Scotland. Nor is it less in accordance with the national tone to find the same writer, in his 'First Impressions of England,' remarking on the sameness of Anglian geology, as contrasted with the variety exhibited by North Britain, and playfully asking how men could have been found to fight for a country where it would be almost impossible to find their way home after the battle, excepting by the aid of the milestones. A simile this which will be more than pardoned, nay, heartily sympathized with, by any who may know what it is to compare a residence in the English midland counties with one embracing a view of Arthur's Seat, or the Western Isles, either within or without the Mull of Cantyre.

Nor is Scotland deficient, either in town or country, in that connexion of locality with events which so powerfully affects the human imagination. Sir E. B. Lytton has said a word in favour of London (in 'My Novel'), as being not destitute of poetry to those who know how to look for it aright; but a majority would, we suspect, side with the late Mr. Raikes in assigning a far higher place in this respect to Paris. And without discussing how far the 'fair city' of Perth, or castled Stirling, or, above all, Edinburgh (so grand in position and use of that position, so rich in all historic reminiscences), may also excel most cities of South Britain, we may here illustrate the point, so far as regards rural districts, by a quotation from the well-known letters of that lively Scotch lady, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, where she is criticising the Yorkshire scene-painting of Scott's 'Rokeby,' as distinguished from that of his earlier poems: 'There cannot be a more powerful illustration of Mr. Jeffrey's 'theory of the necessary connexion between scenery and senti-

'ment to give inanimate beauty its full effect, than the comparatively feeble impression left on the mind by description so 'fine in itself and so true to its original, for want of those legends 'and poetical associations by which our Scottish glens and 'mountains are not only consecrated, but in a degree animated. 'Observe how rich the notes of Scott's former poems are in 'allusions to traditions and quotations from local poetry! But 'where is the local poetry of England? Granville and Pope, 'of very late years, have celebrated Windsor and the Thames; 'our own countryman, Thompson, too, hung a wreath on Richmond Hill; but what other place in England can be mentioned 'that wakes one poetical recollection? Milton's very self has 'not sanctified a single spot; and Spenser's localities were all 'in Ireland.'

Again, that the besetting sin of drunkenness is more seductive and prevalent in northern than in southern climes is no new assertion; though it must be owned, that some would represent this feature as one specially attributable to race rather than to climate,—Teutonic blood bearing a sad pre-eminence.

Thus, in a letter of A.D. 747, from a famous Anglo-Saxon missionary, S. Boniface, to an Archbishop of Canterbury, Cuthbert, we find the writer asserting that the vice of inebriety was so common that even bishops fell into it, and enticed other men thereto: an evil, he adds, peculiar to heathens and our own nation; not committed by Frank or Gaul, Greek or Lombard. ('Hoc enim malum speciale est paganorum et nostræ gentis; 'hoc nec Franci, nec Galli, nec Longobardi, nec Græci fa'ciunt.'[1])

But before we proceed further into the details of national character, it is well that we enunciate some general principles, lest our subsequent remarks upon particular features be misinterpreted. What standard do men adopt, what expectations do they frame, when they sit in judgment upon the character of a nation?

Too often, we fear, the standard is a purely ideal one; just, no doubt, upon abstract principles, but most unjust, as well as unphilosophic and uncharitable, when tacitly erected into a test of the qualities of one people as compared with those of other lands. Men think and speak as if they expected to find the existence of certain conspicuous virtues, unalloyed by the contiguity of particular failings on which those very virtues often nearly border. Of course, goodness need not be thus sullied. We can image to ourselves a country where independence should never degenerate into rudeness, nor carefulness

[1] Letter appended to the late Professor Hussey's excellent edition of 'Bedæ Historia Ecclesiastica.' (Oxon. 1846, p. 353.)

into meanness; where loyalty should never be servile, nor ambition choose crooked paths as a road to honour; where the nobles should be high-spirited and self-respecting, but never exclusive and proud of birth; where merchants should be active and honourable, but never over-keen in practice nor proud of wealth; where the poor should be intelligent without self-conceit or wilfulness; strict, without any shade of hypocrisy; disinclined to beg, yet devoid of all taint of haughtiness.

Yes; we may imagine such a land; but we shall not find it in this work-day world. Such a people would be a nation of saints, and that nation is as yet unknown. Individual men may, indeed, be happy specimens of that noblest and best independence which is conjoined with true humility; of self-respect, which is unexacting and free from superciliousness; of the endowments of birth, or wealth, or genius, sobered by the ever-present conviction that all these things are as a life-interest only, entailing greater responsibilities upon the possessors. But amongst masses of men we must ever expect to find the very presence of particular virtues involving some degree of the adjacent foibles; and the faults in turn not easily eradicable without the loss of some excellence that was closely allied to it or intertwined. 'Obstinacy,' said Edmund Burke, in a famous speech on American taxation; 'obstinacy is certainly a great 'vice, and in the changeful state of political affairs, it is fre-'quently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, 'very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great 'and masculine virtues—constancy, gravity, magnanimity, for-'titude, fidelity, and firmness—are closely allied to this dis-'agreeable quality of which you [the House of Commons] have 'so just an abhorrence; and in their excess all these virtues 'very easily fall into it.'

And if to any nation the appeal not to judge hastily might, with peculiar propriety, be made, that nation assuredly the English. We are not ourselves a people who show to advantage on the first blush; our tourists on the Continent of Europe do not (as a rule) win golden opinions; the real worth and honour, to say nothing of religious feeling, are not exhibited openly and unmistakeably, even when most truly existent. Neither are we, as a nation, considered to display any remarkable qualifications for the formation of a judgment upon other countries. Englishmen are accused of being a set of mere sight-seers, who do not even seek, for the most part, to effect any entrance into good society, but derive their notions of Italy and Belgium, France and Germany, from cab-drivers and landlords, and the chance passengers in the railway-carriage and the diligence. Certainly, the accounts furnished by those who have resided for

a longer period, for example, in Italy, are generally more favourable than those of the passing hasty traveller, as may be seen from the writings of Shelley, Sir F. Palgrave, and others. And even our laugh at the foibles of other nations might be tempered by the recollection of our own; though it must be admitted that the good humour with which an English public endures satiric representations of its own minor defects might be held up as an example for imitation to neighbours, both in higher and in lower latitudes.

One more cognate statement of a general principle, and we shall be ready to plunge *in medias res*. There is, of course, much in Scotland that is common to British nature—much that is common to human nature in general. Were it not for the presence of such universal characteristics, Aristotle and Shakespeare could never have mapped out the territory of humanity with such wonderful success. But there is also much that usually, and almost inevitably, arises in a smaller community which stands in close alliance with a larger one. When a nation, numbering only some three millions and a half of souls, is under the same government as a neighbouring country with more than fifteen millions, the more populous country being at the same time (more than proportionably) richer, there will be a tendency in the smaller body to hold together, as the only chance of retaining influence, and to be extremely sensitive to the criticism of the larger country, and, half-insensibly, to adopt much of its habits and general culture.

And now to come at length to details. The first point on which we propose to touch is that of the intense roughness of manner displayed by the lower classes of Scotch Lowlanders. We put this in the first place, not only as being, perhaps, the most obvious and marked distinction between the two sides of the border, but because it is probably the one characteristic which, beyond all others, makes a prolonged residence in Scotland so intolerable to many Englishmen, and to still more Englishwomen.

We say a prolonged residence; for this trial will, in many cases, be but little felt by the summer-tourist. Such a one, enjoying his holiday, in good temper with himself and the world at large, keeping to what may be termed the Anglicised parts of Scotland, and seeing chiefly those to whom his class is a livelihood, will probably be surprised at the outcry upon this head. But let him retire to some district where English habits are comparatively unknown, and exchange his vacation-inspired glee for the soberness of regular occupation; and if he has been accustomed to the kind of attention which even the most unpre-

tending gentleman obtains in an English village, he will soon be sensible of a constant succession of minor jars, and learn to appreciate the full force of Horace Walpole's apostrophe, 'All 'hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life, how much smoother do 'ye make the road of it!'

Now, that this roughness is a fact, we shall venture to assume. Proof, if requisite, could be found in abundance; but none is needed. Scotch ladies who have spent a few years in England, Ireland, or France, will probably speak more strongly than any one. We pass, then, from the fact, firstly, to its causes; and, secondly, to the way in which, we humbly conceive, an English resident should meet it.

And as to cause, we look upon this roughness as being in great part a matter of race. That some great distinction exists between the mass of the Teutonic race, as opposed to those of Latin origin, is evident from the most superficial glance. That difference struck Tacitus of old; that difference exhibited itself in its most marked form at the epoch of the Reformation, which (as a rule, though not an invariable one) the Teuton accepted, and the Roman stock as utterly rejected. But among the virtues of the Germanic races, which are many, inborn courtesy, and fine tact in the perception of the causes of offence, can scarcely be said to occupy a conspicuous place. An observant traveller who enters Germany from the side of France, or from 'il bel paese, dove 'l sì suona,' can hardly fail to mark the contrast. If any doubt exist, we may appeal to the experience of poor Heinrich Heine, who will be admitted as a competent witness on such a point, whatever be thought of his sentiments on politics or religion. When that eccentric poet, having made Germany too hot to hold him, had taken up his residence in Paris, his first impressions are thus put on record by himself: 'Politeness and good-humour were written on every counte-'nance. If any one inadvertently jostled me without asking 'my pardon, I could safely wager that it was one of my coun-'trymen; and if any fair one displayed a grim and sour expres-'sion, I was sure that she had drunk vinegar, or could read 'Klopstock in the original.'[1]

[1] Les Aveux d'un Poète. (*Revue des deux Mondes*, tome vii. p. 1,175, A.D. 1854.)

It may be objected that the Normans, 'the patricians of the world' (as Sir E. B. Lytton calls them), are, after all, Teutons. We reply, *firstly*, that there are exceptions to all rules; and, *secondly*, that we never questioned the capability of some branches of this race for attaining refinement by intermixture with other nations. 'The Normans,' says Lord Macaulay, 'rapidly *acquired* all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement which they found in the country where they settled.' An illustration in our own day may be suggested by the following extract from a description of Lower Canada. 'The politeness, courtesy, and hospitality of the French Canadians are worthy of the highest admiration. . . . The courteous

But the Englishman, it will be replied, is not of Latinised race, any more than the Scotchman. That is true; but it does not follow that the Lowland Scotchman has not remained a more pure type of the Saxon—less changed by fusion with any foreign elements—less altered by other influences, to which we may advert hereafter. And if it be maintained (as it is by high authorities) that the English north of the Trent are substantially of the same race as that of the Scottish Lowlands, it must also be admitted that the Yorkshireman is a rougher being, less deferential to superiors, than the Devonian.

Thus much as regards what is probably the main source of this peculiarity. Now as to the mode in which an English resident should reason and act concerning it. When he has witnessed the manner in which the Scotch give and take among themselves (the very boys at Edinburgh knocking one another about in a manner we have never seen in an English city), he is half inclined to doubt whether he may not be compelled, in self defence, to employ similar weapons—to meet roughness with roughness, defiance with defiance, and ignore the precept which teaches that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'

And yet such a course of conduct would be not only morally indefensible, but likewise a decided blunder. If some lack of civilization be apparent among the lower classes in Scotland, yet it must be remembered that the very unconsciousness, which makes their tuition in these matters more difficult, does at the same time render the fault far less grievous, and should induce on our part a more charitable view. The same act of rudeness which in England might be a just cause of offence ought not to be hastily considered such in Scotland; because a very little investigation will, in the great majority of cases, show us that the perpetrator had no idea of the annoyance that he was causing. Not unfrequently, while you are still indignant at the supposed insult, he will offer, in the innocence of his heart, some casual act of attention. Many there are, no doubt (for the Scotch are ever in extremes), who display remarkable quickness of perception, and felicity in every turn of speech. But those who do fail, fail utterly, and inflict, as we have intimated, wounds on all sides, without the faintest consciousness of what they are doing. Some two sessions since, Lord Lyndhurst observed, in the Upper House, that even the Lord Chief Justice seemed unaware of the severity of his own language in speaking, and that the same noble author had recently sent to him

demeanour of this race has greatly modified the natural roughness of some old country-folk, who have grown up in daily intercourse with them, and to this influence is attributed the charm of Lower Canadian society.' ('Lectures on Canada,' by Rollo Campbell, Esq., of Montreal-Greenock. 1857.)

(Lord Lyndhurst) a volume of his 'Lives,' in which the conduct of Lord Lyndhurst was very sharply handled. It is rare, indeed, to find this lack of sensibility extending to the higher ranks in Scotland, who generally display the most finished tact and courtesy; but it may constantly be witnessed in the uneducated, or among those who are the architects of their own fortune. Even in their very compliments, the lower Scotch often say precisely the very thing that is least acceptable to the recipient. But it is not, we repeat, fair or charitable to consider unintentional affronts or misdirected compliments in the light of intended insults or ironic sarcasm. Let not the Englishman in Scotland believe that the undoffed hat, the curt reply, the apparent assumption of equality, all spring from deliberate effrontery, and are wholly beyond the reach of southern influence. In part they are the custom of the country, in part they arise from ignorance, and from the great width of the gulf that exists between the upper and the lower classes. If you are not distinctly, by title or estate, a member of the higher orders, or plainly admitted to fraternize with them, you are almost universally assumed to be one of the many. Nevertheless, they are accessible in due time to more favourable impressions; they are people of reasoning habits, not of mere impulse; the severest censure they can pass on an action (short of its being criminal) is that 'it was irr*a*tional.' And true self-respect, which is neither timid nor haughty, will in time have its own weight. Among the many anomalies of Scotch character is a tendency to appreciate refinement and gentleness, even on the part of those who seem, at the first glance, not to be cognizant of the very existence of such qualities. In England, the outward manifestation is so much a matter of habit that it cannot always be relied upon. We remember a case where a midland-county rector, who was a father to his flock, had, after a succession of kind acts, supplied money to a labouring family in his parish, in order that they might emigrate to America. Among the earliest communications from the *paterfamilias* to his friends was one which expatiated on the delights of living in a country where a man need not wear out the brim of his hat by touching it to persons who claimed to be his betters. The true Scot is very reticent, even more so than the Englishman, and though he is slow to exhibit gratitude for favours by words, yet strives to the utmost of his power to repay all kindnesses by actions. And if we could hope to affect the conduct of any English person whose lot is cast among the Scotch, our strenuous advice would be, to have faith in the existence of a fund of better qualities under the outward appearance of whatever seems, at first sight, strange, or even repulsive,

and to persevere in the cultivation of all friendly relations, in full assurance of the ultimate advent of a mutual co-understanding, and often of a hearty goodwill. You above all, ye fair brides, who have been won from English hearths, to become mistresses of mansions beyond the Cheviots, do not faint at the seeming bleakness of the social atmosphere around you. Do not believe that the welcome which greeted your first entrance to your new home was a mere unmeaning shout; pardon for a season the absence of the kind of deference to which you have been accustomed; and do not beseech your lord, by the love he bears you, to spend as much time as possible far away from so peculiar a race. In time you will reap your reward. That maiden, whose look seems somewhat downcast, whose speech is scanty, and so seldom interspersed with the expected 'Ma'am,' whose manner may seem to you to hint a profound belief in co-equality of station, may prove something far different. Above all, if it fall to her lot to be visited by any form of sorrow, of which it is not in her power to talk freely to associates in her own class, *then*, if you show how a Southron can sympathize, the effect is magical indeed. For the Scotch, though they bear trouble with much dignity, and in an uncomplaining spirit, are perhaps, from that very circumstance, somewhat hard to one another. They do not look for much pity, and in turn they are chary of it; the more delicately-strung fibres of the human heart find no ready solace when they have been rudely jarred; and therefore, when that unexpected succour arrives, it is prized in proportion to its rarity. True, no profusion of thanks will flow, no blessings will be loudly invoked; but never, while life lasts, will the remembrance of that kindness perish. No trouble will be deemed too much, no sacrifice too great; in the hour of sickness, of trial of your own, there will be displayed an amount of attention, of forethought, of anticipation of all your wants, that will force you to confess that nowhere upon earth is gratitude more deep, nowhere fidelity more durable and true.

The first shock occasioned by the absence of outward marks of respect frequently makes an Englishman inclined to preserve silence, when he might have a chat with a Scotch laundress, or gardener, or person of similar station. The loss is great. If, instead of retiring into himself, and making the Caledonians believe that the English are more reserved and taciturn (not to say haughty) than themselves, he will boldly break the ice, and converse with such, he will be surprised at the intelligence manifested, the knowledge, especially of the history of Scotland, the logical sequence of the remarks, and the vigour of expression. He may not indeed meet with an embodiment of Mr.

C. Reade's somewhat idealized 'Christie Johnstone;' but it will often suggest to him that the colouring of the novelist is laid upon a substratum of fact. Still more frequently will he be reminded of traits, favourable or unfavourable, which he has read of in Sir Walter Scott: Meg Dodds, and Morse Headrigg, and Andrew Fairservice, and Richie Moniplies, and Jeanie Deans still live, not on paper merely, but in the actual world, despite all the changeful influences of the nineteenth century. The Scotch are conservative of character; perhaps most races of any vigour are so. The Greek is still a lover of knowledge, the active and sometimes the over-acute trader. Napoleon found in the modern Spaniard the *Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre*, and endowed with that marvellous power of standing sieges, which Livy had celebrated of old. The truthfulness and independence of Germania was contrasted by the pen of Tacitus with the servility of the spirit of Rome under the empire. With respect to Scotland, the voice of the stranger has usually culled out the least pleasing traits; but it is difficult to repress a smile at their reproduction. 'These people,' said a young Oxonian to a lady in 1857, 'may be great philosophers, but they are uncommonly rude.' 'They are,' writes Froissart, about A.D. 1400, 'naturally fierce and unpolished; in Scotland there is little or no politeness.' Churchill, under George III., in 1763, pours forth his bitter and envenomed satire; and thus, in well-known lines, describes the interlocutors of his poem:—

> 'Two boys, whose birth, beyond all question springs
> From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
> Shepherds of Scottish lineage born and bred.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose,
> Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
> Where, from their youth inured to winter skies,
> Dress and her vain refinements they despise.'

But Servetus, Calvin's unfortunate victim, anticipates Churchill.[1] 'They are most friendly (he is writing in 1533) 'to the French, most hostile to the King of England. Men of 'quick temperament (*subita ingenia*), fierce, and eager for re- 'venge. Brave in war, most patient of hunger, cold, and watch- 'ing; of well-made form, but *somewhat negligently attired;* by 'nature envious, and despisers of the rest of mankind; they set 'forth rather too prominently their claims to high birth, and 'even in the extremest poverty claim royal descent (*ostentant 'plus nimio nobilitatem suam et in summâ etiam egestate suum*

[1] Cited by Sir James Mackinsosh (Ethical Philosophy) in a note to his critique upon Hutcheson.

'*genus ad regiam stirpem referunt*), and moreover amuse themselves with dialectical subtleties.'

We have known English gentlemen, who have become accustomed to the strong sense displayed in the conversation of the lower orders in Scotland, somewhat spoiled for the talk of the English rural labourer. There can, indeed, be no doubt on which side lie the powers of expression. Both are fond of long words, but with this important difference, that the Scot, in nine cases out of ten, employs them with perfect correctness, while the Englishman, in almost similar proportions, misuses them. We subjoin a few examples, which we *know* to be genuine. 'Very wrong of her not to write; keeping her husband in such a *dispense*.' 'I never tried to learn astronomy; it's such an *obtuse* science.' 'Here, sir, are the parish accounts; on one side is what we've received, on the other what we have *busted*.' These are from respectable English people, of farmers' families. We turn to Scotland. 'I hope my dog knows you,' said the owner of a mastiff to one of a staff of gardeners who had been rather alarmed at the animal's size and voice. 'I'm *no* afraid,' was the reply; 'she was frolicsome at first, and intimidated some of them.' Another, a tailor, suggested to a gentleman a plan for the improvement of a cloth-covered door; and, having executed the alteration, asked for approbation, saying, 'Mr. ——, please come and look at it; I don't think it's at all detrimental to the dignity of the door.'

The Scotch are fond of general propositions, and seem naturally to throw incidental remarks into that shape. Many will remember Sidney Smith's account (if not *vero*, at any rate *ben trovato*) of the lady at the Edinburgh ball, discoursing to her partner: 'Ah! my lord, what you say may be *verra* true of love in the *aibstract*, but,' &c. In like manner, a man who rather shrunk from the contact with a large dog passing by him, and was assured by the quadruped's mistress of its perfect harmlessness, replied, in the writer's hearing, '*Yaas, yaas*, but a sense of self-preeservation makes one heesitate.' They sometimes give a curt reply, not in a spirit of incivility, but from non-perception of the point aimed at by the inquirer. We have stood by while a gentleman asked a gardener how in the world he contrived to raise so many *double* stocks from his seed. A long description of the means employed was looked for; but the sole reply was, 'Oh! I just write to Mr. Broon.'

Their matter-of-fact temperament exhibits itself in curious forms. In all other lands that we know of, 'Good day,' or 'Good night,' is a mere salutation, an expression of good-will, which is reciprocated in the same terms. Such will be the reception, for instance, accorded to '*Bon soir*' in France, '*Felice notte*' in Italy, or

'*Noos dah*' in Wales. But, in Scotland, the 'Good night' is replied to, at least by the rural habitant, with 'It is:' you are supposed to have made the assertion that the night is a fine one; and the correctness of that assertion is confirmed. Nevertheless, your friend likes this interchange of sentiment; and if (a too common case) the day be rainy, you have only, as you pass, to ejaculate the word 'Soft;' to which he will reply with a nod, 'Soft;' and the ceremony of mutual salutation is complete.

The Scotch accentuation is often strange to an English ear. It admits, of course, of many local varieties. Dean Ramsay gives, as illustrations of the two extremes, the Angus (or slow and broad), the Aberdeen (or quick and sharp), '*buuts and shoon*,' '*beets and sheen*.' Without professing to admire such specimens, we must be allowed to think a modified Scotch accent often extremely pretty, while even its least pleasing changes are far less offensive than the broad Yorkshire or the Somersetshire dialect. And, really, how many minor foibles one ought to pardon in a people who never wound our ears by the misplacing of a single aspirate, never insert it when unneeded, nor omit it when it is due.

As we have said so much about Scotch roughness, it is only fair to add that their gentry, in turn, often complain of the conduct of English tourists, especially, it is believed, those from manufacturing towns, whose pertinacity in intruding into private grounds, and staring in at windows of private residences, is often very conspicuous. This is sometimes done by persons who would not act similarly in England, but who appear to imagine that on a journey, and amongst wild scenery, there is something rather grand in the exhibition of superiority to conventionalities and etiquette. It should also be added, that whatever civilities a Scotchman *does* offer, and they are not few when that crust of reserve is once broken, are decidedly more free than the attentions of Englishmen in the same class, from any *arrière pensée* of pecuniary reward.

We can hardly speak too highly of the admirable manner in which the Scotch subdue their mother earth. Amidst the rich pastures of the Lothians, and still more wonderfully in less fertile districts, their skill and perseverance deserve the triumph which they win. Often have we watched the farmer and his men toiling at fields whose angle of elevation and rocky substrata would reduce a midland-county tenant in England to despair. Touching the more ornamental process of gardening, it is enough to remind our readers that, for more than a century past, the head-gardener of English nobles and gentry has been continually found to be of northern origin.

Other points, though many must of necessity be passed in

silence, will be touched upon, when we arrive at the consideration of the state of morality and education in Scotland. But it would be most unjust to conclude this imperfect and fragmentary account of the social characteristics without adverting to the noble independence displayed by the Scottish rural poor, under the pressure of want. We are well aware that all parts of England are not alike in this respect; but, in a general way, the Scotch seem, to us, far less willing to beg than the natives of South Britain. We remember staying in a West-Anglian district, where machinery had seriously affected the gains of the poor. Now, that under the first operation of such a crisis they should appeal to their wealthier neighbours was natural and reasonable enough; but unfortunately (as our host, a man of kindliness as well as wisdom, remarked to us) their self-respect was lost in the process, and they became, every Christmas, regular petitioners for aid. Such a result could hardly, we believe, have ensued in any portion of the Scottish lowlands. The impossibility of offering remuneration for a favour descends, as we have already intimated, to a much lower social level than in England. Thus, for example, Hugh Miller,[1] in narrating the unsuccessful endeavours of a minister to procure some petrifactions for Sir G. Mackenzie, of Coul, adds quite simply, 'the 'minister, in the extremity of the case, applied to my uncles, 'though with some little unwillingness, as it was known that 'no remuneration for their trouble could be offered to them. 'My uncles were, however, delighted with the commission; it 'was all for the benefit of science; and providing themselves 'with torches and a hammer, they set out for the caves.' Now 'my uncles' were respectively a cartwright and a mason.

Money offered without service rendered is often simply declined. We have walked through a set of haymakers on a thirsty day, and held out some small coinage as an indirect means of lightening the toil. English or Irish labourers would not have hesitated: in Scotland we met with a respectful refusal. Often too, when some favour has been done, the proffered remuneration is objected to, as being too large, and only half accepted. Strangely enough, the same man would sometimes rather overcharge in the way of ordinary business. The smaller tradesmen are inclined to err in this way, in Scotland,—as, indeed, where are they not? On the other hand, the civility, intelligence, and promptitude displayed by the large firms in the principal Scottish cities are above all praise.

And here we are tempted to confirm the results of our own observation by the testimony of others. The praise shall be

[1] 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' p. 70.

from an English, the dispraise from a Scottish pen. 'The 'leading national faults,' writes Mr. Aird, 'are a want of 'courtesy and softness in the expression of even their best 'affections; suspicion and illiberality in their estimate of 'strangers, and of such as differ from them in their set opinions 'and modes of living; disputatious habits, pride, and self-suffi-'ciency.' 'The Scotch,' says the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' 'are icebergs, with volcanoes underneath; thaw the Scotch ice, 'which is very cold, and you shall get at the Scotch fire, warmer 'than any sun of Italy or Spain!'

In turning from the lower to the higher classes of Scotland, it is impossible not to be struck with the rapid process of what may be termed Anglization, which has taken place during the last half century. The increased facility of intercourse is one main cause of this change. Railways are rapidly destroying the peculiarities of remote districts. Poetic minds, witness Messrs. Kingsley, Ruskin, Tennyson, not unnaturally lament this tendency towards uniformity. But religion and philosophy must be content to accept it as a fact which is beyond all human control, and therefore a part of the Providential dispensation of the age in which our lot is cast. Such an admission does not, of course, necessitate the conclusion that the change is in all respects, or even mainly, for the better; we believe it to have both aspects; but, while sympathising with those regrets, yet incline to the more hopeful view:—

αἴλινον, αἴλινον εἰπέ,—τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.

Gone, and gone for ever, is the day when a Scotch lady of birth and station could say, as Dean Ramsay tells us, 'I did na ken ye were i' the toun.' Descending in the scale of society, and probably disappearing, is that rich and racy language in which Burns, and Leyden, and Allan Cunningham have sung, and of which Professor Wilson exhibited the remarkable powers in his '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' The youthful maiden of gentle birth, and her brother, are now educated in England, or by English teachers; or perhaps imbibe the Southern accent from a mother's lips. Marriage has done very much in this process of assimilation. Of the fair wearers of Scottish coronets, more than one-third (among the reigning peeresses) have been brought from England, and the remainder includes some few from Ireland or the Continent. Nor does even the statement of this large proportion impart a correct idea of the influence of the southern blood. For while (speaking roughly) the nobles who have only Scottish titles marry in their own country, those who have seats in the House of Lords, either as representative peers, or by

virtue of British titles, run the risk of fascination from Southern beauties who meet their gaze in the great metropolis. Now the latter nobles are, as a class, the more wealthy and powerful, though not necessarily the more ancient; and some opinion of the danger they incur may be formed from the fact, that of all the duchesses in Scotland, one only, we believe, is Scotch.

It is obvious that such intermarriage must greatly affect the national character. The young laird, or noble, with an English wife and English mother, visiting among relatives on both sides of the border, cannot possibly, by habits any more than by blood, be the same as the son of unmixed Scotch descent. That this change has, in many respects, a very beneficial aspect appears to us unquestionable. Nevertheless, so rare upon earth is anything like unchequered advantage, that we can thoroughly enter into the feelings of Scottish gentlemen, when they mention two points wherein the gain is partially balanced. It is a bright and conspicuous feature in the noble houses of Scotland, that they extend their care and interest to the cadets of their race in a manner that is all but unknown in England. 'While the 'late Lady —— was alive,' said a friend to the writer, 'she 'was to all the nieces and cousins like the ring to a bunch of 'keys. The new peeress is English; very winning and lady-'like, but she does not enter into such feelings.' Nor will we contest the justice of a certain partiality in favour of Scottish ladies on the ground that even if, as some have thought, inferior in beauty, they display more *verve* and originality of sentiment, more marked individuality, than the great majority of their Southron sisters.

But the most singular and patent distinction between the English and the Scotch nobility is the wide-spread nomenclature of the latter as contrasted with the limited circulation of the former. Let us take some six or eight of the noblest and most historic names of England,—as, for instance, Neville, Courtenay, Howard, Grey, Percy, Stanley, Talbot, Seymour. None of these names could dream of competing in point of numbers with the far-famed appellations of Smith, Jones, and Robinson; and though we might undoubtedly meet with scions of these distinguished races in very humble stations, yet we certainly should not expect to come across them at every turn; to be buying our cheese and butter of a Neville, lodge at an inn kept by a Courtenay, deal with a Howard as our chemist, and number a Grey and Percy among our servants. And yet, what would be a parallel to this literally happens in every moderate-sized town in Scotland. Your grocer is a Stewart, your landlord a Macdonald, your postmaster a Sinclair, your draper a Graham or a Campbell, your boatman a Lindsay, and so forth.

Not less strange to an English ear is the extreme localism of the names of the leading gentry of many districts. We may assume that the deputy-lieutenants of counties are fair representatives of that class. In Lanarkshire there are three Hamiltons, three Lockharts, three Campbells; in Argyllshire (out of a list of some forty), three Camerons and twelve Campbells; the twenty-eight of Banffshire include five Duffs and an equal array of Gordons; in Caithness, the house of Sinclair occupies eight places out of three-and-twenty; and the clan Mackenzie bears nearly the same proportion to the smaller total of Cromarty. The Dumfriesshire list exhibits five Johnstons and seven Maxwells: Ogilvy is strong in Forfar; Baillie and Fraser, with Grant and Mackintosh, in Inverness. Stewart predominates in Wigtonshire; Mackenzie again takes the lead in Rosshire, being more than a fourth part of the entire number. Our English readers will at once see the impossibility of constructing any corresponding catalogue of the names of the landed gentry in the counties of the South.

The truth is, that there are but few names in Scotland. Antiquaries of great celebrity assign as one cause of this peculiarity the admitted fact, that it used to be common for individuals, and even for an entire clan that was *broken* (as it was termed) by the loss of an acknowledged chieftain, to seek for admission into another and more powerful clan, of which they adopted the name. But even this shows one of those differences in the form[1] which aristocratic feeling adopts in different countries; for it would hardly, we imagine, in any age have been deemed a compliment by an English noble family for inferiors to assume their surname.

Our first impression, on looking over the Scottish peerage, is that its nobility is far more ancient than the English; and that a much larger proportion of the English titles have died out. A close examination of the facts will tend in some degree to diminish the force of this impression; yet not, we think, in such wise as to render it other than substantially correct. The abating circumstances are, firstly, the consideration that, by the Act of Union in the reign of Queen Anne, the sovereign lost the power of creating any more peers of Scotland. Since that time many Scotchmen have been raised to the peerage of Great Britain, but no names have been added to the 'Union List' of A.D. 1707, save only such as have proved claims to dormant

[1] A curious exemplification of this difference may be seen in the famous *Memoires* of the Duc de Saint Simon (tome 2, chaps. xxi, xxv.). No courts could well be more particular on subjects of etiquette and precedence than those of Versailles, under Louis XIV., and Madrid under Philip V. Yet how opposite, in many features, were their respective modes of exhibiting their sentiments.

titles: consequently, there cannot be a peer of Scotland whose patent of *noblesse* is of less than 150 years standing, and oblivion or ignorance of this fact may mislead the mere registrar of statistics, who should compare the average antiquity of any twenty or thirty peerages of the respective divisions of Great Britain. The greater strictness of the Scotch law of entail may also have had its influence, both in preserving to the title the ancestral lands, and, consequently, the means of support, and likewise in rendering it worth while for distant heirs to lay claim to honours which would not involve the successful pursuer in mere unrequited expenditure.

Then, again, the Scottish patents have been far more frequently extended beyond the direct line of heirs male. The importance of this proviso may be estimated by the consideration that the oldest English barony (De Ros), and the oldest English dukedom (Norfolk), would both have been in danger of being blotted out from our national *Libro d'Oro*, had not the former been transmissible through the female line, and the latter through collateral branches. But this latter feature, though it in some measure serves to account for the fact, does not alter it. The peerage roll of Scotia, though reduced by extinctions to little more than one half of its number in 1707, yet certainly exhibits not only a more ancient, but also a more historic list of names than that of England, one more associated too, for the most part, with their place of sojourn. That history is, indeed, in many respects far from favourable. The Norman origin of at least one-half of the ennobled houses appears to have led to a degree of sympathy with England, which but too often resulted in unfaithfulness to the land of their adoption. And it must, we fear, be said, that in no other country would Mary Queen of Scots have met, even in spite of her morality, with such unchivalrous and unmanly treatment. Of course, against this we should have set the gallant band from four great houses who gathered round Robert the Bruce; and the unconquerable hearts who laid down their lives for the cause of the Covenant, or of Royalty, or again for an exiled dynasty in the conflicts of the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries; or that devoted ring of earlier days, who perished around their sovereign's standard on the fatal field of Flodden. And, in truth, the history of the Scotch nobility is perhaps only one of the many exemplifications of a leading idea of which we shall have occasion to speak, namely, the intensity of all thought and action, alike for evil and for good, in Scotland.

But the fact of antiquity remains; and of its influence upon the human mind there can be no question; that influence being often (as Sir F. Palgrave justly remarks) most attested by those who denounce and oppose it the most vehemently. There is,

indeed, a greatness which achieves position *per saltum;* the historic position of a Cardinal Wolsey throws into the shade the butcher's stall from which he sprung; and Napoleon Buonaparte may proclaim that his patent of nobility dates from the night of Montenotte. Yet even Napoleon could at another time regret that his dynasty was too young, and utter the well-known wish, '*Ah! si j'étais mon petit-fils.*' The results of time are indeed incommunicable. There was a day when the head of the Plantagenets was the simple forester Torquatus, and the Bourbons, now the oldest royal house in Europe, are described by Dante as a race

Per cui la Francia e *novellamente* retta,

and declared to have descended, like Wolsey, from a butcher. But such reflections, though well calculated to expose the absurdity of those who would wish to close the Golden Book, now that their own names are inscribed therein, or who talk of *parvenus* peers, as if their own ancestors had not once been considered such, cannot alter the existing dispensation of things, cannot take away antiquity of race from those to whom God has given it, nor impart it to those who have it not. And this fact is certainly more constantly brought before one in Scotland than in any other portion of Great Britain. Your friend —— cannot meet you to-day; he is bound to be present at the funeral of the Earl of ——, the fourteenth of his line. You meet Baroness ——, a peeress in her own right, and you find that her ladyship is the eighteenth in the list. Even the names least known in England are often among the most ancient and conspicuous in Scottish, though not in British, history. It is so again with numbers of the untitled landed gentry. An English reader, on opening the title-page of the 'History of Literature in Ancient Greece,' may expect to see the author's name announced as he was then generally known in England, viz. Colonel Mure, M.P. Somewhat to his surprise he finds simply 'William Mure, of Caldwell.' But a residence in Scotland would soon teach him that the simpler appellation is by far the grander.

'The Mures of Caldwell are immediately descended from Sir 'Reginald More, or Mure, of Abercorn, Lord High Chamber-'lain of Scotland, who appears in that office in the year 1329, 'the first of the reign of David II.'[1] Elizabeth Mure was married to her cousin, Robert, Earl of Strathern, Steward of Scotland, who, in A.D. 1371, succeeded to the throne as

[1] Caldwell Papers, p. 3 (Maitland Club publications), Glasgow, 1854. Mr. Carlyle in his *Cromwell*, if we recollect aright, calls this lady Elizabeth Mure of Caldwell. This is practically true, but not literally so; the Mures were then of Rowallan.

Robert II. Thus she became the mother of the whole blood-royal of that race, and, therefore (by the female line), of our present gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria.

But there is another reason (already alluded to) beside strictness of entails, or capacious patents, for the long continuance of Scottish families; and it is one which reflects the highest credit upon national character. It is this, that respect and attention which heads of Scottish houses, far more than ever do their English neighbours, pay to the cadets of the family. The feeling which prompts the scion of an English noble house to say, 'Lord —— was very low, his father was only an attorney,' when the person spoken of has inherited an ancient title from a distant relative, is all but unknown in Scotland. Lord Lindsay, if we recollect aright, seems fully disposed, in his admirable 'Lives of the Lindsays,' to recognise the claims of some farmers in the Lothians to a descent from that justly popular and time-honoured stock. And surely such a sentiment is far more truly aristocratic, in the very best sense of the term, than an ignoble contempt for distant connexions, because they are no longer in flourishing circumstances. The thorough recognition of persons living in poverty and retirement, but of good birth and manners, has often struck us very much, as well as the fearless self-respect with which the condition is faced and acquiesced in on the side of the recipient. Often may scenes be witnessed, such as one of the most graceful of French tale-writers, M. Octave Feuillet, has introduced into his latest story, where a lady thus circumstanced avows: 'Je ne suis pas loin de croire que Dieu a voulu 'réduire quelques uns d'entre nous à une vie étroite, afin que 'ce siècle grossier, matériel, affamé d'or, ait toujours sous les 'yeux, dans nos personnes, un genre de mérite, de dignité, 'd'éclat, où l'or et la matière n'entrent pour rien,—que rien 'ne puisse acheter,—qui ne soit pas à vendre! Telle est, mon 'cousin, suivant toute apparence, la justification providentielle 'de votre fortune et de la mienne.'

And having said thus much about the higher and the lower classes in Scotland, it is high time to add something concerning the relations between them. These, to an English eye, appear to the last degree anomalous and paradoxical. It would not be difficult to maintain with plausibility either side of the question, 'Whether the superiors in station have more or less influence over 'their inferiors than the corresponding classes in England?' With respect to ordinary outward signs there could, indeed, be no dispute. A Scotch noble, walking in his own park, does not meet with the amount of outward demonstrations of respect from his own tenantry, which the English peasant commonly bestows even on a stranger having the aspect of a gentleman. The wife of a

country vicar in England receives more of the merely external marks of deference than a peeress in Scotland. And there are certainly many things which occur to an English gentleman as a matter of course, which could not be attempted in North Britain, without exciting much astonishment, ill-will, and possibly something like open revolt. Thus, for instance, an English gentleman who has received some provocation at the hands of a villager, will occasionally threaten to remove his custom from its shops, unless the perpetrator be discovered. Such a step would rarely, if ever, be thought of in Scotland. In like manner, many a great lady on the north side of the Tweed will abstain from playing a chorus from Handel on her piano on Sunday, lest it should offend her Presbyterian servants.

Speaking generally, the gulf between the higher and lower classes is much greater in Scotland. There appears to be a want of a refined middle class, capable of associating with the great without making pretensions to their state. There is likewise, we think, a lack of those sports which are common to very different ranks of society. Golf and curling may occasionally bring into contact the peasant and the baronet, the peer and his tenantry; but there is little hunting, and cricket is an exotic, which can hardly be said to have taken root as a national pastime. Now following the hounds is, in rural England, as popular with the farmers as with the dukes. The veriest hinds, for example, complain, as we once heard in a midland county village, that the famous 'Pytchley Hunt' had only met there twice that season. And the apparent surprise expressed by the late Hugh Miller, on seeing Lord Lyttelton and his sons at cricket with the tenantry, shows how novel was such a sight to his eyes. But far more calculated, we believe, to create a feeling of distance, has been the difference of religion between the two orders of society.

And yet he who should hence arrive at the conclusion, that the lower classes in Scotland cared but little for their superiors, would be utterly mistaken. Although prepared to resist interference (as the entire history of the Free Kirk shows) in certain departments of thought and action—although well-nigh utterly severed from their influence in those mercantile cities which are the seats of the *nouveaux riches*, it yet remains true, that the mass of the Scotch look up to the great houses as their natural leaders, with a respect for their rank, and a homage to their historic traditions, that are all but unknown in South Britain. The width of the gulf to which we have referred is not sought to be lessened, but is openly proclaimed. An illustration of this statement may be derived from the following portion of a speech made at a village feast in honour of the marriage of the

heir-presumptive of a noble family:—'We know that when 'the Danes attacked this country, six hundred years ago, the 'M.s held the lands of N. which they now hold; that a knight 'of their house fought at Bannockburn; that another M. was 'one of that charmed circle that fell around their king at the 'fatal field of Flodden, one of those "flowers of the forest" that 'Scotland still mourns; that when the two countries were united 'and became Great Britain, an M. was one of those who signed 'the Articles of Union. And though, happily, Scotland is 'now at rest, and has no danger from without to fear, yet if 'ever her liberties should be attacked, we shall look to the M.s 'of N., as of old; we will rally round their ancient house; 'we shall be found to have an M. to lead us.'

A different class of men from either of those hitherto noticed will be brought before us, if we attempt, as we now propose, to consider the intellectual position of Scotland. That position must, we are convinced, be allowed to be a very high one. It is true, as Hugh Miller is the first to remind us, that in the power of throwing up those rare and vigorous plants which tower conspicuously among the nations, Scotland is not to be named with England. Scotland has produced no Shakespeare, no Bacon, no Milton, no Newton. But such deficiency does not militate against the truth of our assertion. It may be questioned whether more than three countries of modern Christendom—namely, Italy, Germany, and England—have reared above one or two men of the very highest order of genius. France certainly has not; and yet the claim of France to a high standing in the realm of intellect remains unquestioned and unquestionable. And when (if we may change our metaphor) the great stars of the intellectual firmament are for the moment eliminated, it is impossible not to be struck with the brilliance and variety of Scottish luminaries which occupy the very nearest place to those of the first magnitude. England, it must be remembered, has a population exceeding that of Scotland in a more than fourfold ratio (fifteen millions to three and a half has been already named as the present proportion; and in former times the ratio has, we suspect, been still more in favour of the Southron). Consequently, for every man of science, every poet and *litterateur*, sent forth by Scotland, England ought, if these matters could be arranged by a per centage, to produce some four or five. Such a statement of the case may at least serve to intimate that Caledonia has contributed, and continues to contribute, at least her full share to the British stock of mental wealth.

We shall not here be expected to give a catalogue of Scottish

worthies in the departments of science or literature. Their names may be easily gathered from such a publication as that which stands fourth upon our list. But it certainly ought to be borne in mind how very largely the splendour of the British name has been enhanced by the world-wide celebrity of many of these distinguished men. What name in modern literature is more thoroughly European than that of Sir Walter Scott? And while the Clyde sends forth to every sea those splendid steamers, which add so largely to the wealth and fame of Glasgow, there is something strangely potent in the association of a great name with the noble scenery which is commanded by the spectator from the quays of Greenock. From that, his birthplace, overlooking the fine forms of those Argyllshire highlands—overlooking the multitudinous vessels (the indirect fruits of his discovery) that ply beneath—stands a statue of the great inventor of the steam-engine, James Watt. Then, again, if Britain is to be saved from that reproach of incapacity for metaphysical speculation, which France and Germany are so prone to charge upon her, it is to the metaphysicians of Scotland that she must look for her defence. Both in the middle ages, when Scotch tutors of logic and the mental sciences were sought upon the Continent; and again, from the time of Hutcheson to that of Reid, whom M. Cousin terms the true Socrates of his age, the Scotch Universities have sent forth a succession of moral and metaphysical philosophers. At the present moment, the most rising metaphysician in England, Mr. Mansel, of Oxford, avowedly draws his inspiration from that profound thinker whom Scotland has but lately lost, Sir William Hamilton. It would not, we think, be difficult to show that the metaphysicians of the Scotch school have rendered real service to our common country, and more especially to that portion which reared them. To speak here of one advantage only, it is a great thing to have a standing protest against that lowering view of knowledge, which is ever on the watch for immediate tangible results. The study of the mental sciences is eminently calculated to enact the part of such a witness; and if England should still remain blind to the merits of the Scotch philosophy, France, the old ally of Scotland in arms, is ready to join with her in the field of letters. Victor Cousin, while bearing such high testimony to the home achievements of Hutcheson, Smith, and Reid, declares that to the last-named France owes her own eminent metaphysician, Royer Collard; and pays moreover to the memory of Hamilton a tribute hardly less enthusiastic than that delivered by Mr. Mansel in Oxford:—'Sir William Hamil-
'ton unissait en lui deux dons bien rares, et qui jusqu'ici ne
's'étaient jamais rencontrés à ce degré dans une même personne:

'la penetration profonde d'un métaphysicien du premier ordre et 'l'inépuisable érudition d'un savant de profession. . . . La mort 'toute récente de M. Hamilton est une calamité qui ne s'arrête 'pas aux bornes de sa patrie; elle sera longtemps et vivement 'ressentie par tous ceux, qui d'un bout du monde à l'autre ont 'consacré leur vie à l'etude de la philosophie et de son histoire.'[1]

In scholarship Scotland has less pretensions. Even her able school of metaphysics, said Sir W. Hamilton, 'is essentially destitute of a learned foundation.' And despite the remarkable exception of Buchanan, and some other good Latinists of his date, the number of Scottish scholars, not educated at English or foreign Universities,[2] is extremely small. They have indeed achieved great things at Cambridge, and still greater at Oxford; but even there soundness rather than elegance has often been the basis of the triumph, and mastery over logic and history rather than over the niceties of the language of Greece or Rome. Perhaps the sense of beauty in this, as in other ways, is somewhat dull in this northern clime. They have not much sympathy with the protest of an English poet:—

'Vain knowledge this, unprofitable skill,
So may you think and truly would you say,
But that the mind thus curiously train'd
In the pure beauty of Hellenic art,
And grandeur elegant of gorgeous Rome,
Becomes to beauty feelingly awake,
Nice to perceive, glad to believe and love
Whate'er of beautiful abides in forms,
Hues, sounds, emotions of the moral heart,
Feeling a universal harmony
Of all good things seen, or surpassing sense.'[3]

If, on the one hand, Oxford owes much of her re-awakened zeal for mental philosophy to Scotland, nothing, on the other

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[1] Philosophie Écossaise. Avertissement de 3ième Edit.

[2] Colonel Mure studied in Germany. Professor Ramsay, the author of the excellent accounts of the Latin poets in Dr. Smith's Dictionary, is a Cantabrigian.

[3] On the death of Henry Nelson Coleridge. 'Hartley Coleridge's Poems,' vol. II. p. 167.

It is a curious question how far the tendency to a turgid rhetorical style among Scottish speakers and writers might be checked by such training as Hartley Coleridge here alludes to. Of course, we do not forget that such men as Erskine and Hugh Miller, each models of purity in their kind, were not classically trained. But we cannot argue from such geniuses; though it is curious, by the way, that both had fed their taste from the channels of English poetry, of which they knew great quantities by heart. We incline to think, with the author of a very masterly Lecture on 'Latin Literature,' Mr. J. C. Shairp, Assistant Professor at S. Andrews, that greater familiarity with classical standards might do good service in this matter. Both Mr. Shairp and the *Scotsman* acknowledge, or rather proclaim the fact. Want of space forbids us to do battle with Sir A. Alison, who approves of translation from Greek and Latin into English, but not of the counter-process.

hand, has been more remarkable than the success in after-life of many Scotchmen, who have found their intellectual tastes alternately thwarted and encouraged by the course of study prescribed in Oxford. The list of Scoto-Oxonian first-class men, though necessarily very limited, contains the names of Professor Wilson, J. G. Lockhart, the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Colquhoun, Sir William Hamilton, the present Bishop of London, Sir Alexander Grant, and (if he be not too much Anglicized for such a position) Mr. Gladstone. And numbers more, who have not thus striven for honours, have come back to their homes with a life-long impress derived from English academic studies.

Mathematics, as we might expect, have flourished greatly in North Britain. We must not make our pages a catalogue of names, or it would be possible to fill up a large space by chronicling the achievements of Napier, Maclaurin, Simpson, Playfair, and many other illustrious votaries of *μάθησις*.

And for the very reason that they are so famous, we forbear to dwell upon the world-wide and well-merited celebrity of the heroes of Scottish literature. Rather (and that not in any invidious spirit, but because it is a point deserving some consideration) shall we dwell upon what seems to us its main defect, namely, the absence of all mysticism. Eminent Scotchmen would be perhaps inclined to reply that this is anything but a defect; that, on the contrary, it is a virtue. Mysticism, they would urge, is the bane alike of religion and of literature. Now, we are very far from being blind to its dangers. It is well that Lord Lindsay should denounce its abuse from a religious point of view in his *Progression by Antagonism*. It is well that professor Aytoun should hold up to ridicule the falsely attuned rhapsodies of Mr. Bailey's Festus. But here, as ever, is it true that *abusus non tollit usum*. Mysticism is a fact in human nature, and those who ignore or despise it must take the consequences. An element which is common to Buddhism, Brahmanism, Parseeism, to Catholic theology, to Protestant theology, must possess a deep hold upon the human heart.

Now, the entire range of Scottish literature can scarcely, we believe, present a sample of anything weird and mystical.[1] Not from Scotland must we look for anything resembling the deep symbolism of the *Divina Commedia*, the dreamings of a Hamlet, the spell of the Ancient Mariner, the wild song of Thalaba. Scotland has no Spenser, no Wordsworth, no Shelley, no Robert nor Elizabeth Browning. Not from any Scottish poet,

[1] Mr. Macdonald's 'Within and Without' and 'Phantastes' are exceptions which help to establish the general rule.

though praised by one of their choir, flow such lines as these:—

'But soon there breath'd a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

'It rais'd my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.'

Great as were the differences between the early Edinburgh reviewers and their political antagonist, Sir Walter Scott, the absence of mysticism was (we agree with Mr. Bagehot[1]) a feature common to both the rival schools. Perhaps if there had been a Gaelic literature, the case would have stood differently; and it is also possible that the heavy hand of Calvinism may have had some part in crushing any rising tendencies of development in this direction. But such causes are not, in our humble judgment, sufficient to account for this peculiarity, which we are inclined to regard as an innate characteristic of the nation.

Of the learned professions, two at least, Law and Medicine,[2] have long flourished in Scotland. A character in one of the comedies of Aristophanes, to whom Athens is pointed out in a map, exclaims, 'That cannot be Athens, for I do not see the law-courts;' and the remark might well be transferred to the modern Athens of Caledonia. 'Lawyers they are born,' says Walter Scott; 'indeed every country gentleman is bred one.' And all will remember the determination of the worthy farmer in Guy Mannering to carry his case before the judges, despite all that his counsel may urge to the contrary. An English solicitor of much celebrity once informed us, that he always doubted the innocence of an accused person who should threaten his accuser with legal proceedings for false imprisonment and the like. A doubt thus suggested we believe to be natural and well-founded in England, but we should as certainly object to its being entertained in Scotland. Recourse to law seems in North Britain to be the primal and most obvious idea. The very boys in a rural district think of it. 'You shall go to M—— (naming the county town and implying the county magistrates) for this,' cried some village lads to some young friends of ours, who had inflicted a slight and most merited chastisement for a very insolent affront. While we are speaking of law, it must not be forgotten that, besides the great jurists, such as Lord Stair and others, who have flourished in their native realm, Scotland has exported a whole mass of legal ability into

[1] 'Estimates of certain Englishmen and Scotchmen.' [2] 'St. Ronan's Well.'

England. Hers is the able, though unscrupulous, Wedderburn, better known perhaps as Lord Chancellor Loughborough, 'one 'of the few great advocates who have also been great in the 'House of Commons;' hers one of those eminent and select judges who not only expound and administer, but actually create, the law—Lord Mansfield; hers too the *facile princeps* of forensic eloquence—Lord Erskine.

The differences between Scotch and English law are considerable. Speaking generally, that of Scotland retains the closer affinity to the old Roman law. The points which strike one most palpably are the absence of any distinctive courts of law and of equity; the existence of a public prosecutor (the Procurator Fiscal); the decision by a majority of the jury; the admission of a third verdict, namely, 'Not Proven,' as a *mezzo termine* between 'Guilty' and 'Not guilty'; the disuse of the coroner's inquests; the number of suits decided without the aid of a jury; and the difference in the law of Entail, which, though much modified of late years, remains more strict than that of England; and the weighty divergence in the matter of wedlock and legitimization. These differences were discussed with much temper and moderation in the 'Edinburgh Review' about a year since. Without here re-opening the question, we may own to a preference for Scotch law in some respects, more especially in a possession of a public prosecutor, an institution commonly recognised, if we mistake not, in Continental Europe, and which not only saves some important causes from being passed by in silence, but also relieves the public from many vexatious trials by the refusal of the Fiscal to bring forward absurd and trifling cases.

Before we allude to another learned profession, that of medicine, it may be well to say a passing word upon the Scottish Universities. It is probable that at the commencement of the present century the intellectual life of these institutions was, upon the whole, more vigorous than that of their then lethargic but re-awakening sisters on the Isis and the Cam. But the tide has turned: the galaxy of literary talent which illuminated Edinburgh has paled, perhaps positively, but certainly by comparison. Competitive examinations for Indian cadetships have transferred those prizes to the youths of England and of Ireland; and this practical proof of inferiority has lent vigour to the cry for academical reform in Scotland, which had previously been raised with less effect.

But in the school of Æsculapius, Scotland still holds her own. In the contests for medical offices, her *alumni* are *not* defeated. The country of Abernethy and Sir Charles Bell, and hundreds more such, still continues to rear worthy successors, still attracts

pupils from the whole of Europe, nay from the four quarters of the globe. The fame of such men as Professors Christison or Simpson belongs to the civilized world at large. The praises of both may be read in a recently published French 'Biographie des Contemporains.' And for one at least we can answer. Those who, in that hospitable home in Queen Street, Edinburgh, have enjoyed opportunities of observing the hard and often, we fear, overtasked existence of Dr. Simpson—who have witnessed the attention to patients as considerate as it is able, and which is bestowed on numbers from whom he will accept no remuneration but their life-long gratitude; the consistent and rare impartiality which neither wealth nor rank in anywise disturb,—may form some idea of what Scotland can produce in the way of scientific genius in conjunction with the loftiest generosity and philanthropy.

Of physical science in general it has already been intimated that Scotland contributes, to say the very least, her full share to the sum of discoveries made in Great Britain.

In art, Scotland is, perhaps, less triumphant. It is true that the Edinburgh exhibitions of painting and sculpture are now reflecting high credit upon their motherland; but these triumphs are of comparatively recent date. The most accomplished of the R. A.s, and our most religious painter, and whose fame is European, Mr. Dyce, is a Scotchman.

The anti-æsthetic genius of Presbyterianism has done much to cramp the development of taste. There is scarcely an architect north of the Tweed to be placed even into approximation to Scott, Butterfield, Barry, and other English artists.[1] And again, in music, the lack of organs in the Kirk has left an entire void in the department filled by Purcell, Orlando Gibbon, and the cathedral composers of England. And even over the great beauty and character of some of the national airs there is thrown that shade which must ever be cast over the results of doing evil in the hope that good may come. 'It is a received tradition 'in Scotland, that, at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous 'and obscene songs were composed, to be sung by the rabble to 'the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. '"Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies" (designed to ridicule the 'Popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed 'hymns; "Maggy Lauder" was another; "John Anderson my 'Jo" was a third. The original music of all these burlesque 'sonnets was very fine.'[2] These tunes have, indeed, in many

[1] We do not, however, wish to overlook the merits of Mr. Henderson's buildings at Trinity College, Glenalmond, nor the excellence of some of the new spires reared by members of the Free Kirk at Glasgow and elsewhere.

[2] Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' Series II. Book II. No. XX.

cases been re-wedded to innocent and graceful words; but the sad fact of their desecration cannot be undone. But still there remains a vast number of eminently beautiful airs, which are free, we believe, from all such taint; and it must be pronounced that this is a domain of beauty, in which Scotland maintains an easy superiority over the utter poverty of England.

To return, however, to the general characteristics of the Scottish intellect. With all its high and varied gifts, it must, we think, be pronounced to be somewhat deficient in the highest forms of imagination. And so interwoven are the powers of the mind, that such a defect not only prevents the development of that mystic element to which we have alluded, but even (as Lord Lindsay seems to hold) in some degree hampers the loftiest attainments of the reason. Hence we presume the *gravamen* of the charge brought against the Scottish school of philosophy, by one of its ablest foreign critics and even eulogists, M. Victor Cousin. 'It is with systems as with men; the best 'are the least imperfect, and the excellence of the Scottish 'school does not prevent its having deficiencies. Satisfied with 'common sense, it rests there, and never feels the desire of 'penetrating the depths of the truth. Possessing the true 'method, it carefully eschews hypothesis; but it too often lacks 'spirit and power, and stops short before reaching and attaining 'the end of the course. Circumspect (and with good right), it 'is sometimes, like reason itself, rather pusillanimous. Its glory 'is, to have revived and practised the experimental method; 'but it has not sufficiently borne in mind that from experience, 'fertilised by induction and calculation, Newton drew the 'system of the universe. It has too often been contented with 'a mass of observations; it has confined itself to the collecting 'of tried and solid materials, without attempting to build the 'edifice.'[1] Somewhat akin to this is a remark of Edward Irving's to Dr. Chalmers, when the latter was complaining of the obscurity of the utterances of Coleridge, and confessing that he, personally, liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. 'Ha!' said Irving, 'you Scotchmen would handle an 'idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part I love to see an 'idea looming through the mist.'[2]

These characteristics in some measure serve to guide us in the approach to the mooted question,—whether or not wit can can be said to exist in Scotland. The Scotch point, on the one hand, to such names as those of Arbuthnot, Smollett, Burns, Galt, Wilson, and Walter Scott, and ask whether these are or are not men of wit. *E contra* stands the well-known assertion

[1] Philos. Écossaise.

[2] 'Life of Chalmers,' by Dr. Hanna. Vol. III. p. 160.

of Sydney Smith, for many years a resident in Edinburgh, that 'it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;' and the somewhat similar verdict of Charles Lamb.

It must, we fear, be admitted by impartial judges, that the indictment preferred by these distinguished humourists is not wholly devoid of truth. To adduce brilliant exceptions is not a sufficient reply to an attack which is directed against the rank and file. Even Dean Ramsay, in this respect *patriæ propugnator acerrimus*, admits that a large proportion of the good stories current in Scotland bears reference 'to lairds and lairds who are drunk' (that is to say, to men who have amused others, while only half-conscious of the merriment afforded), and that, in many other instances, the humour lies in the *Scottishness* of the thought and expression, and not in any actual wit on the part of the speaker. Those who have lived much in Scotland will probably remember numberless instances of a hearty laugh subsequent being produced by remarks which were not in the least intended to awaken it.

Amongst all but the highest and most cultured, observations oft spoken in irony are usually taken *au grand sérieux*. Even the common English exclamation, 'You don't mean it?' is regarded as a direct impeachment of the speaker's veracity, and is met by the rejoinder, uttered with slow and impressive emphasis; 'But I *do* mean it, Mr. ——,' or, 'If—I hadn't—meant it,—I shouldn't—have said it.'

If this matter-of-fact tendency be inimical to a certain play of the fancy, it is obvious that we must not commonly expect in Scotland those forms of wit which depend upon a light quick touch; we must not look for that allusive kind of facetiousness which we find in Sheridan, and of which our French neighbours (witness Talleyrand and Madame de Girardin) are so fond. Nevertheless, we agree with the Dean of Edinburgh in thinking that his countrymen do possess a real fund of a certain dry satiric humour. That critical faculty which is seen, with all its merits and defects, in the writings of Lord Jeffrey, exists in a less developed form in the nation at large. Hence arises a great quickness in detecting, and taking advantage of, any mistake on the part of another.

A somewhat hackneyed anecdote may serve to illustrate our meaning. Sometime, not very long after the battle of Culloden, a captain in an English regiment was invited to dine at the house of a laird, who was notoriously Jacobite. The captain, half doubtful respecting the prudence of accepting the invitation, asked the opinion of his superior officer. He was recommended by all means to go, but to take the greatest care that he was not

entrapped into any act of disloyalty towards King George II. All passed pleasantly enough until the appearance of the dessert, when the master proposed, as the first toast, 'Our *rightful* King!' 'That's *not* King George,' hastily shouted the captain. 'Troth, sir, and I'm verra muckle of your opinion,' was the quiet, but irresistible rejoinder.

We believe this to be a fair specimen of the kind of humour to which we have alluded. It is, as we have intimated, by no means uncommon in Scotland. Nay, even this reviewer, *moi qui parle*, not being infallible, not resembling that Scottish-born Monarch who never said a foolish thing, has before now found himself in the predicament of one who feels himself quietly and good-humouredly rebuked for putting a query which is not wise. A few years since, two steamers were running upon the Clyde, called (after the titles of certain Highland fairies) the Kelpie and the Spunkie. A party in a row-boat, of whom the writer was one, were discussing which of these vessels it was which was at the moment entering a certain bay. Much doubt was expressed, though the vessel was near at hand, and in an inconsiderate moment we asked one of the boatmen to explain what *was* the difference in the build of the respective vessels. Calmly, with a tone of sly satire, came the reply, 'If we knew that, we could tell you which it was.'

The following, which has been given by others, shall be here set down according to the version of Dean Ramsay:—

'The story has been told of various parties and localities, but I believe the genuine laird was a laird of Balnamoon, and that the locality was a wild tract of land, not far from his place, called Munrimmon Moor. Balnamoon had been dining out in the neighbourhood, where, by mistake, they had put down to him after dinner cherry brandy instead of port wine, his usual beverage. The rich flavour and strength so pleased him that, having tasted it, he would have nothing else. On rising from table, therefore, the laird would be more affected by his drink than if he had taken his ordinary allowance of port. His servant Harry, or Hairy, was to drive him home in a gig or whiskey, as it was called,—the usual open carriage of the time. On crossing the moor, however, whether from greater exposure to the blast, or from the laird's unsteadiness of head, his hat and wig came off and fell upon the ground. Harry got out to pick them up and restore them to his master. The laird was satisfied with the hat, but demurred at the wig. "It's no my wig, Hairy, lad; it's no my wig;' and refused to have anything to do with it. Harry lost his patience, and, anxious to get home, remonstrated with his master:—"Ye'd better tak it, sir, for there's no waile [choice] of wigs o' Munrimmon Moor." The humour of the argument is exquisite, putting to the laird, in his unreasonable objection, the sly insinuation, that if he did not take *this* wig, he was not likely to find another.'

We may perhaps be unduly prejudiced in favour of our own views; but this anecdote likewise seems to us to exemplify our theory. There is again exhibited that cool judgment, the same

capacity for perceiving, so to speak, the exact position of one's opponent, and for readily seizing, resolving upon, the move which is the most likely to prove successful. We must not, however, be supposed to deny the existence of powers of repartee, irony, and playful wit among the educated classes in Edinburgh, which may fully rival those exhibited in London.

Majora canamus. We turn to a very different subject; one which will involve what is perhaps the heaviest indictment that we have to prefer against Scotland, as compared with the sister country. It is this, *that moral courage is less honoured in Scotland than in England.* Such a charge ought not, indeed, to be preferred lightly, nor do we make it without having first discussed the matter with several distinguished natives of North Britain, who have, one and all, with scarcely an exception, confessed that it is just.

In speaking thus, we do not express any opinion as to the actual existence of more or less of such courage in one or the other division of the land. One very highly gifted Scotchman indeed (a man certainly possessed of a very full share of the gift), at once affirmed that there was a great deficiency of the article in his country, and that this was, perhaps, the cause why Scotland had not yet produced any one who had attained to the very highest rank as a general or a statesman. But we are not prepared to press this argument. We do not forget that moral courage is a scarce commodity everywhere. Many years since did Mr. Disraeli, in 'Coningsby,' pronounce it to be 'the *rarest* and most admirable quality of public life;' and that keen observer, Mr. John Stuart Mill, had previously said, in the 'Westminster Review,' 'There has crept over the refined 'classes, over the whole class of gentlemen *in England*, a moral 'effeminacy, an inaptitude for every kind of struggle. They 'cannot undergo labour, they cannot brave ridicule, they cannot 'stand evil tongues, they have not hardihood to say unpleasant 'things to any one whom they are in the habit of seeing, or to 'face, even with a nation at their back, the coldness of some 'little coterie which surrounds them.'

But in England there is, at least, this advantage, that exhibitions of courage, even if unpopular at the moment, almost invariably in the long run ensure respect. We happened to be present when, on a cold winter's day, in 1855, Mr. Cobden addressed a large assembly in the Cloth-hall at Leeds, in opposition to the continuance of the war with Russia. Few were convinced, but all gave him a patient hearing, and the general sentiment appeared to be that of increased goodwill towards a man who, though held by the great majority of his hearers to

be in error, was frank and brave in the expression of his unpopular sentiments. Somewhat similarly, the small knot of statesmen who had opposed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, arguing that its enactments could not be put in practice (as indeed they never have been, nor will be), were supposed by many to have ruined for ever their chances of return to high offices under the Crown. A year passed, and these very men were seated on that treasury bench, which some of them are again occupying at the present moment. Seldom, indeed, is it that a man with a cause is hopelessly crushed in England. A Quaker, a Roman Catholic, a Swedenborgian, nay, even a Tractarian, has a chance of obtaining some redress for wrong, and a considerable amount of sympathy under persecution.

But in Scotland this sentiment is, we repeat, deficient. The extreme caution of the Lowlander's temperament makes him regard with anything but admiration the man who, single-handed, attacks the press on any popular sentiment. Such a paladin is considered by by-standers as, at the very best, needlessly rash; and by those whose cherished prepossessions he combats, he is marked out as a man who outrages public opinion. And this consideration must be fairly weighed by any who would form an opinion on the relative amount of moral courage as existent in England and Scotland. Many an act may be ventured upon with perfect safety in the south of Britain, which would call forth a very storm of angry opposition in the north. 'There are moments,' writes a great historian, 'when rashness is wisdom.' Such moments have been known and seized in Scotland in her days of civil warfare, but now they are rare indeed; and Scotland is perhaps of all others the country where such rashness is least likely to be accounted, under any possible combination of circumstances, a proof of wisdom.

This strong feeling against single-handed attempts to change the national view, on any subject whatever, is strikingly exhibited in reference to all attacks, however temperate or well-supported, upon the popular views of Scottish history. Sir Francis Palgrave describes an historian as one 'dispelling 'favourite or deluding visions or dreams; cutting, when prac-'ticable, the conventional pictures out of their frames, and 'replacing them by portraits taken from the life; but, above 'all, uncramping or shattering the pedestals supporting the 'idols which have won the false worship of the multitude, so 'that they may nod in their niches or topple down.' Such tasks have been attempted of late years in England, with a very fair measure of success. They have been attempted also in Scotland, with at least equal ability, persevering research, and

desire for equity; but we much doubt whether the cogent reasonings of such inquirers as the late P. Fraser Tytler, Mr. Mark Napier, Professor Aytoun, Mr. Robert Chambers, and others, have in any perceptible degree impressed the general mind of Scotland. The damnatory documents produced by Tytler are *not* to be accepted as even affording grounds for suspicion of the complicity of John Knox in the murder of Riccio; the halo around the name of Montrose is *not* to be recognised as more dazzling than ever, since the labours of his modern biographer; the eminently good taste and good feeling evinced in the prefaces and notes attached to the spirit-stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* is *not* to make us imagine for a moment that Claverhouse is less black than he is commonly painted; and the painstaking researches of *Domestic Annals* must *not* be permitted to suggest to our minds the supposition that the compulsive measures of Presbytery may have led to much sad hypocrisy. Be it so: those who are conscious of seeking for no unjust publications of aught that is evil, no disguise of any wrong on either side, can well afford to bide their time.

Another point stands in close connexion with this. We would fain speak very gently on the Scottish love of praise; we know that it is praise of the nation at large and not of individuals which is sought, and that the sentiment is entwined with much that is amiable and patriotic. We are likewise conscious of the possibility of the existence of a very different state of things in this respect, if the Scotch were the fifteen millions and the English numbered only some three and a half millions, instead of the reverse being the proportion. Nevertheless, we do hold that a nation which has so many elements of true greatness, might afford to be somewhat less covetous of eulogy, somewhat less touchy on the score of fault-finding, even though it should proceed from the lips of the suspected southron. At present, a lecture, whether delivered in the metropolitan Edina, or in a country village, is sure to be applauded by many degrees most loudly in the parts which speak well of anything that is Scotch. And as for anything approaching to censure, it is indeed at one's proper peril that it is ventured on. A poet is lecturing on the works of a brother-poet. In the course of his criticism he remarks that the expression of patriotic feeling is not necessarily poetry. The assertion, whether well founded or not, might pass muster as at least an innocent one; but, alas! in an unhappy moment, the speaker's destiny leads him to illustrate his theory from the writings of a *Scottish* poet. What has happened? What mesmeric influence informs the lecturer that a cloud has passed over the serenity of his audience?

Despite all his natural fluency, he stammers, pauses, and backs as well as he can out of the mistake which he feels that he has made. The reader may form his own opinion respecting this sketch, and judge whether it be drawn from imagination or from the life.

It must, however, be said that Scotland does enjoy some opportunities of hearing home-truths. Though all may unite on occasion to repel the common enemy, there is, as already observed, considerable local feeling. Highlanders and Lowlanders, those who boast that they belong to a clan, and those who boast that they do not belong to a clan, are in many ways a check upon each other. There is, again, an old rivalry between certain cities; as, for instance, between Perth and Dundee, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. We are not sure that there were not some good folks in rural districts, or even in other cities, who thought it high time that the citizens of 'high Dun Edin' should for once hear a word of dispraise, as they did (to their intense indignation) a few years since from Mr. Ruskin. And it is not the least among the many merits of that very able newspaper, the *Scotsman*, that it never shrinks from an outspoken denunciation of whatever wrong it seems a duty to oppose, without any undue deference to national prejudices or partialities.

It will be naturally expected of us, that we should take some notice, even in a cursory and superficial sketch like the present, of the all-important subject of religion. But we shall do so in a brief and perfunctory manner. *Religion in Scotland* would need to be the subject of a separate article, and its treatment would demand great and intimate knowledge of various districts, deep spiritual insight, and rare impartiality. We pretend to none of these things. This paper is avowedly written from an English point of view, and any member of the Scottish Establishment, or of the great outlying bodies who have seceded from it, will read it (if they condescend to read it at all) with the not unnatural suspicions, which is attached in their minds to the criticisms of an English Churchman.

Scotland was, as we all know, one of those countries in which the Reformation took an extreme form. Nowhere, perhaps, had the unreformed Church more thoroughly gained that dangerous pinnacle of external prosperity, which is so great a temptation alike to men and to institutions. More than half the land was in her possession; and though several ecclesiastics, as the famous Bishop Kennedy of S. Andrews, under James III,[1]

[1] Bishop Kennedy died on the 10th of May, 1466. 'In him,' says Tytler, 'the country lost the only Statesman who possessed sufficient firmness, ability, and in-

played a most distinguished part as statesmen in taming the violence of a wild feudality, yet unhappily at a later period Scotland possessed the very worst specimens (as the Roman Catholic Lingard testifies) of the laicised great Churchmen of the sixteenth century. The sons of Bishops, though necessarily bearing on their escutcheons the bend sinister, appear to have enjoyed a recognised social station, and that a very high one.

Great and deep was the evil; proportionably violent was the remedy. Scotland cut off at one blow well-nigh all spiritual connexion with the past. In her eyes the Church went into a trance, a state of *deliquium*, immediately after the Apostolic age, and did not awake again until the era of John Knox and his compeers. No ancient Liturgies carry back the thoughts of Presbyterian worshippers to the early ages of Christianity, The collects, which (in the language of a distinguished Scotch author) 'have soothed the sorrows of forty generations,' have, to the vast majority of Scottish ears and hearts, no especial charm either on the ground of intrinsic excellence or long cherished associations. It is a remarkable exemplification of the prevailing difference of sentiment in England, to find a man like Dr. Arnold, assuredly no high Churchman, employing the very strongest language in denunciation of such total rupture with the past.

But of the general hold of the Presbyterian system upon the bulk of the people there can scarcely be a question. True that, as in England, about one-third of the population (we be-

tegrity to direct the councils of Government. He was indeed, in every respect, a remarkable man: a pious and conscientious Churchman, munificent, active, and discriminating in his charity; and whose religion, untinged with bigotry or superstition, was pure and practical. His zeal for the interests of literature and science was another prominent and admirable feature in his character, of which he left a noble monument in S. Salvator's College at S. Andrew's, founded by him in 1456, and richly endowed out of his ecclesiastical revenues. Kennedy was nearly connected with the royal family, his mother being the Lady Mary, Countess of Angus, a daughter of Robert the Third. It appears that he had early devoted his attention to a correction of the manifold abuses which were daily increasing in the Government of the Church; for which laudable purpose he twice visited Italy, and experienced the favour of the Pope. Although in his public works, in his endowments of churches, and in everything connected with the pomps and ceremonial of the Catholic faith, he was unusually magnificent, yet in his own person, and the expenditure of his private household, he exhibited a rare union of purity, decorum, and frugality: nor could the sternest judges breathe a single aspersion against either his integrity as a minister of state, or his private character as a minister of religion. Buchanan, whose prepossessions were strongly against that ancient Church of which Kennedy was the head in Scotland, has yet spoken of his virtues in the highest terms of panegyric:—"His death," he says, "was so deeply deplored by all good men, that the country seemed to weep for him as for a public parent." (History of Scotland, vol. iv. chap. ii.)' We venture on this long extract, partly because Kennedy is hardly so well known as he deserves, and partly because in speaking of the kind of prelate of whom Cardinal Beaton is a sort of type, it seems only fair to bear in mind the existence of a very different stamp of Statesmen Bishops.

lieve) does not attend any place of worship whatever; and that during epochs, such as the early portion of the eighteenth century, when deadness and unbelief abounded, both were at least as prominent in Scotland as in any other part of the United Kingdom. But it seems to us undeniable that there exists, among the many, a freedom from that indefiniteness which is so common in England. How frequently is heard in South Britain, the exclamation, 'Oh! I've no objection to Church,' coupled with an explanation to the effect, that the speakers have attended this and that meeting-house, just as they happened to be in service with families of the respective persuasions. A patron of an English alms-house will seldom have any difficulty in finding any number of applicants ready to embrace the established faith, on the condition of appointment. We remember, indeed, hearing of an instance of refusal, but that refusal came from a Scotchwoman. It was only a pity that she in any degree lessened the respect justly due to her consistency, by indulging in a long lecture to the clergyman, to whom application had been made, on the nature of his duties, a species of information which he had certainly no occasion to learn at her hands.

We must also speak favourably of the manner in which principles seem to be *impressed* upon the Scotch mind. Take the questions, for example, of the Lord's-day, or of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Far as we are from adopting what seem to us the extreme views prevalent in Scotland respecting the Sunday, it is impossible not to respect the earnestness with which many excellent people combine to thwart any steps which are inimical to their ideas of what is right. On the wife's sister question, Scotchmen are taught (as *we* believe, most rightly taught), that Christian marriage induces a spiritual relationship not wholly unlike that of blood. How deeply such a conviction has sunk into the national mind is shown by the circumstance, that Parliamentary attempts at change of the law almost invariably propose to omit Scotland from the operation of the proposed enactment.

Still stronger, as many of our readers must be aware, is the anti-Erastian feeling of the Scotch. Even the Establishment enjoys a greater freedom in her Assembly than the English Church in Convocation; and though her *theory* of Ordination is far more subservient than that of our own Communion, yet the practice is of late years much mitigated through the disinclination of patrons to press their claims. And not only did the anti-State feeling give rise to the United Presbyterians, who denounce as sinful *all* connexion with the State, but it is also *the* source of that very wonderful body commonly known as the Free Kirk.

Now whatever be thought upon patronage in general (a large

and difficult question, on which we have neither space nor inclination to enter), it must be borne in mind that it assumes a very different complexion among communities, which have no fixed form of worship, but depend entirely on the individual minister. In England it is no uncommon thing to hear in a country-house, some such words as these: 'Our vicar is not 'very great in the pulpit; but his schools are admirably looked 'after; he is most attentive to the poor and the sick, and after 'all there is the Prayer-book just as in any other Church.' The fact that the incumbent was placed there by the act of Bishop, or Squire, or College, does not in anywise trouble the peace of such a flock. But they might feel very differently, if they depended upon their clergyman for the very prayers in which they were expected to join.

Hence, in part at least, the success of the Free Kirk in Scotland. The entire account of the movement from the standpoint (as the Germans call it) of its authors and supporters may be read *in extenso* in Dr. Buchanan's 'Struggles of Ten Years,' or Dr. Hanna's 'Life of Chalmers;' and we do not envy the man who can peruse it without a feeling of deep admiration for the endurance, self-sacrifice, and faith, displayed alike by the 400 out-going ministers, and by those flocks which have since continued to raise a sum of more than 300,000*l.* per annum, to support their cause at home and abroad.

The Free Kirk has all the characteristics of an opposition; in many respects for good, in some very possibly for evil. It numbers in its ranks a vast number of professional men, especially, we fancy, if we are not mistaken, among physicians. If its establishment has diverted large contributions from other very excellent channels, and tended occasionally to foster fanaticism, as in the case of the recent Irish revivals,[1] it must be remembered that even the warmest supporters of Presbyterianism, as for instance the present Duke of Argyll, admit the tendency of the system to become cold and enfeebled in times of peace. Many a minister and layman *in* the establishment, as well as *out* of it, may have been saved from latitudinarianism, apathy, and unbelief, by the interest awakened by such a contest.

Of the general character of the Scottish ministers we are disposed to think very favourably. Weak points, not in the men, but in the system, may be noticed presently. But these defects do not in anywise detract from the merits of the exemplary conduct of the Presbyterian pastors.

Upon the deep and solemn question, how far this system succeeds in the great work of training souls, we forbear to enter.

[1] See the remarkable pamphlet by Archdeacon Stopford, 'The Work and the Counterwork.'

Enough, if we are able to indicate some external features of the case.

It is impossible, we think, to have had the entrance into the houses of some Presbyterian families, without often becoming sensible of a pervading atmosphere of goodness; a goodness which in numberless cases we must believe to be the fruit, not of nature, but of grace. Far are we too from wishing to believe that Burns's 'Cottar's Saturday Night' is a merely imaginary picture. On the other hand, it must be said, that a great portion of the quasi-political zeal for a theological system displayed by the Scotch is compatible with a sadly undevotional frame of mind, and a want of practical religion. We have already cited from the pages of a Scottish Presbyterian, Mr. Aird, a reproof of the 'disputatious habits, pride, and self-sufficiency' of his countrymen. Let us now listen to the sequel of his description:—

'In matters of religion, these faults are often carried to an offensive pitch. So determined are the Scotch to discard everything like outward ceremonial observance in their worship, and keep their ground aloof from popery and prelacy, that they will hardly allow themselves to be decent in the house of prayer. Only listen, in country parishes, to the clamorous confabulations of the deaf old people around the pulpit ere the clergyman comes in; look at half of the worshippers taking their seats so soon as the minister gives any hint, by the turn of his style, or the inflected cadence of his voice, that he is drawing towards the close of his prayer; see the half-dozens that are leaving the church before the conclusion of the service, and the dozens who are seizing their hats, and brushing them with their elbows during the last blessing, the end of which they seem impatiently to wait for as the signal to clap them on their heads. And then the rage of the Scotch for preaching—nothing but preaching! Why the very days of their Sacraments are called the "preaching days." I mean merely to say that they lay far too much stress on the intellectual gratification of hearing clever preaching, compared with the far more important part of sanctuary duty, namely, prayer and praise. And then every village has its bell-wether or two of orthodoxy and heterodoxy; and there in the church the heckler or weaver, who aspires to lead the sense of the place, lies with his chin fixed on his two fists on the boards before him, gaping and grinning from his maud, to catch the speaker, if he can, stumbling on the borders of the "unsound." And then how the village does ring with it next day, if anything bold and out of the beaten track has been said by the minister! And in this way the spiritual leadership of these bell-wethers is maintained; and at every settlement of a pastor in the place, of course, they have the parish at the wag of their disputatious and convincing forefinger.'

An able writer in 'Fraser's Magazine,' has within the last two years said far harder things than these against his brother Scots. He evidently questions whether in *any* country there is a greater divergence between faith and practice, and a more frequent display of hypocrisy. Certainly, if Scotland is determined to take her stand upon the comparative absence of evil; if she will persist in believing in the existence of an *ætas aurea*

immediately after the Reformation, and again after the Revolution of 1688; if she will pretend that there is far less of covetousness, unbelief, drunkenness, and unchastity, on her favoured soil, than in any other land in Christendom, she must be content to accept the result. That dream of a golden age, which is held to have flourished once and again, melts away before the stern inquiries of her able and gifted band of antiquaries; those merchants, whom the story associates with the lost tribes, have *not* shown themselves more unyielding to the fiery trial of commercial speculation than their brethren in London or Liverpool, Paris or Vienna; the Paganism of her large towns is pronounced by Hugh Miller to be hopeless, in terms as strong as could possibly be employed respecting the corresponding difficulty in England; the amount of drunkenness is such as is positively unknown in the south, and the registrar's statistics leave for Scotland a majority of blots in the table of births, not only far exceeding the per-centage of England or Ireland, but outnumbering (with a single exception) those of every country in Europe.[1]

No! if Scotland be wise, she will surely cease to commit the question of her superiority to such an issue. Her stand, if we mistake not, should be made, not on a fancied immunity from evil which cannot bear a moment's investigation, but *on the reality of that which is good.* And this we cannot but think to be a loftier, as well as a safer, line of argument. The city or nation in which evil is most patent, is not always therefore proved to be the worst. On the contrary, as brightness causes shadows, the very presence of excellence is often found to intensify all that is bad. Because the wheat is sown, the enemy plants tares. 'After the prophets, the false prophets; after the apostles, the false apostles; after Christ, the antichrist.'[2] The classical student thinks of Corinth as proverbial, even among the heathen, for its dissolute luxury. Yet there was it that the

[1] It may be necessary to explain to southron readers, that the phrase 'lost tribes' refers to a story told by the Scotch themselves, alternately against the merchants of Aberdeen and Glasgow. Certain Jews, who had carried on business with the usual success of their nation in various towns of England and Europe, at length settled in one or other of the above cities. So completely, however, did they find themselves beaten at their own weapons, that they concluded that they were no longer amongst Gentiles, and one of them wrote to a friend, who had thought of joining his Jewish brethren, 'Mosheh, it is no good; we have found the lost tribes.' We must not, however, be understood to mean, that the Scotch have proved themselves worse than other civilized nations in monetary matters; but only that, with the tale of the Western Bank, and some similar doings on record, they have no right to throw stones at others. As regards drunkenness, a Parliamentary return some years since gave (we believe) 15,000 in one year picked up drunk in Glasgow—thus averaging one man in every 22; while in Manchester the proportion was one in 600.

[2] S. Chrysostom, Homil. xlvi. in S. Matthew.

labours of the Apostle of the Gentiles proved so eminently successful, there did his Divine Master specially proclaim; 'I have much people in this city.' On the other hand, steadiness, and freedom from overt acts of wrong, may so often spring from an enlightened self-interest, that it becomes one of the profoundest problems in morality and in theology to decide how much stress may be safely laid on such negative evidence, in our estimates of individual or national character.

To return to what may be called the more external features of the case. It was held by Bishop Berkeley, that the English Church would do wisely in trying to rear, so far as it was possible, clergy of every grade corresponding to the varied ranks of the laity. It may be, that in England the order has been too much confined to one class, and that thence has arisen a tendency to what has been called the *gentleman heresy*. But we feel that the opposite extreme is equally a mistake. The funds of the English establishment, divided equally among her clergy, would yield, we believe, a somewhat lower average than those of the established Kirk of Scotland, divided (as they practically are) in such manner. But it is, in our humble judgment, a real disadvantage to the laity, that there should be so very few clergy in Scotland of any denomination, who can meet them on something like terms of social equality. Nothing, we believe, astonishes a Scotch settler in England more than the temporal position of her deans, rectors, &c. How different, for example, in the two countries are the relations between the legal and clerical professions. In England, the barrister and the clergyman have probably met in the same University; and if both be destined to advancement in their respective callings, it is impossible to say which of them, at any given point of their career, may have the precedence. In Scotland the average barrister may generally patronise any one called *reverend*. Men answering to the English beneficed clergy are hardly known: and when we take into account the influence of secondary motives in the attainment of even the noblest and loftiest ends, we must be allowed to consider this circumstance as a real misfortune, far less to the pastors (whom it may save from at least one class of temptations), than to the flocks entrusted to their care.

Hugh Miller claims for Presbyterianism a large part in the development of the intellect of his countrymen. The claim must, we imagine, be allowed; even the very discussions to to which Mr. Aird alludes, whatever be their effect upon the heart and conscience, must certainly tend to the nourishment of the critical faculty. Very admirable too, in many ways, are the Scotch National Schools in connexion with the establishment, and the corresponding correlative institutions of the Free Kirk.

But in all other respects the English Church appears to our (we own, not impartial) glance to be infinitely more effective as an agent of civilization. Of course we are not forgetting, that this is not the *primary* function of a religious communion. But we allude to it as a subject not uninteresting in itself; and because we have avowedly abstained from any attempt to enter deeply at present into the more solemn problems which beset the theme. We know of English clergy, by fifties and by hundreds, who are impressing their parishes with the humanizing culture derived from their work, and from their position, as links between the rich and poor; but, despite the great activity of the ministers of the Free Kirk, we doubt the operation of anything like a similar influence in Scotland.

It is natural to ask what spiritual food for the mind has been bestowed on Scotland, by its richly-endowed establishment? The answer must be, none whatever. In that very important function she has all but entirely failed: her students and her children have lived upon English theology. The English version of the Bible; the productions of English Bishops (men whose very title was declared anti-Christian), such as Butler, Pearson, Bull, Jeremy Taylor; or again, of English priests, as Hooker, Donne, Trench, Keble,—are the staple of Scottish theological libraries. We might prove our assertions by the testimony of such impartial witnesses as Professor Blackie or Sir W. Hamilton, but it is hardly worth while to fortify a position which hardly any one will venture to attack.

It is no marvel if a system which has produced less theology than even English dissent, should be found to have shifted its position. The two most distinctive dogmas of the Kirk originally were, its intense and sweeping Calvinism, and its assertion of the *jus divinum* of Presbytery. The former of these is undoubtedly much mitigated, so much so as to make it a serious question, whether Knox and Melville would accept the gloss now virtually put on the Confession and Catechisms; the second is being rapidly given up, as might be shown by the writings of men so different as Mr. Malcolm Laing, the Duke of Argyll, and Professor Tulloch. It is an anxious problem, which yet remains to be tested, whether such changes will conciliate thoughtful persons, or will open a wider door for forms of intellectual unbelief.

The Sunday question is one of far too great difficulty, both in theory and practice, to be entered upon in the present article. It will, if we hear aright, be treated (and we are sure most ably and conscientiously) before a learned body in England in the spring, *Deo volente*, of 1860. At present, we shall only say, that in a country where really good and earnest men can teach,

the first glad recipients of the gospel, yet among its earliest teachers were a S. Paul and a S. Luke; among its converts, a Sergius Paulus, a Theophilus, a Dionysius, and a Damaris. Early in the history of the Church did the heathen Pliny announce that he had found men of *every* rank among the professors of the new creed, and the Christian Tertullian made a similar announcement from Africa. Before long, as has been well shown by M. Guizot and others, it was found that Christianity was attracting to itself the philosophy and poetry, the wit, the argument, and the eloquence of the nations.

In this function Presbyterianism has been remarkably deficient. Its narrow and unimaginative system has failed to retain the refined and the intellectual viewed as a class. We are not now alluding to infidels like David Hume, who, of course, exist everywhere. But when Scotchmen come to number up the names in which they exult, as having spread the national glory far and wide, how comparatively few are those of attached and earnest supporters of Presbyterianism. Reid, the philosopher, was a Socinian. Even men like Robert Burns, Adam Smith, Principal George Campbell, and others, though nominally Presbyterians, openly avowed their dislike of many parts of the system. Professor Wilson and Sir W. Hamilton were, to say the least, half Episcopalians. One really knows not what would have become of a large proportion of the Scottish aristocracy of intellect (any more than of their aristocracy of birth), had not a more enlarged and genial communion stood ready to receive and foster them. A mere handful in numbers (some fifty thousand to two millions used to be the *ratio*); they have contributed to the literature and science of their native land an amount out of all proportion to their numbers. To that Church belong Dr. John Arbuthnot, the wit of Queen Anne's day; the great creator of commercial law, Lord Chief Justice Mansfield; John Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum;' James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson; Dr. Pitcairn, famous as physician, poet, and wit (also *sub regno Annæ*); Bishop Robert Keith, of Edinburgh; James, the poet of the 'Sabbath;' the grammarian and scholar, Thomas Ruddiman; the field-marshal and statesman of Prussia, James Keith; the last Earl Marischal, George Keith; the man who made the glories of his country known to Christendom at large, Sir Walter Scott; his accomplished son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart; one of the most humane and greatest of all physiologists, Sir Charles Bell, and George Joseph Bell, the lawyer; the fairest, perhaps, and most conscientious of all her historians, Patrick Fraser Tytler; the greatest of all botanists since Linnæus, Dr. Robert Brown, of the British Museum; the late Regius Professor

of Hebrew at Oxford, Dr. Nicol; Dr. Bell, founder of the Madras school; Mr. Gleig, the author of the 'Subaltern,' now Chaplain-General of the Forces; Professors Kelland, Innes, and Laycock, of Edinburgh; Professors Grub and Ogilvy, of Aberdeen; the wit and poet, Professor Aytoun; the metaphysician, Professor Ferrier, of S. Andrews; the antiquary, Professor Skene, of Glasgow, (may we not add another eminent antiquary, Mr. Cosmo Innes?) and that admirable scholar, Professor Ramsay; and the late much respected Professor of Greek, Sir Daniel Sandford. And hers, too, is the graceful purity and chivalrous feeling that breathe from the pages of Lord Lindsay; the historic lore and skill in art displayed by Mr. Stirling, of Keir, and Lord Elcho. To her belong Lady Anne Lindsay, author of 'Auld Robin Gray,' and other touching ballads; and Miss Catherine Sinclair, whose 'Modern Accomplishments and Modern Society' display (to say nothing of the excellence of their tone) a sprightliness of dialogue and brilliance of repartee quite unsurpassed by any similar production in England; and the author of that history, which, with whatever defects it may be charged, must ever remain a perfect storehouse of exact information most lucidly arranged and most impartially set forth, Sir Archibald Alison; the Coryphæus of those who have attempted to circulate valuable and innocent knowledge among the people, Mr. Robert Chambers; and the famous antiquary, George Chalmers, the author of 'Caledonia.' Hers, too, have been theologians such as 'Gadderar, Sage, Campbell, Rattray, the most learned British divines of the eighteenth century;' and Bishop William Forbes, of Edinburgh, and the saintly-minded Archbishop Leighton. Oh! is it well for Scotchmen, who take delight in the glories of their native land, to speak with scorn and contumely of the spiritual mother of such sons as these?[1]

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[1] Students of recent works on the history and antiquities of Scotland must have constantly met the name of one gentleman, to whom the various authors almost invariably make acknowledgment: we mean that of one, who is perhaps the first among her living antiquaries—Joseph Robertson, Esq., of the Register Office, Edinburgh. Its omission from the above hastily drawn-up (and therefore probably imperfect) list, may suggest to some one the idea that assistance from this quarter has been obtained by the writer. Such inference would not be wholly incorrect; although Mr. Robertson has not seen a single sentence of this article before its publication, and might probably dissent from several of its positions; yet it is so impossible to have discussed any part of the subject with him, even in brief conversations, without the greatest advantage, that we cannot refrain from adding our very humble tribute to the multitude he has already received. With many a student of history and antiquities, we may express our admiration at a fulness and exactness of knowledge, ever imparted with the utmost liberality and courtesy to all who seek to draw from its stores; with many a brother Churchman, our deep sense of a zeal and wisdom that are prized alike by clergy and by laity.

perseverance. Even many of their faults border upon great merits. If they are proud, let us ask what nation of men so independent is free from pride; if they are intolerant, let us think well whether a merely easy going latitudinarianism would ever have reared and sustained the very wonderful fabric of the Free Kirk.

From the judgment of England upon Scotland there lies an appeal to Europe and the world at large. Far be it from us to argue, as a famous Scotchman (Mr. Carlyle) seems to do, that worldly success is any proof of a special blessing from above; but something there must be of marvellous strength of will, and perseverance, and versatility in a race tried in so many times and climes, and not found wanting. Think how many Caledonian surnames gem the lists of our Anglo-Indian statesmen and warriors. In the middle ages, Scotch teachers of philosophy were sought abroad (Joannes Duns Scotus was probably Caledonian); and in our own days, the prince of modern German metaphysicians, Emmanuel Kant, was of Scotch extraction. From Scotland sprang that paragon, the admirable Crichton, once thought a mythical personage, but proved by Tytler to be a reality. Hers were Bellenden and Adamson, and (by descent) the author of *Argenis*, Barclay. Thirteen Scotch regiments served under Gustavus Adolphus, as others, too often (before and since), did good service to the crown of France. William Paterson, the originator of the Bank of England, was Scotch; and so was Cromwell's able ambassador at Paris, Sir William Lockhart. If Law, of the South Sea Bubble, wrought his country no small disgrace in Paris, at least the British ambassador of the day (Lord Stair) held aloof from Law, when in the zenith of his power. Hers, too, are the gallant and chivalrous Keiths; and the great engraver, Sir Robert Strange; and Sir Alexander Mitchell, our ambassador to Frederick the Great.[1] Wonderful it is, too, to remember, that the most successful retreat made before the greatest of modern captains (that of the Russians, in 1812), was conducted by a commander of Scottish descent, Barclay de Tolly; and that, among all the far-famed names of the marshals on the opposing side, under Napoleon, the one who yielded to none in valour, and surpassed all in humanity and good faith, was a warrior who bore a time-honoured and historic Scottish name, a scion of the house of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles.

Some of our English friends resident in Scotland will, we know, accuse us of being too favourable. We have neither time nor space left to defend ourselves, by anticipation, from their

[1] See, for many details, the spirited papers in 'Blackwood,' in the spring of 1856, entitled, the 'Scot Abroad,' to which we must acknowledge our obligations.

attacks. But if from any Scottish readers a very different charge should proceed, let them remember how worthless, after all, is indiscriminating eulogy; let them, in charity, give us credit for a real desire to be honest and truthful, and be assured that our good wishes are thoroughly with the land they love. May she flourish alike by flood and fell, in village and in city, more especially in her two capitals—the metropolis of rank and law and art, the metropolis of wealth and commercial enterprise. *Floreat Edina; floreat Glasgua; floreat universa Caledonia!*

the LXX. Neither in the Eastern nor the Western Church was there any proposal to bring the text of the Hebrew original and the Greek version into the same external unity and sequence.

Nor at the era of the Reformation did Luther or Calvin, or any of their followers, essay this plain and perilless Biblical revision. It remained for a Spanish cardinal, even against the protests of Romanists, to achieve this great *desideratum*. It was Ximenes who planned and executed the Complutensian Polyglott; and it consumed the labours of more than twenty years to accomplish this magnificent undertaking. As to the LXX., we are now assured by Cardinal Mai, the editor was aided by the best MSS. from the Vatican, and thus all the idle suspicions respecting their value are negatived.[1] Nor was Ximenes unworthy of the treasures committed to his charge. Instead of printing the Septuagint merely as he found it, in all its prescribed mutilations and disorder, he resolutely '*took the bull by the horns*;' he not only collated the best MSS. to obtain an improved text, but he adjusted the transpositions, he filled up the *lacunæ*, and thus brought the Greek columns into correspondence with those of the Hebraic text.

As might have been expected, this first attempt was not entirely successful. The dislocations were rectified, but for some of the *lacunæ* Ximenes could not find MS. authority. 'With a grace beyond the reach of art' (which we cannot *critically* justify), he now and then Hellenised the Latin Vulgate! If any one is inclined to be severe on the boldness of Ximenes, let him remember the negligence of our Walton. There are some scores of pages in our Anglican Polyglott, in which the parallel columns of the Hebrew and the Septuagint are at total variance!

When we consider the long endurance of these palpable anomalies, and that, during three centuries, men of learning, nay and whole universities, should have tamely submitted to print and reprint this venerated Greek version of the Old Testament in such a disreputable state of chaos and confusion, we deem it no slight honour to the 'Christian Knowledge Society' to have removed this stigma from Biblical literature.

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[1] There is an internal evidence for the value and integrity of the Complutensian text which we do not think has ever been adverted to. It is this. Nearly the whole of Genesis is wanting in the Vat. MS. When the Roman Edit. (1586) appeared, the whole of that large hiatus was necessarily filled up from other MSS. accessible to the Sixtine editors. But whoever compares the Genesis of the Complutensian, with that of the Roman Edition, will find they are substantially alik. It is plain, then, that they worked out their text from the same MSS.. viz. the Venetian of Bessarion and that of Carafa, which are distinctly r
by the Roman editors.

ART. II.—*Vetus Testamentum Græce, Juxta LXX. Interpretes. Recensionem Grabianam Ad Fidem Codicis Alexandrini Aliorumque Denuo Recognovit, Græca Secundum Ordinem Textus Hebraei Reformavit, Libros Apocryphos A Canonicis Segregavit* FRIDERICUS FIELD, A.A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab. olim Socius. Sumtibus Societatis De Promovenda Doctrina Christiana. Oxonii: Excudebat Jacobus Wright, Academiæ Typographus. MDCCCLIX. Pp. 1088.

FROM an untold antiquity, perhaps coeval with the age of the Ptolemies, and from causes which are equally unknown and unknowable, the MSS. of the LXX. have always existed in a deplorable state of confusion and mutilation. It was the opinion of Grabe, that the notable transpositions of chapters towards the close of Exodus arose from some blunder in stitching the rolls or leaves of the Hebrew copy, originally sent by the Sanhedrim to Alexandria. Though we can hardly admit this conjecture, we are at a loss to propose a better. And the same confession will apply to many other transpositions and mutilations which occur simultaneously in all the collated MSS. of the LXX.

Perhaps nothing can more clearly evince the extreme deference and veneration which have always been paid to this Greek version of the Old Testament, than the almost superstitious delicacy with which its faults and imperfections have been treated. As a version, nothing can be more self-evident than that its order of chapter and verse should conform to that of the original; yet the primitive Church never attempted even this exterior restoration. Even Origen could not prevail on his brethren to adopt the Hebrew standard. The Hexapla was deposited in the library of the Church of Cæsarea, in Palestine, and there it remained unnoticed till the days of S. Jerome.

Though the order of the Hebrew was now made patent by the Latin version, yet, amidst all the disputes between SS. Jerome and Augustine, respecting the comparative authority of the Hebrew and the LXX., we do not recollect that any attempt was made to bring them into one and the same series. The elder Latin versions were taken from the LXX., and were still in use in many Churches to the age of Constantine. And when, at length, the translation of S. Jerome triumphed, it produced no influence whatever on the order, or rather disorder, of

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opem res, et conjurat amicè.' No force should be used in the alliance; we should attend patiently and respectfully to each, and then infer the result.

We dread the application of classical taste to Jewish documents, just as we should protest against the intermixture of Grecian and Gothic architecture. They have their respective beauties, but they do not admit of assimilation. It is much to the credit of the editor of S. Chrysostom, that he has not indulged that fascinating delicacy in his Septuagintal emendations, which is thought to have influenced and injured Bishop Lowth as a Hebrew critic. Yet he confesses (Prolegg. p. xxii.) that he may occasionally have been rather too scrupulous. All our lexicons abound with attempts to destroy the characteristics of the Hellenistic style. They are curious in hunting out some phrase in some tragic or comic writer, which may protect the philological honour of a Prophet or an Apostle. What arrant trifling is this, if not something worse! Every Hebraism in the LXX., or the New Testament, is a mark of authenticity. It bears witness to their Jewish origin, to the age and country in which they were composed. What endless pains and labour have Messrs. Raphelius, Elsner, Kypke, and a host of Dutch and German critics endured to diminish and deaden these philological evidences!

It is the intimate connexion, or rather the union, of the Septuagint version with the New Testament, which must ever endear its memory to the Christian mind. The early Fathers saluted it as '*The port of the Gentiles*,' and well they might, for it is not easy to conceive how the Gentiles could have been brought into the Christian Church, without the translation of the Old Testament into Greek. None but Jews could have made such a version. The Hebrew language was unknown to the rest of the world. It was executed just at the time when Macedonic Greek was spread over the East by the conquests of Alexander. Large numbers of Jews were living at Alexandria, the chief port of Mediterranean commerce, and they naturally desired this translation of Moses and the Prophets into Macedonic Greek; but their Judaic traditions forbade them departing from Hebrew phraseology. Hence arose that peculiar style which we term Hellenistic, and which distinguishes the Septuagint and the New Testament from classic Greek.

This version was begun, according to Prideaux, about 270 years before the Christian era, and probably it was not finished till towards the close of that century. It was then that Scipio had triumphed over Hannibal in Africa, and put an end to the Second Punic War. The younger Antiochus soon after passed over into Asia Minor, and made considerable conquests.

'Having found,' says Prideaux, 'the Jews of Babylonia and 'Mesopotamia very serviceable and steady to his interest, he 'entertained a great opinion of their fidelity. And therefore, on 'some commotions in Phrygia and Lydia, he ordered 2,000 'families of those Babylonian and Mesopotamian Jews to be sent 'thither for the suppression of those seditions. It was from 'these Jews, who were afterwards scattered in great numbers 'over Asia Minor, that their descendants were so numerous and 'influential on these coasts, in the early days of Christianity.'

This is valuable information, but it is little known and seldom alluded to. It shows how the Churches on the coasts of Asia Minor became the head-quarters of Christianity, it proves the vast influence of the Septuagint, and it accounts for the numerous citations of S. Paul from the Hellenistic version. It was at Ephesus and Smyrna, not at Athens or Sparta, but in Macedonia, where the Gospel achieved its apostolic triumphs. It was the Hellenistic Jew, not the Grecian sophist, who became its earliest convert. The reason is plain and self-evident. He had been accustomed to read the Alexandrian version. He was familiar with its doctrinal and prophetic language; he now heard S. Paul explaining the same doctrines, and developing the same prophecies.—'What doth this babbler say?' 'He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods,' was the jesting exclamation of the Attic sophist. Nor were the Greek idolaters at Ephesus more favourable, when they exclaimed, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Yet there was a great underlying *stratum* of Jewish Hellenists all along the shores of the Ægæan and Mediterranean, stretching from Bithynia to Cilicia, and it was chiefly from these Hellenists that the earliest Christian converts were collected.

Nor was a still later Antiochus, surnamed Sidetes, B. C. 136, less instrumental to the diffusion of the LXX. by his barbarous cruelties at Alexandria. 'He drove abroad,' says Prideaux, quoting Athenæus, 'grammarians, philosophers, geometricians, 'physicians, and other professors of arts and sciences into Greece, 'the Lesser Asia, and the Isles.' Amongst these were, doubtless, multitudes of learned Jews, who carried the knowledge of the Septuagint far and wide. The wars of the Maccabees at the same time must have greatly contributed to the same effect, and they also manifest that Providential wisdom, which was preparing the world for the Christian era.

But why should we appeal to Prideaux or Athenæus? The evidence is in the hands of all who possess the New Testament. On the day of Pentecost 'there were dwelling at Jerusalem, 'devout men out of every nation under heaven.' 'Parthians, 'Medes, Elamites, dwellers in Mesopotamia, in Judæa, and

'Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in 'Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers 'of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians.' Who was the herald that collected this world-wide multitude? What mighty talisman attracted these motley throngs to Palestine? Only one answer can be returned. It was this very version of the Old Testament. It was 'the Star in the East' which conducted these proselytes to the Temple. 'And he shall set up 'an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of 'Israel, and gather together the dispersed of Judah, from the 'four corners of the earth.' We adduce this prediction only as an accommodation, but we feel that it vividly represents the truth of our argument.

And here we may remark on the ignorance and folly of those Protestant prejudices, which would decry the value and importance of that supplement to the canon of the Old Testament, which we call the Apocrypha. We should know comparatively but little of the Jewish history between the age of Nehemiah and S. John, if we had been deprived of the Books of Maccabees. Nor could we have appreciated the excellence of their moral writings, had we been ignorant of the Books of Ecclesiasticus or Wisdom. But the philological value of these works, in reference to the phraseology of the New Testament, can be known only by a minute collation of their style and correspondence. As might be expected, they approach more nearly to the style and idiom of the New Testament than any of the canonical books. This may be explained on two considerations. First, they are original compositions, not translations. The version is always more or less hampered by the fetters of the original. Secondly, they exhibit the Hellenistic style in a more recent aspect. So like are some chapters of the Maccabees to some of the Acts, that, if it were not for the difference of matter, they might be almost mistaken for each other.

But the inestimable importance of the version of the LXX. has not been sufficiently estimated, as an irrefragable evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament. It was made sufficiently long before the Christian era to free it from all suspicions of forgery, and to give it all the weight of an independent authority. It is cited more than 2,000 times by Philo, as any one may see from the 'Index Locorum' of Mangey. Made by Jews, it cannot be convicted of Christian prejudice, and therefore it stands an unassailable witness of the 'Hebraïca Veritas.' Without such a witness, it might have been whispered, 'Perhaps the Jewish Scriptures are a Jewish imposture.' It remains also a permanent interpreter of their meaning, for without this interpreter they would have been vague and uncer-

tain as hieroglyphics. And then how vast is its importance to the authenticity of the New Testament! How could the New Testament have been written in Greek, if there had not been a Greek Old Testament in general use? Or how could our Lord have appealed with effect to Moses and the prophets, if he had endorsed his own appeals from Hebrew into Greek?

The fact is plain and undeniable that, in the greater number of citations from the Old Testament, the Evangelists and Apostles have adopted the very words of the Greek version, and that they have occasionally preferred it, even where it differs from the original. This plain and undeniable fact, we say, must ever entitle it to the peculiar reverence of the Christian student. Nor should we forget, that during the first 300 years of the Christian Church, it formed the only Bible of public worship. With the single exception of Origen, not one of the Fathers could consult the Hebrew text, till the days of S. Jerome. Every version, except the older Syriac, was taken from the LXX. It forms the Bible of the Eastern Church to the present day. Such facts bespeak their own importance—they also declare the importance of that edition of the LXX. which is now before us.

As the edition, which we are reviewing, has been undertaken under the direction and at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we are sure that our readers will be gratified by our reprinting this extract from the 'Report of the Foreign Translation Committee, July, 1859:'—

'The labours of the Foreign Translation Committee have now extended over a quarter of a century; and in presenting this, their twenty-fifth annual report, the Committee have the satisfaction of being able to mark such an epoch in the history of their proceedings, by laying before the Board a work of so important a character as their new edition of the Greek Septuagint, just published. When they presented their Report this time last year to the Board, the Committee expressed a hope that this work might have appeared before Christmas. And that object might, indeed, have been effected, if they had been able to satisfy themselves with publishing merely the Greek text alone. But, considering that this edition of the Septuagint differs, in some respects very materially, from all that have preceded it, while it had required no ordinary amount of learning, and of critical skill and care, to revise, and arrange, and carry through the press such a text as was contemplated by the Committee, it was thought that it would be neither satisfactory to the public, nor fair to the learned and conscientious editor, Mr. Field, to put forth a work of such importance, without some explanation of the objects for which it was undertaken, and the principle and plan on which it had been conducted and accomplished, together with some sufficient indication of the careful and judicious criticism which had been brought to bear upon it. And the Committee feel confident that, when the "Prolegomena" prefixed to the text, and the "Collatio" which forms an appendix to the volume, come to be examined, it will be allowed that it was well worth while to have delayed the publication, for the sake of inserting such valuable and satisfactory documents.

'This edition of the Septuagint, it will be remembered, was undertaken with the sanction of the Board, five years ago, when the Foreign Translation Committee stated that their object should be to produce such a text, as might be both serviceable to Biblical students at home, and also acceptable, at the same time, to the Greek Church, for whose benefit they had already printed one edition of the Septuagint at Athens. The Athens edition, in four volumes, was printed from the Moscow edition of the Bible, which was the one in common use in the East, and might consequently be considered as exhibiting the authorized text of the Greek Church; and, with the ready and entire approval of the Synod of Attica, in this reprint of the text under their own superintendence, the apocryphal were separated from the canonical books, and formed the fourth volume of the work. The apocryphal parts of the books of Esther and Daniel were, however, inadvertently left where they were found in the Moscow edition; and although these portions were, in some instances, easily detected by not being divided into verses at all, and in other cases were marked by a separate numbering of verses of their own, which distinguished them from the canonical portions of the chapters to which they were attached, yet those interpolations were considered sufficient cause for not placing that edition on the Society's catalogue for sale in this country.

'The Codex Alexandrinus is the basis of the Moscow text, which is, in fact, nothing else than a creditably accurate reprint of Grabe's, or rather of Breitinger's revision of Grabe's edition of the Septuagint. To accomplish the double object, therefore, proposed by the Committee, it was necessary to adopt this text; and it was determined, in this newly-revised edition, not only to separate all the apocryphal matter from the canonical books, but also to remove the inconveniences arising from the unaccountable dislocations of chapters and verses, which occur in certain books of the Septuagint, by rearranging them according to the order of the Hebrew text. This desideratum the Committee trust it will be found that Mr. Field has skilfully and successfully accomplished. And he has so accomplished it, as still to show what the previous arrangement of the Greek text was. For while, for the manifest convenience of Biblical students, the text of this edition reads, chapter and verse, side by side with the Hebrew, and with all translations from it; an additional and collateral numbering of chapters and verses, where necessary, in brackets, shows what was before the order of the Greek. In one case, that of the thirty-sixth and following three chapters of Exodus, where the confusion of the Greek text is so great that the two separate arrangements could not be distinctly marked in that manner, the text *in extenso*, just as it stands in the Septuagints hitherto in use, is printed in a smaller type, below the arranged text of this edition. The additions to the books of Esther and Daniel are removed and placed with the apocryphal books, as in our English Bibles; and all those shorter apocryphal interpolations in other books, which could not be conveniently removed and printed by themselves, such, for instance, as the allusion to the bee in the sixth chapter of Proverbs, are, in this edition, marked with inverted commas.

'With regard to the text itself, no pains have been spared to render it as satisfactory as possible. Mr. Field's character, as a learned, judicious, and accurate editor, was already established by his valuable labours upon the Homilies of S. Chrysostom; and in his late editorial labours in the service of this Society, he was well supplied with all needful means and appliances for the satisfactory accomplishment of the task imposed upon him. Besides his own resources, the University library and the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, afforded him important helps. Through the very liberal kindness of the trustees of the British Museum, the Committee were enabled, without cost, to provide him with a copy of Mr. Baber's fac-*simile* of the Codex Alexandrinus; and wherever, in the course of his

labours, there appeared to be any reason to question the accuracy of Mr. Baber's work, the original Codex was carefully examined. And the Foreign Translation Committee feel themselves bound to take this opportunity of acknowledging, with gratitude, the ready courtesy with which every facility of reference to that precious manuscript was at all times afforded them. It is only just also to add, at the same time, that, as the use which has been made of Mr. Baber's fac-simile, in preparing this edition of the Septuagint, has tested, so also has it confirmed the claim of his work to the character of remarkable accuracy.'

It should be added, that this edition presents a fine example of Greek typography in the Porson type, and that it does much credit to Mr. Wright, the late-appointed academical printer to the University of Oxford.

Perhaps the scope and catholicity of the Greek version are not generally estimated in compass and extent. Considered merely as a translation of the Hebrew, it is liable to many critical animadversions. Designed by Providence chiefly as an introduction to the Christian Church, it softens the Jewish element, even at the expense of verbal accuracy; and frequently enlarges the bounds of a title, a promise, or prediction, beyond the grammatical limits of the original. Take, *e. g.* the word יְהוָה as represented by Κύριος, to which so many Hebraists have objected. If the LXX. had not used Κύριος as the representative of יְהוָה, how could we have inferred the Deity of our Lord in the New Testament, from his being called *Lord?* Or suppose that our translators had used *Jehovah* in the Old, and *Lord* in the New Testament, what dissonance and confusion would it not have occasioned in the mind of the reader! The real value of the Greek version is thus elicited by the very objections which have been brought against it. We should consider it, therefore, not as a mere translation, but as a Providential instrument for preparing the way for the Christian dispensation. Without claiming for it direct inspiration, we may view it as a special document employed by the Head of the Church for the advancement of His spiritual kingdom. It was the conductor of Judaism to Christianity. To estimate its importance we have only to suppose its absence.

We rejoice to behold an increasing attention and respect to the study of this Canonical version. From the ignorance of Hebrew amongst the early Fathers, the version was unduly exalted to the seat of the original; but amongst the Protestants, since the Reformation, its value has been much underrated and its study sadly neglected. It has been hastily concluded that, because we have the original, we have no need of the version. The 'Hebraïca Veritas' has been contrasted with the 'Græcia Mendax,' and the disputes of SS. Jerome and Augustine have been most unreasonably revived.

It were needless and impertinent to prove that an original must ever be intrinsically superior to a copy, and that the value of the copy must depend on its likeness to the original. But when the original is dark and obscure, the copy rises in its comparative value, just as the borrowed light of the moon is of essential value at night, when the orb of day is intercepted by the earth. We may explain our meaning by a few considerations. The Hebrew language was never general like that of Greece. It was confined to the nation set apart from all other nations; it was designed to keep them separate and distinct from the surrounding Gentiles. Such was the Hebrew of the patriarchs, of the Pentateuch, and of the earlier books of the Old Testament. But when the Jews were carried into captivity, and especially during the Babylonish captivity of seventy years, they lost in a great measure their use of Hebrew as a vernacular, and adopted a mixture of Chaldee and Syrian, as their spoken language. The Hebrew was still studied by men of learning, by their Rabbis, and Doctors of the Law; but it was expounded to the Palestines in that Syro-Chaldaic which we find in the Targums, whilst to the Jews scattered abroad, it was explained in the Greek of the Septuagint.

At the fall of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, the Temple worship was destroyed, and with it perished the knowledge of Hebrew, except amongst a few of the learned Jews. Till the days of S. Jerome, A.D. 400, not a single Christian, except Origen, could read or understand the Hebrew text. The learned read and studied the Septuagint version, and the common people had the old Latin version of the LXX., called the *Itala*. We are now speaking of the Western Church. In the East, the Greek version was never superseded; and whatever versions were made in Arabic, Æthiopian, or Coptic, were professedly taken from the LXX.

After one thousand years of mediæval obscurity, the light of learning began to dawn, and with it some faint attempts to revive the knowledge of Hebrew. By the help of Jews, Buxtorf and others cultivated this study very assiduously. This may be termed Judaic, or traditional Hebrew. But at a later period, Schultens and others called in the aid of the Arabic and other cognate languages to enlarge this study, and in our day Gesenius has distinguished himself by a far more copious collation of Oriental dialects. Now, we do not mean to deny the value and utility of these more extended philological researches; but even their value must intimate the darkness and obscurity which overhang the study of Biblical Hebrew. We think, therefore, that Professor Lee was fully justified in saying, that more real light can be obtained from the LXX., in the study of Biblical Hebrew, than from all the lexicons, grammars,

and commentaries of Hebrew scholars, whether ancient or modern.

Nor is it hard to account for this superiority of the Greek version over every other subsidiary, in our study of the Hebrew text. It was a version made by Jews long before the Christian era, for the express purpose of aiding their brethren to read Moses and the Prophets in the Greek language, which was then becoming the chief medium of intercourse between the Eastern and Western peoples. The Greek of Alexandria naturally partook of the Macedonic dialect, and combined with the Hebraic element to form that peculiar phraseology which we term Hellenistic. Their version is consequently Macedonic Greek expressed in Hebrew idioms. It is the half-way house between the Old and the New Testament. But this is the exact *desideratum* for the interpretation of the Hebrew text in its connexion with Christianity. Nothing would have been more difficult or precarious, than to ascertain the exact import of doctrinal terms in Moses and the Prophets, had they not been interpreted by Jews, before the coming of Christ, in the very same terms as those which are used by the Evangelists and Apostles. The interchange is so complete that it is difficult to say on which side the balance inclines—whether the Old Testament, or the New, be the more indebted to the LXX.

The early Fathers, though ignorant of Hebrew, well understood the force of this argument, in its reference to the Gentiles, and the preparation of the world for the advent of Messias. They often magnify this version—as 'Porta Gentilium,' and 'Ostium ad Christum.' As their study of the Old Testament was almost entirely confined to the Septuagint, they estimated its value by its connexion with the language of the Gospels and Epistles. Whatever excellence or authority belong to the Patristic interpretation of the ancient Scriptures, is based on their knowledge and study of the Septuagint.

Now, without claiming any direct inspiration for this Greek version, it deserves the consideration of all who feel reverence for ecclesiastical antiquity, whether the utmost veneration be not due to that text, which constituted during three hundred years the sole light and instruction of Christendom in reference to the Old Testament. Until it can be shown, that the comments of modern divines on Moses and the Prophets are superior to those of SS. Basil, Theodoret, Chrysostom, Ambrose, or Augustine, we think we should pause in vaunting our Hebraic elevation. The truth is, whatever we can know of Biblical Hebrew is chiefly gained from the LXX., or from versions derived from the LXX. It is easy to assert the superiority of the Hebrew, as the original, but it is very difficult to prove that we can obtain an exact knowledge of Hebrew, *per se*.

Look at any Hebrew lexicon, mark the numberless conjectures, the endless doubts and speculations, and then say, how great would have been our darkness, without the Greek interpreter.

We have now arrived at a position where we can duly estimate the value of Mr. Field's labours, and the merits of the Christian Knowledge Society. To recapitulate what we have said, this Greek version—this guide and guardian of the Gentiles, this companion of Evangelists and Apostles, and this text-book of the early Church—has hitherto been left in the most reproachful state of confusion and mutilation. Though it is impossible to tell the age or origin of this chaos, there is neither danger nor difficulty in showing, that it ought long since to have been remedied and removed. Nothing can be more plain than that the version should follow the order of the original; nothing can be more self-evident than that verses and chapters misplaced should be arranged in their proper sequence: yet these plain, self-evident axioms have heretofore been never acted on. They have formed the complaints of the Church from the days of Origen to those of Professor Gaisford, and yet (with the illustrious exception of Ximenes and the Complutensian) we have wept and mourned over the *lacunæ*, the mutilations and interpolations of the LXX., whilst we have been actively engaged in emending Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, and the whole host of classical pagans. We heartily rejoice that we have lived to see an end of this strange indifference, and that we shall no longer be taunted with the countless disorders and confusion of the LXX. We shall now read the version as it walks *pari passu* with the Hebrew original. Our parallel columns will no longer be of the the zigzag fashion; Deuteronomy will no longer be at war with arithmetic, and Jeremiah will cease to lament over our ill-treatment. The Psalmist will sing 'a new song' in unbroken melody.

The text here selected is the Alexandrian, as it was primarily intended for the use of the Greek Church; but as the Vatican text has obtained the preference, not only in England, but on the Continent, it is desirable that a similar revision should hereafter be made of the Roman edition, which is far more defective.

We cannot conclude this notice, without adverting to the happy, perhaps we might say, the providential coincidence of the Public Lecture, which has recently been established at Oxford, for setting forth the importance and utility of the Septuagint. When we consider how little the study of Hellenistic Greek has hitherto been encouraged, and that attention to the peculiar idiom of the New Testament has been chiefly relegated to Dissenting academies, we hail this appointment of a Helle-

nistic Lecturer, as an important accession to our academical staff. Whilst we have a Regius Professor of Greek, and Regius Professor of Hebrew, we may well admit a Public Terminal Reader on the LXX. in connexion with the phraseology of the New Testament. Nor would we confine the Prelector to mere philological illustration. Let him show the wide influence of this version as the forerunner of the Evangelists and Apostles. Let him trace its historical origin and progress—let him develop its universal influence in the primitive Church—let him demonstrate its importance, as the intermediate station between Judaism and Christianity. Let him exhibit its position, as the Pharos of the Eastern Church, and the parent of the Eastern versions. Above all, let him demonstrate its importance, as a standing evidence of the authenticity of the Old and New Testament, as the companion of the Hebrew, and the interpreter of the Greek. Such a lecture, delivered with competent talent and learning, cannot fail to arrest the attention of a large number of students, and particularly of those designed for the Church. The appointment is biennial, and thus every undergraduate will be enabled to compare two different lecturers. We hope it will pass into the hands of many young and rising men, who will do honour to themselves and credit to the University, who will render their prelections at once attractive and useful, and thus prevent the danger and disgrace of its merging into that Slough of Despond—the *Wall Lecture*.

The splendid encomium of Bishop Walton may well constitute our peroration:—

'Inter Græcas Vet. Test. Versiones principem locum meritò obtinet, celebris illa LXXII. Interpretum, nobile istud Synagogæ et Ecclesiæ monumentum; quippe quæ in tanto honore fuerit tam apud Judæos, quàm Christianos, tum Orientis, tum Occidentis, ut ab illis in Synagogis, ab his fere sola, vel ex eâ factæ Versiones, in Ecclesiis publicè prælegerentur. Ex hâc reliquæ Versiones omnes ab Ecclesiâ antiquitùs approbatæ (solâ exceptâ Syriacâ) traductæ sunt: viz. Arabica, Æthiopica, Armena, Illyrica, Gothica, et Latina Vetus ante Hieronymum; nec aliam Ecclesia Græca, et pleræque Orientales in hunc usque diem agnoscunt, hâc solâ contenti. Hanc Patres et Theologi, tam Græci quàm Latini commentariis illustrârunt, et in scriptis suis ubique citârunt: Ignatius, Clemens uterque, Justinus, Tertullianus, Irenæus, Cyrillus, Basilius, Theodoretus, Gregorius, Athanasius, Chrysostomus, Ambrosius, Augustinus, Hilarius, totusque venerandus Veterum chorus, antiqua illa Ecclesiæ lumina, quotquot doctrinâ et sanctitate claruerunt. Ex hâc veritatem doctrinæ probârunt, errores et hæreses profligârunt. vitæ et disciplinæ regulas hauserunt. Immò, in Conciliis, tam Provincialibus quàm Generalibus, hæc a sanctissimis Patribus usurpata est, &c. Tantum etiam invaluit hujus Versionis autoritas apud Judæos, ut ubique per Ægyptum, Græciam, Asiam, etc. immò in ipsâ Hierosolyma publicè in Synagogis, ut jam innuimus prælegeretur, omnibus Judæis linguam Græcam optime callentibus, cùm Hebraïcam (quæ dudum vernacula esse desiêrat), soli sacerdotes et docti intelligerent.' —*Prolegg.* ix. 1, 2.

ART. III.—1. *A Life for a Life, by the Author of 'John Halifax.'* London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.

2. *Cousin Stella.* London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1859.

3. *Through the Shadows.* London: Hurst & Blackett. 1859.

WHAT should be the first impulse in the writer of fiction? or must his work begin in impulse at all? Ought it rather to be the deliberate result of thought and intention? Should he be impelled to express the pictures of human life, as such, which his fancy draws, without ulterior aim, simply because such exercise is congenial and delightful to him; or ought he consciously to apply his talents to a moral purpose? Must he, that is, first be imbued with a moral which of itself shall suggest an appropriate illustration, or, his brain being peopled with its own creations, may he commit them without formal design to the laws which appear to him to regulate human action? To many the answer is so obvious that the question appears to them scarcely a proper one to ask. Of *course* those who write for a moral purpose must stand highest. On reviewing our literature, which presents abundant examples of both kinds, they will always esteem those authors most who have the loftiest avowed aim. Now, unquestionably, people should never devote themselves to a work without a moral purpose, but the mere truthful exhibition of human nature may furnish this. Whoever keeps close to the truth is acting conscientiously: he may believe it a useful thing to assist in enlarging men's knowledge of character and life; he may indeed think it better to seem to want an obvious moral than to twist one character out of its reality, to strain one incident out of probability, to depict one unnatural scene, to commit, in fact, one minor falsehood in order to carry a main grand point. Not that there is any discrepancy between higher and lower truth; the best fiction arrives at the one through the other; but many readers, if they sympathise with the high truth, which is the professed moral, are blind or indifferent to the anomalies and outrages by which it is reached. That is with them the best, most valuable story, always supposing a certain fitness and ability in the writer, which takes what they consider the highest stand. It is this principle of judging which gives religious fiction its popularity; people will take everything for granted where they sympathise with the writer's aim, and expect the happiest results from the mere assertion in a picturesque form of a favourite principle. Whereas influences are such subtle

things that any ignorance of the science of motives, any hitch in the minor morals, any betrayal of sympathy with inferior rules of action, may neutralize all the good; so that we are disposed to estimate a novel writer's rank and value by the keenness of his insight into character and motives, and the correctness of his moral sense in all the details of conduct; with these two qualities he can produce a valuable fiction even if there be no evident moral—without them no alleged moral in the world, no assertion of sublime truth will give it worth. But indeed no one can possess the qualities, moral and intellectual, we have indicated, without being stimulated by high aims, and a desire to use such gifts for the good of others; but they may not be apparent on the surface, as in the story written to illustrate a truth. The reader feels an elevating and refining influence, but he cannot repeat in words the lesson he has learnt, as he is expected to do in the other case, and as in some excellent and most valuable moral fictions can be done with a real sense of profit.

Genius, it is said, is of no sex; and this is so far true that it is only in a general sense, and with the consciousness of abundant exceptions on either side, that we express the opinion ofwomen being the especially 'moral' writers; that is, they set to work to prove a point—starting with this point, and framing the story to set it off: intent on one definite object very near at heart in religion, morals, conduct, or society. This may be owing to the feminine mode of viewing things in the particular rather than in the general, to the strong faith women have in the efficacy of good advice, or that as leader and champion of her sex the conscientious authoress may really feel a weight of errors to expose, duties to inculcate, and wrongs to redress in a more particular sense than men do, leading her when she assumes the pen both to assign to herself a task and to give a reason to the world for the onerous effort. She has the feeling that the woman's side of every question has yet to be asserted; that the time in the world's history has come for this new development; that her tenderer organization and quick intuitiveness should be called in, at once to the raising and the settling of momentous doubts.

The writer of 'A Life for a Life,' already familiar to the general reader as the author of 'John Halifax,' 'A Woman's Thoughts about Women,' and other popular works, stands conspicuous in this sisterhood, and as having come to her work brim full of purpose and with her task very distinctly set before her. She has devoted unquestionable ability to no less an object than changing the world's opinion on two important points. The main and more prominent one—its con-

duct towards the criminal, which she somewhere calls 'the one question of our times;' the other its views on—shall we use the familiar word—courtship; or seek some more deep and reverential term to express the growth and progress of the tenderest affections? Her own sentiments on both points are evidently not founded on custom and received habits of thought; indeed, in the first question, are more at variance with them than she likes openly to express, and her plot suffers from not feeling at liberty to illustrate her meaning by an appropriate example. Her argument demands a stronger case than she has dared to put. Hers is a tale of progress, and she has evidently felt that the world is not ripe for the free assertion of her views.

It is quite right to grant that public opinion does progress, and very often changes for the better. Clearly it is the intention of Providence that there should be these changes, wrought out by no direct revelation, but which the human mind, through the gradual leavening influence of the Gospel, works out for itself. It may then fairly be discussed how far society may remit its punishment of sin. We have not necessarily reached our highest wisdom on this point. Whether the present writer is right or wrong in her claim of entire restoration and pardon to the penitent criminal, we are not obliged to consider the matter a settled one, and incapable of modification; there may be advantage in directing men's thoughts to the question. In like manner the softer affections are amenable to progress. There can be no doubt that public opinion has a moral weight in their regulation which the more religious minds acknowledge and obey; that from age to age it enunciates principles, slowly wrought out by man's purified reason, which must be received as the development of the Christian moral code. So that in a certain sense we are in advance of the manners and instincts of good people of Jewish, or primitive Christian, times. As a proof, and to make our meaning clear, we appeal to every one of our readers whether they do not know some instance of persons outraging public feeling and shocking their friends by a marriage which they have defended with the plea that there is nothing against their line of conduct in the Bible, or perhaps by adducing some case from Scripture which, superficially, is in point, and bears them out. The acting parties must *feel*, and dispassionate lookers on know, that this has really nothing to do with it. Every person is bound to sustain the refinement and civilisation of his own day, not to impair and lower it. Our outward actions are for ever being tried by the measure of our peers, who are chosen not from the voices of ages past or to come, but of our own. The manners and customs of mankind, which are the evidence of their principles and feel-

ings, are nowhere established; religion elevates the judgment of the mass, as well as renews individual breasts—the first by means of the last, by the slow but effectual influence of units on the aggregate—therefore we have no right to assume that the highest point of justice, or delicacy of perception, is already attained by society on this point, though we do not profess to follow our authoress in all her aspirations.

What she evidently aims at is the greater equality of woman with man in the marriage relation; her wishes, expressed with the most delicate propriety, point to further progress in this direction. The old primitive idea was that the woman is subject to her father till he *gives* her to a husband. We search for indications of some privilege, in early times, of independent action, nor are they wholly wanting; but clearly a state of things was then acquiesced in on all hands that would not suit our higher civilisation, and quick, educated temperament. The Anglo-Saxon race has long permitted its daughters a qualified liberty of choice among suitors. If we may trust this book and others of kindred tone, there is a movement for more than this; for a share in the initiative: a step in advance is taken. Hitherto that woman should 'not unsought be won' has been accepted almost as an axiom, as a feature in every man's ideal; and coyness has been assumed to be the distinctive attribute of the sex in its most delicate and sensitive development. To this writer the idea of being sought, persuaded, wooed, is not congenial,—is almost repugnant. Mind should rather meet with mind on equal terms. The reason of each must alike be at work; the attraction in each must be mutual and simultaneous; the feelings and sympathies of the pair must advance equally; even the decisive question—to speak coarsely, the *offer* itself—must be a sort of joint affair, the crisis being reached at the same moment by both. And further, when a certain amount of deep pure affection is generated, it becomes a divine power, a voice, a dispensation exempting from previous obligations. Passive obedience is of course out of place in this system, and a love thus created, thus spoken between two thoughtful, devoted, congenial souls, becomes an indissoluble tie, before that ceremonial tie is formed, which mankind has always agreed in considering binding beyond every other obligation. No man may put them asunder; the public act is antedated, and the father's supreme authority ceases from the moment that mutual faith is plighted.

Now we are no advocates for strictness and severity either in punishment or authority. We are ready to go along with our authoress so long as she pleads for remissions and modifications which do not change the foundation of our prin-

ciples, but we cannot enter into language such as the following, which bears on her first topic, the temporal punishment of crime:—

'"I believe that in the Almighty's gradual teaching of his creatures a Diviner than Moses brought to us a higher law, in which the sole expiation required is penitence and obedience. 'Repent ye! Sin no more!' It appears to me, so far as I can judge and read here," my Bible was still in my hand, "that throughout the New and in many parts of the Old Testament runs one clear doctrine, namely, that any sin, however great, being repented of and forsaken, is by God, and ought to be by man, altogether pardoned, blotted out, and done away."'—*A Life for a Life*, vol. ii. p. 82.

Scripture nowhere promises total remission from the temporal consequences of sin. But besides, this line seems to us inconsistent with a recognition of the fallibility of our nature. Strict rules of any kind are a confession of weakness. We must often be severe, because we dare not with our limited intelligence be otherwise. Thus society regards those who have once been criminal with suspicion, keeps them under surveillance, mistrusts them, because it knows the fact with a greater certainty than the repentance. Society cannot blot out sin as God does, as this writer tells it to do; because it is ignorant and He is omniscient; it is short-sighted, He all-seeing; it *must* judge from the outward appearance, while God seeth the heart. It cannot discern between sincerity and hypocrisy, between temporary and a lasting change; it cannot therefore decide definitively between man and man, receiving one into favour and excluding another, because it cannot trust itself. As for the other point, independent of our present argument, the institution of marriage has so much that is sacramental in its character, we see in it a few simple movements, a few words spoken, to have such wondrous results, that we have always felt it must be a stumbling-block to those who reject the notion of efficacy in a sacrament as inconsistent with a spiritual religion. Not that we are at all wishing to impute to our very correct author any heterodox notions on the subject of marriage: she entirely acquiesces in its necessity and importance, but she has a tendency to detach the outward from the inward parts of the rite, and to assume that its sacred uniting power is independent of the ceremony.

Now here again, if mankind could really be safe from the risk of change; if when two people declare a mutual attachment, they could absolutely trust each other, and *we* could feel secure against the possibility of change; if we could intuitively judge between one form of affection and another, and see at a glance what is ephemeral and what is permanent,

—we see no objection to the rules she has laid down. But young people do not know themselves; it would not do for them to confide implicitly in certain emotions (which, however far from her intention, we think this book teaches them to do), they must defer to an external rule and guide; nor would parents in all cases be doing their duty towards their children by reverently standing by, recognising a divine hand in ardent feelings, which actually forbids interference. The writer has had the making of her own story, and may not see how far her principles carry her; but it seems to us, that supposing any young lady to be positive enough in her own affection and in her trust in its object, she may set at nought parental authority, and defend herself by the arguments in 'A Life for a Life.' The authoress herself has such very high views of what marriage implies and requires; so few people are, in her opinion, *really* married, or fit to be married; she has such contempt for the common-place mixed motives that influence the ordinary run of people in their choice, that she may probably expect rather to be charged with over-strictness than with laxity; but any view which detracts from the solemnity, force, and weight of the actual ceremony, the moment which changes two into one in a sense which no devotion of years, no oneness of feeling can effect, or even approach to, must be regarded with suspicion. Before entering upon the story in detail, we will illustrate our remarks on this point by the following passage:—

'After all claims of justice and conscience, the first duty of any two who love one another truly is towards one another. I have thought since, that if this truth were plainer seen and more firmly held by those whom it concerns, many false notions about honour, pride, self-respect, would slip off; many uneasy doubts and divided duties would be set at rest; there would be less fear of the world and more of God, the only righteous fear. People would believe more simply in this ordinance instituted "from the beginning;" not the mere outward ceremony of a wedding, but the love which draws together man and woman, until it makes them complete in one another in the mystical marriage union, which once perfected should never be disannulled; and if this union begins, as I think it does, from the very hour each feels certain of the other's love, surely, as I said to Max, to talk about giving one another up, whether from poverty, delay, altered circumstances, or compulsion of friends,—anything, in short, except changed love or lost honour, like poor Penelope and Francis,—was about as foolish and wrong as attempting to annul a marriage. Indeed I have seen many a marriage that might have been broken with far less unholiness than a real troth plight such as was this of ours.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 290.

The construction of the story is peculiar, and certainly not the best for giving the reader a general idea of what is going on, which must be most effectually done by simple narrative. We are never allowed to watch the progress of events from the

point of view of an impartial observer. But the authoress has more than a story to unravel; she has opinions and convictions which she knows will not be taken for granted by her readers. These she has found it easier to develop, and with less sense of individual responsibility, through the words of imaginary sufferers from the existing code: it is an appeal not simply to our reason, but from our prejudices to our sympathies. The book consists of two journals of the hero and heroine, '*his* story,' and '*her* story,' in alternate chapters, the authoress never appearing in her own person: a plan which admits of an amount of reflection, comment, and impassioned protest, which could hardly be tolerated in any other form, and which, as it is, must try the patience of the ordinary novel reader, intent on the progress of a really interesting and forcibly told story, rather than on the profound questions it is designed to illustrate.

If the writer has sought to relax any of the strictness in which public virtue now entrenches itself, she is careful that her examples shall not throw any levity on the subject. In delineating a strong, ardent, and determined passion, she has been careful to deprive it of external aids, all the mere promptings of youth and fancy. Her hero is, apparently, a model of middle-aged respectability. A more responsible person cannot be pictured than her Doctor Max Urquhart, of forty years standing, of grave countenance, wiry figure, reserved deportment, and irreproachable conduct: a hero that women only dare to depict, so destitute is he of all charms of person, manner, or position. If we can get over the anomalies of a busy man, filling so many sheets of paper for no more definite object than to relieve his mind, and of a sensible man remaining in preposterous ignorance of points that concern not only his well-being but existence itself, and other difficulties to be laid mainly to the exigencies of the plot, there is both unity and consistency in his character: he is real, and we form a distinct idea of him. The heroine is not so easy to picture. The world sees her as 'a child,' though she secretly mourns departed youth at five-and-twenty: a certain spontaneousness and simplicity is attributed to her, not consistent with the weight of experience and discernment (the full amount of the authoress's own) with which she is endowed. She is not as loveable to us as she is to doctor Max. Yet perhaps it is natural that the 'ordinary' looking, clever sister, who has felt heavily her own want of beauty in contrast with that of her two handsome sisters, and the neglect that this deficiency, added to distance and reserve of manner, necessarily entail, should kindle into new existence when she feels herself admired and at ease, and that she should have, in fact, two distinct phases of character. It is a common fault with all domestic novels, especially we

suspect with those written by women, to ignore one fact, which is one of the main cements of family union, that persons who have always lived together, especially if connected by the ties of blood, understand one another by instinct, rather than by direct deliberate study, which we suspect is a very bad element to creep into a family party. Where members of a domestic circle live in harmony, use and habit teach them instinctively to avoid each other's weak points, just as the trees of a forest accommodate one another, and blend or intermix without clashing; it is in both cases an affair of gradual growth. But almost all stories delineating character represent families as so many distinct individuals, with distinct experiences and trainings, and as awake to each other's peculiarities and differences as though there had been no nursery or schoolroom associations, no common traditions among them; as though from infancy each had been a cool observer of character, (or at any rate, that one with whom the writer sympathises,) estimating and weighing every difference, awarding calm praise and blame, and apportioning the motive to every action. Now people are in a manner blind to objects too near them for scrutiny; we all know that critics in manners, in morals, in faith, are actuated by a different rule towards those that belong to them and on whom their affections are set, from what they apply to the world: and when the families of the novelist follow another law altogether, we are jarred two ways, both in our sense of nature and propriety. We are taken into a confidence that ought not to be made, and feel there are amiable prejudices to be preferred to the most clear-sighted truth. This fault is perhaps almost inevitable; where the heroine tells her own story it is necessary to make her unloving. Thus she asks:—

'"I wonder do sisters ever love one another? Not after our fashion, out of mere habit and long familiarity, also a certain pride, which, however we differ among ourselves, would make us, I believe, defend one another warmly against strangers—not out of voluntary sympathy and affection. Do families ever live in open-hearted union, feeling that blood is blood, closer than acquaintance, friendship, or every tie in the world except marriage? That is, it ought to be. Perhaps it may so happen, once in a century, as true love does, or there would not be so much romancing about both."'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 134.

The following scene we quote as really good and clever, though open to one objection. Lisa is the common-place, pretty, younger sister, described in cold unsisterly terms of admiration,—'as a 'large, mild, beautiful animal, like a white Brahmin cow. Ma-'jestic, slow, fair, I doubt if anything in this world would dis-'turb the equanimity of her sleepy blue eyes, and soft-tempered 'mouth:'—who, having flirted, and been courted by a young officer

after the usual fashion, comes and tells her sister that the gentleman, an honest, well-meaning, handsome fellow, has proposed. Now we imagine that the profounder heroine would have understood instinctively that this was the sort of match suited to her sister's character and intellect, that her sympathy would have been more alive than her judgment, and that she would, without difficulty, acquiesce in an event which all antecedents led up to, and smooth over, excuse, and adapt everything to the best construction it would bear. We are sure this is the way for sisters to agree in real life.

'She came in and sat down by my fire. Quite a picture; in a blue flannel dressing-gown, with her light hair dropping down in two wavy streams, and her eyes as bright as if it were any hour rather than 1.30 A.M. as I showed her by my watch.

'"Nonsense, I shall not go to bed yet. I want to talk a bit, Dora; you ought to feel flattered by my coming to tell you first of anybody. Guess now, what has happened!" Nothing ill, certainly, for she held up her head laughing, looking very handsome and pleased. "You never will guess, for you never believed it would come to pass, but it has. Treherne proposed to me to-night."

'The news quite took my breath away, and then I questioned its accuracy. "He has only been giving you a few more of his silly speeches. He means nothing. Why don't you put a stop to it all?"

'Lisabel was not vexed, she never is, she only laughed.

'"I tell you, Dora, it is perfectly true; you may believe it or not, I don't care, but he really did it."

'"How, when, where, pray?"

'"In the conservatory, beside the biggest orange tree, a few minutes before he left."

'I said, since she was so very matter of fact, perhaps she would have no objection to tell me the precise words in which he did it.

'"Oh dear, no; not the smallest objection. We were joking about a bit of orange blossom Colin had given me, and Treherne wanted me to throw away, but I said no, I liked the scent, and meant to wear a wreath of natural orange-flowers when I was married: upon which he grew quite furious, and said it would drive him mad if I ever married any man but him. Then he got hold of my hand, and—the usual thing, you know." She blushed a little. "It ended by my telling him he had better speak to papa, and he told me he should to-morrow."

'"Ah! well?" said Lisa, expectantly.

'It certainly was a singular way in which to receive one's sister's announcement of her intended marriage, but for worlds I could not have spoken a syllable. I felt a weight on my chest, a sense of hot indignation, which settled down to inconceivable melancholy. Was this indeed all? A silly flirtation, a young lad's passion, a young girl's cool, business-like reception of the same, the formal speaking to papa, and the thing was over? Was *that* love?

'"Haven't you a word to say, Dora? I had better have told Penelope. But she was tired, and scolded me out of her room. Besides, she might not like it for some reasons."'

(Penelope's intended was next heir to Treherne's father.)

'Passing the glass she looked into it, smiled, and replied; "Poor fellow, I do believe he is very fond of me."

'"And you?"

'"Oh, I like him, like him excessively; if I didn't what should I marry him for?"

'"What indeed? . . . Does Sir William know?"

'"Not yet, that will be soon settled, he tells me. He can persuade his mother, and she, his father. Besides, they can have no possible objection to me." She looked again in the mirror as she said this. Yes, that me, was not a daughter-in-law likely to be objected to even at Treherne Court. "I hope it will not vex Penelope," she continued; "it may be all the better for her, since, when I am married, I shall have so much influence. We may make the old gentleman do something handsome for Francis, and get a richer living for papa, if he will consent to leave Rockmont, and I'd find a nice husband for you, eh, Dora?"

'"Thank you, I don't want one. I hate the very mention of the thing. I wish instead of marrying, we could all be dead and buried." And whether from weariness, or excitement, or a sudden unutterable pang at seeing my sister, my playfellow, my handsome Lisa, sitting there talking as she talked, and acting as she acted, I could bear up no longer. I burst out sobbing. She was very much astonished, somewhat touched, I suppose, for she cried, too, a little, and we kissed one another several times, which we are not in the habit of doing. Till suddenly I recollected Treherne, the orange-tree, and "the usual thing." Her lips seemed to burn me.

'"O, Lisa, I wish you wouldn't. I do wish you wouldn't."

'"Wouldn't what? Don't you wish me to be engaged and married, child?"

'"Not in that way."

'"In what way then?"

'I could not tell; I did not know.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 84.

Perhaps the authoress, who evidently feels herself deep in the secrets of her sex, may defend this tone as natural, in one conscious at once of real gifts and apparent deficiencies, and galled by unmerited neglect—in a young woman believing herself unattractive, while her sisters were admired, and suffering under the want of love, sympathy, and appreciation. Having in her last work set forth the qualities necessary to make woman happy and respectable in single life, she devotes this story, so far as the heroine is concerned, to the delineation of the particular character formed for wedded life, and consciously incomplete when alone. Her Theodora, devoted, amiable, magnanimous, when this need of the heart is supplied, is querulous, cynical, almost envious, till her destiny is fulfilled; confiding to her desk, which will tell no tales, 'that she 'has cried, actually cried, with the pain of being neither 'pretty, agreeable, nor young.' This is a sort of revelation, if it *is* one, which jars a good deal on our ideal. But a woman's ideal of female character will always betray its origin, and Theodora in many ways would not be ours; as, for instance, in her early acquaintance with Dr. Urquhart she has a way of asking questions which we can hardly sanction. She and the hero had met at a ball near Aldershott—an uncongenial scene to

both till that evening; at their next encounter he records the renewal of conversation.

'"I suppose you do not remember me, Dr. Urquhart?"

'I replied, "yes, I did;" that she was the young lady who "hated soldiers." She blushed extremely, glanced at Treherne, and said, not without dignity,

'"It would be a pity to remember all the foolish things I have uttered, especially on that evening."

'"I was not aware they were foolish; the impression left on me was, that we had a very pleasant conversation, which included far more sensible topics than were usually discussed at balls."

'"You do not often go to balls?"

'"No."

'"Do you dislike them?"

'"Not always."

'"Do you think them wrong?"

'I smiled at her cross-questioning, which had something fresh, unsophisticated about it, like the inquisitiveness of a child.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 108.

Our experience leads us to advise young ladies who are no longer children, and are not particularly pretty, not to fall into this habit of unsophisticated questioning, especially about right and wrong; for one person who would enter into it a hundred would be bored, though perhaps the hero's position may naturally make him the exception.

But the sisters agree in this habit; the fair Lisa asks the Doctor one question, which takes the reader as well as himself considerably by surprise. This writer, in her courageous desire to make real women, does not always make them ladies—not but that ladies can *do* and say, now and then, very odd things, but they will not bear print and ought not to have its sanction. He is sitting in easy intercourse with the Johnston party (Theodora's family name and one which affects him strangely), the question of temperance and total abstinence, one of the topics of the book, comes up.

'"All very fine, Doctor," said Lisa, "but you shall not make me a teetotaller, nor Augustus either, I hope."

'"I have not the slightest intention of the kind, I assure you; nor does there seem any necessity. Though for those who have not the power to resist intoxication it is much safer never to touch stimulants."

'"Do you never touch them?"

'"I have not done so for many years."

'"Because you are afraid? Well, I daresay you were no better once than your neighbours."

'"Lisabel," I whispered, for I saw Dr. Urquhart wince at her rude words; but there is no stopping that girl's tongue.

'"Now confess, Doctor, just for fun. Papa is not here, and we'll tell no tales out of school; were you ever in your life, to use your own ugly word, *drunk?*"

'"Once."

'Writing this, I can hardly believe that he said it, yet he did, in a quiet, low voice, as if the confession were forced from him, as a sort of voluntary expiation."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 218.

This confession brings us to the leading part of the story. Dr. Urquhart is haunted by the consciousness of a crime committed at the age of nineteen in a fit of intoxication. The sense demands that it should have been a *real* murder in a moment of passion; but it was no such thing, and his subsequent conduct and remorse are therefore inconsistent and contradictory. In his way from Scotland to join a brother abroad, he comes to Salisbury, and there falls in with a certain Henry Johnston, a low fellow of respectable connexions. This man makes the youth drunk, then offers to drive him over to Southampton in time for the steamer, but instead of this, with much insult and provocation, turns him out of his gig at Stonehenge, and is on the point of leaving him in spite of all entreaty, when, in an impulse of rage, the boy drags Johnston out of the gig, intending to fight him, but his head comes in contact with a stone, and he is killed. He flies to Southampton and sails; there a fit of insanity comes on from agony of mind, and for a year he is incapable. At the end of that time, hearing that Johnston's death had been supposed accidental, he wants the courage to confess his own share in it, but dedicates his life to serving and doing good to others, resolving to postpone his confession till death drew near. All this time he is under the impression that if he were to tell the facts of the case he should be hanged, and in this persuasion or half persuasion he continues, though mixing with English society, a doctor of a regiment quartered at Aldershott, and reading the newspapers every day. But lady authors are permitted these aberrations.

The Johnston family consists of the father,—a clergyman,—and three daughters; there is no son, so, though the name always gives Dr. Urquhart a qualm, he fears nothing more. In his life of expiation he had never dreamed of marriage; but Theodora, so original, so attractive, so evidently drawn to him, makes the resolution first difficult, and, in the sequel, impossible. They are engaged with the father's approval.

The scene itself develops the writer's views of joint, united action in this turning point of life. He, weighed down by the sense of his own demerits and unfitness, is taking a sort of final leave of her, after professional attendance during illness. Theodora records the scene. He rises to go:—

'"Thursday week is the day then," he added, "after which I shall not see you again for many months."

'"I suppose not."

'"I cannot write to you. I wish I could; but such a correspondence would not be possible, would not be right."

'I think I answered mechanically, "No."

'I was standing by the mantelpiece, steadying myself with one hand, the other hanging down. Dr. Urquhart touched it for a second.

'"It is the very thinnest hand I ever saw. You will remember," he then said, "in case this is our last chance of talking together,—"you will remember all we have been saying? You will do all you can to recover perfect health, so as to be happy and useful. You will never think despondingly of your life; there is many a life much harder than yours; you will have patience, and faith, and hope, as a girl ought to have who is so precious to—many! Will you promise?" "I will." "Good-bye then." "Good-bye." Whether he took my hands or I gave them, I do not know; but I felt them held tight against his breast, and him looking at me, as if he would not part with me, or as if, before we parted, he was compelled to tell me something. But when I looked up at him, we seemed of a sudden to understand everything, without need of telling. He only said four words. "Is this my wife?" and I said, "Yes."—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 254.

But Mr. Johnston *had* had a son by a former marriage, a scapegrace, who met with an untimely end, while his daughters were yet children, and who was never named amongst them, nor his existence known in the new neighbourhood to which the family had moved after his death. Dr. Urquhart's sense of duty, however, obliged him to make known the fatal blot in his life to his betrothed. He writes to her while on the search for further particulars of his victim's end. The discovery comes with a vengeance. He finds a half-buried tomb-stone, which tells him that Henry Johnston was son of his future father, half-brother of his Theodora. The position is certainly a terrible one, under the actual state of things; that is, the brother little more than a name to his half-sister, the crime scarcely more than a misfortune. Under the author's and the actor's assumption it would be revolting. The highly wrought scenes which follow are rendered with feeling, tenderness, and, we think, nature, in the main points. The writer fully realizes her own conception, and pities the misery she has conjured up. He comes to say the farewell which *he* assumes to be inevitable. The lady writes:—

'I went down stairs steadfastly with my mind all clear. Even to the last minute, with my hand on the parlour door, my heart—where all throbs of happy love seemed to have been long, long forgotten—my heart still prayed.

'Max was standing by the fire—he turned round. He and the whole sunshiny room swam before my eyes for an instant. Then I called up my strength, and touched him. He was trembling all over.

'"Max, sit down." He sat down.

'I knelt by him. I clasped his hands close, but still he sat as if he had been a stone. At last he muttered,—

'"I wanted to see you, just once more, to know how you bore it—to be sure I had not killed you also—oh, it is horrible, horrible!"

'I said it was horrible, but that we would be able to bear it. "*We?*" —"Yes—we."

'"You cannot mean *that?*"

'"I do. I have thought it all over, and I do—"

'Holding me at arm's length, his eyes questioned my inmost soul.

'"Tell me the truth. It is not pity—not merely pity, Theodora?"—"Ah, no, no!"

'Without another word—the first crisis past—everything which made our misery a divided misery; he opened his arms and took me once more into my own place—where alone I ever really rested, or wish to rest until I die.

'Max had been very ill, he told me, for days, and now seemed, both in body and mind, as feeble as a child. For me, my childishness and girlishness, with its ignorance or weakness, was gone for evermore.

'I have thought since, that in all woman's deepest loves, be they ever so full of reverence, there enters sometimes much of the motherly element, even as on this day I felt as if I were somehow or other in charge of Max, and a great deal older than he. I fetched a glass of water and made him drink it—bathed his poor temples, and wiped them with my handkerchief—persuaded him to lean back quietly, and not speak another word for ever so long. But, more than once, while his head lay on my shoulder, I thought of his mother, my mother who might have been, and how, though she had left him so many years, she must, if she knew of all he had suffered, be glad to know there was at last one woman found who would, did Heaven permit, watch over him through life, with the double love of both wife and mother, and who in any case would be faithful to him till death.

'Faithful until death. Yes—I here renewed that vow, and had Henry himself come and stood before me, I should have done the same. Look you, any one who after my death may read this;—there are two kinds of love, one eager only to get its desire, careless of all risks and costs, in defiance of almost Heaven and earth; the other, which in its most desperate longing has strength to say, "If it be right and for our good—if it be according to the will of God." This only I think is the true consecrated love, which therefore is able to be faithful till death.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 25.

It is, however, in the scene with the father that the authoress combats what she believes to be the world's implacable spirit. Mr. Johnston personates, with her, public opinion, aggravated, it is true, by natural feeling, but still backed by the universal judgment of good men. There is nothing like a hobby or a new view for blinding people to what is actually thought and believed in any question. Viewing it as a scene, we think what follows powerful and effective. The novel reader may forget that a favourite principle is being worked out in the feeling and passion of the dialogue. The conscious criminal stands before the aggrieved father, his daughters standing by. His prudent daughter, Penelope, reminds him that Harry is not the only person to remember at this terrible moment.

'"I remember nothing but the words of this book," cried the old man, letting his hand drop heavily upon it. "*Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed!* What have you to say for yourself, *murderer?*"

'All this time, faithful to her promise to me, she had not interfered—she,

my love, who loved me; but, when she heard him call me *that*, she shivered all over, and looked towards me, a pitiful entreating look, but, thank God, there was no doubt in it—not the shadow of change. It nerved me to reply, what I will here record, by her desire and for her sake.

'"Mr. Johnston, I have this to say. It is written—'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer,' and in that sense I am one,—for I did hate him at the time; but I never meant to kill him—and the moment afterwards I would have given my life for his. If now my death could restore him to you alive again, how willingly I would die."

'"Die, and face your Maker? an unpardoned manslayer, a lost soul?"

'"Whether I live or die," said I, humbly, "I trust my soul is not lost. I have been very guilty; but I believe in One who brought to every sinner on earth the gospel of repentance and remission of sins." At this burst out an anathema—not merely of the father but the clergyman—who mingled the Jewish doctrine of retributive vengeance during this life with the Christian belief of rewards and punishments after death, and confounded the Mosaic gehenna with the Calvinistic hell. I will not record all this, it was very terrible, but he only spoke as he believed, and as many earnest Christians do believe. I think, in all humility, that the Master Himself taught a different gospel.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

The father then, in his character of magistrate, begins to write out a warrant, upon which Penelope again interposes, reminding him of the family disgrace and exposure that must follow the arrest and trial. This has effect, and after exacting a promise that Dr. Urquhart shall keep the matter secret from henceforth, bids him—

'"Now go. Put half the earth between us if you can; only go."

'"Again I turned to obey. Blind obedience seemed the only duty left me. I might even have quitted the house with a feeling of total irresponsibility and indifference to all things, had it not been for a low cry which I heard as in a dream. So did her father. "Dora—I had forgotten. There was some sort of a fancy between you and Dora. Daughter, bid him farewell, and let him go."

'Then she said—my love said, in her own soft, distinct voice: "No, papa, I never mean to bid him farewell—that is, finally—never, as long as I live."

'Her father and sister were both so astounded, that at first they did not interrupt her, but let her speak on.

'"I belonged to Max before all this happened. If it had happened a year hence when I was his wife, it would not have broken our marriage. It ought not now. When any two people are to one another what we are, they are as good as married, and they have no right to part, no more than man and wife have, unless either grow wicked or both change. I never mean to part from Max Urquhart."

'She spoke meekly, standing with hands folded and head drooping, but as still and steadfast as a rock. My darling—my darling!

'Steadfast she had need to be. What she bore during the next few minutes she would not wish me to repeat, I feel sure. She knows it, and so do I . . . . After saying all he well could say, Mr. Johnston asked her how she dared think of me—me, laden with her brother's blood and her father's curse. She turned deadly pale, but never faltered: "The curse causeless shall not come," she said; "for the blood upon his head, whether it were Harry's or a stranger's makes no difference, it is washed out. He has repented long ago. If God has forgiven him, and helped him to be

what he is, and lead the life he has led all these years, why should I not forgive him? And if I forgive him, why not love him? And if I love him, why break my promise, and refuse to marry him?"

'"Do you mean, then, to marry him?" said her sister.

'"Some day, if he wishes it—yes!"

'From this time I myself hardly remember what passed; I can only see her standing there, her sweet face white as death, making no moan, and answering nothing to any accusations that were heaped upon her, except when she was commanded to give me up, entirely, and for ever and ever.

'"I cannot, father. I have no right to do it. I belong to him; he is my husband."

'At last Miss Johnston said to me—rather gently than not, for her: "I think, Dr. Urquhart, you had better go."

'My love looked towards me, and afterwards at her poor father. She, too, said, "Yes, Max, go." And then they wanted her to promise she would never see me, nor write to me: but she refused.

'"Father, I will not marry him for ever so long, if you choose; but I cannot forsake him. I must write to him. I am his very own, and he has only me. Oh, papa, think of yourself and my mother," and she sobbed at his knees. He must have thought of Harry's mother, not hers, for this exclamation only hardened him. Then Theodora rose, and gave me her little hand. "It can hold firm, you will find. You have my promise. But whether or no, it would have been all the same. No love is worth having that could not, with or without a promise, keep true till death. You may trust me. Now good-bye. Good-bye, my Max."

'With that one clasp of the hand, that one look with her fond faithful eyes, we parted. I have not seen her since.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 45.

This, it must be allowed, is not after the Hannah More school of morals. As good advice for young ladies it is questionable, and implies a faith in the stability of human purpose, which experience hardly warrants, and which her young readers—and after all most novel readers are young—may turn to any self-willed purpose. How are they to tell whether their present fancy is not precisely of that heaven-born nature to justify the defiance of all law, custom and authority? The situation here is so far ingenious, in the totally different views that may be taken of it, as to defy positive judgment as to the right and the wrong; but in all analogous cases we must feel that Theodora's decision would tend to the undermining of Nature's laws and instincts. If Henry had been her full brother, if it had been a real murder—and all her arguments would stand good and support her in either case—does not Nature cry out at the outrage of the union that eventually takes place? As it is, in sympathy with her readers' supposed state of feeling, the authoress dare not remit all punishment. Her hero eventually delivers himself up to judgment, and he is condemned, without trial or hearing of witnesses, yet in open Court, to three months' imprisonment, at the end of which time Theodora meets him, and they are married in a dreary London church. The father even nullifies his protest by appearing in the nick

of time to give his daughter away, after which they sail for the New World.

We have dwelt at such length on that part of the story which shows its principles, that we must omit more than allusion to the forcible and melancholy picture of an ordinary 'long engagement,' of which the faded and soured Penelope is the victim, and which is no doubt intended as a counterpoise and reverse to the heroine's well-founded confidence. It is well and sadly done; indeed there is a burden of sadness over the whole book, as though the task of judging in all things for herself, rejecting all foregone conclusions, had left no room or leisure for the bright and cheerful survey of things as they are. The author is weighed down by problems;—if she could take anything for granted her style would brighten up wonderfully. But it has its own class of merits. It is earnest, thoughtful, and suggestive. There is much truth and observation. Nothing is trivial, nothing said at random: and if she lapses now and then into a tone of sentimental rhapsody, in her endeavour to represent two minds in perfect harmony and absolute congeniality,—beyond what is possible, where each is independent and acts for itself;—the feminine yearning for sympathy and support, in spite of all self-reliance, must be the excuse. How alive her mind is to the pains of uncongeniality is shown in the following sentiment of her heroine, which by inference furnishes her notion of what the marriage of true minds ought to be:—

'"I like him; only he is not exactly the sort of person one would choose to spend a week with in the Eddystone Lighthouse."

'I asked if that was her test for all her friends, since so few could stand it?

'She laughed. "Possibly not. When one comes to reflect, there are very few whose company one can tolerate as well as one's own."

'"Which is itself not always agreeable."

'"No; but the less evil of the two. I don't believe there is a creature living whose society I could endure without intermission for a month, a week, or even two days. No. Emphatically, no. Therefore, as I try to make Lisa feel—being the elder I have a right to preach, you know—what an awful thing marriage must be, even viewed as mere companionship—putting aside love, honour, obedience, and all that sort of thing—to undertake the burden of any one person's constant presence and conversation for the term of one's natural life! The idea is frightful!"

'"Very, if you do put aside love, honour, and all that sort of thing."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 187.

'Cousin Stella' is a tale of less moral pretension, and prompted by a lighter spirit. The authoress accepts society as a fact, and describes it as she sees it, without any apparent aim at change, or enlightenment on fundamental questions. A quick perception and lively turn of thought are her best gifts, where

she attempts romantic incident, or the deeper and more tragic emotions, we perceive an evident falling short, a desertion of her proper field. Her style is very good for domestic and social uses: she can bring a picture of everyday life distinctly and amusingly before us; but it has not force enough for romance; or rather, she does not *see* and realize in the same way when trusting to her imagination. What should be her most vivid scenes are washed-out water-colours. We do not take hold of her terrible situations; she fails in a climax. There is not much in common between this writer and the able novelist we have just parted from; but in one point, bearing on that system of female progress previously noticed, we observe a marked sympathy: the assertion, that is, of a natural right in women to fix their affections unasked and *unsought* on what they conceive a worthy object. It marks a period where women of intelligence and mature observation agree in inculcating a dogma, which, if carried out into practice, would go far to effect a social revolution.

Such grave sanction from responsible quarters leads us dissentients to look about us for counter arguments; and the first that presents itself we would seriously press upon the consideration of our young and fair readers—if any such our grave pages dare assume to possess;—it is, that this reversal of precedent by all showing, even of its advocates, is *unlucky*. Old romance did infinitely better for its heroines than these modern innovators pretend to do. Their pictures of grey hairs and wrinkles, broken spirits and enfeebled frames, are enough to make matrimony terrible, and suggest the taunts, 'This comes of ladies choosing for themselves!' 'Those who court their own fate generally draw a bad one;' in fact, they prove that, on the simple ground of interest, it is wisest for young ladies to let things follow their own course, and not take their destiny in both their hands, as modern authorities prompt them to do, and dictate their own fate. We suppose it is necessary to deprive the imaginary unions on this plan of all obvious fitness or attraction, in order to maintain a high moral and intellectual stand; to show that female devotedness needs no external incentives, that wherever the heart has truly spoken, all merely outward advantages are straw, chaff, and dust in the balance. We quite approve of this showing, but the principle once inculcated, it will not always confine itself to one development. Stella may implore her heart's idol to marry her, and give her the privilege of a life-long sacrifice, butthe accident that rendered her, 'Louis' a hopeless cripple is happily not a common one, and her example may be followed without this condition. In one other point the authoress of 'Cousin Stella' sets herself to show woman's su-

premacy—one we are not prepared to dispute with her. Where she contrasts the extreme fallibility of man's penetration with woman's unerring instincts, and shows how the sensible man who most piques himself on his discernment may be deceived by any woman who takes the trouble to study his character and flatter his weak points. This is done in the person of her dignified hero with a good deal of sly grave humour. We are ourselves taken in at first by Madam Olympia, the devoted friend, who interposes so long between him and the artless Stella.

We believe she may be right in the slight dependence she sets on a grave and influential manner as the sign of a perspicacious judgment, but, unfortunately, she sees through her own hero too well for us to be able to sympathise with Stella's devotion; there is something wanting to make us understand what there was in him to inspire so ill-requited and so ungraciously-received an attachment.

It is a pity, like the painter with his picture, that the authoress did not take more pains with her plot. There is really scarcely any connexion between the first and the two following volumes. We are introduced to many very carefully-drawn characters in the one who never show themselves again, and have no further effect on the story, or who reappear to play a wholly new part. Wild scenes of revenge, blood and murder are wrought out by people who are first introduced to us at home in a London drawing-room. Most of the West Indian details, though showing personal knowledge, and sometimes interesting, are mere facts or digressions that only interfere with what should be the writer of fiction's paramount object. But no class of writings betrays where the author has got to the end of his materials more ruthlessly than the novel. In other forms of composition the faults and inequalities are equally diffused, there is no distinct line; but in the novel we can often put our finger on the precise point where the characters cease to act like themselves, and where they are transmuted into the mere victims of a clumsy or preposterous plot.

The character of Stella, in its *naïveté* and oneness of aim, is well drawn; the writer has a distinct idea which she works out skilfully. Her heroine's early training in a forbidding, unloving seclusion forms the apology for any ignorance or neglect of received proprieties. At sixteen she is introduced to Walter Scott's novels, to society, and to Louis Gautier all at once. She sets her cousin up as her hero, her Ravenswood, on the spot, and remains faithful to her idol to the death. The following scene, before the arrival of this cousin, introduces us to her consulting her young and pretty Aunt Celia on the new

world her reading introduces to her. The aunt is always well done, a graceful form of selfishness, embarrassed and helpless under her new responsibility :—

'The day Stella had finished the "Bride of Lammermoor" she craved for some sympathy. She had almost wept the eyes out of her head. The first time she found her aunt alone she began, plunging into her subject as her wont was.

'"Auntie, *do* you think that there is really love like Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood's in the world now?"

'Mrs. Dashwood had a recollection that in her young days it used to be considered highly indecorous to talk of love before girls; that mammas and aunts were accustomed to whisper among themselves of the existence of such a thing, or insinuate it by dreadful wry faces. This was the first time Celia had been called on to act the maternal character; so she bridled up a little, and answered Stella's question diplomatically by asking another.

'"Why, otherwise, are there marriages?"

'"But love like *that?*" persisted Stella.

'Mrs. Dashwood became Celia again; laughed, blushed, and with a shake of her long curls answered, "I don't know."

'A silence of a minute or two, then Stella went on,—

'"I can understand loving one's parents, and brothers, and friends—doing like Flora. I should have quite despised her had she married Waverley." Stella was leaning towards her aunt, her great dusky eyes full of anxious meaning. "I wonder if I ever shall! Does everybody?"

'"No; I believe not; at least, so I have read," replied the puzzled matron.

'"Did you, auntie, ever?" This interrogation was spoken in a very low, hesitating voice.

'"What a question, child! Do you expect me to answer it?"

'"Why; should you be ashamed?"

'"Stella, you are a goose. Talking about such things is like talking of one's religious feelings."

'Stella considered for an instant; looked perplexed, as if the knot of her thoughts was beyond her power to unloose; first she uttered some broken words; then, as if she had caught the right end of the thread, she added with gravity,—

'"We ought not to be ashamed of confessing we love God and our Lord. You know we are told, 'He will be ashamed of us if we are.'"

'"Now, Stella, my child, this is what I cannot endure.—mixing up sacred and profane subjects. Love like that mentioned in the Gospel has nothing to do with, and ought NEVER to be confused with, that other one."

'"Must it not?" asked Stella, and here the conversation ended.

'Mrs. Dashwood's uneasiness at the new phase of thought into which she saw her niece had entered was not little. As the only person with authority over Stella, she felt herself called upon to do something in the way of checking, encouraging, or directing her to some good purpose, and at the same time, Celia had the consciousness of not being quite clear about the course that was best to pursue.

'This consciousness was the spur that made her send Stella to practise the piano a couple of hours every morning, and afterwards call her to read aloud Russell's "Modern Europe." Celia was working a regal pair of slippers for Mrs. Hood, and was well amused finding her place in the pattern, and matching her colours, but for poor Stella the change from Sir Walter Scott was very dreary.'—*Cousin Stella*, vol. i. p. 109.

Cousin Louis, tall, stiff, and twice her age, soon arrives from Jamaica, to discuss with the authorities at home, the cause of slavery, from the slave-owner's point of view, and was at once 'her demonstration of a hero.' But his own interests and thoughts are absorbed in those he has left behind—his mother, and a certain Madame Olympia, her adopted daughter, and his confidential friend, a post she would gladly exchange for another even more intimate, if a mysterious husband, who is floating about the world, did not stand in the way. He had been some days looking for Jamaica letters which at length came in his absence. Stella made much of these letters, and, in her eagerness to be the herald of good news, stands at the gate watching for his return, waving them in her hand. He seizes them without remark or thanks, and Stella is painfully impressed by seeing herself, her zeal, and friendship, overlooked in the rapture of letters from this friend, whom, while still at a distance, and ignorant of her own feelings, she is learning with woman's instinct to mistrust. As she is a young person of courage and frankness, she is determined to mend matters if she can. The scene illustrates not ungracefully the principle now in process of general inculcation:—

'It was the day after she had given the Jamaica letters to Mr. Gautier, that Stella found him alone in Celia's study, reading.

'With his usual courtesy he rose, and placed a chair for her by the side of the fire. Sitting down by his side she said to him, after a minute or two of silence, during which he had resumed his reading:—

'"It will be a long time, I fancy, cousin Louis, before you will let me rank as a friend?"

'Mr. Gautier looked up surprised, laid aside his book, and answered gravely:—

'"Life is too short to waste in apprenticeships; I see no reason why I should not consider you as a friend."

'"I don't mean just a common, everyday friend," Stella said earnestly; "but one like—like what—what your mother's adopted daughter is to you."

'Louis, with the same seriousness as before, replied: "When you know that excellent woman, you will be able to judge how much you ask."

'Stella's heart swelled as it had never swelled before. "I am only a girl, I know; but I could be a good friend; try me, cousin Louis."

'This time Mr. Gautier smiled, as he looked into the depths of the eyes gazing on him. Very few human eyes have that expression of honest faithfulness in them, but you may see the look any day in your dog's eyes when they are watching for your withheld caress.

'"So be it," said Mr. Gautier; "we must sign a contract of friendship immediately: and now remember you must tell me all your secrets."

'"And you?" asked Stella anxiously.

'"Of course," he laughed.

'"But I am in earnest, cousin Louis," said Stella imploringly.

'"Are you indeed? Do you not understand, Stella, that friendship and confidence (one and the same thing they ought to be) must be won? They cannot be given as one gives a flower to a young lady."

'"I don't know that," said Stella stoutly. "I have given you mine, and

you have done nothing to win my friendship. If I had any secrets, I could tell them to you sooner than to any one I ever knew in all my life, and I could tell you what I feel. I want some one to help me, for sometimes I think I have very bad feelings."

'The childlike eyes were still fixed confidingly on Mr. Gautier. He did not respond to the offer; his impulse was to repel it; so, passing over the last part of Stella's speech, he replied to the first.

'"You are very young, and very inexperienced; friendship and confidence are nothing but vague, meaningless expressions in your child's mouth; at my age they are stern realities, comprising stern duties."

'Very stern, and not very attractive, if they resembled Mr. Gautier at that time of speaking. He took up his book, and as Stella remained silent, recommenced reading. Presently she interrupted him with the question, "What did that lady do to gain your friendship and confidence?"

'"She has given years of unsparing devotion to my mother, years of disinterested aid and sympathy to me."

'"I can do the same, cousin Louis. I am your relation, and she is not even that," said Stella, with unshrinking ignorance.

'"My dear cousin, do you know that this is very unaccountable talk?"

'Louis was stopped by the great blush that overspread Stella's face and throat, a blush that tingled down to her finger tips. What was it in Louis's tone, or words, or look, that thus awoke for the first time in that young being the shamefacedness of a woman?

'His young cousin's deep, painful flush made Louis's colour rise also, from a keen sensation of self-reproach. He made a quick diversion however."—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 267.

Some sketches of general society show quick observation, brightened by a gentle satire: here is an after-dinner scene, in which we are admitted to the mysteries of the ladies' private circle. The entertainment is in honour of Stella's military connexions, and at great trouble a lady of rank has been numbered amongst the guests.

'Now my lady had a horror of increasing her visiting list; so to avoid Mrs. General Hubbard's civilities she took to patronising Stella.

'"You look like a rosebud, my dear;" began my lady, glancing at her own gorgeous attire, and the shine of bare arms and necks in the room. "How I do like those high white muslin dresses, Mrs. Dashwood; they give such a distinguished look. What a pity they are not more the fashion!" and Lady Almeria, seeing Stella admiring her bouquet, took out of it some sprigs of *genista* (Spanish broom), and said, "Sit down on that footstool, and let me put these into your dark hair; you remind me quite of Eastern girls."

'The G. C. B.'s wife had been greatly accustomed to her own way in the colonies, over which she had reigned with her husband; and she sat in Mrs. Dashwood's drawing-room, amusing herself with decorating Stella's hair, and talking to Stella as coolly as though no one else had been in the room.

'My lady was fond, as most people are, of talking of themselves and their adventures; fondest of all of relating her terrors over her gallant husband's perils in battle. The nature of my lady was good; if she had grown trivial, and artificial, and arrogant, it was the fault of society. There was still some heart left in her. She adored her husband, he was her hero, because he was the hero of a hundred battle-fields. She did not see the least bit in the world that he was coarse, illiterate, and egotistical. Tears, real honest

tears, were in her eyes as she described to Stella her sufferings during the battle that had made him a G. C. B.

'"I locked myself up, my dear. I was not going to hear any of their reports or rumours, I should have died if I had. I got hold of my Prayer-book, and I read over and over again the 130th Psalm. I shall never forget it, never! I put cotton in my ears, but I heard Jack's voice a long way off, and then—never marry a soldier, child; one grows old too soon."

'There was quite a hush through the room, so that all the ladies had the benefit of Lady Almeria's reminiscences. Mrs. Hood sat with her eyes shut; Emily Hubbard simpered, as if she were listening to some laughable tale; Mrs. Hubbard, looking extremely offended, kept as far as she could from my lady's sofa, to show that she did not wish to hear what was being said; but still would not converse herself, in spite of Celia's conciliating efforts. There was a spell on every one—they were overcrowed—except aunt Philly, whom the monotony of Lady Almeria's voice soothed into her usual after-dinner nap.

'My lady's amusement lasted till the gentlemen came dropping in.

'"Look here, Jack," cried she to her big husband, more like an alderman, truth to say, than a soldier. "Isn't she a pretty girl? Dear child! I have made her quite pale, telling her of our last battle."

'The G. C. B., the Major-General, the saucy Colonel, nay, all the gentlemen, save Mr. Smythe, clustered about my lady and Stella.

'Beauty at any age is attractive, but great youthfulness has a still more inviting power to elderly and old persons. The two old officers poured out the most gallant speeches to Miss Joddrell, making her fully conscious of her own loveliness. Stella knew Louis heard every word, for she recognised his feet among all the varnished leather about her. She lacked the courage to look in his face; but she was very glad he was there.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 310.

We are always struck, in reading the works of clever female writers, with their by-play of ingenious remark, and chance minor currents of observation, which, whether wholly original or not, have a look of originality, and are proofs of a lively and vigorous habit of mind, discriminating and arranging its ideas as it goes on into terse neat axioms and maxims. This writer is a sayer of sayings after this fashion. Thus, of her artful Madam Olympia, she says:—

'She was capable of an act of devotedness; but that is not a proof of the capability of a profound, unmixed affection. All violent persons give occasional examples of magnanimity; the sort of heroism with which brigands and assassins astonish the world.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 232.

And again:—

'Of all persons who hold an habitual guard over themselves, none do so more stringently than those who have disagreeable antecedents. Some experienced person has likened a cautious manner, a sedulous emission of great sentiments, an unusual dose of prudery, to conspirators' passports in which no irregularities are to be found.'—*Ibid.* vol. iii. p 19.

And of aunt Celia:—

'A great power resides in polite mediocrity. How often it puts to flight a noble enthusiasm!'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 208.

And where it is remarked, in reference to the hero's discernment:—

'It would seem that one of the great interests of life is that of exercising our penetrative faculty, of trying to pierce through the visible into the invisible; we none of us are willing to rest satisfied with what is only external. Yet, from the girl scrutinizing her lover, and the youthful poet, up to the philosopher and the divine, all are held equally in suspense by their misinterpretations of the unseen by the seen.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 263.

'Through the Shadows' is a tale from, apparently, a new pen, and one that deserves from us especial notice and encouragement. We are not often more agreeably impressed, both by style and tone of thought; and there is a freshness in the scene and in the assemblage of characters which indicates a vivid fancy and independent habits of observation. It, too, is written with a very distinct moral purpose; but this relates to self-government rather than to any reform in existing opinion. Neither dogmatically, nor by example, are our social institutions interfered with. Nevertheless, though we most cordially acquiesce in the principles inculcated, the story would have been better told, and would have been more acceptable, not only to the professed novel reader, but to the lover of abstract justice, if the moral had not been pushed to such extremes. We infer, more from her stern law of consequences, and the harshness of her judicial sentences, than from any crudeness of manner, that the writer is young in years. Experience surely teaches a certain reticence and timidity when we have to assign the proportion of punishment to error. In this story, tremendous, heart-breaking punishment is inflicted on what (comparing ourselves with ourselves) is but a venial, quickly repented fault. This severity, setting reader and author so much at variance, arises, we do not doubt, from the purely fanciful character of the plot, with which experience can have nothing to do. Young writers have a feeling of power in summarily deciding the fate of their own creations. The interest, or the necessities of the story, are, at critical times, paramount with them; the stability of the actors in the drama fails under the strain; we detect a sense of unreality in the artist's mind; he knows it is all make-believe, and allows the characters of his piece to succumb, physically or morally, to a fine effect, or to a principle, or to a flourishing climax, without a scruple or a pang. Often, under this despotic rule, we see the men and women whom we have learnt to know and believe in, swept clean off the board by their inventors with no more remorse than if they were so many nine-pins, under the implied defence that an author has a right to do what he will with his own; a fallacy we have not space to refute. With this protest,—which we make with an eye to the future, that the

authoress may not risk the popularity, and, we may add, usefulness of her next effort, by repeating the outrage on her readers' sensibilities,—we will enter on the subject of her story, the design of which is to illustrate the evils, the fatal influences and the sorrows that arise from an imperious temper; and especially the mode in which her own sex are tried and influenced when subjected to a tyrannical will. This is very ably, we may say powerfully, delineated in the different members of one family, with some of whom this fatal quality is an heir-loom. There is a tone of experience in all these various portraits which gives them a real value. Indeed, we quarrel with the turning point and conclusion of the story a good deal because the gloom of the conclusion mars it as an instructive tale. We are shown this indomitable self-loving will in various forms, in young and old, man and woman; but the evil genius in particular who lies at the root of the mischief is an elderly maiden lady, capable of great sacrifices, but wanting in the self-restraint and sympathy necessary to confer any real service on her fellow creatures; and waging a general war against peace and happiness through the perpetual irritations of an exacting temper, and what the author calls a diseased self-love. Her sacrifice had been to receive her widowed sister and her young family into her own well-ordered home. The widow, Mrs. Brandon, of weak, suffering frame, a victim to ill-health; an elder daughter, Caroline, handsome, vain, and self-indulgent, who has fallen amongst the religious world, and uses its language; a second daughter, Ruth, ardent, straightforward, sympathising, with a good share of the family characteristic; a son, Frederic, clever and ill-principled, whose home under his forbidding aunt's roof is intolerable to him; and various juniors. The influence of a bad temper upon all these different subjects is the lesson of the book. The atmosphere of fear in which the helpless live under such an incubus is forcibly shown in the following passage, which introduces us to Miss Harriet Earle:—

'Ruth had brought her mother into a very comfortable chat about Caroline's pretty looks, and was skilfully leading on to one of those confidential talks respecting her early married life, in which Mrs. Brandon sometimes forgot present sorrow, when the sound of a deliberate, firm step on the stairs caused a little electric thrill to pass through the room, and startled every one into an attitude of preparation. Mrs. Brandon drew her hand away from between Ruth's two; Ruth jumped up, and restored the stool to its proper place near the fire; Susan hid her story-book in a basket of plain-work; the children's talking and laughter subsided lower and lower, and at last went out altogether, as the door opened quietly and admitted the mistress of the house, Miss Harriet Earle, and something else with her, an indefinable something, which, somehow or other, always went into and came out from every company into which she went and came. It was felt by every one, the mysterious accompanying atmosphere; but none

knew its full weight and presence so entirely as the widowed sister and the orphan children whom Miss Earle had taken into her home. For them it came in with her, but it did not so surely always go out again. The chairs and the tables, the carpet and the ceiling, the very walls of the house had absorbed some of it, and breathed out "Miss Harriet Earle" distinctly enough to keep a very wholesome check on the spirits of the inmates even in her absence.'—*Through the Shadows*, vol. i. p. 19.

The relationships of the piece are somewhat intricate. It takes some time to disentangle the various cousinships. Alice Earle, the sweet, graceful, eloquent, delicately conceived heroine, is one cousin. Sebastion and Maxwell Earle are cousins to all the others, and yet hardly brothers to each other, that is, not in position, though they are in blood. Alice's timid, sensitive nature has been crushed in childhood by the terrible aunt, and equally terrible grandfather, of whom we are told:—

'His was one of those restless, exacting wills that will not be satisfied with anything less than the utter annihilation of character in all around them. No minute circumstance of daily life was so small that he did not wish to regulate it, and no recess of the heart of wife or child so sacred, that he would not willingly have meddled there and ruled. * * * Sebastion never could understand how it was that, with all her gentle ingratiating ways, and with all the frightened efforts she made to win her grandfather's and aunt's love, she never succeeded in pleasing them as he did, and who was conscious of never trying at all: he did not know that to people afflicted with a diseased self-love, there is nothing so displeasing as the very fear anxiety which their own exactions always awaken in gentle impressible natures.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 105.

She now suffers under her father, who is another influential development of the Earle will. Between her and Sebastion there is a mutual but unacknowledged attachment. Alice from infancy has been so much in the habit of looking to him to screen her from harshness and blame, that he is under the constant impression that her feelings for him have no deeper source, strengthened by some jealous misgivings that his brother Maxwell has a nearer place in her heart. At length, and after many slips and vicissitudes, they are engaged; but now interposes another will from an unexpected quarter: from Ruth, who is Alice's bosom friend, and who mistrusts Sebastion because she fears he does not appreciate her friend enough. Ruth, except that she does unpardonable things, is an interesting character from her force and reality. We see that she has a more positive existence with the authoress than some others of her favourites, for she refrains from extinguishing her at the end by some dismal catastrophe. Though the results of her mistakes and errors are extreme, she is useful as a warning to the young and jealous. Presuming on the strength of her affections, and a certain self-negation, which in some degree redeems her self-confidence, she takes those she loves under a

patronage of protection. She has a fatal gift of blundering, and is conscious of her own brusqueness of manners, which no fear of her aunt can tame, and yet considers herself competent to advise on the point of tact.

'"But now, Sebastion, I will tell you something. You and I ought to be friends, for we have a misfortune in common; we neither of us know how to say things in the right way to the right people. I am always in trouble on that account, and I see plainly that you will be; you will make mischief between people, like aunt Harriet and poor mamma, so pray keep out of their way as much as you can; and with people like Alice, and Max ——"

'"Alice! and Max! Well, go on," interrupted Sebastion, who could not help giving a start at the two names.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 103.

She is Alice's especial fate, and is perpetually interfering with her destiny. First it is to forbid her thinking of Sebastion, on the ground that she cannot love him.

'"Do you remember the last evening I spent at Earle's Court, when you and I were talking, I said, I should like to be able to put myself between those I loved and harm; but, Alice, it would not do for you, and the way you are thinking of is not a right way; you must not do it."

'"Do what, dear?" asked Alice soothingly.

'"What Caroline says you mean to do. You must not, to please your father or any one, marry Sebastion. Oh, Alice, I know so well how it would be if you did. I see it all. He is just one of those terribly stern, silent people, the weight of whose will crushes one to death. You could never live and be yourself near him. Don't be angry with me for saying this, but I know you would be frightened of him; and, Alice, you might get to be, what aunt Harriet calls you, deceitful. You might *never* be able to speak the truth to him,—and think of going on like that all your life."
—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 244.

This speech Sebastion, standing at the foot of the stairs, chances to hear, as, indeed, people do, throughout, see and hear a great deal that they ought not to do. But Alice's influence slowly overcomes all difficulties, whether they arise from opposition, as in Ruth's case, or too anxious a meddling to bring the affair about, as in her father's, whose solemn instructions to his daughter on this point have a great deal of nature in them. After Ruth's officious warning, the lovers first meet in the garden of Alice's home, which gives rise to the following pretty reflection, showing a mind at leisure for taking in the teaching and the genius of every scene:—

'Everything, even quite ugly and common-place things, houses, rooms, old clothes, pieces of furniture, above all, gardens and people, have what may be called their ideal days; times when,—for some hidden reason or other, which a philosopher, thinking over the matter deeply, might possibly discover and explain,—all the old stains, disfigurements, incompletenesses of one kind or another, put themselves out of sight for a season, and we can see nothing but the best side, not precisely the thing itself, but that other thing that it was meant to be. The ideal day for the house and garden at Earle's Court,—when the thought of the designer of it stood up, as it were,

alive and crowned, and said, "Look how fair and perfect an expression has been found for me,"—was one of those rare days that come now and then to surprise us in the middle of our gusty springs, when the calm of full summer seems for an hour or two to have taken hands with the joyous freshness of May. The garden's summer days were a shade too bright; garden's autumn days too rich; winter days too sad to harmonize with the spirit of the place; but to the tenderness of spring it answered perfectly.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 1.

Sebastion, desponding of ever gaining Alice's real heart, has called to announce his intention to travel, and finds Alice, the fair presiding spirit of the scene, kneeling over a nest of young robins:—

'At the sound of his approaching steps, Alice sprang up, and advanced to meet him, with the flush and the smile on her face that the kneeling posture and her pleasant occupation had brought there.

'"Come," she said, holding out her hand, without any formal greeting, "you shall have just one peep at my pet birds, if you will be quiet, and take great care not to frighten them away."

'Sebastion had been preparing himself all the morning against the chance of some little gleam of cordiality in Alice's manner towards him, coming to try his sober belief in her indifference. Such had come and gone twenty times; it was too late for him to be deceived again. In his great fear of being shaken, he threw an air of restraint and solemnity over his answer that the apparent occasion by no means called for.

'"No, no," he said, shaking his head; "I hear too often that I am a formidable person to venture on such a step. I should be sure to frighten them. I had much better keep out of their way."

'He had frightened something away now, if not the birds. He saw it in a minute. The smile from the gentle face, the sweet, sweet look from the upturned blue eyes—with what fluttering speed they hid themselves away. Alice suddenly remembered the last time she had seen her cousin, and the words he had overheard then. The unfortunate meeting had only been out of her mind for a few minutes since it had happened. The bright spring air and her garden employment had turned her thoughts into a pleasanter channel for a moment or two; it was painful to have them brought so suddenly back. She did not look away directly Sebastion spoke; her eyes rested for a second longer on his face; there was gentle reproach in them.

'"You should not have put me in mind of that," they said, "when I was happy for a little while, for you know I was not to blame."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 7.

This is very graceful, expressive writing, nor does the little scene lose as it advances in the skilful, tender reading of two hearts. Our sympathies are always with Alice; she is finely and delicately drawn. We feel for her the more that she is the victim of that peculiar calamity, ably set forth by a modern writer, of having too many friends. When the engagement actually takes place, Sebastion is deputed to tell Ruth. That young lady receives the news characteristically:—

'"Cousin," he began at last, stooping down, and speaking in the peculiar, earnest, and almost sad tones, which his voice assumed whenever he spoke from his heart, "I think you have a right to hear first what

I have got to tell; for I believe that you love Alice Earle better than any one in the world does except one."

'"I love her better than any one loves her," Ruth said, with a little tremble in her voice, for she dreaded what was coming.

'"No; not so well as I do—not a hundredth part so well as I do," said Sebastion. "You had better get to believe that, for your own sake; make yourself quite sure of that before I go on."

'Ruth drew her hand away from Sebastion's arm, and turned round and looked at him.

'"You don't mean that it is true what Caroline told me? You don't mean that you are going to marry her? Oh! Sebastion!" she said, with a look of reproach that provoked him not a little.

'He had come out, expecting opposition, however, and he was resolved to be patient.

'"Come now, Ruth, be reasonable; why not, if I love her?"

'"Does she love you?"

'"She says so," answered Sebastion smiling.

'Ruth put her hand on Sebastion's arm again, and walked on with an air of having given up the world in despair.

'"Come now, cousin Ruth," Sebastion went on, half-playfully, half-earnestly, "make a full confession. Why are you so solemn about it? Why do you find it so impossible to suppose that Alice should marry me from any other than the self-sacrificing motives you were attributing to her the other day? Why should she not choose me of her own free will?"

'"I don't know—I could not," said Ruth decidedly.

'"Luckily, you see, it is not you I want," answered Sebastion, with a little pardonable malice, which, however, Ruth was too unconscious to feel.

'"Of course you don't," she answered; "and, after all, I ought not to judge Alice. Of course she likes you, if she has said so. She always used to like Maxwell better than any one else she knew, and you are not unlike him."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 41.

It is admitted that an unamiable, jealous feeling, which probably really belongs to imperious wills, had some share in Ruth's objection. The effect upon her is to hang over her suffering mother with a morbid feeling of appropriation as all that is left to her. 'You, at all events,' she said to herself, 'no one shall take from being quite my own.' And through this feeling, this natural affection, made unjust through the infusion of self, comes the great temptation and subsequent misery of the story. Alice's wedding preparations are hastening on under the happiest auspices. Ruth on one of her visits sees her 'things,' though *things*, even wedding things, had little interest for her. At length she is shown a costly bracelet, Sebastion's gift. It is one of the book's bye-lessons—better developed than the main moral—that a life of rigid exclusion from the pleasures of life, even when willingly borne, is inimical to the free development of the more generous qualities. Ruth, suffering from the perpetual want of money and subsequent dependence, cannot see the pearls and diamonds without asking the price, and grudging the 200*l.* for which she could find so many better uses. She covets not the bracelet, but the money it would fetch.

'"I wonder how I should feel," she said, "if I were carrying about on my wrists as much money as would make some anxious person happy for the rest of her life."

'"But must we never look at anything," said Alice, "without thinking of the money it cost? May not some things represent quite a different thought, so different that the costliness never comes into one's recollection, except as part of the symbol?"'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 62.

Unhappily the only symbol that remains on Ruth's mind is the vulgar one of money's worth. And here, through defect in the plot, the open-hearted Ruth is made to commit two flagrant breaches of the commandments about this bracelet—first she covets it, and next, in point of fact, she *steals* it; that is, she is determined to get it from its rightful owner, and she does. We enforce this point, for we think the authoress hardly realizes the extent of Ruth's sin. In what follows, we cannot see the connexion between even an unjust affection and any strength of determination with such a violent breach of the laws of *meum* and *tuum;* and it is contrary to the whole construction of the self-denying character, to regard the goods of others as its own; but, whatever we may think of this, it gives rise to some forcible scenes. That night her unprincipled brother Frederick summons Ruth to a dismal confidence. He is clerk in a bank of which the head is on the eve of marrying their elder sister. He has taken money to the amount of a hundred pounds, and has been found out by cousin Maxwell, who alone is in possession of the fatal secret, but will of course feel bound to communicate it to the firm. 'What am I to do? what will become of me?' he asks.

'"You—you," cried Ruth indignantly; "it is mamma I am thinking about—what can be done to save her?"

'"Yes, what can be done? think of something," Frederick went on, in an imploring tone.

'"Let me think, let me think," Ruth answered.

'She stood quite still in the middle of the room; the candle had burned out, but the moon, in its course through the sky, looked in now at the window, and threw pale green lights on the bare floor. It seemed to Ruth afterwards as if she had thought for hours; in reality, it was not perhaps for five minutes. One picture after another rose before her eyes; she realized with all the force of her deep sympathy the coming trouble. She seemed actually to taste the bitterness of her mother's despair and pain, and to see her writhing under the death blow. Great waves of sorrow lifted up their heads and seemed ready to flow in, and then her strong hereditary will rose up—*they should not come.* She did not throw out her heart in prayer for help from above; she did not ask for guidance or teaching. At that moment of her life Ruth lost sight altogether of the loving Father whose merciful will overrules all things. She saw only a cruel unjust fate coming near to crush the helpless, and she stood up and defied it. Her mother should not suffer; anything else might come afterwards, but that should not be. By-and-bye a suggestion came; a plan of action perfectly well-defined and clear, rose up in her mind—whether it came from above or

from below she did not stay to examine. She had not asked for any inspiration, but there it was; and it apparently required nothing in order to carry it out but a little of the strong resolution which she had within herself. As soon as she had seen it all clearly to the minutest point, she turned to the bed:—

'"Get up, Frederick," she said, "and put your clothes back into your drawers. Go to sleep as usual, and be ready and go back to your work in the morning. By this time to-morrow Max Earle shall have received the hundred pounds wanted to make your account right, and he shall have given his word never to reveal this, his discovery, to any one, even to his father."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 87.

This bears an ominous resemblance to Jezebel's line of action and tone of address, whether the authoress had her in her mind or not. We need not say that poor Alice's bracelet is fixed on as the means of escape, which Ruth intends to *make* her give up and sell, in order to get Fred out of his difficulty. We have not space for the opening of the attack. Alice submits to the stronger will, and always attracted by the idea of sacrifice, resigns the bracelet, because it costs her so much to give it up, but demurs long at the demand of secrecy from even Sebastion.

'Alice's scruples about making this promise gave Ruth more trouble than she expected; she never could remember afterwards by what arguments prayers, or tears she combated then. They talked a long time, the minutes passed on, the morning was wearing away. Ruth began to despair, but at last the promise was given, and then all the rest was easy.

'As soon as she had yielded this first point, Alice felt as if she were being dragged on by some irresistible fate. It was really that she had yielded to a will stronger than her own. Ruth's tears, her vehemence, and her despair, took away from her all power of judging calmly."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 102.

The bracelet is soon sold to a jeweller, and the money carried by the young ladies to Maxwell Earle, whom Ruth, without choosing to think *why*, knew well could not refuse Alice a last request. Alice's regrets and misgivings on the way are summarily stopped, with the characteristic selfishness of one possessed by an absorbing idea—'You are saving mamma's life; 'don't look back, Alice; if she is saved, what does it 'matter what becomes of any of us afterwards?' Maxwell stoutly refuses at first to do what they ask him. Ruth's vehemence, stimulated by a sense of power, is certainly vigorously given. Maxwell says—

'"I cannot do it; but I will tell no one but him (his father); you may trust his kindness—he will not act harshly."

'"No, no, no," Ruth struck in; "I can't trust him or any one—oh, Max, be merciful, you must see yourself that if your father once hears of this he must send Frederick away; he will be disgraced; and think of mamma—let her die at least trusting us all. I don't care what happens afterwards, let us think only of what will be best for her."

'"The *best* thing for her, and every one else concerned, must be what is right to do; must it not?" said Max.

'"I don't care for any one but mamma, and I am certain that the best thing for her is that no one should know. What is the good of stopping to talk about right and wrong? For my part I would do *wrong* to save her; she has always been suffering, and this blow she shall not have. People pretend to be anxious about doing right, and half the time they only mean that they are afraid of being punished if they do wrong. I am not afraid; I dare do this thing, right or wrong; and when mamma is safe I will bear any punishments, any consequences, that come of it. I only hope they will come on me, if they do come."

'"They are sure to come," Max said, looking at her with surprise, and, it must be confessed, kindling a little at her boldness; "the worst of it is we cannot choose who shall have them; if we could—" he paused, a sudden conviction of the utter want of faith and of submission that was shown in this strange braving of God's punishments flashed across him; but Alice did not give him time to follow out his thoughts.

'"I do not think it will bear talking about," she said, coming near, and putting her hand on Maxwell's arm; "but this is the first favour I ever asked of you. I shall never ask another. I have wished all my life to have a brother; don't spoil my idea of how much a brother would do for a sister by refusing to do for me the only thing I shall ever ask."'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 107.

Such scenes suffer by being detached from their context, but our readers will see enough to be aware that the authoress has brought more than average power to her work. She maintains a real hold of her subject, and for the first two volumes nothing is allowed to interfere with the progress of the story, to which the novelist's first duty is owing. There is no shrinking from scenes, we see and hear her personages in the most critical moments of their fate, and her spirit is with them sympathizing with each change and turn of events. Caroline, Ruth's elder sister, whose faults and temptations are of a more common order, lends great variety to the earlier part of the story, till settled by a mercenary marriage; which she persuades herself is entered upon in a spirit of self-sacrifice. The dread of 'aunt Harriet,' prompting to the final acceptance, is ingeniously natural, and all this young lady's previous speculations upon her various admirers' and danglers' sayings show some humour and a good deal of experience of common place character. We are glad, too, to observe that Ruth has a kind of trusting, sisterly sympathy in these questions, and does not scan Caroline's feeble, vain confessions with the severity of a stranger's eye; as the high-minded sister of the moral tale is so constantly made to do.

The following conversation at a religious party is in another vein from our previous extracts. Mr. Gadstone is Caroline's future husband.

'Alice leant back in her seat, and wondered why she had taken the trouble to interfere. What could it signify what Miss Ash said of Max

Earle? Her thoughts took holiday for a few moments. When they came back again the conversation had left Mr. Meyer, and passed on to his partner in business and superior in wealth and consequence, Mr. Gadstone. "He is here to-night—is he serious?" asked Alice abruptly.

'"He is dear Mrs. Warren's brother," said Miss Ash, "and she has great hopes of him: they say he is a very keen man of business, and very clever in making a bargain; but I don't know that he is any worse for that; many very religious people are; Mr. Barrett thinks it a great thing to show the world that the keenest, most practical minds can be brought under the influence of religious truth."

'"I wish poor Fred would take example by Mr. Gadstone, then," said Caroline with a sigh; "if he were both religious and likely to make a great deal of money it would be all one could wish."

'"Making the most of both worlds, in short," said the youngest Miss Ash, with a happy quotation of the title of a book she had been reading."

'"Ah, my dears," continued the elder sister, "that is the way to talk to young men; show them that it is their *interest*—their interest for this world—to be religious, and you will soon gain them over."

'"I wonder whether Mr. Meyer would think that an appeal to self-interest would have anything to do with—with holiness," said Alice, hesitating a little over her word, and yet not caring to substitute another.

'"My dear Miss Earle," cried Miss Ash, appealingly, "when we have been told on good authority, that Mr. Meyer's views are not sound, is it wise to bring them forward?"

'"But about Mr. Gadstone," said Alice, glad to retreat, "what has he done to deserve your good opinion?"

'"He took the chair at the last missionary meeting, and he has subscribed a guinea to the Jews' society, and he shows altogether, Mrs. Warren thinks, an appreciation of the right views, which is very encouraging," answered Miss Ash triumphantly.

'"I wonder whether he has rebuilt those wretched tumble-down cottages that belong to him at Fairburne," said Alice; "and whether he has done away with the toll at the head of the bridge at Newlands, which prevents the poor people from getting to Church."

'"I really don't know about that," answered Miss Belinda Ash, the youngest and gentlest of the sisters; "but, my dear, you know we must not despise the day of small things."

'"Especially not with such a man as Mr. Gadstone," interposed her more eager elder sister, "only think what good he might do if he went heart and soul to the work with his means; we ought not to leave a stone unturned to gain him. If only he could be brought to marry some really pious young woman who would lead him in the right way?"'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 56.

The third volume cannot be included in our commendation of conscientious adherence to the story, which, in fact, ends in its main interest with the second. Alice is the victim of the concealment enforced by Ruth, by a series of not very skilfully managed false conclusions and blunders. Sebastion is brought to believe that the missing bracelet, and the interview with his brother, and a certain note that aunt Harriet shows him, prove to demonstration Alice's preference for Maxwell. Without giving her the opportunity of explanation, he writes her a final farewell, and sails the same day on Sir John Franklin's expedition for the North Pole; from whence he never returns.

She has not even the satisfaction of clearing herself in his eyes, and goes on expecting, and waiting, and despairing, as far as regards her *human* happiness, till she dies. It is a mistake in every sense. A moral story should be complete in itself, and must not postpone the justice, the satisfaction, the clearing of doubts —which the reader has a right, by a sort of tacit compact with the author, to expect—to the future tribunal. It professes to be a dramatized picture of those providential laws that govern the world, with this world, not the next, for its theatre; and here in this mortal scene it should have some conclusion that man's eyes may rest on.

But while we say this, we would do justice to the beauty and delicacy of Alice's character; except in the momentary falsehood (which we disown for her) she is always true to a very fair ideal. A poetical conception in thought and speech, she well sustains her part. Her vision of the ice-bound ships is oppressive in its vivid distinctness; and her story to the little children, for its gentle pathos and utter simplicity of diction, is a rare success.

The third volume is devoted in part to the development of a new scheme for the employment of women, conducted by a very conventional, good woman, gifted with an intense insight into every one's character and capabilities, and in whose presence the whole system of human intercourse seems to change its character. It concludes by a wholesale, not to say unfeeling, sweep of the minor characters. Amongst the rest are two violent deaths, which are so little realized by the author, that she forgets how they ought to affect those left behind; Ruth, and the less impressionable Caroline, alike sustain the death of husband and brother under the most terrible circumstances, with no greater shock to the nerves, or permanent influence on their tone of thought, than if the events had only concerned them as lookers-on. This we only note as a warning how sparingly such incidents should be used by the novelist, especially if writing only from fancy. Feebly told horrors, awful events, recorded without due sense of their awe, weaken more than the pages in which they occur; they leave a general sense of inexperience and even puerility. We speak strongly because the defects and failings we have noted are not unlikely to injure the general acceptance of a story which, for strength and elegance of style, dramatic power, and high tone of feeling, takes quite another stand from the ordinary novel.

One tale, the most remarkable that has appeared for many years—a work of genius still exciting general interest amongst all classes of readers—'Adam Bede;' which if it be, as there is internal evidence, written by a woman, places woman's aptitude

for this form of composition in some points higher than it has ever stood before—fairly side by side with man—we have not yet touched upon; not only because it is already so popular that it needs no further introduction, and so generally noticed by the press that little new can be said upon it; but because the uncontradicted rumour of its authorship is a perplexity and an enigma which interposes itself and confuses our critical powers when we attempt any analysis. If there is one feature more than another that stamps, or seems to stamp, the book, it is its earnestness;—a profound realization of certain great moral principles as the key to man's nature and moral government. It is a work not of the imagination only, or chiefly; but of the heart. And how can we reconcile this tone, its apparent honesty, and truthfulness, and genuineness, its deep religious sentiment, with the other literary labours and the sceptical association attributed to its author, and, as we say, uncontradicted? People tell us the public have no right to pry into an author's secrets; we do not know what rights mean on this question; we have no right to take unlawful means of getting to know, but it is not in human nature not to wish to know the author who has interested and absorbed us. If we hear a good sermon, do not we ask who preached it? if we hear good music, do we rest till we learn the composer? they have not their full effect till we know; a book is incomplete, it has not fully told its tale, till we know its author. If it represents a strong intellect, a vivid imagination, tender feeling, and large experience, its readers must wish to learn in whom these gifts have met; what favourable circumstances have developed the mind to such felicitous harmony and power. We do not now, after waiting in vain for a denial, set ourselves to find out our mistake, to modify our first high appreciation, to seek for lapses and latent touches of infidelity; we thought it a beautiful tale when we read it, we think it so still, though it should indeed prove to be a simply intellectual effort of memory and association; but if the statement remains uncontradicted because it cannot be denied, we can only say, there is nothing in 'Adam Bede' so surprising as its authorship. We leave it as a riddle yet unsolved, and have sought in other sources what may be the direction of our popular literature, as led by female pens, which seem now to have almost a monopoly of the purely domestic fiction.

ART. IV.—1. *Journals of the General Convention of the American Episcopal Church.* 1853 and 1856.

2. *New York Church Journal.* 1857, 1858.

3. *Mixed Societies in Principle and in Practice.* By the Rev. A. C. COXE, D.D. of Baltimore. 1859.

4. *Apology for the Common English Bible.* By the same. 1857.

5. *The Western World Revisited.* By the Rev. H. CASWALL. 1853.

6. *Bishop White's Memoirs of the Episcopal Church.* Philadelphia, 1820.

MR. BAINES, in moving for a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the nature and extent of the 'Queen's Printer's Patent,' is reported to have asked the House to consider 'whether it had any right or prerogative to restrict the printing of the Holy Scriptures.' 'The Holy Scriptures,' he proceeded, 'were given in charge to no particular section of the 'Church, to no priest, to no prince, to no sanhedrim or senate, 'neither to Jew nor to Gentile; but liberally and impartially, 'as the rains and dews of heaven. They were made the uni-'versal patrimony of mankind; and he appealed to the House, 'as they had given freedom to trade and industry, and to the 'negro slave, removed every restriction from conscience, and 'maintained the liberty of the press; to bestow upon England '*the crowning blessing of a free and unfettered Bible.*'

Now it is not our object at present, to discuss the question whether the charge of the Holy Scriptures, in their general acceptation, more properly belongs to the Church of Christ or to the civil authority. Nor do we deem it necessary to remind our readers that the title-page, the dedication, and the translators' preface to the reader, concur in proving our Authorized Version in particular to be, like the Prayer-book, a Church of England work, designed for Church of England purposes; and therefore, strictly speaking, under the rightful guardianship of the Church of England. But since 'free trade in Bibles' was the professed object of Mr. Baines's motion, and since the experience of America is now largely appealed to by certain politicians in support of their theories, we have thought that a few facts connected with the history of our Authorized Version in the United States would not be without value, under existing circumstances, in England.

It was in the year 1607, while our present version was in the hands of the translators, that the first English settlers disembarked on the coast of Virginia. Although these early emigrants were members of the Established Church, the great majority of the subsequent colonists of America were professedly Dissenters. Yet, as Protestants, they generally regarded the Bible as the foundation of their faith, understanding by the term 'Bible,' the Authorized Version of the Church of England. When the Revolution broke out in 1776, a large proportion of the Church people and of their clergy took part with the Crown, while the Dissenters were generally attached to the republican party. At the restoration of peace in 1783 many of the churches were deserted or in ruins; the clergy, who never had numbered much more than two hundred, were greatly reduced, and as bishops had never been tolerated in America by the home-government, no form of ecclesiastical rule existed.

Under these untoward circumstances, synodical action commenced, and the Church gradually formed her system of annual Diocesan Conventions, and of a triennial General Convention. In these conventions the clergy and laity had equal votes, or were equally represented, with the useful provision of a 'vote by orders,' an arrangement which makes the consent of both clergy and laity necessary to any act or resolution. Being now free from its old political entanglements, the Church elected its bishops, who derived their consecration in the first instance from the Scottish and English prelates. Even in the jealous eye of the law, the 'American Episcopal Church' was considered identical with that Church in England which had renounced the Pope, reformed the Prayer-book, and translated the Bible. It still retains, for instance, the lands given to the Church of England in Vermont and New Hampshire, while the property of Trinity Church, New York, originally given by Queen Anne, has attained, through the growth of the city, the value of nearly two millions of pounds, being estimated at above seven millions of dollars in 1857. Though little recruited by emigration, the Church in the United States usually doubles itself in about thirteen years, an increase mainly due to the rapid influx of persons from other 'denominations.' At the present time, it numbers about 38 bishops, 2,000 clergy, 135,000 communicants, and perhaps two millions of worshippers.

We have thus briefly alluded to the history and position of the Church in America, because that Church has succeeded to whatever duties may be supposed to attach to the Church of England in regard to the Authorized Version. A few such preliminary statements are also necessary to explain the subsequent action of our American brethren on the same subject. It must

likewise be remembered, in the same connexion, that the General and State governments of the United States are constructed on principles which disqualify them for all pretext of interference in religious matters, and that consequently the law of the land provides no security for the correctness of Bibles.

The manufacture and sale of Bibles being open to all, a number of incorrect editions were very early printed and circulated; and in 1817, the General Convention was led to consider a proposal for adopting a standard edition. This proposal was occasioned by 'the discovery of a large edition extending very 'widely' (says Bishop White[1]), 'a corruption of Acts vi. 3, 'by perverting it to a sanction of congregational ordination. 'Instead of "whom *we* may appoint over this business," which 'is the exact translation of the original, the edition has it, "whom '*ye* may appoint over this business.'" In 1823 this proposal was finally carried into effect, and the generally-received English standard was made the standard of the Church in America.

The continued publication, however, of inaccurate editions made it necessary that further measures should be adopted, and it was considered highly expedient that American readers should be supplied with an exact reprint of the most correct copy obtainable in England. The subject accordingly came before the General Conventions of 1850, 1853, and 1856, and will probably afford much discussion to the same assembly in the autumn of 1859.

In the Convention of 1850 a Committee was appointed 'to 'procure and supervise the publication of a standard edition of 'the Holy Bible.' At the same time a proposal was submitted by a Church institution, the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, to become the publishers of the standard Bible in contemplation. To the Committee had been assigned the duty of contracting with the institution just named, and of reporting to the Convention the result of their labours.

The Convention of 1853, held in New York, was attended by thirty Bishops in the Upper House, and by a Lower House consisting of 115 clerical and 85 lay-deputies from thirty dioceses. There was present also a deputation from our own Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, consisting of Bishop Spencer, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Rev. E. Hawkins, and the Rev. H. Caswall. Among many other items of business the report of the Committee on the standard version was laid before the Lower House.[2] The report stated that—

'The first and not the least important of its labours appeared to be that of ascertaining on what edition of the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue

[1] Memoirs of the Episcopal Church, p. 310.
[2] See Journal of the General Convention of 1853, p. 32.

now existing most reliance could be placed for correctness of text and accuracy of typography. The Princeps edition in folio, A.D. 1611, is that which appeared from the hands of the translators appointed by King James I. of England, and is the text of the Holy Scriptures used in our Church, and as widely as the English tongue is diffused.'

After giving a brief history of the revision made by Dr. Blayney in 1769, the Committee proceeds:—

'In our own country, where the publication of the Bible is at every man's option, too many editions have been found, crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unimportant respects, while even in England, where by the laws of the land, from four sources alone, under royal authority, can editions of the Holy Scriptures emanate, variations, though slight, are apparent between the copies bearing the impress of those sources.

'The incorrectness of so many editions, and the blemishes of all, united with the duty of our Church as its hereditary guardian to protect the integrity of the English Scriptures, attracted, so early as the year 1817, the attention of our General Convention to the subject, and in 1823 the edition of Eyre and Strahan, published in England, and then considered the most perfect extant, was recommended as the standard to be recognised by our Church, till such time as she thought proper to put forth an edition of her own. At subsequent triennial meetings, the subject was again and again brought before both Houses of this body, till the appointment of your Committee to treat with the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society in the manner which has been mentioned.

'In the course of action under their appointment, your Committee have received from the Society, known as the British and Foreign Bible Society, the information that the present standard text recognised by them, is that of the medium quarto printed in Oxford; and there has been received from that Society a copy of that edition, the courtesy of which gift your Committee esteem it a duty and pleasure to acknowledge.

'They have also to acknowledge on the subject of a Standard Bible, the receipt of a letter from the present Primate and Metropolitan of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, which your Committee may be permitted to consider as an evidence of the interest taken by the Church of England in whatever concerns the Church in these United States, and of the common bond of Christian and catholic fellowship between the Churches; a bond which that eminent prelate has so largely contributed to cement. The letter of the Archbishop is as follows:—

'"*Lambeth, April* 17, 1853.

'"DEAR SIR,—I am happy to have it in my power to answer your letter of inquiry concerning the text of the Bible. During the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, the delegates of the Oxford, and the syndics of the Cambridge press, had a long and elaborate correspondence on the state of the text of the Bible as then printed, and until then there had been much inaccuracy. A correct text, according to the edition of 1611, was then adopted, both in the Oxford and Cambridge Bibles. The Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has furnished me with the following statement from Mr. Combe, the Superintendent of the Oxford press:

'The text of all the Oxford editions of the Bible is now the same, and is in conformity with the edition of 1611, which is, and has been for many years, adopted for the standard text. The medium quarto book is stereotyped, which protects it from casual errors; and having been long in use without the detection of any error, I have reason to think that it may be

considered as perfect as a book can be, and may therefore be fairly received as the standard book of the Society.'

'"It is a most gratifying thought that our English Bible should be circulated over your vast continent, and that our native language should be employed as the vehicle of eternal truth to an increasing multitude of readers; and we may justly pray that the purity which is secured to the text may be extended also to the doctrines gathered from the text and propounded to the hearers of the Word. It gives me much pleasure to have had this opportunity of communicating with an American brother, and I remain, Rev. Sir, your faithful servant,

'"J. B. CANTUAR.

'"Rev. Henry M. Mason."

'Upon such authority, your Committee cannot hesitate to recognise the above Medium Quarto Stereotyped Edition, published at Oxford, as the Standard Bible of the Church of England. The New York Bible and Prayer-book Society, in its communications, appear to await the determination of this Convention before acting as publishers on their former petition, and your Committee recommend the adoption of the edition named in the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter as that from which a republication in this country by our Church shall be made. An examination of it has resulted in the discovery of but very few particulars which your Committee would decidedly prefer to change, not one which would importantly affect the sense, and but few of which a doubt might not be entertained whether they are even typographical errors.

'Your Committee conclude with the recommendation of the passing of the following resolutions:—

'"*Resolved*, the House of Bishops concurring—

'"1. That the Medium Quarto Bible, stereotyped at Oxford, be the recognised standard of this Church, until an American reprint be made and adopted as hereinafter contemplated.

'"2. That the New York Bible and Prayer-book Society be the publishers from that standard of the reprint above-mentioned, provided, in making any contract, the Committee shall not exceed the price at which a similar publication can be contracted for with other publishers.

'"3. That a joint Committee of five be appointed to supervise the reprint aforesaid, with authority to correct errors of the press, and report to the next General Convention the edition so published, for its adoption as the American Standard Edition.

(Signed) '"HENRY M. MASON, *Chairman.*
M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.
G. M. WHARTON.
R. F. W. ALLSTON."'

The Report and recommendations of the Committee were laid over for further consideration until the General Convention of 1856. In that year the Committee reported as follows:—

'The Committee appointed at the last General Convention on the subject of a Standard Bible, respectfully report, that to the important duty assigned them they have given such attention as opportunity would permit. The propriety, and even necessity, of protecting the integrity of the text of Divine Revelation, as translated into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, is not less stringent now, but increasingly more so, than at any period since the attention of the supreme legislature of the Church was first attracted to the subject. Too many of the editions of the Holy Scriptures issued in this country are faulty in respect of typography, or in changes which affect the

volume, either as it came from the hands of the translators under King James I., or as it exists in the present standard of the Church of England. It seems desirable therefore that the protection of the General Convention of our Church should be interposed for the guardianship of the great depository of our faith in the English tongue.'

With the view of carrying into effect the recommendations of this Committee, the Upper and Lower House of the Convention finally agreed,—

'1st. That a competent person be appointed by the Convention to correct typographical errors in the authorized translation of the Holy Scriptures, referring to the present Standard Edition.

'2d. That a Committee of five be appointed, to whom the proposed corrections when made, or in their progressive stages, shall be subjected for approval.

'3d. That the Report of this Committee, with the proposed corrections in full, be printed and presented to the next General Convention (1859) for final action.'

The Rev. Dr. Mason was appointed by both Houses to correct the typographical errors in the Standard Edition, and with him five clerical and lay gentlemen were associated as a committee of revision.

We have recorded the above particulars because they show that, in the opinion of the American Episcopal Church, '*the publication of the Bible at every man's option*' is highly dangerous, and leads to the publication of '*too many editions*, '*crowded with typographical errors, and faulty in numerous* '*other not unimportant respects.*' They prove likewise, that English editions of the Scriptures printed under the present system are considered in America far more accurate than those printed in America under a system of 'free trade.' They exhibit the Archbishop of Canterbury engaged in a Christian and dignified intercourse with his American brethren while giving information respecting the true standard edition. And lastly, they exhibit the American Episcopal Church acknowledging its duty, as the 'hereditary guardian of the English Scriptures' 'to protect the integrity of the text,' and accordingly appointing a reviser and a committee of revision.

The English reader, however, must not suppose that hereafter American Bibles will all undergo the revision of the committee of the Church. The Church in America, though a highly respectable and increasing body, has never, for the reasons already mentioned, influenced a majority of the American people. The Bibles printed by the 'New York Bible and Prayer-Book Society' will alone come under the supervision of the Committee. In the meantime, the printers, each at his option, will continue to send forth Bibles exhibiting different degrees of incompleteness and inaccuracy, while the

American Bible Society will virtually continue to supply a standard to the American people.

The American Bible Society is a wealthy and powerful institution, supported by various Protestant sects, and containing but a small admixture of Churchmen.[1] It prints and publishes its own Bibles, in which respect it differs from the British and Foreign Bible Society. It was founded in 1816, when in its constitution it declared its object to be the circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment, and engaged that the only Bibles in the English language, circulated under its authority, should be those of the commonly received English Version. In 1823 its managers made the following statement in their Annual Report:—

'They earnestly wish always to remember, and that their coadjutors may always remember, the sole object of the Bible Society, and be ever and deeply sensible of the results which their labours may be expected to produce under the Divine blessing. The sole object is to promote a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment. This is the avowed design, and there is no room for deception in this case, or for schemes different from the declared purpose.'

Thus far all appeared to promise well. True, the Bibles of the American Bible Society differed in certain accessories from the Authorized English Version. The Society had struck from the title-page the words, 'Appointed to be read in churches.' It had omitted the dedication to King James, and—in common with too many English Bibles—it had also omitted the translators' preface. Thus it had left the reader in the dark as to the history and origin of the Version, and the part taken in it by the Church of England. But the headings of the chapters were retained; the punctuation, capitals, italics, and other particulars generally coincided with those of the best editions then published in England, and, on the whole, the Protestant bodies of America had reason to be thankful that they were presented with a correct Bible at a moderate price.

But in the year 1852, the 'Committee of Versions' of the Bible Society published a new standard Bible, containing about twenty-four thousand alterations in the text and punctuation, besides important changes in the accessories. The Committee stated officially that they had made alterations in the text of the

[1] In the British and Foreign Bible Society there is a great preponderance of Church influence. While the character of that Society is derived in a great measure from such of the Bishops, clergy, and laity of the Church as take part in it, *one-half* of the managers are Churchmen, the various Dissenting denominations being forced to content themselves with dividing the other half between them. The British Society prints no English Bibles, but circulates those of the University presses and of the Queen's printer; it is therefore infinitely better secured in this respect than the American Society. (See postscript to Dr. Coxe's pamphlet on Mixed Societies.)

common English Bible in *nine* particulars; viz. in words, in orthography, in proper names, in compound words, in capital letters, in words in italics, in punctuation, in parentheses, and in brackets. They added that they had also made alterations in five *accessories;* viz. in the contents of the chapters, in the running heads of columns, in the marginal readings, in the marginal references, and in chronology. The new standard Bible was at once extolled as the most perfect Bible extant; splendid copies of it were sent to Queen Victoria, to all the crowned heads in Europe, and to the President of the United States. During the six following years hundreds of thousands of this new edition were circulated in every part of North America, the people believing them to be the same Bible which alone the Society had engaged to circulate by its constitution of 1816.

But by degrees American Christians began to perceive that the Bible Society was treading on dangerous ground, and that the establishment of the new standard involved a principle which could not fairly be conceded. The question was whether the Bible Society had authority to undertake not only the printing and circulation of the ordinary English version, but the revision of the text and the alteration of the accessories, at its pleasure.[1] If these had been avowed as objects of the Bible Society at the time of its first organization, the enterprise would have been swamped at once. To undertake them after nearly forty years, as if they were included in the original '*sole* object of the Society,' seemed like undertaking them on false pretences. Had the changes been the result of a mere *collation* of copies, no one could have justly complained. But as soon as the Committee introduced changes not found in any previous edition, a new principle was introduced, which it became all thoughtful persons to resist. The danger was the greater, since, from its immense wealth and influence, the Bible Society was enabled virtually to set up a standard for all private publishers. In fact, it had already been announced that 'private publishers were engaged in correcting their various 'editions in conformity with this established and acknowledged 'standard.'

The alarm appears to have been first sounded with effect by the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman, resident in Baltimore, and favourably known in this country by his 'Christian Ballads,' and his 'Impressions of England!' The appearance of his 'Apology for the Common English Bible' brought the matter prominently before the American public. Dr. Coxe showed that some of the alterations in

[1] See *New York Church Journal*, 1857, p. 156.

punctuation materially changed the sense; as when, in Rev. xiii. 8, 'The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world,' was so altered by putting a comma after 'slain' that the words 'from the foundation of the world' no longer referred to the Lamb, but to the names of His followers. So also in regard to capitals. The word 'Spirit,' printed with a capital, had indicated the Third Person in the Trinity, but when the initial letter was now printed small, the word itself might mean something else. The headings of chapters had been so modified as to put Christ and the Church wholly out of the Old Testament. For instance, in the third chapter of Canticles, the former heading was: 'The Church's fight and victory in temptation. The Church glorieth in Christ.' This was changed to: 'The bride's despondency. The splendour of the beloved.' In the headings of the prophetical chapters, 'Zion' was substituted for 'The Church.'

'Even in the New Testament,' says Dr. Coxe, 'the old familiar phrases *Christ's passion, Christ's resurrection*, and the like, running along the top of the page, and clustering over the heads of chapters, are generally struck out. We have instead, *Jesus is crucified, The resurrection of Jesus.* The Jews always speak of our Saviour as "Jesus of Nazareth," but it was a law of theirs, that if any man did confess that He was Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue. I am sorry to see this law so profoundly reverenced in the Society's Gospel. I conceive that the actual changes introduced by the Society are almost as evil as any change could be, proceeding from good men with honest intentions. They consist not in here and there an emendation, but in a vast system of alteration, and of thorough substitution, characterized, from first to last, by a debased orthodoxy, rationalistic tendencies, and a general aversion to the evangelical and primitive modes of thought which characterize the old Bible.'

The *New York Church Journal*, the *Philadelphia Episcopal Recorder*, the *Southern Churchman*, and other papers, now uttered loud complaints. The Bishops of Massachusetts and Virginia publicly expressed their disapprobation. The Bishop of Pennsylvania, in condemning the course of the Society, wrote as follows:—

'We are not of those who would deprecate in advance, and denounce *all* revision of the English Bible. The time may come when, without damage to its matchless dignity and beauty, and to the venerable associations that surround it, a few amendments may be made, by the universal consent of those who name the name of Christ, and on authority which few would question. Till then, let text, punctuation, capitals, and headings, stand as they have stood for more than two hundred years; and wherever one speaking our tongue may go, over the globe, let him have the consoling assurance that when he finds what is called King James's Bible, he finds one and the same book. We much doubt whether American Christians are prepared to renounce the standard which has obtained, on both sides of the Atlantic, for two centuries, and to accept the American Bible Society as the only authorized editor and expounder of Holy Writ.'

The Bishop's doubts proved to be well founded. Throughout the Episcopal Church the disapprobation of the new text became very general. The Convention of the Diocese of Kentucky, for instance, resolved that,—

'Whereas the immense funds of the American Bible Society enable it to overcome all private competition in the printing and sale of the Bible, this Convention regard with pain, mortification, and fear, the action of the managers of the said Society in altering the English version of the Bible in many and important particulars, and that it be recommended to the ministers and members of the Church in this diocese to withhold all contributions from the said Society, until this unauthorized edition of the Bible is withdrawn from circulation, and to avoid the purchase or circulation of the altered editions of the Bible issued by the said Society.'

The opposition of Churchmen would, however, have been of little avail if unsupported by leading members of the 'denominations' principally engaged in the Bible Society. When, however, the General Assembly of the (old school) Presbyterians joined in the opposition; when the scheme was denounced in the columns of the *Princeton* (*Presbyterian*) *Review*, when eminent non-Episcopalians, like Drs. Breckenridge and Hodges, united in the assault, and when other sects besides Presbyterians took part in the movement, it began to be perceived that the new standard was doomed. Dr. Breckenridge wrote as follows, in October, 1857, with respect to the changes:—

'I am bold to say, that, if all this had been done with regard to the works of Milton or Shakespeare, it would have been considered an unprecedented act of literary folly, arrogance, and bad faith. Can it be conceived to be possible that the Christian public will endure it when it is perpetrated on a version of the Sacred Scriptures which has given fixedness to the noblest language and literature on earth, which is the highest bond between the greatest nations in the world, and which is the power of God unto salvation to the most numerous and devoted portion of the followers of the Lamb? Surely this cannot be, this entire procedure, from beginning to end, has been wholly gratuitous, unwarranted, and intolerable. The Bible Society has no authority, no call, no need, no fitness for any such work. The whole affair is a most cruel mistake, which ought to have been corrected the moment it was observed. To persist in it will be a most flagrant outrage, incapable of defence in morals, and capable of a redress, both through public sentiment and at law, fatal to the Society.'

The 'Committee of Versions' could not stand against such thunders, and its six members resigned their office. The resignations were accepted by the Board of Managers, who declined to allow a protest of the Committee to be entered on their minutes. Early in 1858, after six years' circulation of the altered standard, the Board of Managers, at an immense sacrifice of the property of the Society, *abolished their whole work, and re-established the very edition in which it had been declared that twenty-four thousand inaccuracies had been detected.*

At the present time, with the exception of the omission of the dedication, the Standard Bible of the American Society differs in few, if any, material points from the Oxford medium quarto edition.

But let it not be supposed that the standard continues safe in the hands of the Bible Society.

'The late experiment of the Society in tampering with the version,' says Dr. Coxe,[1] 'has indeed been rebuked; but the Society itself derives no credit from the fact, for the evil had gone on for years, and grown into a thing of fearful magnitude, without one word of alarm or anxiety on the part of a single one of its officers and members. It now appears that by one of its by-laws it had actually made ground for future *notes* as well as for the altered headings: and many things portend that its present retreat from the extraordinary position it had ventured to take is only for the moment. It is a tremendous engine, and a *fickle popular opinion is shown to be its only controlling power.* That which has forced it to behave well to-day, will force it as easily to behave ill to-morrow. Who can trust it after this? Let it work out its own destiny, and may God overrule it for good; but surely our duty to His Holy Word cannot lead us to confide in an agent so irresponsible and capricious.'

We have now seen that in America there neither is nor can be a system of revising the Scriptures authorized and fixed by the law of the land. We have seen that in the absence of such a system the Bibles printed in America became full of inaccuracies more or less important in their character. We have seen that the American Episcopal Church has put forth efforts to secure a correct standard for the use of its own members, but that the good effects of these efforts can extend to but a small portion of the copies printed in America. We have seen that the American Bible Society has succeeded for a time in setting up a new standard, constructed on a dangerous principle. We have seen that by the efforts of a few leading individuals, rather than by the effect of public opinion, the Society was driven to retrace its steps. We have finally seen that the Society in question cannot safely be trusted in future; and that the American people remain destitute of any system of revision which will ensure the accuracy of the sacred text.

At present we have in England a system which works well and secures us in the possession of accurate and well printed Bibles. These Bibles are in great demand even in America, where Dr. Coxe assures us that, after paying freight and duty, they may be bought as cheaply as similar ones of native manufacture. They may indeed be bought *more* cheaply, when the paper, type, binding, and general appearance are taken into consideration. At home, they are furnished to our poor at prices so low that the cost cannot be a matter of serious consideration to any who really desire to profit by God's Holy Word.

[1] Mixed Societies in Principles and Practice, p. 58.

It is proposed that this system should be allowed to expire, and that free trade in Bibles should be established in its room. In that event we might soon realize the state of things described by the Committee of the American General Convention in 1853. The publication of the Bible being 'at every man's option,' 'too many editions' might be found, 'crowded with 'typographical errors, and faulty in numerous other not unim-'portant respects.' Bible Societies among ourselves might be tempted to tamper with the 'accessories' of the text, and to introduce neological or sectarian comments, under the form of 'headings,' italics, capitals, and punctuation. Congregational, Baptist, and Unitarian printers might insinuate alterations akin to that detected by the General Convention of 1817. It would, of course, under such circumstances, be the duty of the Convocation of the province of Canterbury to follow the example of the General Convention, and, as the guardian of a Church-work, to appoint a board of revisers, in order that no change might be effected in that book which we not only value in our closets and in our families, but which our clergy are bound to read publicly in our churches.[1] Yet we do not see how this duty could be effectually discharged by Convocation in its present disabled and fettered condition. It might, indeed, be hoped that in England, with our greater veneration for the works of past ages, attempts similar to those of the American Bible Society would be resisted as energetically as in the United States. It might be expected that the authorities of the Church, of the Universities, and of some of the dissenting bodies, would raise their voices against a change as loudly as did the reverend Doctors Coxe and Breckenridge, the Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the Convention of Kentucky.

But admitting all this, we submit that no good reason has been shown for adopting a course which would afford great temptation to the lovers of change, and which would expose us to the danger of angry controversies, bickerings, and recriminations similar to those which have been aroused by this question on the western side of the Atlantic. For the present, notwithstanding our sad divisions, we are happily agreed, as a nation, in receiving one version, which, though doubtless not absolutely perfect, is unquestionably possessed of excellences of the highest character. One who, alas! has left us for the Church of Rome, thus speaks of the uncommon beauty of the English Bible:[2]—

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[1] Convocation has acted already in this respect. It complained of various typographical and orthographical errors in the original edition of 1611, and solicited the royal interference. This complaint no doubt had its weight when the revision by Dr. Blayney was authorized in 1769.

[1] *Dublin Review.*

'It lives on the ear like music which cannot be forgotten. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the gifts and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of the English Bible. It is his sacred thing, *which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy has never soiled.* In the length and breadth of this land, there is not a Protestant, with one spark of righteousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.'

In conclusion, then, we would express our earnest hope that no steps may be taken endangering in any degree the generally-received text, until the time arrives when a revised version shall be set forth by sufficient ecclesiastical authority. At present we have the certainty of which Americans in general are destitute, and which many of them would gladly possess. Whatever may be said in favour of monopoly, or, on the other hand, whatever Mr. Baines may think of 'that crowning blessing, a free and unfettered Bible,' American experience seems to establish at least this, that the system of unrestricted publication conduces neither to the accuracy nor to the cheapness of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures.

ART. V.—1. *Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times.* By H. E. CARDINAL WISEMAN. 8vo. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1858.

2.—*La Question Romaine*, par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles: 1859.

3.—*My Recollections of the Last Four Popes, and of Rome in their Times. An Answer to Dr. Wiseman.* By ALESSANDRO GAVAZZI. 8vo. London: Partridge & Co.

'ROME is the only city in the world where one has never seen 'everything.' So speaks M. About, a caustic and unenthusiastic Frenchman; and so will every one allow who has ever been there. As the traveller along the Via Appia crosses the arid plain, spanned at broken intervals by the colossal stride of the gaunt aqueduct of the ancient Romans, and catches his first sight of the huge dome of St. Peter's, rising clear and full against the brilliant sky, he begins already to feel the strange fascination which Rome exercises over all who approach her. This feeling is one which grows upon him every day. In exploring the piazzas and narrow tortuous streets, he lights at every turn on some fountain or obelisk, the relic of classical or mediæval times. Again and again he revisits the 'finest 'Christian Temple in the world,' and while treading its imperishable Mosaic floor, and breathing its soft fragrant atmosphere, feels himself each time more and more impressed with the sense of its vastness and magnificence. When he gazes from the Pincian Hill, or the Pope's Terrace, to take a last look at the innumerable cupolas and obelisks bathed in the soft violet hues of an Italian evening, he feels how hard it is to leave such a city, and how impossible to break the many ties which bind him to it.

In these days a journey to Rome is no longer a difficult matter. To those who do not object to thirty-six hours or so of sea-passage, from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia—(and the steamers of the Messageries Imperiales make the voyage far from disagreeable, except to the victims of sea-sickness)—Rome is now within a very few days of London. The eternal city is still the bourne of pilgrimages to multitudes even of those who are unactuated by any feeling of reverence for the Papal chair. At Rome are still to be met, as in past ages, the representatives of every country, and of every section of society. A crowd of sightseers in Rome presents a panorama of the varied phases of human existence. Among the dense masses that are compressed into St. Peter's on some grand occasion, to witness, either in curiosity or devotion, the performance of some gorgeous cere-

mony, it is interesting to look round on the strangely miscellaneous character of the crowd; to see the fair, bright complexion of travellers from the British Isles, side by side with the sallow cheeks of the natives of Southern Europe, or the duskier skin of some Oriental race; to hear the whispered compliment, or the ordinary phrases of conversation quickly succeeding the attention demanded by the celebration of some solemn rite; to think how for one cause or another, by inducements so widely different, the individuals composing that motley assemblage are drawn from their distant homes to one peculiar spot of earth; and to remember that in almost every period of European history, this one and the same city under many changing forms, the city of Scipios, Cæsars, Pontiffs, has retained an irresistible hold on the destinies of the world.

Let us try to analyse more closely the various aspects of Rome, which render the place so attractive to travellers of so many different sorts. Some of course, and not a very few, are chiefly allured by the brightness of the Roman climate, and the gaieties of a Roman winter. The daily drive or promenade on the Pincian or along the Corso; the flirtations of balls and conversaziones; all this is only life in London or Paris, with the novelty of fresh accompaniments: it is the same picture in a new frame. Sojourners in Rome of this description might as well be anywhere else all the time. Artists and lovers of art are attracted by the rich treasures of the galleries and museums; the student of history, by the associations of its palaces and columns; the classical scholar by its rare manuscripts and inexhaustible antiquities. But there is one aspect of Rome which gathers to itself, irrespectively of personal or professional bias, the attention of every thoughtful mind. We mean, of course, its religious aspect; its churches and catacombs. If in the present unhappily divided state of Christendom, the former cannot but be regarded with very mixed feelings of sympathy and repugnance, by those who do not belong to the Roman part of the Church Catholic, at any rate all Christian sympathies of every communion may meet unreservedly in the catacombs. There, in the memorials of martyrs and confessors, we may investigate and cherish the traces of the christian faith, as it was in earliest and holiest days; before the streams that issue from one common source had become less pure by contact with the earth, and before they had tracked for themselves diverging, and in some degree, antagonistic courses.

These and similar causes may account in part for the great number of foreigners that resort every year to Rome. But the interest of Rome does not reside only in works of art, or in monuments of the past; there is a living interest as well. The

dark flowing robes of the ecclesiastics, and the picturesque capes and cloaks of the religious orders, which arrest the notice of the most careless sightseer, by their continued recurrence, sometimes in long procession, sometimes in scattered groups of two and three, in the streets of Rome, are phenomena not simply curious to the eye, but suggestive of grave consideration; they are indications of life and power; of life, it may be, not now in its full vigour, and of power ebbing away, still of a real living agency at work, the presence and operation of which cannot be denied. Rome is the centre of the world to all the myriads who believe in the Papal supremacy. From Rome her emissaries issue to every region of the world to extend and consolidate the limits of the Roman obedience; to bring mankind, as they conceive, within the pale of salvation. To Rome they repair from time to time to render their account of the responsibilities of the commission which she has entrusted to them. It is not intended now to discuss the great doctrinal question of the Pope's supremacy, which lies at the root of the separation between the Roman and other branches of the Church, nor any of the other points of difference in doctrine and practice. But there is another question, which may appear at first sight closely connected with the theological one, which is, in fact, essentially independent of it, though accidentally affecting it in no slight degree—the 'Roman Question,' as M. About styles it; the question of the Pope's temporal power, of his dominion over the States of the Church; a question, which, in the present conjuncture of European affairs, calls urgently for a solution. In attempting to arrive at a conclusion on this point, some assistance may be gained from the books above mentioned, by comparing the conflicting testimony of those who defend, and those who impugn the present state of things in Rome and the Legations.

It is difficult to classify Cardinal Wiseman's fat nondescript book. It is 'not a history,' as he admits in his preface, 'not a 'series of biographies;' 'not a journal;' not what are called 'me-'moirs.' But it is not difficult, even before reading, to anticipate its character. The readers of Fabiola will be prepared for a style wordy, turgid, and ungraceful, yet not deficient in power of an unwieldy sort; for trite quotations not always happily applied, and for a good deal of not unamiable egotism. Indeed, the impression of the Cardinal, which any one would derive from his literary works, is very unlike the ideal of a Bonner or a Hildebrand, such as impassioned declaimers against the Papal aggression have represented him. On the contrary, unless the author and the archbishop are very different, he is a good-natured easy-going man, with more application than genius,

well satisfied with his own part in the performance, and disposed to make the best of things around him; one of those who have the knack of rising in the world. He looks back sympathisingly on 'the Carnival in the good old times,' before its feasting and sports had been curtailed by authority; and the task of '*collating* MSS.' calls up in his mind the more pleasing idea of a '*collation*' of a more refreshing and satisfying kind. His book abounds in anecdotes, but they are generally deficient in point; and in many cases seem only to serve as an excuse for introducing the mention of his own acquaintance with some person of rank. But those who expect racy and highly-flavoured gossip from his *personal* recollections of the four popes, must be disappointed. He is too discreet and complaisant a narrator to reveal much of their inner life. Nor, on the other hand, does he give much information on social or political subjects. What there is of private or public matters in his pages, is tinted by a pervading 'couleur de rose.' Each Pope in his turn, of course, is honoured with a proper share of compliments; but even persons of far lower degree, or standing in a less friendly relation to the writer, have their share too in the general panegyric. From Queen Victoria, and the French Emperor, from Consalvi and Pacca, down even to the 'active Sanpietrini, and 'the splendid noble guard' of the Pope, and the 'bearers of the canopy,' walking symmetrically and unflinchingly under their heavy burden, to every one is portioned out, and with a liberal hand, their respective eulogy. In a word, one might fancy oneself all the time perusing the columns of the *Morning Post*, or the *Court Circular*. There is the same profusion of common-place compliments; the same tone of indiscriminating deference for all great personages. In one instance this complaisance betrays the author into an amusing dilemma. In speaking of the first Napoleon's quarrel with Pio VII., he seems at a loss how to hold the balance between the colliding claims on his respect of two such men; the one the head of his Church, and his own earliest patron; the other the maker and deposer of kings; and, which is of more moment just now, the uncle and predecessor of one who has great power of serving the cause which the Cardinal maintains, and who has hitherto shown himself not unwilling to exercise his power for that purpose.

We have already spoken of Wiseman's style as awkward and grandiloquent. Without doubt some allowance must be made for a writer, so much of whose time is engaged in other occupations, and has been passed among un-English associations. Still, it would not be right to overlook such flagrant blemishes of style, and, it must be added, downright violations of the English language, as occur in his pages. Some of the sentences

are not merely long-winded and involved, but, to say the least, barely grammatical. When a writer in the eminent position of Dr. Wiseman uses such phrases as a 'stark and strong Providence,' and 'the personal fit of a sepulchre,' (to select only a few of many similar solecisms,) and applies to a boat under water the words 'toppled over and clean dissolved,' it is necessary to protest against such breaches of good taste, especially at a time when a 'spasmodic' style of writing and ungainly affectation of originality in the use (or rather the abuse) of words, threaten to corrupt the simplicity and purity of the English tongue.

Still, in spite of these drawbacks, those who are interested in Rome may pass some hours pleasantly enough among Dr. Wiseman's Recollections, which may serve, at the very least, to recall to mind their own recollections of sunny days of travelling in Italy. As an authority on the 'Roman Question,' his book cannot have much weight, except with such readers as have already prejudged the case, and only seek arguments for a foregone conclusion. We are not accusing him of intentional misrepresentation; on the contrary, even his unscrupulous assailant, the notorious Gavazzi, in his intemperate and scurrilous parody on 'The Four Popes,' fails in convicting him of any important misstatement. But, in truth, there are very few facts of any importance in Wiseman's book; and the tone throughout is that of a plausible advocate trying to make the best of a slender case. He claims the credit due to an eye-witness; but what he has to relate in favour of his own view amounts to almost nothing; and the undeniable bias of partizanship precludes the evidence of even an eye-witness from being received except with considerable abatement. Under the unruffled complacency with which he evidently wishes to regard the existing state of things, may be detected at times a latent uneasy consciousness of the régime, which he defends, being hollow and unsound at the core; even from his own lips escape some ugly admissions in favour of his opponents. He is compelled to allow the existence of discontent and revolutionary tendencies (p. 98). Again, in trying to excuse the disgraceful system, as it may be called, of brigandage in some parts of the Papal territories, he is necessitated to resort to special pleading of the most transparent kind. It is idle to explain away an evil so monstrous, and yet, as was proved during the French occupation, one not irradicable by a strong government, as the result of the influences of mountainous scenery, or the excitable temperament of the inhabitants. Again, in his account of the manner in which the election of a Pope is conducted, it is apparent how tenderly and warily he treads on ground so dangerous, as unable to disguise even from himself the secular considerations and low selfish motives by

which the conclave is swayed—now by the jealousies of the great Roman Catholic powers, now by the well-known preference of the electors, as in the case of Leo XII. whom Wiseman describes as almost '*moribund*' at the time, for the one of their number who seems least likely to stand long in the way of their own respective pretensions.

But the strongest points in the book against its author's case are the very instances which he brings forward for especial commendation of good effected by the government. Let us see what they amount to. We are gravely told, for example, that Leo XII. distinguished his Pontificate by an ordinance forbidding the osterias to retail their Vino di paese 'to be drunk 'on the premises;' and by a still more momentous edict, effecting a new arrangement of the ladies' 'seats in the Sistine 'chapel.' We are told, with the same impressive solemnity, that Gregory XVI. established an insurance company, and made several highly laudable additions to the galleries of art. It is really like Swift's 'Memoirs of a Parish Clerk,' or the beadle in 'Oliver Twist' recounting his achievements; or, the 'vacuis ædilis Ulubris' in Horace, with his limited jurisdiction over pots and pans, and weights and measures. Surely a strong and judicious government would have a better answer to make to its challengers than this. It is not the fault of the men, but of the system. 'The Four last Popes,' if we may trust Dr. Wiseman, were, to say the least, good average specimens of their order, attentive to business, sensible of the responsibilities of their power. If they had not the abilities of a Julius or a Leo, they were at all events, unless we give any credence to the railings of a writer like Gavazzi, innocent of the gross luxury and profligacy of some of their mediæval predecessors—kindly, well-intentioned, decorous, respectable men. They would have been more in place as heads of colleges than as rulers of the state. One would have been a learned Canonist, another a benign and estimable Professor, another a diligent Curator of Museums. Even Dr. Wiseman himself cannot say much for the results of their administration. It is obvious that the daily training, and other antecedents of a Pope, as we gather them from his Recollections of the Four last, are not such as are likely to produce good rulers in temporal affairs. We can easily believe what we are so often told by him, of their gracious urbanity in his interviews with them, and venerable deportment during the performance of their 'functions,' but something else is requisite for the adequate discharge of their responsibilities as heads of the state. Nor is it any answer to *this*, that the government is really administered by the Cardinal Secretary for the time being. He is trained in the same school,

and affected by the same influences as the Pope himself. The system is one of Clerical Government, and as such it must stand or fall.

On the whole, the impression left on a candid and impartial mind by Dr. Wiseman's descriptions is one of dull stagnation, of inertness and inefficiency; of antiquated prejudices, of short-sighted and narrow-minded policy; in short, of senile imbecility and servile obstinacy in the Government of Rome. We look in vain for any indications of life and progress. Even literature and science seem stifled in the heavy atmosphere of repression and surveillance. Mai and Mezzofanti are names illustrious in their respective specialties; but they stand alone, nor can even they be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. For Mai's ingenious and laborious discoveries of palimpsest MSS., and Mezzofanti's extraordinary gift of conversing in many languages, are no proofs of intellectual progress. The study of theology, and that of the dead languages of Greece and Rome, are those which might be expected to flourish at Rome, even in the dearth of other studies; but even these seem, by their stunted and twisted growth, to betray the depressing influence of the place. The theology is still merely that of the schoolmen; the classical scholarship is of the old contracted and pedantic sort. We read of elaborate 'theses' and 'disputations,' after the manner of the schoolmen, on subjects more recondite than interesting; of Cardinals versed in lapidary inscriptions, and skilful in 'devolving a rounded period,' or in pointing an epigrammatic antithesis in Ciceronian Latin; of one Cancellieri, who wrote learned treatises 'on the head physicians of the Popes,' 'on the country houses of the Popes' 'on the bite of the tarantula,' &c.; but we find no sympathy with the profound and comprehensive philology which in other countries lends its aid to the researches of history and philosophy. We shall have occasion presently to remark on the utter impotency of all this coercion and restriction to exclude the knowledge of evil. At present it is enough to observe that Dr. Wiseman fails to leave a favourable impression even of the state of literature in Rome. In every point of view, intellectually as well as socially and politically, Rome appears, on his own showing, to be far behind other European states under its present régime, and without the likelihood of progress or development.

If this be the impression left by a writer so zealous for his cause as Dr. Wiseman, we may expect to find our suspicions realised by the writers on the other side. But we need not waste much time on a book like Gavazzi's. It is unworthy of consideration. Most persons are familiar enough with his name and reputation to know how much value can be attached to his

testimony on this subject. Those, to whom his name is not so familiar, will be satisfied by reading a very few pages of his book without caring to read more. From beginning to end it is, as might be anticipated, a violent and sweeping invective; a long, confused, rambling tirade against the Papal system. He declares loudly against the 'Satraps of the Vatican,' as if the (generally speaking) inoffensive old men who wear the red hat of the Cardinalate were nothing less than monsters in the shape of men; and rails at their pomp and luxury, as if the tawdry lumbering carriages in which they ride about were marks of wealth, instead of being, as they are, handed down from one generation to another, ricketty and battered like the government to which they belong. He delights in the coarse insinuation of charges, which, if made at all, ought to be substantiated by solid proof, not paraded in a tone of revolting buffoonery. His bitter animosity against Wiseman and the Popes, and in particular against Gregory XVI., towards whom his deadly resentment can only be accounted for on personal grounds, breathes its venom into every line: and the thoroughgoing unfairness into which it leads him may be estimated from the fact, that he will not allow to these recent Popes even the merit, which belongs to them, of having attended well to the preservation and improvement of the museums. The style of the book corresponds with its contents. It is simply what is usually called 'Billingsgate oratory,' and that of a very tedious kind. Let us pass on to a writer, whose remarks deserve far more consideration.

If it be objected to what has been said, that Wiseman's book refers to a bygone state of things, subsequently reformed by Pio IX., M. About supplies the answer. He declares explicitly that the celebrated Rescript of Pio IX. has been nugatory; and that the clerical régime still remains intact, with the exception of a few laymen being now admitted to clerkships and other offices of a subordinate kind; and he maintains, not unreasonably, that it cannot be otherwise so long as a Pope remains at the head of affairs. He speaks as one entitled to a hearing, both from his intimate acquaintance with Rome, and from his unquestionable acuteness and ability. Certainly some caution is necessary in accepting the dicta of a writer, who commences his book by a formal bow of the most distant civility to the faith in which he professes himself a believer; whose tone is that of a free thinker, not on Roman politics only, but on holier things also; and who sneers politely at the notion of wedded happiness and domestic purity. His style of writing, too, so *smart*, so pointed and epigrammatic, is one peculiarly exposed, especially in a Frenchman, to the temptation of brilliant falla-

cies. His pungent sayings, and terse racy anecdotes, nay, even his keen and trenchant logic are just what too often betray a writer into inaccuracy and exaggeration. For example, he calls the Roman priesthood 'a caste;' the very thing which it is not, and cannot be by the nature of things so long as the vow of celibacy prevails. But M. About knows well, that the 'mot' will find favour with the multitude; it serves to give point and spirit to his argument; it is too good a hit to be thrown away. Many, if not most of his objections to the Papal Government, are not new; they are merely old objections expressed with a clearness and cogency which give them an air of novelty. Still, with due allowance for these provisos, he well deserves a hearing. Let us listen to the opinion of an observer so penetrating and clearheaded, and so thoroughly a man of the world as well as a man of letters.

M. About adds his testimony to that of many other travellers, or rather of all excepting a very few bigoted Roman Catholics, to the effect that the Roman states are miserably misgoverned; and he insists on the fact that those parts which lie nearest to the seat of government are in the worst condition of all. The taxes are very heavy, not if compared in actual amount with those of wealthy countries like England and France, but, which is the real criterion, in proportion to the wretched resources of the tax-payers. By the arbitrary disbursements of the revenue, a door is opened to every form of waste and peculation. Of course agriculture and trade cannot be expected to thrive under the pressure of such taxation, and obstructed as they are by monopolies and other vexatious hindrances. The life is crushed out of them. In spite of having two such advantageous ports as Ancona and Civita Vecchia, commerce can hardly be said to exist at all; and the natural fertility of the soil avails nothing, while the farmer has to contend with every kind of heavy discouragement both from his landlord and the state. The wines, for instance, of modern Italy, hardly seem worthy of bearing the names so highly praised in the days of Horace. The Campagna, once so fertile, is now by long neglect unproductive and pestilential. The malaria from it is gradually extending its deadly sway more and more widely every year. But it may be urged, that the happiness of a people cannot be measured by material prosperity; that moral and physical well-being may coexist with impoverished finances; that peace and contentment, tranquillity and order, are far better than any abundance of railways and manufactures. But we find none of these blessings to compensate for the want of modern civilization in the Roman states. On the contrary, we find disaffection and lawlessness, crimes of violence and sensuality. Their social

condition is deplorable. The nobles and gentry M. About describes as idle and illiterate. What else can be hoped for of them, subjected in youth to a narrow and cramping education, and debarred in manhood from the responsibilities and distinctions of public life? Any one who has ever seen the pale students of the Roman colleges walking two and two in the streets of Rome, and has contrasted their effeminate and mummy-like appearance with the manly bearing of the young men at the great English Universities, will be disposed to agree with M. About on this point.

The middle classes, the 'mezzo ceto,' instead of forming a connecting link between those above them and those below, are dissociated by an impassable barrier from all sympathy with their superiors. The peasantry, numbers of whom may be seen flocking to the towns on great festivals, half-clad in their squalid goatskins, are, according to his account, poor, ignorant, brutish. The same class in the towns are either disaffected to the government or only bribed into acquiescence by the old largess of 'Panem et Circenses;' by the same shallow and shortsighted policy which encourages them to rely on the alms of charitable persons, or a 'lucky' ticket in the pontifical lottery, rather than in their own exertions and honest industry. Justice is so feebly administered, as to be a laughing-stock instead of a terror to evildoers. The army is so disparaged and discountenanced, as to offer no inducement, except to the refuse of society, to enter its ranks. On the whole, it is scarcely possible to conceive any European country in this nineteenth century in so truly forlorn and degraded a condition, both morally and materially, as M. About, and with only too much appearance of truth, describes that of the Roman States to be at the present time.

The Papal Government cannot even plead against this grave indictment, that it does succeed in effecting the one result, which it deems of paramount importance. In the attempt to secure orthodoxy and morality, and to exclude from its dominions the taint of heresy and infidelity, it fails egregiously. It has always been so, wherever coercion over the conscience has been tried; and so it must be while the world lasts; but Popes and Cardinals are slow to learn even from experience.

It is impossible to force men to believe. A belief so created is not belief. No amount of legislative prohibition, no system however inquisitorial of douanes and espionage, can impede the free growth and interchange of thought and opinion, or stop the way against the subtle entrance of even the most pernicious errors. The evil is impalpable and ubiquitous as the air that we breathe. It cannot be so dealt with. It can never be

counteracted by a process which aims not at assimilating to itself but at destroying every element of life. Such a policy is like that of the ancient conquerors, of whom it was said, 'solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.' It may deaden the faculties in an unnatural lethargy; it may succeed in checking for a time the expression of opinion; but the stream flows on all the deeper and stronger beneath the smooth treacherous surface, and some day the pent up volume of waters will burst its barriers and sweep all things headlong before it. The gradual decay of faith and reverence in Rome is a fact patent even to the passing traveller. The most cursory glance at the crowds on the steps of the Ara Cœli and in the piazza below to see the exhibition of the San Bambino, may observe year after year more of curiosity for the spectacle and less of reverence for the sacred meaning of what they see. Persons really conversant with the different grades of Roman society agree with M. About that a spirit of scepticism is spreading more and more among high and low. If it were true that the Papal States present a bright example, though not of material greatness yet of morality and religion, then a great argument would be established for the anomaly of government by ecclesiastics. But the Roman states under this government are a scandal and a blot on the map of Europe. The thousands who dwell within their pale are of course the chief sufferers. The evil is reflected from them over the other countries of Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that the see of S. Peter and S. Paul is a hotbed of infidelity, and that its misgovernment gives an occasion of triumph to the enemies of the Christian faith all over the world.

But there still remains one plea in defence of the present state of things to be considered. The interests of the small territory under papal rule are quite secondary, it is argued by Roman Catholics, to those of the Church at large. It is indispensable at any cost that the head of the Church should be independent of extraneous influences. It would never do for him to be the subject of any temporal power. In order to be perfectly free, he must have a territory of his own. In this way they often argue. It might be objected to such a train of reasoning, that the conclusion tends strongly to invalidate the premises. If the existence of one supreme head of the Church cannot be maintained except by such misgovernment as that of which the Roman states are the victims, then, on this consideration alone, and, apart from other difficulties, we may well hesitate before accepting the papal supremacy as of Divine ordinance. But the argument fails in another respect. Those who so argue seem to overlook the fact that the very object for which they consent to sacrifice the welfare of a population

by no means inconsiderable is simply frustrated by any such arrangement. Real independence, as M. About well says, would be something very different from the Pope's present position. It is not independence, but a most uncomfortable posture of complete dependence to be 'sitting on French 'bayonets.' It is not independence to be compelled, as has so often happened in the history of the Popes, to resort to the intrigues and manœuvres of diplomacy in order to play off one 'protecting' power against another, at one time by seeming to incline towards Austria, at another time to France or Spain. It is not independence to be trammelled and encumbered by the cares of government, by the expediencies of state-craft, it may chance even by the fearful necessity of waging war. Real independence is to have little or nothing to gain or lose through others. The spiritual power and grandeur of the Papal See are compromised by its temporal relations. As a great spiritual potentate, the Pope may be independent of all earthly powers; as a petty temporal prince his position is and must be degrading and ridiculous.

M. About's remedy, so far as he prescribes one, would be to curtail the Pope's dominions, by taking away the Adriatic provinces. There is a well-known story of the Papal Legate at Bologna, saying, with an Italian shrug, in reply to some question about the popularity of the government which he represented, 'No one likes it except the Vice-Legate, and I am not 'sure of him;' and recent events have shown how gladly the Bolognese would welcome a change. So far it is easy enough to accept M. About's prescription. But why does he stop there? Why, after demonstrating so convincingly that the Papal Government is hardly worthy of being called a government at all, is he content with only narrowing the limits of it, instead of eradicating so incurable an evil? Probably the imperial influences which guide his pen have not yet sanctioned or encouraged so bold a proposal as the utter abolition of the Pope's temporal power. The profound and astute prince, in whose hands the destiny of Italy now mainly lies, may see other impediments in the way, besides the obvious danger of alarming and exasperating the '40,000 emissaries of Rome,' who are at work within his empire, and to whom M. About significantly alludes in one passage, and of provoking them to sound the 'drum ecclesiastic,' hitherto so obsequious in its tone, to notes of 'angry defiance.' For some such reason, most probably, M. About forbears to follow his argument to its legitimate conclusion. But those who regard the 'Roman Question,' not merely from a Napoleonic point of view, but with reference to the prospects of the whole of Christendom, may well ask, whether

something more than mere partition is not required by the exigency of the evils resulting from papal misrule. If these evils could be supposed to be only accidental to, and not radically inherent in the system; if there were any chance of improvement without a thorough change; then we might hesitate to assent to an idea so open, at first sight, to the accusation of being 'revolutionary,' forced upon the mind though it be by all our foregoing considerations. But the experience of history corroborates, what reason divines, that the confusion of temporal and spiritual authority, at any rate in the present advanced state of European civilization, is injurious in its consequences to both, as it is contrary to the analogies of Providence.

M. About rightly styles an ecclesiastical despotism 'the worst despotism in the world.' It is fatal alike to the rulers and to those who are ruled. For the former it is a distraction and a degradation, a situation full of peril, to have to turn from the duties of their high and holy calling to meddle with the administration of the affairs of this world; for the latter, the consequences are still worse; they are placed in a totally false position towards their spiritual guides. They fear and suspect the spiritual fathers whom they ought to reverence and love. They reject with impatience, when enforced by the strong hand of power, the dictates to which they would eagerly give attention, as the utterances of a voice from heaven. They resent the interference, and mistrust the motives, and harden themselves against the influence of an authority which endeavours to constrain instead of persuading, and to convince by force not by reason. The natural results are worldliness, ambition, luxury, and a forgetfulness of their celestial office among the clergy, thus exalted on the dizzy pinnacle of earthly greatness; and among their subjects, either the blind and slavish prostration of men, whose moral and spiritual life is paralyzed and torpid, or a spirit of restlessness and unbelieving rebellion against all ties and all authority, either human or divine.

Such a form of government may be, as Dr. Wiseman calls it, 'patriarchal,' or it may, though with less exactness, be compared to the Mosaic dispensation; but it would not be so easy to reconcile either the theory or the practice of it with the larger and more catholic spirit of Christianity. The startling disparity between the fishermen of Galilee and a modern pontiff is often commented on by controversialists, and sometimes, it must be confessed, with undue emphasis. For it stands to reason, that as time goes on, and circumstances assume new forms and combinations, a corresponding development is to be expected in the outward appearance of the

Church. For example, the Catacombs and the 'Upper Chamber' grow into stately fabrics; the wandering habits of a missionary bishop are changed in converted countries for a more settled and regular routine of work; the Church, in short, acquires a fixed and recognised position, and expands more and more elaborately her organization, and assumes the garb and attitude suited to her rank, as 'in, but not of,' the kingdoms of the world. All this may fairly be conceded. But these are developments not of principle but of details; they are modifications, not of the inner, but only of the outward and visible, life of the Church. To arrogate power and jurisdiction in mundane affairs is a novel principle, and at variance with the tenor of apostolic traditions. While Rome and the Roman States remain as they are, their state is repugnant to and incompatible with the words of Him, who made answer to one asking for His interposition as an arbitrator of earthly things, 'Who made me a judge or divider among you?' and, who taught his disciples, on another occasion, 'My kingdom is not of this world.'

In England the principle for which we are contending has become almost a truism. If not as yet universally admitted, it is at all events gaining ground every day, and extorting an assent even from those who are most reluctant. The theory of Church and State being identical has disproved itself. It may take the form of the grossest Erastianism in some minds. Theorists of the late Dr. Arnold's school may conceive an Utopian state in which is merged the distinct life and action of the Church. On the other hand, with the admirers of Laud, the State is degraded to be the mere creature and servant of the Church, tamely executing her mandates, and enforcing them, when necessary, with a strong arm. In either case the confusion is complete. It may be said, that very few persons, if any, among those who are capable of forming an opinion on such subjects, could be found now holding either of these theories in its integrity. But a dangerous tendency in the former direction still exists, and may be observed continually in practice among men of politics. By a strong reaction from the mediæval system, which we have described as prevailing in most exaggerated form at Rome in the present day, they are apt to regard the Church as merely an instrument in the hands of the State; as dependent on the State even for its very existence. That the life and functions of the Church on the one hand, and the State on the other, are essentially distinct, is a point which needs to be plainly asserted at the present time. The political consociation of men, which we call the State, in all its manifold arrangements, in its laws and usages, its sanctions and prohibitions and conventional requirements, is properly engaged about

their temporal affairs, and directs its aim at their temporal convenience and prosperity. The Church proposes to itself a still higher purpose; their happiness not in time only, but for eternity. The two objects to be attained are, as experience shows, really inseparable. These two great institutions, ordained by the wisdom of Providence, each for its own especial end, are evidently intended to work together and assist each other, and so they do in a healthy state of things. Their respective spheres of action, though each rounded and symmetrical in itself, intersect each other. Good morals, for example, are their common ground. Honesty, temperance, orderly and decent behaviour, are inculcated and enforced by both alike; by religion, as a part of duty, by policy, as calculated to promote the welfare of a nation; but even here we may see a difference. The State deals mainly with overt acts, religion mainly with motives and intentions. Again, it is plain that no man can be a good citizen, except so far as he shapes his course according to the teaching of religion, which is the real groundwork of all morality. Nor can any one be a faithful member of the Church, who neglects his duty to his family or his country, or who in any of the various transactions of life, from the greatest to the least, follows any other rule than the law of Heaven. Still, for all this, Church and State are really separate as soul and body, though like soul and body connected by the closest bonds of mutual dependence. As we have already seen how in Rome the Church is forsaking her appointed mission while claiming to wield temporal powers, so in this country there is often danger lest the civil government transgress its proper limits by presuming to regulate questions affecting the conscience and belief of the Church. If unhappily the Church in England has so far alienated from herself, by neglect and owing to other causes, the hearts of the people, that she can no longer be rightly called national, then, in the course of the next half-century, one of two results may be looked for: either the people will return in large and gradually increasing numbers within her fold—a possibility not altogether hopeless to her quickened energies—or the few remaining ties between her and the State will one by one be severed, and she must then resign the privileges and the vantage-ground which naturally belonged to her in her ages past, when Church and State were working in harmony actuated by one spirit, and numbering the same persons in their respective pales. Whenever the latter result shall arrive, the great gain of free and untrammelled action will be a compensation, we do not say whether an adequate or inadequate one, for whatever facilities accrue to her from her present position as national and established.

But it is time to return from thoughts of this favoured island to the less hopeful prospects of Italy. Of that lovely and unfortunate country, the prey of foreign aggression, enfeebled and exhausted by the still more fatal evils of internal degradation, who can prognosticate the future? Whether Italy be destined to lie prostrate under the 'iron heel' of Austria, or under the less galling, but not less real domination of French 'ideas;' whether the outlying kingdom of Sardinia will be able, like Macedon of old, to make Italy a mere appendage to Turin, or united Italy to assert her own nationality from sea to sea, the most far-seeing of European statesmen would be presumptuous to predict. The most enthusiastic friends of Italy cannot but feel how much is wanting, before she can be pronounced ready for self-government. Ingenious, versatile, quick-witted, and accomplished as Italians are, in all that pertains to art; nay, keen and profound as the Italian intellect proves itself to be, and enterprising their spirit, in affairs of state, still we look doubtingly and distrustfully for evidences of the moral solidity, the uprightness, and self-control, the deliberate and enduring energy, by which alone, as everybody shows, success can be achieved among nations as among individuals. The modern Italians have been called a nation of actors; their character has been described as '*having no backbone.*' One thing may safely be asserted. Whatever changes may be in store for Italy, it is impossible for Rome to remain much longer as it is. Nor will the removal of the unpopular Antonelli, nor the introduction of the Code Napoleon suffice, so long as the Government retains its *priestly* character. As there are scarcely laymen in Rome at present of sufficient experience to undertake the government, the change requires time. Rome, like the rest of Italy, has to learn the lesson of self-government. But sooner or later the great change which we have been contemplating must come. Many signs on the political horizon foreshow it. We have already given reasons for expecting it with hope, rather than with regrets or fears. It is not only, or even chiefly, for the sake of the Pope's wasted territory and misgoverned subjects, that we desire to see him relieved of his temporalities, but for still greater reasons. Whenever this shall happen, then one great obstacle will be removed to the reformation of the Roman Catholic Church, and a great step made towards the consequent reunion of Christendom. The obstinate persistence of that branch of the Church in those corruptions of the primitive faith which cause division and estrangement between it and the reformed branches is closely connected, as we have already remarked, with the condition of the Roman See. Rome is the centre of the Roman Catholic world: Rome is, as it were, the

heart, the pulsations of which are felt in every throb through every limb of her gigantic system; from Rome a tone and character is given to the half of Christendom. There is a passage in Dr. Wiseman's book strongly bearing on this point. He dwells on the fact, that what is called 'Ultramontanism' is encouraged and strengthened by the personal recollections which bind so many of the Roman Catholic clergy, even in foreign countries, to the city of Rome, and the occupant of the papal chair. It is easy to understand this; and to see how the spirit which perpetuates the errors and abuses of that Church has been engendered and fostered by the appetite for power and dominion of a secular kind. The compulsory vow of celibacy, demarcating the clergy from the laity, in order to bind them by new and closer ties to their own order; the compulsory exaction of private confession, subjecting the laity to the 'direction' of their priests; the narrow and jejune education, which Rome enjoins, reducing the mind to submission by a process of exhaustion and exinanition, these are the natural results of that ambitious and self-aggrandising spirit, which we find, though now in its decrepitude, in its coarsest embodiment under the shadow of the dome of S. Peter's. The Pope's secular power is the keystone in the arch; it rivets the structure of Romanistic innovations; if it were removed, they would be more likely to fall. Of course there would be many other difficulties to be surmounted before the great work of reformation could be feasible. But there would be some hope, to say the least, of the enormous pretensions of the Papal See to supremacy and infallibility being relinquished, when the bishop of Rome shall no longer be raised above the level of the other bishops of the Church by the accidents of temporal sovereignty; some chance of the restoration of primitive simplicity both of doctrine and practice throughout the many channels of the Roman communion, when the mass of corruption shall have been cleared away from the fountain-head. Rome itself, the city of Rome, the beautiful, the eternal city, would still retain its proud preeminence in the world, as the city of historical recollections, of æsthetical wonders; as the city of galleries, museums, libraries; of paintings and sculptures; of fountains, obelisks and ruins; of basilicas and catacombs, of cloudless skies and elastic atmosphere. It might be, not all this only, but a metropolis also of literature and philosophy. It would be all the more worthy of admiration and love, if disenthralled from the spell which now hangs over it, and regenerated to a new political existence.

ART. VI.—1. *The Monthly Record of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for the years* 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855. Four Vols. Longman and Co.

2. *The Mission Field for* 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859. Bell and Daldy.

3. *The Annual Report of the Church Missionary Society for the year* 1859. Messrs. Seeley.

4. *Buchanan's Christian Researches in Asia.*

WE cannot commence a second Article on the wants of the Church's Missions without an expression of deep thankfulness for a practical result, towards which our former Article helped at least to contribute.

The principal suggestions which we then made for an improved home organization have all been substantially embodied in the Mission Union of S. Augustine. This Union is throwing out its ramifications in all directions into the different home and colonial dioceses, and bids fair to be a means of stirring up a deeper spirit of love for Missions, of helping us to realize more vividly our duty to the benighted heathen, of leading us to pray more systematically and more constantly for their conversion; and of promoting among Churchmen generally a more earnest interest, and a more glowing desire, for the speedy and universal diffusion of the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

Never, that we are aware of, have such great and so widely extended results been attained in so short a space of time, or a proposition so readily embraced immediately after its first dissemination.

This hopeful state of Missionary organization at home may well prompt to the belief, that a brighter æra than the Church has witnessed for many a long weary year is about to dawn upon her work abroad. In her patience, our Mother has possessed her soul: but surely 'all they from Sheba shall come: the 'multitude of camels shall cover her, the dromedaries of Midian 'and Ephah: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall 'shew forth the praises of the Lord. All the flocks of Kedar 'shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth 'shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with accept-'ance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my 'glory.'—Isaiah lx. 6, 7. If we are ever spared to behold in

our day a native priesthood and episcopate in our Churches abroad, we shall see 'what kings and prophets desired to see, and saw not.' But for the realization of so blessed and so glorious a result, we feel well convinced that we must change the system of tactics, so to say, which we have hitherto pursued, or at least we must introduce very considerable modifications into that system.

Taking a comprehensive view of Church History, we shall readily perceive that there are three chief ways, distinguishing three different periods, in which mankind in large masses have been brought by conversion into the fold of Christ.

These have been:—

1st. What we will here designate the Apostolic method, which was confined to strictly Apostolic times; namely, those coextensive with the duration of the lives of the Twelve.

2d. The method which was systematically pursued by the early Church, from towards the end of the first until about the conclusion of the fourth century.

3d. The system which prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, which witnessed the interesting spectacle of the abundant fulfilment of the prophecy,—'Who hath heard such a thing? 'who hath seen such things? Shall the earth be made to bring 'forth in one day? or shall a nation be born at once? for as 'soon as Zion travailed, she brought forth her children.'—Isaiah lxvi. 8.

These national conversions may be again divided into three classes.

Those which, under God, are referable only to the preaching of devoted Missionaries, as was the case with Ireland, and some of the kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Those referable partly to political considerations possessing a certain amount of influence as secondary causes; as, for instance, the conversion of the Franks. Under this head we should include also the case of a nation embracing Christianity, in the first instance, merely because the prince embraced it, like Russia, where it is quite clear, from history, that the Russians would have embraced Mahometanism as readily as Christianity, had the former, instead of the latter, met with the approbation of their Tsars.

The third class includes the very few instances in which a nation had Christianity forced upon it at the point of the sword, like the German Saxons and the Prussians. It is almost unnecessary to observe that, of all methods of conversion, this is by far the most unsatisfactory.

We shall find, upon an analysis, that the methods pursued by Missionaries at the present day differ in some important points

from each of the three great systems which we have indicated. It will be very material for the purposes of our inquiry, to enter upon a consideration of a few particulars connected with these systems.

In the first instance, we must premise that it will be necessary, in examining the records of the Apostolic age which bear upon the questions we are about to discuss, to use care in distinguishing between that human and natural agency, if we may so say, which conveys significant lessons for all time, and those other agencies, which were either directly supernatural, or at least imply an extraordinary supernatural power for their efficient and successful working.

In endeavouring then to detect in what points the weakness, or failure, of present Missionary aggression upon the heathen world lies, we shall find ourselves at once directed to what is really the most imminent and pressing want of all the rest, and that is the want of a native priesthood. Christianity never has, and we are well convinced never can, penetrate beneath the surface, never can take deep root in any soil, without a native ministry. And in this one point, of a native pastorate to train the youth of Christian families, and convert such as were yet unchristianized, all the three ancient systems coincide.

If we examine the Apostolic period, what do we find? In Acts xiv. 21—23, we have recorded the plan pursued by SS. Paul and Barnabas. 'They returned again to Lystra, and to 'Iconium and Antioch, confirming the souls of the disciples. 'And when they had ordained them elders in every Church' (*χειροτονήσαντες δὲ αὐτοῖς πρεσβυτέρους κατ' ἐκκλησίαν*, that is, had chosen *out of the converts* in each place some of *their own body* to be their priests), 'and had prayed with fasting, they 'commended them unto the Lord, on whom they believed.' It is not too much to say, that these Churches converted by Apostles, who had the power of conferring upon their converts the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost, could not have maintained their ground simply by means of an occasional visit from SS. Paul and Barnabas. They could not afford to dispense with the divinely-appointed institution of the Christian priesthood. Yet is not this just what we have been attempting to do? Need we wonder at our miserably scanty success?

As a further instance of what we mean, we need only turn to the Epistles of S. Paul to Timothy. In them we learn in the most forcible way, because incidentally, the careful provision which S. Paul made for propagating and carrying on the same system which he himself had inaugurated. It is abundantly evident, beyond the necessity of proof, from those Epistles, as well as from that to Titus, that a great part of the work of

Timothy and Titus was intended to consist of the preparation and admission of candidates for holy orders. In the cities, towns, and villages, throughout their respective provinces, they were to ordain bishops, priests, and deacons, as each several case might require.

Again, in the second period, or that which immediately succeeded to the Apostolic age, nothing is more clear than that each country furnished its own candidates for the priesthood. All the three orders, bishops, priests, and deacons, were indigenous, so to say. Let any one read the Martyrologies of the ancient Church with that end in view, and they will be struck at once with the fact, that the names in each country are the patronymics of each fatherland. Their bishops, saints, and martyrs were evidently, for the most part, natives of the land. Again, in the same point of view, let us look at the signatures which are preserved to us, as appended to the early Councils, such as that of Nicæa, for instance, and earlier still. What a strange and varying nomenclature we often find. In many instances, even if there were no other record to inform us, we might easily detect who were Egyptian, Numidian, Syrian bishops, from their names in close affinity to their own mother-tongue. What a wonderful idea does this give us of the spread of the Church in primitive times. What an evidence of its growth and extension as the planting of the Lord. How very different from its diffusion in modern days, amongst all nations not of the European stock. We find no longer a healthy indigenous tree, springing out of its native soil, but a weekly exotic, tended by holy men indeed, fathers and brethren in the faith, come from far, but aliens in race and language from the native converts, speaking to them with but a 'stammering tongue,' and probably never able fully to penetrate into that inner life which, as in each individual man, so in each individual Church, has peculiarities of its own, unfathomable depths of inner consciousness, mighty energies and capabilities for good, of which a stranger would never even so much as suspect the existence.

If each man be a world in himself, how much more is each Church a moral universe. Who can tell but that, in God's wonderful providence, it may be that each individual national Church may be destined, in some peculiar manner, to set forth her Lord's glory, by penetrating into, and magnifying and exhibiting, as it were, some one special attribute of God, as love, or power, or righteousness, or mercifulness? Or again, that each Church, while maintaining the analogy and the unity of the faith, and the common bond of peace and love, should so develop some special doctrine of the Gospel in connexion with some cognate precept, as to show forth and manifest her own

peculiar form of spiritual beauty, and Christian truth and loveliness? Who can tell what may be yet in store for those native Churches of the far East? What unexampled deeds of patience, or of heroism, what radiant gems of thought, what clear illustrations of that divine deposit of the one faith, delivered once for all, which yet has had so many settings, as it were, in the works of fathers and the systems of theologians, like jewels in a casket; what clear harmonizing, and what faithful exposition of some of the higher mysteries and the deep things of God? How they may yet, with the subtlety and the fire of Oriental intellect, show us a depth and a force in parts of God's revelation which the colder and calmer intelligence of the West never suspected?

Yet what have three hundred years of Protestantism, and nearly two hundred years of Protestant Missionary efforts, accomplished? A period nearly equal in extent to that which brought the Roman Empire, and untold barbarous nations beyond its confines, with their thousands of native bishops, and their tens of thousands of native priests, to the feet of Christ, has not given us *one hundred native priests*, and *not one single native Bishop*. We may well ask in wonder and amazement, can these things be? The answer, alas! must be given: 'It is only too true.'

If we turn again to the Church's work in the middle age, the contrast with our own in this particular respect is quite as evident. Nothing is more striking and interesting in the history of those times, than to see the way in which the Church at once struck her roots deep into the native soil. In an amazingly short space of time after the landing of Augustine, Anglo-Saxon Missionaries converted the remaining kingdoms of the Heptarchy, Anglo-Saxon Bishops presided over Anglo-Saxon Sees, Anglo-Saxon prelates sat in the great primatial chair of Canterbury. That promise which God meant to be a guide to His Church was fulfilled—'Their nobles shall be of themselves, and their governor shall proceed from the midst of them.' Jer. xxx. 21. The great literary saint and luminary of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the Venerable Bede, was an Englishman, who scarcely ever stirred beyond the walls of his monastery.

It was the same in Ireland. Their bishops and abbots, their saints and doctors and confessors, were of themselves. 'Drink 'waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine 'own well. Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of 'waters in the streets. Let them be only thine own, and not 'strangers with thee.' Prov. v. 15—17. We talk of the exclusiveness and the bigotry of Rome; but this scriptural and primitive way of propagating the faith made the nations of the West

all her own for more than a thousand years. Will the nations of the East, will the noble-minded sons of Africa, will the tribes who roam the prairies, will the ten thousand coral islands which bedeck the mighty Pacific ever be spiritually ours? Alas! they *might* be; but they never will, unless we change our system; for we believe the fault is wholly to be attributed to a mistaken system. As to the men themselves whom the English Church has sent forth as missionary priests and bishops, we may safely challenge comparison on their behalf with their fellows of any age or clime since the days of the apostles.

Men like Henry Martyn and Heber, Rome would have canonized long since. And Selwyn, and Gray, and Armstrong seem all that even an enthusiast could wish for, personally, in a Christian Bishop: yet, with all this, the question still recurs—Where is our native priesthood? Just an entire generation and a half has passed away since Bishop Middleton landed on the shores of India. Every Maori boy of seven years old when Bishop Selwyn began to preside over the New Zealand Church is now past the age when men are admitted into the English priesthood at home. We repeat, then, the fault must be in the system. It cannot be in the men. It must be something inherently and vitally wrong in Protestant traditions and Protestant feeling respecting the way of conducting missions among the heathen. And men, however holy and devoted, cannot, apparently, at once rid themselves *in practice* of such entanglements. We say in practice, because in theory they are entirely at one with us as to the desirability and the necessity, and even as to the practicability of a native ministry; yet, notwithstanding all this, a native ministry is still something far distant in the shadowy future. If we have not now one hundred native priests in all our churches among the heathen, how many centuries of toil are there yet to come, before the eyes of our children's children behold a native episcopate?

Is not the truth this—that the Anglican Church has forgotten to work after the apostolic model; and that even yet in practice she seems scarcely to believe in the grace of holy orders, as a *great objective fact?* She seems scarcely, even yet, to have faith in her own godlike mission. Oh! would that she might learn a lesson from the narrative recorded in 2 Kings xiii. 14—19:—
'And Elisha was fallen sick of his sickness whereof he died.
'And Joash the King of Israel came down unto him, and wept
'over his face, and said, O my father, my father, the chariot of
'Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And Elisha said unto him,
'Take bow and arrows. And he said to the King of Israel, Put
'thine hand upon the bow. And he put his hand upon it. And
'he said, Open the window eastward. And he opened it. Then

'Elisha said, Shoot. And he shot. And he said, The arrow of 'the Lord's deliverance. And he said unto the King of Israel, 'Smite upon the ground. And he smote thrice, and stayed. 'And the man of God was wroth with him, and said, Thou 'shouldest have smitten five or six times; then hadst thou 'smitten Syria until thou hadst consumed it.'

What we purpose is, to examine the all-important question, whether or not there are now in the native Christian Churches of Africa and the East, as well as elsewhere, in connexion with the Anglican Church, the elements of a Presbyterate and Episcopate? And in discussing this subject we shall enter into two other questions: viz. what qualification, moral and intellectual, may be supposed necessary or desirable in a native priest? and secondly, what have been the probable hindrances which have weighed with the Colonial Prelates, so as to have withheld them hitherto from an extensive admission of the natives to holy orders?

In reference, then, to the first branch of the subject, we fearlessly assert, however startling it may seem, that there have existed in India, for the last fifty years at least, and in Sierra Leone and New Zealand for the last quarter of a century, numberless native Christians, who, applying to them every test which would have been applied to candidates for the priesthood in the purest ages, might have nobly done God's work *in any and all* of the three orders of the ministry. We know well what we assert when we say, that there have been countless native converts, or descendants of converts, in India, who have gone to their rest as simple laymen, whom the apostolic and the primitive Church, and the Church of the middle age would have enrolled amongst the worthiest of her bishops and priests, countless numbers who would have been the 'glory' of any Church as the 'Apostles of Christ.' There have been such men. Yet they were not ordained. They sought not orders. They were too good, too saintly for that. Therefore, perhaps, it was that orders were not given. But they were men whom the Church of S. Chrysostom and S. Basil would have even forced, if they had been unwilling, into the exercise of sacred functions.

There are such men now, yet they are not ordained. There are men who, had they been endowed in any considerable numbers with the grace of orders, which it was England's Church to give them, would perchance have carried the torch of holy truth from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin; and have lit up such a fire in every city and village of Hindostan as nothing but the crash of final doom could quench.

But we must give the proofs of our assertions. These we are perfectly ready to afford in an induction of particulars, only

premising that we are absolutely overwhelmed with the mass of evidence which we have before us, and that we can scarcely select a hundredth part of what we might, if necessary, lay before our readers.

So far back as 1815, when the first English Bishop was appointed to Calcutta, there were already in communion with the Church of Rome, seven archbishops and bishops, and no less than fifteen hundred native clergy in Southern India alone.[1] This fact shows that Rome found no difficulty in obtaining suitable candidates by hundreds, for the formation of a native priesthood.

In contrast with the Roman system, we read of three hundred converts being the result of Ziegenbalg's labours at Tranquebar, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, together with twenty catechists and schoolmasters, but not of one single native minister.[2] This, indeed, was one hundred years before the mission of Bishop Middleton; consequently there was at that time no way by which persons could be really consecrated to the priesthood in India. Would that when the means were at hand a different system had been at once inaugurated.

Upon other occasions we read of the conversion of natives of high caste, and high rank, but do not find that they received any authoritative commission to preach to their benighted countrymen.[3] In truth, it makes the heart ache to read the history of Protestant missions in India for nearly two hundred years. Over and over again, at Tranquebar, at Trichinopoly, at Vellore, at Tanjore, and a hundred other places, we meet almost invariably with the same melancholy story. The Gospel is preached by holy and devoted men, like Swartz, and Kohlhoff, and Ziegenbalg; the fields seem white unto the harvest; men begin to inquire what this new doctrine is; they are charmed with its sweetness and purity; they believe and are baptized. For a little while all seems to flourish: then comes, first a period when no further advance is made, then deeper stagnation, the death of the old foreign pastors, then a grievous decline, and last, the complete extinguishing of the native Church in that particular spot, or else its sinking into torpidity resembling a state of living death, and the removal of its candlestick out of its place.

It is true that Swartz, at least, did make an effort to raise a native ministry; and in the absence of any bishops of the English Church he admitted several Indians to the Presbyterate, by the imposition of hands.[4] Of one of these, called Sattianaden, Swartz says himself, 'I cannot but esteem this native teacher

[1] 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, for 1854, p. 4.
[2] Ibid. p. 9. [3] Ibid. p. 7. [4] Ibid. p. 22.

'higher than myself. I never met with his equal among the 'natives of this country.' Speaking of his ordination, 'It was 'a most sacred and delightful day to us all. Should I not sing 'unto my God? May He begin anew to bless us and the con-'gregation, and graciously grant that through this our brother 'many souls may be brought to Christ.' The sermon preached by Sattianaden was translated and sent to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, who thought it worthy of publication, 'as an evidence that the work of God was advancing in 'India, and the light of the Gospel spreading through those 'regions of darkness and idolatry.' It is indeed most clear, that such natives of India as have at times, few and far between, been admitted into holy orders, have abundantly adorned the doctrine of Christ, and done honour to their sacred profession. In p. 189 of the 'Monthly Record,' we find the following testimony borne by Archdeacon Shortland, of Madras, to the worth of Mr. Parenjody, a native Clergyman of the Church of England:— 'Six years ago,' in 1853, 'it was said by Archdeacon Shortland, 'that he had derived unmixed satisfaction from his visitation at 'Secunderabad,' where Mr. Parenjody was stationed, 'one of 'the largest of our military stations, in the immediate vicinity 'of Hyderabad, the capital of the extensive dominions of the 'Nizam. Mr. Parenjody is labouring faithfully and zealously, 'and is regarded with just and general respect by the European 'community. My intercourse with him has been frequent and 'highly satisfactory; and earnestly as I have hitherto advocated 'the importance of increasing the number of native Clergymen 'in connexion with our Anglo-Indian Church, when I observe 'what has been accomplished by Mr. Parenjody, and consider 'the firmness and decision of his character, the zeal and energy 'he has evinced in a new sphere of labour, and the difficulties 'he has overcome from the opposition, not only of heathen and 'Mahometans, but of a very numerous body of Romish priests, 'and an active though small congregation of Socinians, I am 'more than ever convinced of the necessity of raising up a body 'of pious and educated native Clergymen for the services of our 'Missions.' All this, with much more to the same effect from the Bishop of Madras, was written ten years ago. Very much has been said and written upon the subject since, but as far as any practical result is concerned, matters are exactly in *statu quo*, and so they are likely to remain.

Bishop Middleton, in his visitation of the scene of Swartz's labours, appears to have found several native ecclesiastics in charge of Mission Stations.[1]

[1] 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for 1854, pp. 41, 42, &c. See also pp. 175 and 205, *ib.* &c. &c.

'From Palamcottah Bishop Middleton writes:—"I have with me a writer, David, who joined me at Tanjore (the son of Sattianaden); and he informed me that the party who stood aloof were Christians, who came from Palamcottah to welcome me, and receive my blessing. I went forward to meet them. They were headed by their native priest and my man David. They were about thirty; and they formed the most remote congregation under Mr. Kohlhoff's care. The priest, a very interesting man, whose countenance resembles the head of S. Cyprian in Cave's Lives, and has almost the darkest complexion I have seen,—addressed me on behalf of his people; and I, in reply, gave them a suitable exhortation, which David interpreted with great energy, and they received it with every mark of thankfulness. They then opened their Tamul Prayer-books, and sang a psalm of thanksgiving quite correctly, and in good time and melody."[1]

Again:—

'The Bishop speaks very highly of the Christians in Tinnevelly district for their orderly conduct. They have several churches and villages under the care of native priests. They are all Protestants, and are much attached to the English ritual.'

The priests referred to in the above extract were of course in Lutheran orders. After the most attentive study of the subject, we are able to come to no other conclusion than that *there are now, in* 1859, *fewer natives in Anglican orders in India than there were in Lutheran orders in* 1815. This is sufficiently startling to arouse the most apathetic. What, we ask in deepest sorrow, has become of the numerous village congregations, which were ministered to by these native priests in the time of Bishop Middleton? Alas! if still in existence, they would appear to be under the charge of laymen, denominated Catechists. Again and again we hear the cry repeated for native priests and deacons.[1] The late lamented Professor Street speaks as follows of the missions in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, at Mogra Hât, and Barripore:—'When I go from 'village to village, and see the native teachers, to whom the 'immediate care of the flock is entrusted, discharging all the 'offices of the Diaconate, except, indeed, the ministration 'of Baptism, I cannot help asking myself, why are they not 'ordained deacons?' Well may we re-echo this important question: why, indeed? Yet these are missions in connexion with a Church boasting of her Catholic and Episcopal character. How could any dissenters or schismatics act in a less Catholic manner?

In p. 112 of the same volume of the 'Monthly Record,' there is another extract from the journal of Professor Street, which, though rather long, we feel inclined to quote, as it will

[1] See 'Monthly Record' of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Nov. 1854, p. 100; and all Missionary Reports and publications, *passim*.

show, once for all, the calibre of many of these converted natives of India.

'Notice of our arrival was sent abroad, and the converts now came dropping in. Among them came a tall, gaunt, blind old man, led by a little girl. After making his salaam he was guided to a mat, and sat down near us. He said he knew not how old he might be, but that he was a man when the Company's lands were measured (1790). As the people kept coming in, he said to me, "Ah! sir, some years ago I was the only Christian: all alone, all alone; but now there are many all about." A conversation then followed, in which allusion being made to 1 Pet. iii. 18—22, the old man quoted part of the passage, and referring to his own baptism, spoke of the Blood of Christ as having washed away his sins, and given him the "Water of Life," the Holy Ghost. "This, sahib," said he, "this is that of which Jesus Christ spake at Jacob's Well;" and then, with a solemnity and correctness of delivery such as I have never seen surpassed, did this blind old man (*who could never read*) rehearse to me, *literatim*, the whole narrative of our Lord's interview with the woman of Samaria; and then he brought in John vii. 37—39. Next, in reference to the efficacy of Christ's Blood to do all this, he went on to speak of God's almighty power, and particularly in connexion with the resurrection of the body. And I never heard anything more eloquent than the old man's recitation of the history of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, which he ended by giving, *literatim*, the passage of Daniel iii. 19—29. Again, as a ground of confidence, he went over the history of Elijah's being taken up into heaven, ending by saying, "If this was possible before Christ came, how much more possible now, that the dead be raised and taken up into heaven." He sat the while leaning his wasted body against the wall; but his voice and gestures, and the way in which he was manifestly not doing it for display, produced an impression which will never pass from my mind. "To hear that old man discourse," said Mr. Driberg, "is to me always a reward for a whole day's toil."'

As far as spiritual and intellectual fitness goes, it is evident that there was nothing lacking in such a man for evangelizing his fellow-countrymen. Familiarity with mission records leads to the firm belief, that there are hundreds and thousands of such intellects in the Church's mission-field; that there are hundreds and thousands of native converts who are in every way, intellectually, morally, spiritually, adapted for 'the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.'

It is now several years ago since we read of there being 'eighty young men in the Missionary Institution of Sawyer-'pooram in Tinnevelly,' who were then under training to be the future pastors and teachers of that rising Church. These eighty young men must, long ere this, have completed their training. Yet we do not hear of any ordinations from their body. We doubt very much if four out of the eighty, or one in twenty, have been admitted to the priesthood, or even to the diaconate. No! we blush to say it, they are gone forth to pass their days as lay Catechists. They do the work of Evangelists. They preach, rebuke, exhort, with all diligence;—

the very qualifications required by the inspired pen of S. Paul in a bishop,—yet they have not had given them what they ought, and deserved to have had,—the grace and authority of the priesthood.

We have been exceedingly struck in reading in the 'Mission Field' for this very year, the Journal of a Missionary, who is there called an Indian Catechist. We presume he is a native of India; possibly one of those eighty Sawyerpooram young men of whom we spoke above. We never recollect to have read anything which proves more satisfactorily and unquestionably at once the fitness of the natives for admission to holy orders: and also convevs, upon the face of it, so crying a rebuke that such men should have to be designated Catechists instead of priests.

'*Monday, January* 11, 1858.—Left Mutialpad this evening to visit the surrounding villages. Reached Almoor by dusk, where the tent had been pitched in a pleasant tope.

'*Tuesday, January* 12*th.*—Went out early this morning to preach in the village, and continued speaking to several groups till 8 A.M. The crowds that gathered round me were neither large nor composed of intelligent hearers; the greater part being Sudras. I spoke to them principally upon the concern which man should show for the welfare of his soul as well as his body. In the afternoon I visited Chitraynepalla, where I spoke to an assembly of nearly one hundred persons; and was well pleased with the way in which the Word was received. From the reception I here met with, it seemed to me that there was only wanting one man to take the initiative step in joining a religion which all declared to be the true one, and that his example would have been followed by all.

'*Wednesday, January* 13*th.*—Early this morning I rode over to the village of Mookoondapooram, and spoke to its inhabitants.'

Under the head of 'Willingness to hear,' we find the following remarks:—

'I had a very good opportunity of addressing the heathen as they were assembled from the surrounding villages, and I was always readily and attentively heard. I read often, and explained Christ's invitation to those labouring under Satan's yoke. As one group melted away I went and took up a station in some other place, urging the same truth to different hearers.

'*Friday, January* 15*th.*—Left Almoor for Rudrar, and on the way preached at two intermediate villages. I returned at seven P.M. to the schoolroom, and had prayers with the Christians at Rudrar. The passage of Scripture I chose for their consideration was Rev. iii. 14—22, containing God's threat to the lukewarm church of Laodicea, and His promise to those who open the door to Him. Their conduct has for some time been unsatisfactory.

'*Saturday, January* 16*th.*—Had morning prayers with the Christians, and spoke to them from Mark xiv. 32—42, urging on them the duty of watching and prayer; and the question of our Lord to Peter,—"Simon, why sleepest thou? Couldst not thou watch one hour?"'

And so this Catechist proceeds from month to month evangelizing the heathen and building up Christians. It is just

possible that we may be told the man is a European. But this scarcely mends the matter. If so, why is he not ordained when as many clergymen as can possibly be procured are required for the wants of the missions? And certainly it does seem rather hard upon dissenting ministers at home in England, that they should be perpetually branded as schismatics, and compared to Korah, Dathan, and Abiram for doing the very same things that persons in a similar position to themselves in India are not only trained and encouraged, but actually paid to do by a great Church society like the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. We frankly confess we cannot understand these things. We cannot penetrate to those hidden springs which guide this apparently anomalous course of action. We must again repeat,—What can the spiritual authorities in India be about, that men so eminently qualified for evangelizing the heathen should be allowed to do that work as laymen, not as ordained ministers of Christ?

Why did S. Paul leave Titus Metropolitan of Crete? 'To set in order things that were wanting, and to ordain 'presbyters in every city;' comprehending, most probably, under the term presbyters, bishops in the principal cities. Remembering the character which S. Paul gives of the Cretans in general, there is every reason to believe that at least as fitting candidates for the priesthood might be found in all parts of India where the Gospel has been preached, as existed in the cities of Crete in the days of Titus.

We constantly hear the appeal made in terms of almost despairing earnestness for educated Englishmen, for men of talent, for the younger clergy to go and undertake Missionary work abroad. This may be all very well. There can be no doubt that it would be the very noblest work in which the flower of our Universities and our choicest young men could be engaged, to go forth and fight manfully for Christ upon the battle-plains of India, and China, and Africa. This is again and again set before them, and urged home at Missionary meetings in Oxford and other places in terms of such impassioned, thrilling earnestness as Bishop Wilberforce knows so well how to use: yet still there is no response, no adequate effect produced.

It is almost heartrending to read the appeals made by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel for English clergymen and men from the Universities. It ought to put England's Church to the blush to see all sorts of temporal advantages and inducements held out, as a kind of bait, to men to induce them to condescend to take upon them the apostolic office of Missionary to the heathen.

Now why is this? It is idle to attribute it simply to want of zeal and piety amongst our younger clergy. They have them both, we are convinced, to a degree almost unprecedented in any age. It must be that, notwithstanding all that is said, they do not feel in themselves any *special Divine call* for this peculiar work. It may be that that Divine Providence which works so wondrously and mysteriously in all things, is overruling this likewise, in order to force, as it were, irresistibly upon the Anglican Church abroad, the absolute necessity of giving the priesthood and the episcopate to the native Churches. Just as after all explanations have been offered, it is still difficult to feel that there is no indication of the Divine Will in calling home to Himself three Bishops of Sierra Leone, after an average episcopate of about a year each. It does seem to indicate in no doubtful terms, that, if not a native African, at least an acclimatized European Missionary on the spot, should be appointed to that important post, rather than men accustomed to the pleasant breezes of the North, and the comforts of an English rectory.

This leads us to another point which does show almost more strongly than any other the desirableness of a native ministry, and that is the great loss of physical power consequent upon having the mass of the Missionaries European by birth. Of the 180 European born clergymen employed by the Church Missionary Society, 25, or about 15 per cent. are either at home, or returning on account of health. When we remember the fatal nature of the climates in which so many of these devoted men labour, this proportion is exceedingly small, but when again we remember that the whole of this loss would be saved by the employment of a native ministry, we deem the proportion fearfully large, too large to spare, when every available atom of spiritual power, so to say, is so urgently needed, and ought to be expended to the uttermost.

One more point and we have done with India for the present. We have already seen how easily the Church of Rome found ready to her hand materials for a native priesthood. In so doing she merely followed in the track of a Church as old, and it may be, as pure as herself.

Where the Western Ghauts slope towards the setting sun a Christian Church has existed from the earliest times, claiming an unbroken descent from the Apostle S. Thomas, the scene of whose martyrdom is still shown and reverenced in India. His disciples, banished from Madras, found a home upon the opposite shore of the Peninsula. There, protected and encouraged by the native princes, they have maintained their ground through the eighteen centuries of Christendom. Wonderful

indeed must have been the light of that city set upon a hill amongst the mountains of Travancore. Unknown of the nations of the West, unknowing of the mighty revolutions which shook the Western world, undisturbed by the thunders of the Vatican, until the Portuguese conquests in the sixteenth century, unmoved by the preaching of Luther, they held on their simple way, and produced, it may be, saints and confessors, whose canonization will never be made manifest until the final doom. Once and once only was the thick cloud which shrouded them from the ever busy, ever restless West, uplifted for the space of 1500 years, and that was by the means of our own Alfred. Of him it is authentically recorded that he sent ambassadors with a message of love and a desire for unity to the Christians of S. Thomas in India, who returned in safety after a three years' absence. They brought with them, in addition to answering epistles of Christian charity and tenderness, several of the rare productions of the East. Nearly 1000 years elapsed before any further intercourse took place between the Church of this Ultima Thule of ours, and that land which even now in this nineteenth century we can scarcely bring ourselves to think of with ordinary every day feelings, without a certain uprising of the spirit of romance in the mind, the vision of a land,

> 'Far away in some region old,
> Where the rivers wander o'er sand of gold,
> Where the pearl and the ruby and emerald shine,
> And the diamond lights up the secret mine.'

The next English visit to the hills of Travancore after Alfred's ambassadors was that of the celebrated Dr. Buchanan. And in our opinion the chapter which gives an account of the time which he spent amongst this primitive Christian people, is by far the most interesting portion of his Christian Researches in the East.

But what we are principally concerned to show is, that the native bishops and priests of these secluded Churches are equal in scriptural learning, in the power of analysis, and in critical acumen to the average at least of the Christian priests in any country of what is called the civilized world.

Our extracts must necessarily be at some length; but even apart from the immediate point which it is our present object to prove, they are sufficiently interesting in themselves to plead our excuse.

'*November 10th*, 1806.—Chinganoor, a Church of the Syrian Christians.

'The first view of the Christian Churches in this sequestered region of *Hindostan*, connected with the idea of their tranquil duration for so many ages, cannot fail to excite pleasing emotions in the eyes of the beholder.

The form of the oldest buildings is not unlike that of some of the old parish churches in England; the style of the buildings in both being of Saracenic origin. They have sloping roofs, pointed arch windows, and buttresses supporting the walls. The beams of the roof being exposed to view are ornamented, and the ceiling of the choir and altar is circular and fretted. In the cathedral churches the shrines of the deceased bishops are placed on each side of the altar. Most of the churches are built of a reddish stone, square and polished at the quarry, and are of a durable construction. The bells of the Churches are cast in the founderies of the country: some of them are of large dimensions. In approaching a town in the evening I once heard the sound of bells among the hills; a circumstance which made me forget for a moment that I was in Hindostan, and reminded me of *another* country.

'I had some discussions with a most intelligent priest in regard to the original language of the four Gospels, which he maintained to be Syriac; and they suspected, from the complexion of my argument, that I wished to weaken the evidences for their antiquity.

'"You concede," said the Syrian, "that our Saviour spoke in our language; how do you know it?" From Syriac expressions in the Greek Gospels. It appears that He spoke Syriac when He walked by the way (Ephphatha), and when He sat in the house (Talitha Cumi), and when He was upon the cross (Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani). The Syrians were pleased when they heard we had got their language in our English books. The priest observed that these last were not the exact words, but "Ail, Ail, lamono sabachthani!" I answered that the word must have been very like Eli, for one said He calleth Elias. "True," said he, "but yet it was more likely to be Ail, Ail (pronounced Il or Eel), for Hil or Hila is Syriac for vinegar, for one thought he wanted vinegar; and immediately filled a sponge with it." "But," added he, "if the parables and discourses of Our Lord were in Syriac, and the people of Jerusalem commonly used it, is it not marvellous that His disciples did not record His parables in the Syriac language, but that they should have recourse to the Greek?" I observed that the Gospel was for the world, and the Greek was then the universal language, and therefore Providence selected it. "It is very probable," said he, "that the Gospels were translated immediately into Greek, as into other languages, but surely there must have been a Syriac original. The poor people in Jerusalem could not read Greek. Had they no record in their hands of Christ's parables which they had heard, and of His sublime discourses recorded by S. John?" I acknowledged that it was believed by some of the learned that the Gospel of S. Matthew was written originally in Syriac. "So you admit S. Matthew: you may as well admit S. John; or was one Gospel enough for the inhabitants of Jerusalem?" I contended that there were many Greek and Roman words in their own Syriac Gospels. "True," said he, "Roman words for Roman things." They wished, however, to see some of these words. The discussion afterwards, particularly in reference to the Gospel of S. Luke, was more in my favour.'

Thus we see that one of these native Indian priests was no mean antagonist for the great and learned Dr. Buchanan in one of the most abstruse and interesting questions which have engaged the attention of biblical scholars—the original language in which the holy Gospels were written.

In subsequent conversations with other priests and bishops which are too long to quote, Dr. Buchanan found these men

making converts occasionally from the highest class of the Brahmins, and prepared to engage with enthusiasm in the work of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongues of India. They were found well acquainted with the true Scriptural doctrine of ecclesiastical polity; and we think modern Dissenters would not find it very easy to answer their questions relative to the threefold order of the ministry.

So much for the interesting native Church and people among the hills of Travancore. And as far as we can judge from the journals of our Missionaries, and the annual and other reports of our two great Missionary Societies, the native catechists of the South, as well as in other parts of India, appear to exhibit equal natural abilities.

Many, to begin with, are conversant with two languages; such, for instance, as the vernacular of the part of India in which they may happen to live, and the sacred Sanscrit. In the mission seminaries they are, we believe, invariably taught English, and this they acquire with sufficient accuracy to converse in it with fluency, and compose it idiomatically. In addition to this, we read in accounts of the periodical examinations that the students in the higher classes exhibit a creditable knowledge of Latin, and are also able to translate the Greek Testament, and the Anabasis of Xenophon. Besides these they frequently are taught Euclid and other branches of European learning. Christian David, a native Hindoo, who was ordained by Bishop Heber, was in the habit of preaching in English to the residents of our nation for many years, at one of the principal stations in Ceylon. This he did extempore; and his discourses were considered, by no mean judge, models of chaste eloquence. He gained the universal esteem and affection of all the English with whom he came into contact. Indeed it is recorded of him that for a long period he alone supported the interests of the Anglican Church at the station to which we have referred. Could more be said of any missionary whom England has ever sent out.

If such men as Christian David (and it is to be remembered that there are many like him in abilities and devotedness, who have not like him been counted worthy of admission into Holy Orders) are not to receive Ordination from the Bishops of the English Church, we should like exceedingly to know what *is* the standard of *literary* attainment which they are expected to achieve? We find them frequently masters of two languages, and fair proficients in other two. How different from the great Fathers of the Early Church! How very few of the Orientals knew any other language but Greek; and how few of the Western Church were familiar with any other tongue

but that of Rome. Yet, can we ever expect to see again the like of the Chrysostoms, and the Gregories, and the Cyrils, the Augustines and the Cyprians?

How different too was the conduct of S. Patrick in his great work of evangelizing the Irish. Of him, it is related, that he left at his decease 3,000 priests, with bishops in all the important towns in Ireland. This he was enabled to do, not by requiring a high amount of literary qualification in addition to moral and spiritual aptitude for the work of the ministry. But when this latter evidence was satisfactory, he only enjoined upon the candidates for Holy Orders that they should be well acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and in particular that they should be able to recite the whole of the Psalms by heart.

We have then, we trust and believe, clearly and satisfactorily established these points—that there are in sufficient numbers the materials for the formation of a native ministry, at least in India; and that our missions have languished, and must of necessity continue to languish, until we have courage to form a native ministry.

We must reserve for a future occasion an examination of the Sierra Leone Mission, with its bearing upon the evangelization of Africa; and what is perhaps, for our purpose, the most forcible example of all, and at the same time the most melancholy, the native Church of New Zealand. We shall then endeavour to show the hindrances of various kinds which have lain in the way of the colonial prelates, and suggest what may, in the providence of God, prove eligible methods for their removal.

ART. VII.—1. *The Order of Nature considered in reference to the Claims of Revelation. A Third Series of Essays.* By the Rev. BADEN POWELL, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longman & Roberts. 1859.

2. *The Epistles of S. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans; with Critical Notes and Dissertations.* By the Rev. BENJAMIN JOWETT, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1859.

THE two Oxford Professors whose names appear at the head of this article would probably be classed, by an undiscriminating public, as belonging to the same school of theology. And if people will make the arbitrary division of opinions existing within the pale of the English Church, as Evangelical, Latitudinarian, and High Church, no doubt they must be ranked together in the second, and as its name would almost imply, most comprehensive section of the three classes. It is only because it is so comprehensive as to embrace almost every form of belief and unbelief, that it can include both these gentlemen. There is, perhaps, scarcely any other classification which could be made to embrace them. They belong to different generations, and represent entirely distinct lines of thought. They have few natural gifts in common, and exhibit the results of an education as widely different as is conceivable. The Savilian Professor of Geometry has attained an eminent and well-deserved reputation, for his mathematical and physical knowledge; whilst the Regius Professor of Greek has probably not even the most elementary acquaintance with algebra or geometry. The one is overwhelmed with a sense of the importance of the inductive philosophy; the other, perhaps, is scarcely possessed of any knowledge of physical science that can be called his own; and whilst one would almost consider the processes of induction as synonymous with the exercise of the intellectual faculties, the other is wrapt up in the abstractions of metaphysics and the phenomena of thought. Were they to come into collision, they would have no battle-ground on which to fight, they would not even understand each other, and would have no basis of agreement from which to start their differences. They are unfortunately

enlisted on the same side, and that side is opposition to the truths of Revelation. The results at which they arrive are frequently the same; but they travel by very different roads. The field of error is wide, and is traversed by many divergent paths; and whilst there is but one temper of mind by which the truth can be ascertained, there are many defects of mind, whether they be classed as mainly intellectual or moral, which lead in the opposite direction; and both these gentlemen are beset with prejudices which betoken that very narrowness of mind of which they are such conspicuous accusers in their brethren.

Professor Jowett's lucubrations have landed him in a denial of the doctrines of the Church; Professor Powell's have induced him to dispute the facts of Revelation. They both ought to be alike the impugners of the facts and the doctrines. We can, nevertheless, understand that the latter has honestly chosen his *locus standi;* whereas we profess our utter inability to defend Mr. Jowett's subscription to the Creeds of the Western Church and the Articles of the Church of England from the charge of dishonesty.

In saying what we have ventured to put out with regard to these writers, we trust we shall not be understood as referring to anything beyond their writings and publicly expressed opinions. We can have no desire to insinuate indirectly against Professor Jowett that he is consciously dishonest; we also wish to correct the impression, which perhaps may have already been produced, that we have more sympathy with Professor Powell than with Mr. Jowett. On the contrary, there is a tone of earnestness and reality about the latter which enlists our sympathies and excites our regret for his aberrations, and that perhaps the more because we fancy that we can see the very intellectual defects of mind which have led him so far astray. He is unfortunately one of the number of those who have once been much nearer the truth than they now are; and there is a bitterness about his assertions as well as an arrogant tone of dogmatism, when he is touching upon doctrinal subjects upon which he has changed his views, which does not appear in other parts of his work. His is one of those restless minds that cannot be content to rest upon little evidence which is real, and is willing to sacrifice in succession everything to which objections can be raised which he is unable himself to answer. Moreover he appears at times extremely ignorant of the workings of the human mind, excepting those most closely connected with the intellect, and is apt to believe others insincere and dishonest because they accept and act upon conclusions which do not appear to him logically proved. His knowledge of human nature, such as it is, is all derived from the study of

history, and a thoughtful observation of human character, but he does not appear to us ever to have entertained that intimate friendship with others which is necessary to appreciate either its dignity, its littleness, or the inconsistencies in which it exhibits itself. And there is a melancholy sadness of tone in his writing which shows that he is ill at ease under the scepticism which he has adopted, and which is strangely contrasted with the light and superficial and impertinent tone adopted by most of those who may be said to belong to the same school with him. In all these respects Professor Powell has nothing in common with him; he writes exactly in the tone of one whom it would cost nothing to surrender all his religious convictions, provided only he could feel satisfied that such surrender was imperatively demanded by the advances of physical science; he would offer up all his most cherished fancies to the Moloch which he seems to idolise, the 'Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy.' He takes his station, as it were, outside the system of Revelation, and criticises it from a single point of view. He has no doubt of the paramount claims of induction, the absolute certainty of its conclusions. If Revelation does not militate against it, so much the better. The Old Testament must be given up because it does interfere with modern science; but the author has made a curious,—discovery shall we call it or invention?—of the utter and entire independence of the material and the spiritual world, the result of which is that the New Testament neither does nor can interfere with any present or future abstractions as established by induction in the physical world. It is fortunate for him that his faith in this discovery is quite unbounded, and that he believes the position he has assumed to be entirely unassailable. He is perfectly at home and comfortable in his convictions. He is of a joyous temperament, and is unable to understand the gloomy doubts which have suggested themselves to most people who have ever thought deeply on religious questions. Everything presents itself to his mind as a matter to be settled by intellectual investigation. All that belongs to the affections is not merely set aside as irrelevant, which it is, to his particular purpose; it is not so much that he ignores the yearnings and distresses of other minds, but that he is not even aware of their existence. He is so goodnatured, that he would be less humorous if he could understand that his humour gave pain to those who differ from his opinions. In all these respects, in views of life and tone of thought, it would be hard to find another mind so antagonistic to his as that of Professor Jowett. The latter is too serious almost to entertain a jest, and the state of perplexity in which he long has been and still is, shows itself in expressions of

irritation, which are not the less real because more than half-concealed, against theories which he cannot but see are productive of some good results. The narrow-mindedness of the Evangelical school is the principal object of Professor Powell's good-humoured sarcasm—the bigotry of the Anglican school is the mark at which Mr. Jowett's envenomed shafts are secretly directed. In the curious alliances of incompatible creeds and attempts at union of unsympathising parties which the last thirty years have witnessed, none is more remarkable than the willingness of Professor Powell to tolerate the extremest views of sacramental grace, and the occasional approach of Mr. Jowett to the Evangelical school, to whose single Shibboleth of doctrine he is the principal opponent of the day. We shall have completed our portraiture of the two Professors when we have said that the one is particularly contented in the position which he occupies, and sanguine as to the results of the future, nothing doubting of the eventual triumph and success of his own opinions in science and religion; whilst the other is as distrustful of coming events as he is discontented with the present attitude of belief throughout his little world of Protestantism.

We have no doubt of the perfect sincerity of Professor Powell's avowal of opinion that, 'so far as we can reasonably 'speculate on such a point, it can hardly be doubted that, at the 'present moment, though there exists among us a very considerable amount of scepticism, and even positive and avowed disbelief in Christianity, as a Divine revelation, or in its peculiar 'doctrines in detail, that disbelief may be, in all cases, traced up 'to the influence, not of physical, but of metaphysical and moral 'speculation.' It never seems so much as to have once occurred to his mind, that the disproof of the historical character of a very essential portion of the Old Testament, which he considers as established by the discoveries of physical science, can be thought by any one to affect the position of the New, much less that there are many who will consider that the sacrifice of the New Testament is the legitimate consequence of the demolition of the Old. He himself evidently considers his view of the Old Testament as quite consistent with the most sincere belief in the New; that Judaism is a thing with which the doctrines of Christianity have no connexion which can any longer be deemed important.

The second of the three volumes which this author has published in the course of as many years, is entitled 'Christianity without Judaism.' If he had condescended to use a metaphor, the title would have run, 'The Flower without a Root.' And indeed, even upon the ground of inductive science, with which alone he concerns himself, it is difficult to see how the facts in the New Testament can stand the test which is so triumphantly

urged against the narratives of the creation, the deluge, the standing-still of the sun, and the going-down of the shadow on the dial of Ahaz. It is true the two latter events stand on different ground from the former, being represented as direct interferences with an established order of things;—the history of the deluge being, however, chiefly distinguished from these in that it is not so obviously contradictory to well-ascertained laws of nature. Readers, then, of the volume on Christianity without Judaism might fairly have demanded of the author some account of his adoption of Christianity in spite of the miracles, which are contradictory to the known laws of nature. In other words, the author might fairly be called upon for a 'theory of miracles.' And this third volume appears at first sight likely to supply the demand; but, though nearly half the book is occupied with the subject of miracles, there is absolutely no attempt at a solution of this difficulty. It is needless here to adduce the arguments, familiar to all thoughtful readers, of the adoption of the most commonly ridiculed miracle of the Old Testament by a writer in the New, as being true in the exact letter—or others which will at once occur—to show that the Old Testament cannot fall without dragging the New after it. We have no wish here to argue the general question, but are only urging against Professor Powell the inconsistency of not pressing the unalterable laws of the physical universe to the disparagement of the recorded miracles of the New Testament. We proceed to give a short account of the volume placed at the head of this article—regarded as a sequel to the author's previous publications—before we go on to notice more at length the work of Mr. Jowett, and the alterations introduced into his second edition. Let us premise that Mr. Baden Powell is, all unconsciously to himself, enveloped in a subtle atmosphere of Pantheism. We say unconsciously; for probably no greater surprise than such an accusation could occur to him. Throughout the first series of Essays, as well as the third, he distinctly argues for a Supreme Mind, an Intelligent Cause, a Moral Cause, a Supreme Reason, an Immensity of Intelligence, the Infinite Source of all things, All-pervading Reason of the Universe, the Divine Perfections, Manifestation of Divinity, Sensible Manifestation of Supreme Intelligence, and the like;—these are expressions with which the pages of the first set of essays teem, but they are ideas which the argument of neither of the volumes is adequate to reach. He does not deny, but rather, on the contrary, admits the argument from spiritual sources; and is content that the argument from physical science, to which he exclusively devotes himself, puts no hindrance in the way of its conclusions. We could almost have fancied the

following passage, extracted from Dr. Newman's recent 'Lectures on University Subjects,' had been provoked by the very work which we are reviewing, if the author had not in his summary of the contents given us November, 1855, for the date of its delivery. Speaking of natural theology, the author says:—

'I do not hesitate to say that, taking men as they are, this so-called science tends, if it occupies the mind, to dispose it against Christianity. And for this plain reason, because it speaks only of laws; and cannot contemplate their suspension, that is miracles, which are of the essence of the idea of a Revelation. Thus the God of natural theology may very easily become a mere idol; for He comes to the inductive mind in the medium of fixed appointments, so excellent, so skilful, so beneficent, that when it has for a long time gazed upon them it will think them too beautiful to be broken, and will at length so contract its notion of Him as to conclude that He never could have the heart (if I may dare use such a term) to undo or mar His own work; and this conclusion will be the first step towards its degrading its idea of God a second time, and identifying Him with His works. Indeed, a Being of Power, Wisdom and Goodness, and nothing else, is not very different from the God of the Pantheist.'—*Lectures*, p. 260.

Some account of the Essays in this first volume seems necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the position from which the author starts in the third volume, the title of which is placed at the head of this article. It is entitled, 'Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy, the Unity 'of Worlds, and the Philosophy of Creation,' and came out about four years ago. They are but slightly connected, though all more or less bearing on the subject of 'Induction'—which appears to be uppermost in the author's thoughts, but of the logic of which we think he entertains vague and unsatisfactory notions. It is not necessary to allude further to the middle essay, which was provoked by the singular literary phenomenon of the appearance of the two works on the Unity and Plurality of Worlds, perhaps the most interesting publications of the day, in which two distinguished philosophers took opposite sides on a subject on which there was absolutely no evidence whatever. The author holds the balance between them; and all that need be said of the critique is, that, like the works it criticises, its principal value consists in the incidental information which the reader gains in his attempt to follow the argument of the author. As this second essay of the first series gives us little or no help towards forming an estimate of the purpose of the writer in composing his third series, it may be dismissed without further observation. It is in reality the first and the third Essays in this first series that are introductory to the recently published volume. They respectively treat of 'The Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy,' and 'The Philosophy of Creation.' In the first, the author has given us his views on

a considerable variety of subjects, more or less connected, under the different heads, 'The Inductive Principle,' 'The Unity of Sciences,' 'The Uniformity of Nature,' 'The Theory of Causation,' 'Final Causes,' and 'Natural Theology.'

In much of the matter contained in this essay the author appears to us to be attacking a shadow, or at least to be considerably exaggerating the views of those to whom he alludes, and between whom he, as it were, attempts to mediate. In explaining the processes of induction he broadly states two views, one of which is supposed to assert that there is an intuitive faculty which impresses the proper form on the facts collected, whilst the other is represented as believing that knowledge is derived from observation. Now it is true that two classes of writers are apt to represent the inductive process respectively, the one as too merely dependent upon observation, and the other as too much disconnected from it; yet it really did not require such an elaborate dissertation to establish against the one class of writers, that in every inductive process there is an assumption of some generalizing principle, nor against the other that this assumption is not antecedent to all experience whatever. Neither do we find fault with the author's view, which is a reasonable account of things very clumsily expressed. Thus he tells us that in induction what is superadded to a mere collection of facts, is the assumption that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are similar to the few actually examined.' Now if this proposition be accurately weighed, it will be found to amount to no more than the tautological statement, that 'all phenomena of the kind in question are of the kind in question.' The real difficulty is to fix upon 'the kind in question,' and on the right or the wrong fixing depends the truth or falsehood of the induction. We are here forcibly reminded of the '*hic et ille et iste magnes trahit ferrum, ergo omnes*,' of Aldrich's Logic, where the author never probably stopped to inquire whether he had got any further than the truth, that a magnet is a magnet, or a stone attracting iron is a stone attracting iron. However, as we said before, we are not really at issue with Professor Powell's view, but only demur to his mode of expression. Neither is there any necessity, for our present purpose, to follow him minutely through this essay, or to lay down the exact positions in which we concur, or those from which we differ. We will only observe further, that there are some interesting remarks on the subject of the Unity of Sciences, and their approximation towards exhibiting the unity of nature. One passage is very happily expressed as follows:—'All science is 'but the partial reflection on the reason of man of the great all-'pervading reason of the universe. And thus the unity of

'science is the reflection of the unity of nature, and of the 'unity of that supreme reason and intelligence which pervades 'and rules over nature, and from whence all reason and all 'science is derived.' We cannot give an equally unqualified assent to the passage which is quoted from Oersted, at the end of the next section:—'The progress of discovery continually 'produces fresh evidence that nature acts according to eternal 'laws, and that these laws are constituted as the mandates of 'an infinite perfect reason; so that the friend of nature lives 'in a constant rational contemplation of the Omnipresent Di-'vinity. The laws of Nature are the thoughts of Nature, and 'these are the thoughts of God.' We fear the lives of many eminent physical philosophers will bear ample testimony to the truth, that men may be intimately conversant with nature, who are far estranged from God. Nay, we even are inclined to think that the idea of order, by itself, and as distinguished from that of will, has a direct tendency to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of God, and to fix the thoughts upon a mere vague abstraction instead of a personal superintending Deity.

The result of the whole appears to be, that the author is satisfied that induction proves the eternal and universal maintenance of the order of physical causes; from which, he adds, the immediate inference is, a Supreme Moral Cause, distinct from and above nature.

It would not be easy to conjecture what was the subtle link by which an essay on the relations of Judaism and Christianity served to connect two subjects which, however similar to each other, are so distinct from their connecting chain, as 'The Unity of Worlds,' and 'The Order of Nature.' The intervening volume is, in truth, meant as an apology for—or perhaps we should rather say, a justification of—the disparaging views of the Old Testament which the author has adopted, in his zeal for the results of the inductive philosophy. We could imagine that the tone of this volume had been a little sharpened by the objections of religious people in general, and perhaps especially of Scotch Presbyterians, as to the proper mode of spending Sunday, and as to the general duty of attending public worship—of coming to church before the commencement of the service, and the like. The immediately practical point of the volume is, to show that it is absurd to suppose it can be wrong to do on Sunday what is allowable to be done on any other day of the week. Most people will demur to a statement so definitely expressed as this; though it is to be hoped that well-educated members of the Church of England, at least, are cognisant of the fact that the Sabbath and Sunday are two distinct days. The more general view in which this is enveloped,

might have been expected to be, that Christianity has superseded the obligations of the Jewish law; but the volume would be characterised more truly by the description that its purpose is to show that the old dispensation has so passed away, and the Old Testament books so superseded, that they are no longer of any use. The author seems, indeed, to treat them as if it would make little or no difference if they never had had any existence. It does not concern us now to controvert this position. Our object is simply to give an account of the point of view from which the author writes the volume on 'The Order of Nature.' In discarding the Old Testament, the author has found his solution of the difficulty, of the irreconcilable opposition which exists between the truths established by modern science, and any possible interpretation of the statements of the historical books of Moses, Joshua, and the Kings.

The present volume may be described as an attempt to show how the progress of natural philosophy has partially, and ought wholly to have, emancipated the minds of rational beings from the idea of miraculous agency. Accordingly, the first essay in the volume consists of an historical sketch of the progress of physical science as bearing on religious belief. This occupies nearly half the volume, and is followed by another essay, not very dissimilar in character, entitled, 'Nature and Revelation.' If the view which we have been ascribing to our author be correct, the subjects of the remaining two essays in this volume seem to follow as a matter of course. The miracles of the Old Testament having been put out of the way by the help of the inductive philosophy, some account of those of the New Testament, which seem not easy to be included in the abstractions of physical science, may fairly be expected of a writer who professes to receive the writings of the New Testament not merely as authentic documents, but as, in some sense at least, dictated by inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

As might be expected, the author dwells at great length on the points which science has successively established counter to the current belief of people, who imagined that the Bible and the Church were committed to the opinions which they themselves entertained. Instances of this have been found in great numbers, and will continue to be found so long as science shall continue to advance. It could not possibly have been otherwise. We can have no desire to deny the facts, though we should not have exhibited them exactly in the way in which our author has paraded them, nor for precisely the *same* object. The most useful purpose which such an array of *antagonisms* between Science and what was thought to be *Revelation*, could be adduced to serve, appears to us to be the

following; viz. to be urged as a plea in behalf of caution for the future, and for patience in the event of science appearing to contradict revelation itself. We can only regret that the author appears to feel so little sympathy for the, if erroneous, yet at least religious, distrust of scientific investigations, before they have become established truths, which naturally at first sight shock the prejudices of religious people. No sceptical writer in his desire to show up the absurdities of religion, could fasten upon cases of this kind with more apparent avidity than Professor Powell. What he considers bigotry is to him an especial object of aversion; and perhaps no stronger instance of this aversion is to be found, than in the ridicule with which he assails the dislike to the use of chloroform in cases of parturition, which at the first introduction of the practice was almost universally felt. We have had occasion in a previous number of this Review[1] to allude to the relations of science and revelation, both as regards the abstract question, and with respect to theories of education. We need not, therefore, repeat our opinion here, and shall only observe further, that our author, who takes upon himself to censure previous ages for their narrowness of view, should be careful not to misrepresent ancient authors, or accuse them of holding views which they really do not hold. There is one glaring instance of this in the volume before us. At p. 39, he informs us that 'Augustine denied the existence of Antipodes as irreconcilable with Scripture.' Now we should have been glad to see the passage from S. Augustine referred to, instead of the secondhand quotation from Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' in the note. Till we are better advised on the subject, we shall continue to think that S. Augustine nowhere asserts this. The passage to which, we have little doubt, reference is made, is in the *De Civitate Dei*, where the author objects to the fable of the existence of men on the opposite side of the earth, on the especial ground that it is a mere conjecture, unsupported by the traditions of history or considerations of reason. We should not, however, be doing justice to the volume before us, if we did not allow that it contains a great deal of very interesting as well as useful matter. The historical sketch is of necessity very slight, but it conveys a considerable amount of information as to the attitude in which men of science have from time to time stood towards the received opinions of the age in which they lived. Little as the reflections we feel disposed to make coincide with the author's, we have to thank him for several remarks which lead

[1] See *The Christian Remembrancer* for April, 1859, Article on 'Science and Revelation.'

to trains of thought very different from what he himself could have anticipated.

There is one especial characteristic which seems to excite his wonder, existing, as it seems to have done, in the minds of many men of science, as, for instance, Locke, Newton, Whiston, and, we doubt not, a great number of others: it is the coincidence of an implicit faith in miracles, with inveterate dislike and undisguised disbelief of mysteries of doctrine. It is not surprising that this should have appeared so unaccountable a phenomenon to one who, on the contrary, makes no objection to any amount of the mysterious in the region of pure faith, so long as he can procure an acquiescence in his denial of the miraculous on the ground that it is an infringement of the majesty of science.

The phenomenon itself is well worthy of notice; not, indeed, as presenting any remarkable deviation from the natural order of things, but because it illustrates the connexion between a right faith and a well-balanced state of mind, a connexion which, to say the least, is not prominently brought forward in the volume which we are reviewing. We say, then, that it is but natural that the tone of mind which revolts at the idea of mystery in religion, should unhesitatingly adopt that of the miraculous in nature. A belief in the miraculous is so far from implying credulity, humility, or self-distrust, that it may be, and very frequently is, the consequence of a hard and logical mode of viewing the subject. Again, there is so wide an interval between the commonly alleged cases of miracles and the phenomena of nature, which have been brought by mathematical investigations under the head of general laws, that the belief in them might result from the mere natural tendency in the mind to fancy itself possessed of a much more powerful instrument of analysis than it really has. Thus a miracle may be easily assented to on the mere numerical calculation of the probabilities of coinciding testimony, which can easily be shown to increase in a proportion vastly greater than that of accumulation of evidence from observation of facts. The miracle is professedly outside the domain of science, on which, if so be, the philosopher prides himself, and he may have no particular temptation to deny it. It would be natural, so to say, for such a person to believe the alleged miracles of Buddhism, supposing them well authenticated, without troubling himself further as to the form of religion in whose service they were enlisted. We should not be surprised at hearing any one proclaim his belief in the miracle said to be performed by Vespasian on the concurrent testimony of the crowds who witnessed it, and this quite independently of any view, whether of supporting or impugning the

truth of the narratives of the miracles in Scripture. We can, so to say, draw a distinct line of demarcation between the ordinary and the miraculous, and we are satisfied in being able to do so; but the mysterious in doctrine is closely connected with subjects almost within our grasp. We can argue about them; we can see some scattered rays of light. The mysterious, as it were, proposes itself to us to be received conditionally on our submitting to its terms; it does profess that it will gradually unfold itself, not to reason but to faith, and exacts of us that childlike submission, that self-sacrificing homage, which philosophers of modern times have often shown themselves as unwilling to render as their predecessors in the infancy of the Christian Church.

We suppose if there is one view which represents the essays in this volume, and their different portions, it is this, that nature is absolutely invariable: their author does not ignore revelation, but contents himself with the averment that the provinces of nature and revelation are entirely distinct; he would insist not only that they do not, but that they cannot interfere. There is a somewhat remarkable agreement, considering how independent the sources are, between the mode of expression adopted by Professor Powell, and the clear statements of Dr. Newman in his lecture on 'Christianity and Physical Science,'[1] as to the distinction between knowledge natural and supernatural. But there is an equally remarkable contrast exhibited in the two writers, in that the former appears to keep out of sight the points of approximation, which Dr. Newman, with his usual felicity of diction, has characterised as two great circles of knowledge which intersect; 'first as far 'as supernatural knowledge includes truths and facts of the 'natural world, and secondly, as far as truths and facts of the 'natural world are on the other hand data for inferences about 'the supernatural.' Still more striking is the contrast with regard to what they respectively say as to the methods of the science of physics and the science of theology. With regard to the provinces of the two sciences both are exactly agreed. We will express their agreement in Dr. Newman's words:—'If 'then theology be the philosophy of the supernatural world, and 'science the philosophy of the natural, theology and science, 'whether in their respective ideas, or again in their own actual 'fields, on the whole, are incommunicable, incapable of collision, 'and needing at most to be connected, never to be reconciled.' The distinction of the methods of the two is also beautifully

[1] See Lectures and Essays on Heavenly Subjects, by John H. Newman, D.D. of the Oratory. London, 1859.

drawn out by the same writer; and we must quote one passage of this to illustrate the difference between the two writers:—'The physical treats of efficient causes, the theologian of final. 'The physical tells us of laws, the theologian of the Author, 'Maintainer, and Controller of them: of their scope, of their 'suspension, if so be, of their beginning and end.' Now Professor Powell makes no allusion to the methods of theology. He is content to speak of it as the region of faith, and probably if he did entertain the thought at all, would not insist very strongly upon theology being a science, or if a science, would scarcely like to acknowledge a region of thought almost entirely deductive; and here it is that our author diverges so widely from Dr. Newman. He would admit any amount of miracles, so called, so long as they should be confined to spiritual things; or so long as they do not interfere with the indisputable conclusions of the inductive philosophy. For these conclusions, it must be remembered, he claims an amount of certainty far higher than on his principles he has any right to; and as we have before seen, the absolute uniformity of nature is but an hypothesis, towards proof of which the inductive philosophy makes but very faint advances—whatever evidence there may be *deductively* produced for it from what revelation informs us as to the Being and Attributes of its Author. But whilst on the true theory as to the relation of the inductive philosophy to the deductive system of theology, there is really no antagonism, because so far as the disciple of revelation should speak of events as miracles, it would be, by the very force of the term used, but a testifying to the laws of the universe, of which laws miracles are called violations—the law being admitted on the very ground that the event is exceptional (established by testimony or in any other conceivable way): yet, on Mr. Powell's view of matters, miracles can have no place. The description of such events in the Old Testament is got rid of by a very summary process.

We are unable to interpret our author's language otherwise than by describing his view to be that the New Testament is all that we Christians are now concerned with; that the Old Testament has passed away, not in the sense of Christianity having sprung up from and developed out of the old dispensation, but in that it has entirely susperseded and destroyed it; not as if Judaism had pointed the way to Christianity, but as if Christianity had proved the absurdity of Judaism. He actually objects to any compromise as to this matter. He has not common patience with those who attempt a defence of the Mosaic account of creation, on the ground that it is not the text itself, but the meaning attached to it by its readers, that is at fault, when any discrepancy is alleged between science and scripture. He ridi-

cules the idea as simply absurd. These, we are told, are only '*false conclusions* deduced by its votaries—false *interpretations* 'which yet are identical with the *very words*;—fallacious *conclu-* '*sions*, which, notwithstanding, are directly asserted in the *very* '*terms*; and, nevertheless, the historical authority of the passages, 'and their surpassing importance, are to be strictly maintained!' (p. 224.)

And now, we suppose we have said enough on this subject to make most of our readers ask the question, at least in thought, What is the mode, then, in which the miracles of the New Testament are to be adjusted to the necessity of scientific order? We must confess to having read the work quite through without discovering the answer to this question. The fourth essay, which is denominated 'On Theological Views of Miracles,' is intended to supply the answer; but the author's view is expressed so vaguely as to be hardly intelligible. Yet, though the conclusions themselves are wrapped up in some obscurity, yet the whole tone of the work, together with scattered observations here and there, helps us to understand that his meaning is that there are no occasional interruptions in the physical economy of the world. But let not the reader go on too hastily to suppose that the author disbelieves in the reality of the miracles of walking on the sea and the resurrection of the dead. Singular as this state of mind may appear, there is no reason whatever to question the author's firm belief in these as facts. Singular as may be his opinions as regards disbelief in the historical character of the Old Testament, and acceptance of the New, there can be no doubt that it is a perfectly sincere and genuine expression of opinion. And equally sincere is his acceptance of the exact letter of the narrative of the Gospel, however antagonistic it may seem to his favourite theory of the absolute uniformity of the laws of nature. How to reconcile these two is the difficulty. In the case of what are sometimes called moral miracles, the difficulty may appear less. Such instances of divine interference, if so we may speak, *seem* to be less at variance with known physical laws; and people who do not think deeply may be satisfied perhaps with the somewhat vague explanation that they belong to the region of faith and not of reason. Persons who cannot bring themselves to think of the world of mind as being so entirely distinct from that of matter, who cannot make so absolute a separation of the domains of faith and of reason, might indeed suggest some awkward difficulties in the way of such explanation; but the real question will be rendered much more intelligible if issue is joined in the case of physical miracles so called. Physics cannot be designated as the domain of faith, and the only conceivable reconcilia-

tion of a belief in the absolute uniformity of nature, which admits of no interruptions, and in the facts denominated miracles, and generally spoken of as violations of natural law, is by means of the assertion that these latter are not real, but only seeming violations of law, or interruptions to uniformity. And this is the view which is first prominently put out at the commencement of the second essay, entitled 'Nature and Revelation.' The invariableness of natural laws, the assertion that there are no real exceptions, clothed, however, in the safe language of 'the one grand principle of law pervading nature, or rather constituting the very idea of nature,' is the ground upon which the author here takes his stand, asserting that 'the whole 'of the ensuing discussion must stand or fall with the admission 'of this grand principle' (p. 230). What is meant is sufficiently obvious; and on this point the author will admit of no compromise. He first falls foul of Mr. Mansel, who has been guilty of the following extremely innocent statement, that 'In 'the material world, if it be true that the researches of science '*tend towards* (though who can say that they will ever reach?) 'the establishment of a system of fixed and orderly recurrence; 'in the mental world we are no less confronted at every instant 'by the presence of contingency and free will.' The sting of this sentence appears to lie, not in the direct statement, which one would have thought obvious enough to any reflecting mind, but in its hypothetical character.

Professor Powell cannot abide that his favourite maxim should be so lightly treated as to be prefaced by a conjunction, and goes on to accuse Mr. Mansel of an absurd jealousy of physical science for suggesting the question, 'What right has 'philosophy to build on material principles alone, and not to take 'mind into account,' and for contending 'that moral truths' (we 'suppose Professor Powell means mental emotions) 'are facts of 'experience to the full as real and certain as the laws of the 'planetary motions and chemical affinities.' We were quite at a loss when we first met with this savage onslaught on the Bampton Lecturer from the pen of one who is generally courteous towards other writers—even those who differ from him so widely as the infidel writers of the day; but upon referring to the note to the passage in the Bampton Lectures alluded to, we at once see the explanation of the whole outburst. After quoting the words of Theodore Parker, 'I do not believe there 'ever was a miracle, or ever will be; everywhere I find law 'the constant mode of operation of the infinite God,' the author has added the following passage: 'Professor Powell 'in his latest work, though not absolutely rejecting miracles, 'yet adopts a tone, which, compared with such passages as the

'above, is at least painfully suggestive:' quoting from the volume on 'Christianity without Judaism' the words, 'It is now 'perceived by all inquiring minds, that the advance of true 'scientific principles, and the grand inductive conclusions of 'universal and eternal law and order, are at once the basis of 'all rational theology, and give the death-blow to superstition.' Unhappily, the hint Mr. Mansel has suggested has been quickly verified. The absolute rejection of miracles, which had not been definitely announced in the previous volume, is made the point of the present work. The author is quite heedless of the inevitable inference in philosophy, that where all is order and unalterable law, there is no room for will. The difficulty, which he does not disguise, he says, 'can only be answered by 'appealing to those immutable laws as the sole evidence and 'exponent we have of supreme volition; a volition of immutable 'mind, an empire of fixed intelligence.' His theory of miracles may be summed up in the short statement that they are neither more nor less than exemplifications of the laws of nature, and that their appearing to contradict those laws is simply owing to our present inability to group the general principles which will include them together with the ordinary phenomena of nature, an inability which, there can be no manner of doubt, time and the advance of physical science will eventually remove. This opinion is supported by a considerable weight of authority, if, indeed, the reader could only be brought to believe that the eminent names quoted could truly be cited as advocates of the same view. But, unfortunately, the agreement between these writers and the author is limited to this, that others, following Bishop Butler, allow that, for all we know, miracles may form part of a scheme which is governed by general laws—an admission which falls considerably short of the assertion that miracles are instances in which the laws of nature are exhibited, and which by no means carries with it the smallest probability that their being so will be evidenced hereafter to philosophers. As we have thus been made acquainted with what is to appear as the conclusion of the investigation, the third essay might be thought superfluous. Its object is to give a cursory and superficial account of the Rationalistic and other theories of miracles. But little as the argument of this volume demanded any such account, we cannot but rejoice at its appearance, for there is in reality no English book which gives so systematic an account of the ridiculous theories adopted by German Rationalists and others, with the view of getting rid of the historical narrative of the miracles of the New Testament. We can only conjecture that the object of its insertion here is to show how widely prevalent are certain views which all religious people would

deprecate, and what extravagant courses people will adopt in their endeavours to explain away things which do not admit of explanation from the principles of physics as established by the inductive philosophy; and thus to prepare the way, by a sort of compromise, for the adoption of the author's view. However, whatever might have been the object, we are glad to be put in possession of so intelligible an account of the five leading theories of miracles. German Rationalism has reaped the full advantage to be derived from the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. It is time that its real pretensions should be known; and we have no hesitation in asserting, that the more widely disseminated is the true knowledge of its doctrines, at the present moment, the less influence will they exert over English minds. For the sake of those who may not have the opportunity of reading Professor Powell's work, and at the risk of incurring the charge of obscurity,—by giving an abstract of an abstract, an epitome, as it were, of a mere brief analysis,—we will give the heads of the seventy pages which this essay occupies.

The theories are classed under five heads. 1. The Naturalistic, of which Paulus is the principal exponent. 2. The Mythic theory of Strauss. 3. The Subjective theory, represented by Feuerbach. 4. The Psychological theory, adopted by Ewald; and, lastly, 5. The Doctrinal theory, of Neander. The first account, which is called the naturalistic, is, as its name imports, an attempt to explain away the character of a miracle by assigning it to natural causes. Now, a theory which is simple and easy, is, on any subject, undoubtedly entitled to a hearing. In proportion as it makes a demand upon the disciple for faith in particular subordinate assumptions will it be felt to be unreasonable. If the various narratives of the Gospel could be reduced to the head of natural events by any uniform process, such theory would require a very careful examination, to see whether it could reasonably be considered as embracing every single case upon record. But under the system of Paulus we are obliged to acquiesce in the statement, that some of the events recorded did not occur at all in any shape whatever; as well as in the conjecture, that men—who were ignorant, and whose feelings were excited—described what appeared to them as what really happened. Again; coincidence of circumstances is made to go a great way towards explaining some of the alleged miraculous interpositions, whilst the natural tendency to exaggerate reduces both the occasions of feeding thousands of hungry people with the provisions which a few of them happened to have brought with them, to an ordinary distribution of food to the multitudes who had forgotten to provide

themselves. The cures of the sick, the restoration of a lost sense, the ejection of demoniacs, are knocked off from the list of miracles; sometimes by resorting to the effects of imagination; sometimes, again, by attributing imposition to the person cured, and characterizing the cure as a detection of the fraud. Sometimes, what has been considered an exertion of power is merely a declaration of a cure which had been by some means or other previously performed; and the instances of raising the dead, are obviously referable to the case of suspended animation. The Birth, the Death, the Resurrection and Ascension, are subjects too sacred for us to follow, through the childish interpretations assigned to the narrative of them. Our author, as usual, speaks tenderly of the tone of mind and purpose of many of those who have adopted these methods of interpretation. Without taking the trouble to say another word on this subject, we feel we may safely leave such a mass of nonsense to the reader's common sense to judge of. It is, however, perhaps due to Professor Powell, to quote his calm and moderately expressed opinion of this hypothesis:—'Without going into more details,' he says, 'it will probably suffice 'to remark in general on such explanations,' that 'although 'in some instances they have a semblance of plausibility', 'yet 'it cannot be denied that, in the incessant attempt to find or 'force such interpretation in every case, the resources employed 'are often of a trivial, far-fetched, and laboured kind; and the 'immense multitude of coincidences, and combinations of circumstances, and extraordinary occurrences, which it thus becomes 'necessary to suppose concentrated in one short period, presents 'too complex a mass of hypotheses to furnish a real and satisfactory 'theory of the whole series of the evangelical miracles' (p. 333).

The author does not offer any similar defence of the antagonistic theory of Strauss, which he urges for that of Paulus and Eichorn. He contents himself with describing it in general terms, as a theory which accounts for the narratives of the Gospels and Acts, on the broad ground that they were written to exalt the Messiahship of Jesus, and to show His correspondence to the typical character foreshadowed in the old dispensation. In carrying out this view, it is necessary to represent the variations of the four Gospels, the amount and character of which is exaggerated to the utmost possible limit, as the natural result of the combination of fragments from different sources, the origin of which is wholly unknown, and their authenticity therefore doubtful. The difficulty of drawing any exact line between history and fiction, the necessity for enveloping the Messiah in an atmosphere of at least as much mystery and miracle as the old prophets, the proneness of human nature to

exaggerate the feats ascribed to its heroes, are all made to play their part in disparaging the historical character of the narratives. The death of Jesus is supposed to have terminated the temporal hopes of His followers, who immediately, in their highly wrought-up state of feeling, resorted to the belief in a spiritual kingdom; and the unusual excitement of the Feast of Pentecost contributes to form the germ of the myth of the resurrection and ascension. Our author offers to go a considerable distance along with Strauss, in his admissions, but thinks that, upon the whole, the hypothesis is 'of so extremely over-'strained and improbable a character, when applied generally, 'that the sober critic—to say nothing of the devout believer—'may well be staggered at the contemplation of it' (p. 346). Strict logic does not appear to be the strong point of Strauss' system. If the reader can follow him through his adjustment of his disbelief in history, with his faith in doctrine, we can only say he is possessed of powers to which we make no pretension. We quote Professor Powell's translation, apparently made from the French, and not from the original:—'The author knows 'that the internal essence of Christian faith is completely 'independent of his critical researches. The supernatural birth 'of Christ, His miracles, and His ascension into heaven, remain 'eternal truths, to whatever doubts the reality of the facts in 'the light of historical events may be subjected. This certainty 'alone can give repose and dignity to our critical examinations, 'and distinguish them from the explanations, on natural prin-'ciples, of former ages; explanations which, claiming to over-'throw at once religious truth with historical fact, were necessarily 'marked with a character of frivolity' (p. 349). He adds, that a subsequent chapter will show that the dogmatic sense of the life of Jesus has sustained no loss. The 'dogmatic sense' is to the following effect:—'We conceive Christ as he in whose spirit 'the unity of the Divine and the human has risen, for the first 'time, with energy, to such a point as to leave in His entire 'moral nature and life no more than an infinitely small value to 'anything impairing that unity; and who, in this sense, is unique 'and without equal in the history of the world, although the 'religious spirit, attained and promulgated by Him for the first 'time, has not been able, in detail, to withdraw itself from the 'purification and extension which results from the progressive 'development of the human mind' (p. 350).

The subjective theory of Feuerbach, is, as its name imports, an ascribing of external events to the effects of imagination, the earnest aspiration of the soul reflecting upon itself, and realizing its thoughts by the sole influence of intense internal conviction. And the existence of the belief in the miraculous is accounted for

by the perpetual antagonism between the religious principle and the recognition of external nature, from which arises the supposition that the laws of nature must be subdued to the superior power of religious faith. The curious psychological fact of the antagonism alluded to, if true, certainly deserves a fuller investigation than it has yet received.

We cannot congratulate our author on his choice of a name whereby to designate Professor Ewald's view, as developed in his 'Life of Christ.' He calls it the psychological, because of its seeming to depend on the supposed existence of a peculiar kind of action of spirit on matter. If he seems scarcely to understand Ewald's view, that is not to be wondered at; for it is hardly possible to make a consistent theory out of the vague expression of sentiments which appear sometimes to approach the subjective view, sometimes remind us of the naturalistic, and occasionally approach what we may call the common-sense view, or the commonly received account that things took place as they are described to have taken place. As a specimen of one description, the author quotes the miracle at Cana, which is interpreted symbolically,—'It was the joyous 'influence of His spirit which made the guests drink water as 'wine.' The author is not particular as to ascertaining the exact meaning of Professor Ewald. It is sufficient for him if he can extract from his writings enough to enlist him as an advocate for some broader principle of interpretation than 'the 'narrow and generally renounced notion of real violations of the 'order of nature.'

We need not follow the author through what he calls the Doctrinal Theory of Neander, which is scarcely entitled to be considered a theory at all. It consists, in fact, of remarks, many of which are true, though very misty, in which he seems to lay stress on the qualifications of mind which are fitted for the reception of miraculous truth, a part of the subject which is certainly kept much in the background by Professor Powell. With regard to the rest, Neander strikes us as writing, as it were, in sight of heresy. He writes more like a person before whose mind various erroneous views were floating, against which he desired to express himself cautiously and vaguely, than as if he wished to put forth any particular definite theory. And, in point of fact, there does not appear any reason to suppose that he deemed any theory at all necessary. The summing up of this chapter is expressed in terms nearly all of which we could adopt; but the reader will easily see that we entirely dissent from their whole tone, and their evident implications:—

'The literal sense of *physical* events impossible to science cannot be essential to spiritual truth; nor have contraventions to natural order any necessary connexion with vital Christianity. The philosophic thinker,

whatever view he takes of any, or all, of the rationalistic speculations, will perceive that the grand inductive principle of the immutable uniformity of natural causes—*the sole substantial ground for belief in a supreme moral cause !!!* —must ever remain unassailed; and firmly grasping this broad principle on the one hand, and perceiving the entire spirituality of Christianity on the other, he will repose on these convictions, and admit that the miraculous narratives of the Gospel may be received, for the divine instruction they were designed to convey, without prejudice to the invariable laws of physiology, of gravitation, or of the constitution of nature.'—P. 376.

The following essay, on Theological Views of Miracles, is intended to represent in a still stronger light the perplexity in which the whole subject is involved, by dilating on the conflicting opinions of Protestants as to ecclesiastical miracles, and contains some hard hits against them for dealing with the miracles of the first few centuries on precisely the same principles as they object to in the rationalistic treatment of the miracles of Scripture.

The difficulties in which the subject of miracles is involved, by the admission of all parties, are made use of, principally, in showing that they are always regarded by the spectator, or the hearer, or reader, as the case may be, in a light which is brought to the subject, not one derived from it; and amidst the immense variety of opinions expressed, the shallowest and the profoundest thoughts being huddled together in indiscriminate confusion, the author seems to gather,—one point in which they meet, one focus towards which they are all converging,—that miracles have nothing in them of the nature of intellectual evidence. We will give the last paragraph of the analysis, just as it stands, before the general conclusion:—

'Thus, on every ground—from the nature of the case, from the arguments of the learned, from the practical confessions of the unlearned, from the admissions of the orthodox, and the controversies of the heterodox,—on the combined consideration of the remarks last made, and the facts and authorities formerly cited—we can only arrive at the conclusion that the belief in miracles, whether in ancient or modern times, has always been a point, *not* of *evidence* addressed to the *intellect*, but of *religious faith* impressed on the *spirit*. The mere fact was nothing: however well-attested, it might be set aside; however fabulous, it might be accepted, according to the predisposing religious persuasion of the parties. If a more philosophical survey tend to ignore suspensions of nature as inconceivable to reason, the spirit of faith gives a different interpretation, and transfers miracles to the more congenial region of spiritual contemplation, and divine mystery.'—P. 440.

We have quoted this passage in order to enable the reader to see that the confusion of thought, which he has perhaps been for some time wondering at, exists not in the reviewer, but in the author reviewed. Such an elaborate disquisition on miracles, and such an extensive classification of the different theories that have been put out, one would have expected to result in the proposal of some counter theory, which should have explained

the *facts* recorded in the New Testament—*e. g.* the actual instances of resurrection from the dead—and placed them in their proper position as regards the invariable sequences and unalterable laws of nature:—

'Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?'

We can only answer, that the result to be gathered from the investigation is contained in the passage we have just quoted. We gather that miracles in general make no appeal to the intellect. We gather, also, the reason why they cannot make such appeal to an enlightened age; viz. that the philosopher knows that though he may be unable to explain how it is so, yet that it is certain that there is nothing really extraordinary about them, but that they are manifestations of the ordinary laws of nature, and that they will, in all probability, some day be proved to be so; but whether or no, it is certain that they are so. Some people may think it a slight objection to this view that Scripture does, in fact, appeal to miracles in the light of evidence. But we are not attempting here to controvert the author's view. The mere statement of it will, we are persuaded, carry its own condemnation with it. But we may be permitted to call attention to the author's entrenching himself in theory, and standing so aloof from the facts of the case. The resurrection and the ascension are either true or false. Does the author really mean that the theory of gravitation will ever be so modified as to include the latter of these facts; or that the increasing experience of the law of death is at all going in the direction which will enable us to include the former in a generalization of nature?

This latter instance suggests to us a remark which may perhaps be found useful. Resurrection is an instance of a miracle in the ordinary sense attached to the word miracle; viz. a violation of a law of nature. Now this is a law of experience; that is to say, a law based on experience, and therefore possesses the inductive character of failing of absolute certainty. As an abstract question, it is a problem what amount of independent testimony is necessary to establish the probability of a given assertion of a resurrection, in the face of the antecedent improbability of hitherto uniform experience, partly personal, partly derived from testimony. However, this would be, as we have said, a mere abstract problem, not corresponding to any known conditions of fact. The real state of the case is this, that the law of death is not a mere law of nature, but a law of Revelation, and the resurrection is a miracle which, if we may be allowed the expression, violates a law of Revelation. This consideration appears to us to throw considerable light on the relation in which miracles stand to the law of nature. The

doctrine of the resurrection is so wrapt up with what Revelation tells us about death as the penalty of sin, that, viewed in one light it appears as an exception, whilst, in another and more comprehensive point of view, it forms part of a grand system, the harmony of which we are permitted to some extent to see. Shall the two instances on record in which man was exempted from the common lot of humanity, and the occasional reversal of the ordinary working of nature in the restoration of the dead to life, under the Old Testament dispensation, then be regarded as exemplifications or violations of the law of death? In one sense they are obviously exceptional. And again, in another sense, they may be regarded as typical of the Christian doctrine, and so appear as instances which fit into an harmonious whole. This question may be difficult to answer, but the very difficulty is instructive, if it accustoms us to the thought that the border-territory between the natural and the miraculous must of necessity ever remain undefined; that whilst there are events which manifestly fall under well ascertained generalizations, and others which as clearly do not, no definition will ever meet those cases which lie between the two extremes; that we cannot hope to lay down any law which shall precisely distinguish them, if only on the ground that inductive science can never lay open to our view the whole of nature, and cannot give us the slightest glimpse at any portion of the supernatural.

We have one more objection to urge, further illustrative of the unpractical and irreligious view which pervades this volume. We ask in what domain is the province of prayer, and where can it be considered to be possessed of any efficacy? The author's answer would be readily given: that it has to do with the spiritual and not the material world. But who is to distinguish between the spiritual and the material?

'The belief,' he says, 'common to many nations, but an essential point in the religion of the Jews, that famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance, and the like temporal and natural events, were judgments or blessings, brought about as express retributions by direct divine interposition, though deprived of its religious importance by the essential principles and very nature of the new dispensation, was yet doubtless sometimes alluded to by the apostles, but never in such a way as either to contravene the spiritual future and unseen nature of the sanctions held out by the Gospel, or to stand in any contradiction to the advance of modern knowledge, by whose light all such events are seen to be the results of immutable laws, and a part of the fixed order of the natural world, which constitutes the idea of Divine Providence.'—P. 454.

Is it indeed true that we know so much about the recurrence of famines and pestilences, droughts and rains, fertility and abundance? When we can calculate their periodic times as we *can* those of the planetary bodies, it will be as reasonable to

expunge from the Litany the words, 'from lightning and 'tempest, from plague, pestilence, and famine, . . . good 'Lord deliver us,' as it would be absurd now to call upon God to invert the laws by which the universe is worked for our special benefit. So much for the Order of Nature considered in reference to the claims of Revelation.

In going on to notice the second work which has been placed at the head of this article, we must premise that we do not intend to review the book as a whole. It is made up of so many and such incongruous parts, that the mere description of it as a literary production would take up the whole space usually devoted to one subject in a Quarterly Review; and we should certainly neither be doing justice to the author's merits or demerits, nor should we afford much either of entertainment or instruction to our readers, were we to make any such attempt. It has already, whilst its first edition was before the public, been noticed in this Review. And, in what we say of this second and altered edition, we shall avoid, as far as may be, trespassing on ground which has been already occupied. The title-page informs us tolerably exactly, at least with as much exactness as can be expected from a title-page, of the contents of the publication. But, whereas it is usual for second editions to specify that they appear with alterations, amendments, additions, or modifications, Mr. Jowett professes no such thing; but, instead of professing, he has in this instance performed. He met with some severe handling from critics, and there were some awkward mistakes which we do not wonder that he should have preferred altering in silence, whilst some he has left unnoticed and unaltered; and the author has undoubtedly consulted his own reputation best by simply stating in his introduction that 'he has to thank many critics, unfavourable as well as favour-'able, for the attention which they have bestowed upon his 'work.'

Again, we do not profess to analyze or refute the different erroneous positions and fallacious arguments with which these volumes abound. Especially do we wish to avoid the sacred doctrine of the Atonement, which, undoubtedly, is not a doctrine of faith to Mr. Jowett in the same sense in which it is ordinarily held by Christians of all schools in this country. There is, indeed, no necessity for touching on these points any further than as to their indirect effect upon the whole of Mr. Jowett's teaching. And, before we go on to notice the particular point on which both the writers of whom we have been speaking have written, and on which both are open to criticism, we will content ourselves with expressing our approbation of the in-

proved scholarship of the present edition. The mistakes are not so numerous as they were in the previous edition; and some of the bad accents have been corrected. One might, indeed, have expected a Regius Professor of Greek both to have known the Greek accents and to have a sufficiently accurate eye to superintend the printing of a Greek text, especially, as in this instance, there is not the excuse of a small and illegible type. Still, though the printing and accentuation are by no means perfect, there is, as we have said, a considerable improvement. There still remain such anomalies as κἀγὼ, in spite of Porson's Preface to the Hecuba; and we are afraid that καθῶς, so printed in the text and so copied in the notes, indicates more ignorance in the Greek Professor than inadvertence in his printer. Such mistakes are, in themselves, trifles; but the perpetual recurrence of errors in the Greek text, if it proves nothing more, at least proves great carelessness on the part of the author; and indicates the slipshod character of mind which is eminently conspicuous throughout these volumes. We have met with as many as five mistakes in one half-page; we do not insist upon these as evidencing want of scholarship, which is abundantly shown without their help, but are content if they be thought to establish against the author a presumption of inaccuracy of mind, which will be more fully indicated in what follows.

There is probably no point on which the two writers whose works we have been noticing stand in more striking contrast, none which illustrates the slight sketch with which we commenced this article better, than the respective lines which they have taken with reference to Natural Theology. Mr. Jowett's book is a work of very heterogeneous elements, bound together by the single link of being thoughts which are the production of the same mind, and possessing a sort of consistency such as might be expected. The dissertations which are interspersed at intervals,—sometimes in the middle, sometimes at the end of an epistle,—have frequently little or no relation to *exegesis*, strictly so called, yet they have always some connexion with the text. They are like the day-dreams of a thoughtful mind, allowing itself to wander from its immediate subject to gather up such fragments of truth as may casually present themselves to it. Unlike his friend, and we suppose we may call him his colleague and coadjutor, Dr. Stanley, who is incapable of deep thought, and whose dissertations remind us of the polished themes of a schoolboy, elaborately varnished with superficial descriptions, Mr. Jowett seems quite to despise such external *aids*; his sentences are pregnant with thought, and are always *suggestive* of much more than is expressed; and, irrelevant as

are some of the dissertations to the general design of a commentary on Scripture, we do not feel disposed to quarrel with him for using isolated texts or episodes as pegs on which to hang his dissertations. The Essay on Natural Religion is the longest in the two volumes, occupying between sixty and seventy pages, and is a sort of appendage to the passage in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, where S. Paul speaks of the state in which the Gentile world were, as to the knowledge of God. Little as we can agree with Mr. Jowett's disparagement of the value of the commonly received evidences for the existence and attributes of the Almighty, we are bound to state that we sympathize with his view of the case far more than we can with the opinion of Professor Powell, which is, intellectually speaking, nearer the truth. Looking at the matter in a merely logical point of view, we cannot deny that the latter is right in his assertion that the 'existence of mind' is what comes out from an investigation of the phenomena of the physical universe. What we object to in this writer is, that he entirely ignores the gap that exists between the idea of this god of nature and Him who has given us a revelation of Himself in the books of Scripture, and the existence of the Christian Church; and what deserves our strongest reprobation is the light and indifferent tone of all his books, seeming to imply that the writer does not care whether the student should proceed or not beyond the elementary idea of an Eternal Mind, from which he is argumentatively unable to escape. Mr. Jowett, on the contrary, is quite aware how little value such knowledge possesses; nay, he is oppressed with the contemplation of the little effect produced on the mass of mankind by the true knowledge of God, as He has revealed Himself in the Bible, and his thoughts have evidently been much occupied with this subject. We can scarcely doubt that sceptical thoughts have often suggested themselves to him, and that this one consideration is the main key to the unhappy position of belief in which he finds himself, whilst the habit of mind which incapacitates him from believing what he cannot prove in Revelation, leads him also to undervalue the evidence for the belief in God which is producible in nature. When we have added that he likes differing from anything that looks like a *textus receptus*, we have done with our analysis of the state of mind which accounts for the Essay on Natural Religion.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that the mode in which S. Paul speaks of natural religion is entirely with reference to practical results, and wholly regardlessly of intellectual difficulties; he takes it for granted that the eternal power and godhead both could be, and were, understood by the things that are made, and that moral depravity was the cause of the darkness

that had come over the heathen world. This degradation of humanity, which appeared to S. Paul so shocking, and which he reprobates so strongly, Mr. Jowett thinks it impossible for us in this day to view in the same light. The universality of it, which is the point pressed by the apostle, is in our author's opinion its principal excuse. Our classical education prevents us from being able to see things from the same point of view, and therefore S. Paul's point of view is the wrong one—such is really the conclusion, and the inconclusive argument by which it is supported, of the first section of this Essay. The inexcusableness of the sins of the Gentile world was owing to the fact that they knew better. The excuse that is offered for them in this Essay is, that 'men in general do as others do' (ii. 432). And this is mixed up with such deep and thoughtful, and in the main true, remarks on the difficult questions of human responsibility, and the force of external circumstances, and the difficulty of adjusting cases, and assigning the right degree of blame to crime, that many readers would scarcely notice the evil tendency of the pages of which we have just given a short epitome. In entire consistency with this view we find the author looking forward to the time of the 'Church of the Future'—when Christianity and the Mosaic dispensation will begin to be understood in themselves, and in their relation to each other; because we shall be able to see them in their true proportions as compared with Buddhism and those other religions which have been steps in the education of the human race; when Christianity shall no longer be regarded as protesting against all other religions, but as their crown and perfection and fulfilment. S. Paul tells us that the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ: Mr. Jowett would add to this, that there have been many schoolmasters to bring men to Christ, and amongst them would appear to include the very forms of religion which alike issued from, and resulted in, the vilest prostitution of human energies and thoughts. And the awful resemblance between the externals of Buddhism and Christianity is urged as if the parallelism of their history implied something approaching to an equality in their value, whilst the very faults which exist amongst Christians seem to bring Christianity down nearly to a level with those forms of religion which exhibit similar corruptions. Mr. Jowett's is exactly the point of view from which we should expect an intellectual Buddhist to regard matters just after he had convinced himself that the facts of science to which Buddhism stands committed are not true, and that the circumstances of its annals would not, upon the whole, bear comparison with the authenticated history of Christianity, and who feels that the idea of the Gospel fits in to the requirements of his moral nature in some

respects more nicely than the religion in which he has been educated. Yet, withal, it is quite true that the knowledge which the heathen possess of God may be made use of as a stepping-stone by which they may be guided into truth; and it may be said that the difference between the views,—one of which speaks of it as a stepping-stone and the other as a schoolmaster,—is, after all, a difference only of degree, and not of kind. We will not stop to argue this question, which is in this instance perhaps only a question of words; we can have no wish to disparage the value of the relics of truth which exist in false religions, only we protest against the doctrine which would speak of Christianity being a development of heathenism, as it undoubtedly is of Judaism, rather than as antagonistic to every existing form of faith in the world. The religions of the world, whatever they may once have been, have all successively degenerated, with the advance of civilization, into the most monstrous immoralities. And this leads us on naturally to notice the groundless assertion of Mr. Jowett, that 'The theory of a 'primitive tradition common to all mankind has only to be 'placed distinctly before the mind to make us aware that it is 'the fabric of a vision' (ii. p. 461). It is a fashionable theory with infidel writers that religion has sprung up, with a sort of spontaneous growth, in the mind of man, and first having exhibited itself in the uncouth form of nature-worship, has gradually developed into that which may be regarded as its highest manifestation, the nearest approach to some ideal standard to be reached in some remote epoch of the future. And we confess we know not how to distinguish Mr. Jowett's view from this representation. The view itself, of course, discards the account of the creation and the fall of man as given us in the sacred writings—the mass of its advocates make no scruple of avowing their disbelief in the truth of any such tradition. Amidst numerous hints which seem to show that Mr. Jowett has no sympathy with the ordinary belief of Christians,—either on these historical points or the doctrine of Atonement, so intimately connected with them,—we find no distinct avowal of any such disbelief; and there is so much of truth and beauty in his observations on the relations of natural and revealed religion—and the observations themselves are scattered over his pages in so detached a form, yet so dreamily and vaguely connected with each other—that we scarcely know where we begin to differ from him. Each separate statement is capable of a fair interpretation; whilst the picture presented by the whole reveals to us a mind ill at ease amidst sceptical vagaries, and yet fancying itself to have found a resting-place for its faith. Thus 'Revealed religion presupposes natural' (ii. p. 457). There is a sense in which this is

true. The missionary cannot work upon the heathen, with a view to their conversion, without appealing to some belief which they have within themselves; you cannot, in other words, expect a message to be received unless the existence and authority of Him who sends it be recognised by the recipient. But it would be simply absurd, if it were not in the highest degree irreverent, to speculate upon the case which the author puts—'Let us imagine a first moment at which Revelation came into 'the world: there must still have been some prior state which 'made Revelation possible.' Now the account given of the dealings of God with the first man is either true or false. On the former supposition there is literally no conceivable use in discussing the question of the priority of natural or revealed religion; nor again, if there were, would there be any conceivable means of arriving at any decision on the matter. The importance then of the question rests solely upon the hypothesis that the historical account of the first chapters in Genesis has no claim whatever upon our belief. It is important to observe this, because the reader of Mr. Jowett's lucubrations should know beforehand who are the people with whom he casts in his lot. Many who would be unable to unravel the entangled skein of truth and falsehood, to distinguish between what is superficially glittering and what is substantially good, may pause before they begin, and look full in the face at the consequences to which his theories will inevitably lead them, and the company with whom they will be associated in the course of their investigations. If it is an ascertained fact that there were no dealings between God and man anterior to the time of Moses, the case which Mr. Jowett puts is full of force; and no doubt a highly interesting argument it would be, if we could put out of sight the truth that the claims of Moses would be themselves disproved by the admission of such an hypothesis. But it suits Mr. Jowett to ignore,—first, when he cannot disprove; secondly, in cases where his readers would be frightened at the too open statement of his scepticism.

Setting aside, then, as valueless, and mere childish delusions, unworthy of a philosophic mind, the direct intercourse which the oldest books of history which we possess, and which some people still think inspired, state to have taken place between the first created pair and their Creator, we quite agree with Mr. Jowett that the theory of a primitive tradition common to all mankind is a baseless fabric, and, even if conceivable, is inconsistent with facts. As to the earliest forms of worship met with in profane history, it would be idle to pretend that they present much resemblance to the adoration of a Being such as Him whom Paley attempts to demonstrate from the

analogy of the watch and its maker. Ancient history certainly does not countenance the idea of a general religion, but tells us of particular, national, and we may add, perhaps, individual, religions, and these standing in most remarkable relations, whether of development and advance, or of degeneration and decadence, to each other. The light which recent researches have thrown upon the religions of the world would seem very little to fall in with the view which infidel writers are so partial to, of man in his savage state finding his religion amidst the war of the elements or the powers of nature whose beneficial effects he feels, and then, as civilization advances, gradually imbibing the idea of anthropomorphism, from which he as gradually emerges into the full blaze of light which the conception of the Absolute sheds over his soul. On the contrary, it will be found that worship has alternated between the abstract and the concrete, the material and the ideal, the visible and the invisible, now advancing, now retrograding, and sometimes varying, so that it is scarcely possible to speak of it as entirely an advance or a retrogression, but partaking of both these qualities. We say the facts are at variance with the development theory of religion. A primeval revelation is, in fact, the only reasonable account that can be given of the fantastic forms of religion which the history of nations presents to us. Under this view the different religions of the world, with the wondrous approximations to truth which underlie them all, and the clearly traceable connexion between their degradation and the immorality of their votaries, are consistent and intelligible. The other theory can only be rendered apparently consistent by taking large averages, ignoring exceptional cases, and allowing Christianity its place in a series beginning as far back as history will allow, and extending forwards to the future, when, in the advancing tide of knowledge, itself will appear like the mere aspiration of humanity in its infancy.

It is no uncommon thing to see people, who are bent on supporting a false theory of religion, entirely losing sight of the plainest truths, and having their judgments warped in such degree as to make a reflecting mind pause to inquire how far it is an instance of judicial blindness. Nothing in the whole of this Essay has astonished us so much as the assertion that the elder religions of the world have no idea of right or wrong, seeming to be wholly devoid of moral elements. The author appears bent on exhibiting his own ignorance and partiality, and, instead of confining himself to vague statements,—which assuredly would have suited his purpose better,—he instances Homer and the tragic poets. That there may be no misapprehension, we must quote his exact words. 'No action in

'Homer, however dishonourable or treacherous, calls forth 'moral reprobation. Neither gods nor men are expected to 'present any ideal of justice or virtue; their power or splendour 'may be the theme of the poet's verse, not their truth or 'goodness' (p. 465). And again, in the same page, 'Ideas of right and wrong have no place in them.' We will just quote the first instance that occurs to our memory, which is one of a thousand passages in Homer which imply a distinction between right and wrong, independently of their results, and, for a complete answer to his assertion, refer him to the elaborate essay on the subject in the second volume of Mr. Gladstone's 'Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age:'—

ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

If the professor of Greek has studied Homer superficially, he appears equally ignorant of later Greek writers. The deep thoughts of vengeance overtaking sin in a mysterious way, of crime never escaping retribution, and the mystery of the inequality of punishment which awaits the sinner here, as well as the sufferings which fall upon the innocent; the hints of deliverance, and a coming expiation for sin; the appreciation of purity and chastity, which appear throughout the tragedies of Æschylus, and which invest them with so profound an interest—all these points are summed up in the cold unsympathizing statement, that 'A later age made a step forwards in 'morality, and backwards at the same time; it acquired clearer 'ideas of right and wrong, but found itself encumbered with 'conceptions of fate and destiny. The vengeance of the 'Eumenides has but a rude analogy with justice; the personal 'innocence of the victim whom the gods pursued is a part of 'the interest in some instances of Greek tragedy' (ii. 465). It suited Mr. Jowett's theory to find a slight advance in morality in Greek literature, and, accordingly, he had no difficulty in finding it: yet we must confess that it seems wonderful to us that he should have repeated these statements in his second edition, in the teeth of the powerful analysis of this subject which appeared from the pen of Mr. Gladstone in the interval between the publication of his two editions.

The last two sections of this Dissertation on Natural Religion are occupied with an attempt to disparage the ordinarily alleged proofs of the being of a God, and to exalt its value as being, in the author's view, the ordinary religion of people who are neither very good nor very bad; 'the average, as it may be termed, of religious feeling in a Christian land;' or what he seems to use as a synonymous expression, 'the leaven of the

Gospel hidden in the world.' Mr. Jowett might with equal truth have alleged that two distinct things are identical; in fact, he does say so, though not in so many words; and having said this, we shall spare ourselves the vexation of arguing the case further, or urging any reasons why we decline to regard our fellow Christians, however lamentably they may fall short of the Gospel standard of morality, as living under a system of natural rather than revealed religion. Alas! those who have ceased to pray to the God of Revelation, in whose worship they were taught from their infancy, are not often to be found on their knees before the God of nature; and there is more of danger in the pantheistic spirit amongst those who have altogether ceased to hold converse with God than in the avowed belief in Pantheism, which meets us here and there in works of which it is difficult to say whether shallowness or conceit be the more prominent characteristic.

In the prosecution of his task, Mr. Jowett begins with the celebrated argument from final causes and the defects which are incident to it. And here Mr. Jowett might have made a better case if he had read what others have said on the subject, instead of drawing wholly from the resources of his own mind. The objection which Hume so acutely conceived and so concisely expressed to the form of this argument has been noticed by us at length in a previous number of this Review.[1]

Mr. Jowett's objections may be classed as follows:—That matter is not life, that regularity is different from irregularity, that a part is not equal to the whole. We are almost at a loss to imagine what the phantom is which he has conjured up as an antagonist to be knocked down. It may be admitted that Paley and other writers on the evidence from final causes have sometimes overstated their case, and have not been careful to distinguish the exact amount of Divine attributes that emerge from a view of nature, but Mr. Jowett's attack upon the doctrine seems to imply some sort of belief in his mind that his opponents considered the religion of nature as embracing all the doctrines of Revelation, just as if natural theology were so perfect as to supersede the necessity of revealed. Upon the whole, we do not find any material fault with Mr. Jowett's description of the argument and the narrowness of its conclusion. What we think we have reason to accuse him of is, that he lives in such an isolated world of thought as never to have attended to what other people say, the consequence of which is that he misrepresents them, and then frequently speaks as if he thought men were dishonestly upholding a theory which they

[1] See *The Christian Remembrancer* for January, 1857, pp. 79, 86.

do not believe, and this because the distorted image of their belief produced in his own mind seems too full of absurdities for any rational being to believe.

Perhaps one of the deepest and most comprehensive thoughts on this subject which has ever found utterance was enunciated by Plato, and afterwards modified by S. Anselm, viz. that our highest conception must have a true existence. This Mr. Jowett considers to be 'no more than saying, in a technical or 'dialectical form, that we cannot imagine God without imagining 'that He is.' We really see nothing technical or dialectical in the easy and intelligible language of S. Anselm. The technicality lies wholly in Mr. Jowett's version, which also may, for all we know, be dialectical, but certainly is not logical. S. Anselm's expression is equivalent to saying that we cannot imagine God unless He is; but Mr. Jowett, apparently unable to distinguish between the subjective and objective, thrusts in the words '*imagining that*,' and so spoils the whole meaning of the sentence. It reminds us of the miserable play upon the words *esse* and *esse miserum* in the first book of the Tusculan Disputations. As to any positive theory, either of natural or revealed religion, we are not to expect any such thing from this author. We do not profess to be able to find the focus to which all the vague hints thrown out in this Essay may be thought to converge. We cannot make a tolerably consistent theory out of his disjointed fragments, and we are sure that he cannot do so for himself. And what is especially worthy of blame in him is, that, being himself at sea on the wide ocean of truth, with no guide that he feels any reliance on himself, instead of asking for assistance from others, he disdainfully refuses all proffered aid, and contents himself with attempting to demonstrate that all others are wrong in trusting to the guides whom they have chosen for themselves, or in whom they have hitherto trusted. With extraordinary recklessness he attacks, now commonly received opinions, now the doctrines of particular schools; and, what is most distressing, he appears to have no scruple in criticising and setting himself above S. Paul, for whom he appears to entertain no more respect than for any other mere human being. Though he has not edited the Epistles to the Corinthians, he has, we suppose, read them. There is a remarkable argument in one of them on the resurrection of the body. Let the reader think of that, and then read the following passage, in which we will only remind him that Mr. Jowett uses the word *soul* and not *body*. 'Why, 'again, should we argue for the immortality of the soul from 'the analogy of the seed and the tree, or the state of human 'beings before and after birth, when the ground of proof in one

'case is wanting in the other, namely, experience.' Is it so very absurd, in a case where experience cannot be had, to have recourse to argument for establishing a conclusion? Mr. Jowett seems to think that if we had the experience the argument would be valid, and seems quite to forget that it would be useless. 'Again, because the dead acorn may a century 'hence become a spreading oak, no one would infer that the 'corrupted remains of animals will rise to life in new forms. 'The error is not in the use of such illustrations as figures of 'speech, but in the allegation of them as proofs or evidences 'after the failure of the analogy is perceived. Perhaps it may 'be said that in popular discourse they pass unchallenged; it 'may be a point of honour that they should be maintained 'because they are in Paley or Butler' (we must be permitted to add S. Paul). 'But evidences for the many which are not 'evidences for the few are treacherous props to Christianity. 'They are always liable to come back to us detected, and 'to need some other fallacy for their support' (ii. p. 485). We will make no further comment upon the passage than to remark that rhetoric is not logic; that the century which naturalists tell us is the period of the oak's reaching its maturity, and the enormous size to which, from small beginnings, it at length attains, though giving rise to very interesting thoughts, are not exactly the point of the argument which really rests upon the instantaneous change from the downward process of corruption to the springing up of life.

But we have yet to notice the last, and much the most painful, section of this Essay on Natural Religion. It professes to treat of that phase of it which is current in society. We have above stated our opinion of the absurdity of speaking of the mass of Christians, who do not seem much under the direct influence of Christianity, as living under a system of natural religion. And we do not wish to join issue with Mr. Jowett as to the essential difference between the state of those who have once been made heirs of the kingdom of heaven by sacramental grace, and the heathen who have not been made partakers of the same privileges. No doubt a wide gulf of belief separates us from him here, and we must be content to forego this part of the question, and rest the case only on the supposition of the belief in which such persons have been educated, and which they have retained; even thus, it seems a great absurdity to speak of ordinary Christians living under a system of natural religion. So far as the particular doctrines of Christianity have ceased to influence them, neither are such persons under the influence of religious belief at all. If they are kept in a respectable course, that is owing much

more to the mass of secondary motives by which they are influenced. But, indeed, it is probably a larger class of persons who are to some extent influenced by directly religious motives, and of these we can see no reason to suppose that the ruling motive owes its sanction to natural rather than to revealed religion. Take, for instance, the simple duty of almsgiving, as coming under the general head of doing as we would be done by, and excluding those who may be supposed to give from whatever complication of motives not directly religious, surely we should not be wrong in supposing that the motive which is most commonly effectual is the belief that we are bound to do so for Christ's sake, rather than the precept of natural religion, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, id alteri ne feceris.* If it is argued that the world at large is very much kept in the right way and saved from offending by considerations of policy, and by following natural inclinations, rather than by any strong sense of duty, that is a position which we do not feel any disposition to controvert. And this is the state of things upon which Mr. Jowett descants in the fifth head, under which he treats natural religion. The case seems to us altogether irrelevant to the subject of natural religion; yet Mr. Jowett has tacked it on, and we must not omit to notice it. If our next few remarks are on a different subject from that of which we have been speaking, the fault is his, not ours.

The hints thrown out seem to us neither more nor less than a profane attempt to solve the awful question, 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' The answer which is meant to be conveyed in this concluding section of the Essay amounts to this, that it is impossible to believe that the people with whom we are in habits of daily intercourse shall be lost, and the conclusion that this carries with it is, the comfortable thought that we too shall be included in their number. This conclusion is not definitely put out. It would have stood in too glaring a contradiction to well-known passages of holy writ. The many that are called, the few that are chosen; the one being taken, the other left; are texts which leave an indelible impression on every thoughtful mind, and we think there are many indications in Scripture that this is the impression meant to be left, and we may, without irreverence, venture to say, that there appears good reason why such an impression should be left. Mr. Jowett has most skilfully put out thoughts that we never remember to have seen in print before, but which have presented themselves, we doubt not, to every religious mind. He has given us a description, first, of the state of mind of people such as are usually seen in the world, and then, of the various feelings which from time to time we entertain with regard to such

persons, and of the comparisons we are in the habit of instituting between them and ourselves. The picture which he has presented is, in all its main features, a true representation of the case. The actual state of people in the Christian Church, as contrasted with what might have been expected by an enthusiastic mind, is forcibly put out, and, as nobody knows better than Mr. Jowett, has been the chief real or alleged cause of secession from the Church to the ranks of infidelity. If people are so impatient, that they must have a solution of all their difficulties, we do not see what place there is for them in the Christian dispensation. It is, perhaps, a strange anomaly, that Christians should be living side by side, not caring to inquire minutely into each other's state of mind, of whom Scripture speaks so often, under the designation of the Church and the world, the wheat and the tares, the sheep and the goats, the children of light and the children of the world. It is true that of great numbers we cannot say in which of these divisions we should find a place for them; but that seems but a poor reason for ignoring, in our thoughts, the difference which it is not denied Holy Scripture represents as separating them. If Mr. Jowett would say the representations of Scripture are therefore false, we should understand what he meant, and at least assign him the praise of consistency. But he does not say this, neither does he place the conclusion, which fairly might have finished this part of his Essay, in this portion of the volume; it appears at a distance of 350 pages from its legitimate premises, and is linked on to an entirely different subject, viz. the universal brotherhood of the redeemed, as distinguished from the restricted offers of God's mercy under the old dispensation. We shall give it in the author's own words, premising only, that the pronoun with which the sentence commences refers, according to his own arrangement, to the latter view, but ought to refer to the picture of which we have been speaking. 'It relieves us from anxiety 'about the condition of other men, of friends departed, of those 'ignorant of the Gospel, of those of a different form of faith 'from our own; knowing that God, who has thus far lifted up 'the veil, will justify the circumcision through faith, and the 'uncircumcision by faith; the Jew who fulfils the law, and the 'Gentile who does by nature the things contained in the law' (ii. p. 141). This passage affords a fair specimen of the style of Mr. Jowett's teaching. We have already spoken of the vague manner in which his thoughts, in themselves extremely suggestive, are thrown out; the mode in which a conclusion is left untouched which seems inevitably to follow from the premises; the shrinking from stating explicitly, though probably

not from recognising in his own mind, the consequences to which his doctrines lead; but the passage just quoted indicates another and a much graver fault than any of these. He is fond of coupling together under the same category, things which, to say the least, will bear being looked at separately, and which most thinkers would prefer to view distinctly. We are far from charging him with designedly mystifying his readers, by linking together subjects which ought to be separate, for the dishonest purpose of involving in the same conclusion certain propositions which, if they had been kept apart, no one would naturally have placed in the category in which they are found in these volumes. For instance, in the passage just quoted, there is a very remarkable deficiency of accuracy (some persons might even have thought of candour) in classing together the perplexing thoughts as to the state of the heathen world, who have never had the opportunity of hearing the glad tidings of the Gospel; the various shades of doubt which different men—and, indeed, the same men, at different times—have felt on the subject of those who have known the true faith, and have acquiesced in some schismatical or heretical deviation from it; and, again, the harassing alternations of hope and fear with which all religious people have at some time or another regarded the future destiny of those whom they have been associated with on earth. The three subjects are almost entirely distinct in themselves. The first belongs directly to S. Paul's argument, the second is indirectly connected with it, whilst the last belongs altogether to a different phase of thought. The first belongs wholly to the subject of our ignorance of God's dealings with His creatures, *e. g.* how far His grace may overflow its regularly appointed channels; whilst most of the distress to which we are subjected by the last, is owing to our ignorance of persons' real characters and habits, how they have lived as regards that inner life of the soul into which no bystander can penetrate, howsoever piercing his glance may be, or how adequate the repentance may have been to atone for the past; whilst the case of the heretic and schismatic just serves to bridge over the interval between the two, because it belongs to both these subjects; and thus appears to introduce into the conclusion that which really has no business there. The author would have made the view which is in his own mind more conspicuous (but then that was not his object probably), if he had added to the enumeration of cases in which we are 'relieved from anxiety by the argument of S. Paul,' the still more important question as to our own state in God's sight. There are two ways of softening down the awful alternative of the awards of the day of judgment:

the one which has been adopted by Mr. Maurice and his friends, is to explain away the doctrine of future punishment, the other is by enlarging the sphere of the application of the province of God's mercy; and the whole tone of the notes and dissertations which we have been reviewing shows unmistakeably the conclusion at which Mr. Jowett has arrived, as plainly as if he had stated it in so many words. As regards faith, it may be expressed thus:—

> 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.'

As regards practice—it is, that the ordinary life of people, who are not guilty of gross sins, is good enough. It would require many more extracts than we could afford space for to exhibit these points with any degree of clearness, and probably no amount of mere extracted passages would seem adequate to so grave a charge. But we do not doubt that such would be the impression left upon the mind of any fair reader, of whatever school, supposing him to have the ordinary amount of religious education, of the middle classes. Nor must we quit this subject without noticing in conclusion, what indeed is closely connected with this view, but which we do not want to put in evidence to justify our opinion of Mr. Jowett. We have said that we acquit him of the charge of dishonesty, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, especially as regards the suppressing of what he must see that his remarks evidently tend to. And the acquittal is undoubtedly justified by the bold and reckless style in which he occasionally puts out statements almost in irreconcileable contradiction to the very letter of Scripture. We do not profess, in this short notice, to give any account of the notes, either critical or explanatory, on the epistles, but we must quote part of a little dissertation on hypocrisy, which, though quite out of place as a note, appears in that capacity as an appendage to an explanation of the use of the particle δὲ in the third verse of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

'Hypocrisy is almost always unconscious: it draws the veil over its own evil deeds while it condemns its neighbours; it deceives others, but begins by deceiving the hypocrite himself. It is popularly described as pretending to be one thing, and doing, thinking, or feeling another; in fact it is very different. Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence. A man does wrong, but he forgets it again; he sees the same fault in another, and condemns it; but no arrow of conscience reaches him, no law of association suggests to him that he has sinned too. Human character is weak and plastic, and soon reforms itself into a deceitful whole. Indignation may be honestly felt at others by men who do the same things themselves; they may often be said to relieve their own conscience, perhaps even to strengthen the moral sentiments of mankind, by their

expression of it. The worst hypocrites are bad as we can imagine, but they are not such as we imagine. The Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, were unlike what they seem to us; much more would they have regarded their own lives in another light from that in which our Lord has pictured them. Their hypocrisy, too, might be described as weakness and self-deception, only heightened and made more intense by the time and country in which they lived. It was the hypocrisy of an age and of a state of society, blinder, perhaps, and more fatal for this very reason, but less culpable in the individuals who were guilty of it. Those who said, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die," were not without a zeal for God, though seeking to take away Him in whom only the law was fulfilled. But although experience of ourselves and others seems to show that hypocrisy is almost always unconscious, such is not the idea that we ordinarily attach to the word hypocrite. This singular psychological phenomenon is worth our observing. The reason is, first, that the strong contrast we observe between the seeming and the reality, between the acts and words of the hypocrite, leads us to speak as though the contrast was present and conscious to himself: we cannot follow the subtle mazes through which he leads himself; we see only the palpable outward effect. Secondly, the notion that hypocrisy is self-deception, or weakness, is inadequate to express our abhorrence of it. Thirdly, our use of language is adapted to the common opinions of mankind, and often fails of expressing the finer shades of human nature.'—Vol. ii. p. 80.

In order to see the full force of the accusation we are now bringing against Mr. Jowett, the reader must read, or at least bear in mind the fearful denunciations of woe uttered by our Saviour, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel. To it we will add no further comment, with the exception of calling attention to the loose language in which Mr. Jowett clothes his ideas. He really cannot differ in a moderate degree from other people. He begins this note with saying that 'Nobody really leads this sort of unnatural and divided existence.' This strong language is subsequently modified into 'experience seems to show that hypocrisy is *almost* always unconscious.' Mr. Jowett, no doubt, feels strongly; he has been accustomed to think of most people being unconsciously hypocritical; and he has probably often been ear-witness in cases of people speaking in a higher style than their lives seemed to warrant. He has heard people denounce hypocrisy, whom he thinks guilty of precisely the same kind of hypocrisy, and that mainly because he is utterly unable to throw himself into the feelings, and appreciate the state of mind of others. And the expression which perhaps politeness prevented him from uttering, 'You are all a parcel of hypo-'crites; there is not much difference between you and the 'persons you are condemning,' has lost none of its force by being pent up for a time, and issuing in a printed defence of hypocrisy on the ground that it is common. But the world will at least demand accuracy of him who sets up to be a philo-

sopher, and despises its opinion; and certainly will not be convinced by such vague assertions, either that there are none so wicked as, for the sake of interest, habitually to practise themselves in that quality which has been so well described as the homage which vice renders to virtue, or that there is not a distinction between that self-deception which is common amongst people who in the main are virtuous, and the hypocrisy of those who voluntarily deceive themselves.

ART. VIII.—*Φιλολογικὴ καὶ κριτικὴ ἱστορία τῶν ἀπὸ τῆς ά μέχρι τῆς ή ἑκατονταετηρίδος ἀκμασάντων ἁγίων τῆς ἐκκλησίας πατέρων. Ὑπὸ Κωνσταντίνου Κοντογόνου καθηγητοῦ τῆς θεολογίας ἔν τε τῷ Πανεπιστήμῳ Ὄθωνος καὶ τῇ ἐκκλησιαστικῇ Ριζαρείῳ σχολῇ. Τόμοι πρῶτος καὶ δεύτερος. Ἐν Ἀθήναις, τύποις καὶ ἀναλώμασι Σ. Κ. Βλάστου· κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν Ἑρμοῦ, Ἀριθ.* 212.

IT is curious to observe how the increasing strength and wide spread of the English Church has made some questions of immediately pressing importance, which, fifty years ago, would only have had an antiquarian interest. Had any one,—in the days, say, when the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were first set up, —sat down to furnish a paper to either of them on the nature and extent of metropolitical jurisdiction, he would have known that he was only writing it for those who took an interest in Ecclesiastical antiquities, and that the so-called practical man, whether concerned with the politics of the State or the Church, would pass it by. The case is now widely altered. The authority of metropolitans over their suffragans is a subject which must shortly be settled in some way or other; and the right or wrong settlement of which will further, or will retard, the welfare of the English Church and its various branches, more than almost any other that can be named.

Up to the beginning of the present century, what was the case with regard to our foreign possessions? When we had discovered, too late, that the want of a national Episcopate had been one of the causes which brought about the separation of the United States from the British Crown, we planted a Bishopric in Canada. The enormously increasing interests of India at length shamed us into sending a bishop to Calcutta. But with those two exceptions all our foreign dependencies were, or were supposed to be, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. Truly when one looks back to that time, and compares the then with the present state of the English Church, it is enough to make us exclaim, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' The poor little 'United Church of England and Ireland,' out of communion with Scotland, out of communion with America, with only its two foreign bishops: that on the one side. On the other, the English

Church now, with its Scotch sister and American daughter, the latter outnumbering in its Episcopate the mother, and the colonial Churches in all parts of the world increasing in a ratio to which past Ecclesiastical history affords no parallel.

In those old times what was the Metropolitical system as regards ourselves? At one period,—for nearly thirty years, eight metropolitans held rule in Great Britain. The two of England, Canterbury and York; the four of Ireland, Armagh, Dublin, Tuam, and Cashel; the two of Scotland, S. Andrew's and Glasgow. The accession of William of Orange abolished the two last. Tuam and Cashel fell before Lord Stanley's spoliation bill. But, 'Instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all lands.'

And behold, we have already four, and ought to have five new metropolitans. Calcutta for India, Capetown for South Africa, Sydney for Australia; New Zealand; those we have already gained. It is clearly necessary that Canada should have its own metropolitan; and surely the West Indies are important enough to have a metropolitan of their own. The question, then, which will soon have to be solved is this: Do these new metropolitans owe any obedience whatever to the See of Canterbury? If so, what are its limits? In case—which is not only within the limits of possibility, but far within those of probability—that Australia shall some day contain within itself five or six independent republics, united only by goodwill and Anglo-Saxon blood with England,—and we may make the same supposition with regard to Canada,—and how should we stand in an ecclesiastical point of view then?

Notice further this: that while the primacy of Canterbury is almost, and that of York entirely, a dead letter, in the new metropolitanates the primatial power is a living and moving thing. The Bishop of Calcutta is bound to visit, metropolitically, the dioceses of his suffragans once in three years; and in order to do so with the utmost freedom, he is in the habit, when entering the diocese of his suffragans, of suspending the inferior bishop from all authority during his visitation. Also we must notice that, in consequence of their being unshackled by the State, the colonial dioceses, with their independent synods, with, in Canada, their free election of bishops, and with their further removal from the seat of political government, are sure to outstrip the Mother Church in energy and progress. The two questions, then, are: 'What authority has the Colonial Metropolitan over his suffragans?' and, 'What authority has the Archbishop of Canterbury over him?'

Now we will go back to the past, and see what we can learn from that. It is not worth while to carry our investigations

earlier than the fourth century; because, till the Church was at external peace, it was hardly at liberty to attend to its internal organisation. Look, then, at this organisation as it existed after the Second Œcumenical Council. In the time of S. Ambrose, and S. Augustine, and S. Jerome, what was it?

And first we have the three great patriarchates, though not as yet known by that name: Rome, Alexandria, Antioch. Next to them in position, though far inferior in power, Jerusalem. Next came the three exarchates: Ephesus, with the diocese of Asia, and twelve provinces; Cæsarea, with the diocese of Pontus, and thirteen provinces; Heraclea, with the diocese of Thrace, and six provinces. Next again to these came the primates of Thessalonica, Carthage, and Milan. Now let us see of what size were the metropolitical provinces which made up these patriarchates and exarchates; and as Asia Minor was then the garden of the Church, let us take that for our example. And first look at the diocese at Pontus. The first of its metropoles was that of Cappadocia, afterwards divided into three, but at this time one ecclesiastical province. This was something more than 330 miles in its greatest length, and 220 in its greatest breadth. Truly an enormous province, and with singularly few bishops. In this vast province we know but of fifteen sees; each of which must therefore have been considerably larger than English bishoprics of the present day. The next province was Armenia, afterwards in like manner divided into two, with its eighteen bishoprics. Then we come to Galatia, also subsequently divided into two; about 220 miles in length, by half that distance in breadth. Here we have nineteen bishoprics. Next comes the province of Pontus Polemoniacus, with eight bishoprics, and about two-thirds the size of Galatia. Next to this Helenopontus, with eight bishops also. After this we come to Paphlagonia, with Gangra for its metropolis. This, less in size than the other, had six bishops. Bithynia, afterwards split into three, holds the next place, with its metropolis Nicomedia; and could boast as many as thirty bishops. These compose the Pontic diocese; a total of seven, afterwards thirteen, provinces, and one hundred and four bishops.

If we go on to the Asiatic diocese, very much the superior of the others in wealth and population, we shall find the number of bishoprics increase in the same proportion. The province of Asia, which included nearly Lydia and Mysia, had forty-three bishops. Hellespontus, under Cyzicum, had seventeen. Phrygia, afterwards divided into two, had under the metropolis of Laodicea no less than sixty-two. Lydia, under Sardis, only a part of the secular province of that name, had twenty-six. Little Caria, under Miletus, had also twenty-six. The scattered

Cyclades, under Rhodes, had nineteen. Lycia, the smallest of the provinces, about fifty-five miles in breadth by sixty in length, that is, not half as big again as Sussex, had no less than thirty-two bishops. Pamphylia, under Side, had thirty-seven. Pisidia, under Antioch, also a small province, twenty-five. And lastly, Lycaonia had eighteen. This gives a total for the Asiatic diocese of more than three hundred bishops; a number exceeding all those of Roman Catholic Europe, Italy excepted.

Now at that early period we find the metropolitan exercising a veto on the election of a bishop, in some cases apparently alone, in some acting with a synod of the com-provincials. The twelfth canon of Laodicea speaks very plainly; 'Bishops are not to be instituted without the consent of the metropolitans and of the neighbouring bishops,'—by which last expression we understand the suffragans of the same province. But the Council of Antioch is the fullest in its Canons with respect to the duties and rights of a metropolitan. The ninth canon forbids that anything of great moment be undertaken without his sanction; he is to be the mover of all that goes on in the diocese; no bishop is to visit the Court without his metropolitan's leave. That of Sardica says much the same thing; while that in Trullo plainly lays down the rule that the Civil is also to be the Ecclesiastical metropolis. And it cannot be doubted that this was a very prudent regulation. The Proconsul, or Prefect, or Count, or by whatever other name he might be called, concentrating the civil power in a city which only possessed an ordinary bishop, would have been apt to overwhelm the Church with Erastianism: by the precaution taken, the Church concentrated her strength on the same place, and met the civil authority on more equal grounds. It is worth while considering whether in this country, from the very beginning, the neglect of that rule has not been attended with disastrous consequences. The position of our metropolitans in cities which, but for them, would be perfectly insignificant, has left the Church at a disadvantage in connexion with the secular power. So greatly was the inconvenience of a similar arrangement felt in France, that Paris, after long remaining suffragan to the metropolitan of Sens, at length obtained her own archbishop: who naturally, though not officially, has ever since been considered one of the highest ecclesiastics in the kingdom. The miserable state of Spain we all know; and there Madrid, far from being the seat of a metropolitan, has not even a bishop. The case was the same in Scotland, where the Primate was put away into a corner of the kingdom, if not very far from the civil metropolis, at least in a place not to be got at without extreme

inconvenience and difficulty; nor had Edinburgh a bishop till the time of Charles I. Ireland was better off; since if Armagh were primate, the Metropolitan of Dublin took precedence at least of the others. We may notice that it was in the fifth century that metropolitans attained their highest power. At that time they were not over-balanced by the absolute supremacy of the patriarchates. The three exarchs hardly claimed much authority: Antioch had so vast a diocese, that its further metropolitans were necessarily pretty well autocephalous: Alexandria was the only metropolis of Egypt: the primate of Carthage exercised no very great control over the other metropolitans, as of Numidia and Mauritania. We must not forget to notice, that in Africa that canon of Antioch was never observed. There the metropolis of each province was not fixed; the eldest or most influential bishop exercised the functions of metropolitan. The twenty-eighth canon of the third Council of Carthage forbids the bishops of each province to cross the sea without the leave of the *primæ sedis Episcopus*.

Let us draw lessons for ourselves as we go along. Surely it would be well if that canon were re-enacted for our colonial churches. The bishops of the suffragan sees there, seem to have the most singular vocation for being in England. In fact, judging from the proceedings of many of them, one should imagine that they had been consecrated prelates abroad, merely that they might preach charity sermons with greater emphasis at home. And besides the harm which the lengthened absence of the diocesan must effect among his own people, there is a serious question arising out of this very subject. It may very well happen that the presence of every bishop in the province, who is capable of travelling, may be necessary for the consecration of a new prelate. Either from objecting to an increase of the Episcopate, or from personal dislike to the newly appointed bishop, a suffragan takes himself off, and renders the consecration impossible. A metropolitan surely ought to have the power of saying, 'Go afterwards if you will, but at all events I will have you stay for this office.'

If we go on in the fifth century, we shall find its conclusion distinguished by an endeavour in the Western Church, among the greater metropolitans, to become primates. There surely never was a more vague authority than that which this much coveted office bestowed; and the absolute titularity into which it sank before long, would almost seem absurd if we were not so used to it. It served, however, as one of the many stepping-stones by which Rome attained to her present exaltation. In the fifth century the primacy of any kingdom

was little more than the attachment of the Legantine office to its holder. At this time Seville was, beyond all doubt, the primatial see of Spain. And how does S. Simplicius of Rome write to S. Zeno in 482? 'We have thought it fitting to 'support thee with the vicarial authority of our see, in order 'that, propped by its strength, thou mayest in no wise permit 'the decrees of apostolical institution, or the bounds of the 'holy fathers, to be violated.' And thirty-five years later, S. Hormisdas, writing to Sallust, Bishop of the same see,—it is the twenty-sixth epistle of that Pope,—appoints him his vicar through Bætica, the modern Andalusia, and Lusitania, which was then nearly conterminous with the kingdom of Portugal. He does so, he says, for the better observation of canons and ecclesiastical discipline: but then, there is a 'salvis privilegiis 'quæ metropolitanis episcopis detulit antiquitas.' But then we find the same Pope in the same year appointing John of Tarragona his vicar over the rest of Spain. Seville, however, obtained the primacy over that see also; for S. Leander, in the Third Council of Toledo,—he that drew up the first rough draft of the Mozarabic Office,—took precedence of the other archbishops: and so at a later period, S. Isidore of Seville presided at the Fourth Council of Toledo, taking precedence of the Archbishops of Narbonne, Merida, Braga, Toledo, Tarragona. And their primacy continued at least till the Twelfth Council of Toledo.

We find a similar primacy attached in the fifth century to Arles, as regarded the Church of France. S. Hilarius, writing to Leontius of that see, constitutes him primate, with the power of assembling yearly national synods. By the strength of this commission, and as if to keep his hand in, we find the worthy primate calling S. Mamertus of Vienne to account for ordaining a Bishop of Die, which was out of the bounds of his province. S. Cesarius of Arles was in 514 made primate, not only of Gaul, but of the neighbouring provinces of Spain. It would appear that the consent of the civil power was necessary for these arrangements: thus Vigilius, continuing the primacy to Auxanius of Arles, does so at the request of King Childebert, and, what is more strange, with the permission of the Emperor Justinian.

There seems to have been no similar arrangement in the Eastern Church. There the rank of the different metropolitans was exactly ascertained, as indeed it is to this day; and changes were from time to time made in their precedence, but always by the secular power. When a patriarch attached a kind of vicegerency to any distant see, that see was sure in time to become virtually autocephalous. Thus Alexandria committed a

vicarial jurisdiction to Axum in Ethiopia: and the Ethiopic Church, except that it always applied to head-quarters for a new primate, became perfectly independent. So Constantinople appointed a vicar, whether at Kieff or Moscow, for the Russian Church; and the metropolitans of Moscow were virtually independent long before that city was raised to a fifth patriarchate. So again Georgia had its own autocephalous metropolitan; who for his part threw off another into Kartalenia. Antioch did the same thing in two ways: in the one direction, the Catholic of Chaldæa fixing his see first at Seleucia, then at Mosul, became independent, and he formed another primatial shoot in Malabar. On the other hand, a second autocephalous primate for Armenia appeared first at Etchmiadzine, then at Sis and elsewhere. In fact, the different geniuses of the East and West appear in nothing more strikingly than in their different arrangements about primates. Yet doubtless 'all these worked That One and the self-same Spirit.'

To return to the West. It is difficult to say whether Rome gave or received most in the fifth and sixth centuries by the institution of primacies and the donation of the pallium. Now of course every metropolitan calls himself a primate of something or other. If York cannot be Primate of All England, he will at all events be Primate of England; and so Dublin of Ireland. In France they managed in a different way. Thus the Archbishop of Rouen is Primate of Normandy; the Archbishop of Auch, of Novem populania; the Archbishop of Lyons calls himself Primate of all Gaul; while he of Vienne, to be a step above the others, calls himself Primate of the Primates of Gaul. But these titles are infinitely less unmeaning than those of the East. Thus the Bishop of Cæsaræa calls himself Most Excellent of the Most Excellent; while the metropolitan of Heraclea contents himself with that of the First of the Most Excellent. The name of Primate is not in use, but every little prelate is Exarch of something or other. The Archbishop of Mesembria, having nothing better by way of a title, is Exarch of the Black Sea; and the petty bishoprics of Lemnos and Embros strive together for the title of Exarch of the Ægæan Sea; of the sea itself, that is, for the exarchy of the islands in it is already occupied. However, we are still writing of times when the primacy was not a mere title of honour. As Seville in Spain, and Arles in France, so Salzburg in Germany very soon claimed the like authority, though not quite so early. Arno, sixth Bishop of that see, obtained the *pallium*, the title of Metropolitan, and the primacy of that part of Germany, in 792. As say the tuneless lines:—

In quâ pontifices multos post rite sedentes
Arn successit ovans rector ovile regens.
Quem Carolus Princeps regni superauxit honore
Archi-sacerdotis, dignior ut fieret:
Quem Leo Papa sui veste vestivit honoris
Et privilegia dans mox solidavit eum:
Ut regionis apex et summus episcopus esset
Urbsque hæc metropolis tempus in omne foret.

One great work of the fifth and sixth centuries was the erection of new bishoprics; and in this the consent of the metropolitan, as well as of the bishop from whose diocese the new diocese was taken, was necessary; and this without any reference to the see of Rome. The metropolitan still had the right of putting a veto on the election of a suffragan; and this again without any appeal to the Roman see.

In the sixth century, a Metropolitan schism began, which continued for many years, and led to some curious consequences. The Archbishop of Aquileia, with the prelates of Istria, breaking off communion with Rome on the question of the Three Chapters, formed themselves into a distinct patriarchate; and as the Eastern emperors held the sea-coast of that part of Italy, the insurgent bishops were not easily to be reduced to the obedience of the Roman pontiff. After the extinction of the schism, the Bishops of Aquileia had the bare title of Patriarch left them, and a certain pre-eminence of honour above the other Italian metropolitans. These privileges were guaranteed by Leo VIII. in 980, and John XX. in 1023; and though withdrawn by Clement II. in 1047, who gave Ravenna precedence over Aquileia, they were restored by Alexander II. in 1049.

In the seventh century, Seville lost the primacy of Spain to Toledo as the residence of the Visigoth kings; and this was completely in accordance with the early principle that the chief city of the state should be the ecclesiastical metropolis. This primacy seems to have been bestowed at the request of King Cindasuinth, by the National Council, and confirmed by the see of Rome. In the same century, the Archbishops of Rheims had a kind of secondary primacy in the Church of France; so that, at all events, they were themselves exempt from any kind of subjection to the see of Arles.

As the first dynasty of French kings drew to its close, the state of the Gallican Church was most pitiable. The appointment of primates fell into disuse; every metropolitan was his own primate: by consequence, no one had any authority of convoking the others to a synod, and all kind of discipline fell to the ground. The few weak councils which met, made

canons, which were framed only to be broken; and it seemed as if the whole ecclesiastical and civil state of Europe were together verging to barbarism. Then came the marvellous era of Charlemagne, and the young life of the Church burst forth in all its vigour. Now, then, we find primates exerting their authority again. And first Bourges was made the primatial see of Aquitaine. This was done by Adrian I., at the request of Charlemagne, in favour of Ermenbert, a prelate whose sanctity of life and ecclesiastical learning rendered him well worthy of the dignity. But the Pope hesitated for a little while; for the old ecclesiastical divisions were so thoroughly broken up, that he was uncertain whether the proposed primatial see ought not itself to be subject to some other jurisdiction. That point having been made out to his satisfaction, the Archbishop of Bourges became Metropolitan of the provinces of Narbonne, Bourdeaux, and Auch. It is curious to trace how the fluctuations of secular affairs affected these primatial claims. When the kingdom of Aquitaine was broken up, and the duchy of Narbonne attained political importance, the Archbishop of that city shook off the yoke of Bourges, and under the auspices of Urban II. obtained the primacy of the province of Aix. After that, when the dukes of Occitania became powerful, the Archbishop of Auch in like manner refused to acknowledge the primacy of Bourges, which was now left with the single province of Bourdeaux besides its own. When the great schism broke out between Pope Innocent II. and the Anti-pope Anacletus, a bishop of Angoulême, a partisan of the latter, was raised to the see of Bourdeaux. On this, all the com-provincials of that province appealed to the Archbishop of Bourges as their primate against the sentence of excommunication with which they were threatened. But when the English obtained Bourdeaux and the adjacent country, this last relic of its primacy was snatched from Bourges, though the two strove together for many years, the one for liberty, the other for sovereignty. Gregory IX. tried a compromise by giving leave to the Archbishop of Bourges to visit the province of Bourdeaux, provided he concluded his visitation within the space of fifty days. But Clement V., who had been Archbishop of Bourdeaux himself, completed the freedom of that Church; and now all that remains of the primacy of Bourges, is a singular custom or privilege, which seems to be much valued in the diocese. The Archbishop appoints two vicars, one as metropolitan, the other as primate. Any appeal from one of his suffragans goes in the first place to the metropolitical vicar; if either of the parties is not satisfied with his decision, he can then appeal to the primatial vicar.

And now, in this same century, an event occurred which has

a bearing on our own ecclesiastical state at this time. Drogo of Metz, a simple bishop, was sent by Lothaire to Rome on political business. He was the uncle of the king, and obtained very great influence with Sergius II. then Pontiff. He returned with a brief, whereby he was appointed—but it seems to have been only personally and for his life-time—Primate of all the bishops of Gaul and Germany. The Council of Verneuil took the claim into consideration. They had, said the Fathers, the greatest possible respect for their brother Drogo; his learning and piety were known to all; his relationship to the king was an additional argument in his favour; personally, no one could be more fit for the dignity to which it had pleased the Holy Father to advance him. But they were bound to be careful guardians of the boundaries of the Church: it was an unheard of thing, that the possessor of a simple see should claim precedence over so many metropolitans, whose dignity was derived from remote ages; and therefore they begged to defer acting on the Pope's instructions till a larger council (it was then mid-winter) could be summoned. Drogo, on this, showed himself worthy of the dignity to which he had been appointed, by saying modestly, that he would do nothing which could offend his brethren, and resigning the primacy.

Now, it must have struck all English Churchmen as an anomaly, that the Metropolitans of Calcutta, Sydney, and Cape-town should be Bishops. The question of title is said to have come before the highest authorities, and to have been deferred for the present. It may, of course, be asked, What is there in a name? A bishop, with the authority of a metropolitan, does just as well as if he had an appellation of finer sound. Now, most certainly, we place not the least value on a title which is a mere title, or a decoration which is a mere decoration. Nothing seems more contemptible to us than the privileges as some of the Spanish Churches have, where the bishop or dean is treated as a cardinal, the canons as bishops: nothing more silly than when prelates of this or that little island call themselves Exarchs of this or that See. But this is a very different question. We profess to follow the early Church in our organisation; we allow ourselves in a very comfortable contempt towards the darkness of the eighth or ninth centuries; but here we are doing what the prelates of those very ages knew to be contrary to early discipline. And besides this, there are two tangible reasons for the re-adoption of the title of Archbishop. In the first place, talk and reason how you will, you will not get people generally to see that the Metropolitan of Calcutta or Sydney is on a level with York or Dublin, unless he has the same title. People will naturally say, 'Oh, but he is only

a bishop!' And in one sense he is only a bishop; for we do not for a moment imagine that the Bishop of Capetown, for example, takes, *as he ought*, precedence of the Bishop of London. We know very well that, in the colonies there is a very great difference between the metropolitan and his suffragans; that the newspapers always speak of him by that title; and we imagine that he takes a very different precedence from theirs. But what we desire to see is, the rank freely given from the colony, freely allowed at home. Then, though the Church of England cannot in these evil days look for more than fair play as regards other communions, at all events she ought to have that; and it is not fair play with regard to Rome, that while *she* appoints an Archbishop of Sydney, we should only have a Bishop. Those who are always crying out against Roman encroachments and the like, would use their time much more profitably if, instead of raising an outcry against that which Rome has already obtained, they would enable us to obtain the same also. Remember, too, this. Where there is a difference between Metropolitan and Archbishop, there the former title is the highest; if, then, you have given the higher rank, why find any difficulty in bestowing the lower?

While on this subject we may relate a rather amusing incident which lately occurred in the Danish communion. There, as every one knows, the prelates are merely nominal—Tulchan bishops, as they call them in Scotland. The third centenary of the Reformation was celebrated at Copenhagen with the usual Protestant enthusiasm. On that occasion Dr. Mynster, the then Tulchan Bishop of Zeeland, waited on the King, and with the proper preface, that he was actuated by no principles of ambition, but only from regard for the dignity of the Church, ventured to request that his Majesty would raise the Bishopric of Copenhagen to an Archbishopric in honour of the Tercentenary which they were then so happy as to be celebrating. 'There cannot be a happier thought,' replied the King;—Dr. Mynster bowed, looked modest, and prepared himself for what was to come;—'except in one little particular; it strikes me that 'this mark of dignity would be much better bestowed on the 'Church at the completion of the fourth centenary, and I have 'no doubt that my successor will be most happy to confer it on 'yours then.' So Dr. Mynster went away abashed.

We have wandered a great way from good old Drogo. We will return to that century again. Ansegisus of Sens obtained from John VIII. the Primacy of France and of Cis-Rhenane Germany. But at the Synod of Pontyon (*Concilium Pontigonense*) these letters were stoutly opposed, especially by Hincmar of Rheims, who naturally stood up for his own primacy.

However, favoured by Charles the Bald, Ansegisus became primate of Gaul and Germany as aforesaid; and to improve his title, tacked to it the addition of 'and Second Pope.' A worthy monk of Sens, Odoranus by name, celebrates this event in a poem, where he says:—

> 'Ut primas fieret Gallorum, Papa Johannes
> Concessit meritis hoc tribuenda suis.'

In the same century Hamburg was raised to the dignity of a metropolis, the largest at that time in the Christian world. It stretched right away from that city over Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Orkneys, Shetlands, and Färoes, to Iceland, and even to the Christian colonies in Greenland—those colonies so sadly and so mysteriously swept away in after years by the Black Death.

Again, as the Mahometans had now overrun the better part of Spain, though there was still a little kingdom in the mountain fastnesses of Asturias, Oviedo was raised to be its metropolis. The province extended, when at its largest, from Cape Finisterre to the mouth of the Mondego, then, narrowing as it advanced eastward, it abutted on the province of Narbonne. To this metropolis Leon was subject; and in consequence of its former dignity both Oviedo and Leon, though they would naturally be included within the limits either of Burgos or of Santiago de Compostella, are to this day autocephalous: you will find them entered in the Spanish Ecclesiastical guide as *Obispados Esentos*. In the same century the conversions of the barbarians requiring additional superintendence for the new folds, Prague became an archbishopric, pushing its jurisdiction to the confines of the Eastern Church. We have a very instructive detail of the ideas entertained at this epoch, regarding the authority of metropolitans, in the writings of one of its most celebrated ecclesiastics, Hincmar of Rheims, and, above all, in his fierce controversy with his namesake of Laon. Hincmar was one of the last metropolitans who seems to have retained the primitive idea of their power and dignity. The enormous encroachments which the See of Rome was so soon about to make, rendered them, at a later period, almost titular offices.

Let us now give a glance at the metropolitical division of Europe at the accession of Gregory VII.—that great epoch of ecclesiastical history.

We will begin from the south-west. Draw a line from the mouth of the Mondego to the city of Tarragona. All south of this, and a considerable indentation to the north, was Mahometan. Seville and Toledo retained some faint traces of their

metropolitical rights, but scarcely such as to deserve mention here. In the kingdom of Castile and Leon, beginning from the west, we have the province of Oviedo. This extended right across Spain, as far as the Ebro to the east. Here it was met by that of Narbonne, slanting away towards Arles. Above the Pyrenees comes Auch, bounded by Narbonne to the east, by Bourdeaux to the north. Parallel with Bourdeaux, and taking the whole centre of France, is the province of Bourges. Above Bourdeaux is Tours; then, forming a good part of Brittany, the schismatical province of Dol. To the east of this, Rouen; under Rouen, Sens. South-east of these, Lyons; still south-east, the five small provinces of Vienne, Tarantaise, Arles, Aix, Embrun. Returning northwards, east of Rouen and Sens, we have Rheims; still east, Cologne; to the north-east, the enormous province of Hamburg, stretching from Iceland, through Scandinavia, to pagan Pomerania. South of Cologne, Trêves; south of that, Besançon, which touches Milan. East of Cologne, the vast province of Mayence, reaching from Worms and Spires almost to Cracow; between this and Hamburg, Magdeburg; east of the latter, Gnesen. South of Gnesen is Strigonia, which touches to the eastward on the Pagans, to the south on the Eastern Church. South-east of Milan and Salzburg, Aquileia. The little point that runs out into the sea beyond Aquileia is Grado. Then, in Italy, Milan, Rome Proper, Beneventum, Salerno. To the south-east of Aquileia and Salzburg, and west of Strigonia, Dioclea. It may be worth while to put this into a tabular form.

At that time, the principal European kingdoms were thus divided:—

England and Scotland .	Canterbury.		Strigonia.
	York.		Hamburg.
Ireland . .	Armagh.		
.	Dublin.	*Italy, Savoy, &c.* . . .	
	Tuam.		Rome.
	Cashel.		Salerno.
			Aquileia.
France . .	Rheims.		Grado.
	Rouen.		Ravenna.
	Dol.		Milan.
	Tours.		
	Sens.	*Spain* . .	Oviedo.
	Bourdeaux.		*Seville.*
	Bruges.		*Toledo.*
	Auch.		
	Narbonne.	*Germany, &c.*	Cologne.
	Lyons.		Magdeburg.
	Besançon.		Mayence.
	Vienne.		Salzburg.

Tarantaise.	Trêves.
Aix.	
Embrun.	Gnesen.
Arles.	Dioclea.

Forty provinces in all.

Advancing now into the eleventh and twelfth centuries, we have to notice the rapid diminution of the rights of primates, on account of the exorbitant claims put forward by the papal legates. They completely superseded the ancient authorities in summoning councils. And, indeed, when the doctrine became gradually received, that a synod could not be convoked, much more, could not publish its canons, without the licence of the Papal See, it followed almost of necessity, that legantine, should take the place of primatial, authority. And it is curious to see how in this also, as well as in matters regarding simple bishops, the Court of Rome, and the secular powers of the various European states, played into each other's hands. This was the meaning of pragmatic sanctions, concordats, and to a certain extent also, of the so-called Gallican liberties. If you will only hinder your canons independently electing their bishops, said the Court of Rome to that of Paris, and your monks their abbats, we will allow you to nominate both. And the secular power was only too glad to comply with so pleasing a suggestion.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, the great city of Lyons obtained the primacy over four provinces; those, namely, of Tours, Sens, Rouen, and its own. This, however, occasioned disturbances, which almost ended in a schism. The Archbishop of Tours, who had no traditions of authority to fall back upon, made no objection to the new primate; those of Sens and Rouen, more particularly the former, refused in any way to acknowledge it. Philip the Fair brought the secular arm into operation, and reduced Sens to obedience; but Rouen pertinaciously stood out, and was gratified with the title of Primate of Normandy, though he had nothing but himself to be primate of. See what a mere title of honour the thing was becoming.

Not more than thirty miles from Lyons, is a city as ancient and as interesting, Vienne—Vienne, the holy, as it proudly calls itself, because thirty-eight of its archbishops are reckoned among the Saints, a greater number than that of any other see, Rome only excepted. This place had been capital of the kingdom of Burgundy, and the archbishop had been *ex-officio* chancellor, and afterwards arch-chancellor of the kingdom. Calixtus II., who had himself been metropolitan, advanced the see to the primacy of seven churches: Bourges, Bourdeaux, Auch, Nar-

bonne, Aix, Embrun, Tarantaise, the latter the metropolis of the Pennine Alps. Hence it is that the Archbishop of Vienne calls himself Primate of Primates, since Bourges had long been primatial, and Narbonne had been made so by Urban II. However, this Bull had not the least effect, except in the assumption of the strange title just mentioned.

When Alfonso VI. had liberated Toledo from the Moors, May 25, 1085, Urban II. immediately constituted the Archbishop, Primate of All the Spains; and after considerable resistance, especially on the part of Tarragona, so far as Spain itself was concerned, this precedence was established. But Braga, in Portugal, has never ceased to claim the primacy to itself; and every parish church of that interesting city has the double-barred cross, to indicate this right. The dispute was very wisely left undecided at Trent; but both Braga and Toledo have since sunk to a secondary position in their own countries by the institution of the patriarchate of Lisbon and that of the Indies. It was also in this century that the respective claims of Canterbury and York were settled, or rather, purposely left unsettled. The two Archbishops were first declared equal, and the right of York allowed to carry his cross even through the province of Canterbury. On the appeal of Canterbury, the latter privilege was withdrawn; but on a further representation from York, it was again allowed *pendente lite;* and finally, by the distinction of Primate of All England and Primate of England, peace was made. It must be remembered that the province of York had been larger than, and was even then as large as, that of Canterbury, embracing as it did the whole of Scotland till 1466. In fact, we must not forget that the present archbishopric of Canterbury contains three provinces: its own: that of S. David's, which till 920 embraced Wales; that of Lichfield, which in the time of Offa, king of the Mercians, embraced these sees: Worcester, Leicester, Sidnachester, Elmham, Hereford, and Dunwich—all of which up to that time belonged to York, but were afterwards annexed to Canterbury.

As to metropolitans, those in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were fast multiplying; especially from the favour with which a pope, raised from some suffragan see, regarded his original Church.

It is curious to see how the tendency of ecclesiastical progress has served to break up the provinces into smaller fragments. Look, for example, at the Iberian peninsula. We have seen it, before the irruption of the Saracens, divided into the provinces of Seville, Toledo, Tarragona, Merida, Braga. How is it divided now?

In Spain . .	Toledo.		Tarragona.
	Seville.		Saragossa.
	Santiago de Compostella.		Valença.
	Granada.	*In Portugal.*	Braga.
	Burgos.		Lisbon.
			Evora.

Again; take North and Central Italy. We have:—

Bologna,	made an	Archbishopric	in 1582.
Fermo	„	„	1589.
Urbino	„	„	1563.
Florence	„	„	1420.
Pisa	„	„	1092.
Sienna	„	„	1459.

After this period we hear very little about primates, but the great increase of metropolitans deserves notice. Thus the little island of Sardinia has no less than three,—Cagliari, Sassari, and Oristano; the two former call themselves alike, Primates of Corsica and Sardinia. These three archbishops have but eight bishops between them; and the eleven sees are contained in an island 130 miles long by about 40 in breadth; that is, in a space considerably less than the three counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex; and a population of about 500,000. Tuscany, again, about three-fourths of the size of Sardinia, has four archbishops and sixteen bishops, though the population amounts to 1,300,000. So again, the natural fondness of a pope for the see from which he had been raised, induced Sixtus V. to cut out a little slice from the patrimony of S. Peter, of some forty square miles, and to constitute it into a province for Fermo.

Never was a more fearful demolition of a national Church than that pressed upon the Pope by Napoleon, and brought to pass by him in the bull *Qui Christi Domini*. By that document,—to issue which Pius himself confessed that his right was very doubtful, he suppressed the following metropolitical sees: *Paris, Rheims, *Bourges, *Lyons, *Rouen, Sens, *Tours, Alby, *Bourdeaux, Auch, Narbonne, *Toulouse, Arles, *Aix, Vienne, Embrun, Cambray, *Besançon, Trêves, Mayence, Avignon, *Malines, Tarantaise; and in their stead re-erected ten out of the twenty-three,—those, namely, which we have marked with an asterisk. Of the old sees, Tours, Bourdeaux, Auch, and Narbonne had the greatest number of suffragans. Tours had eleven: Le Mans, Angers, Remus, Nantes, Quimper, Vannes, St. Pol de Léon, Tréguier, S. Brieuc, S. Malo, Dol. Bourdeaux had nine: Agen, Angoulême, Saintes, Poictiers, Périgueux, Condom, Sarlet, La Rochelle, Luçon. Auch had ten: Bax, Lestoure, Comminges, Conserans, Aire, Bazas, Tarbes, Oleron, Lescars, Bayonne. And Narbonne had ten: Beziers, Agde, Nismes,

Carcassone, Montpellier, Lodéve, Uzés, S. Pons, Aleth, Alais, Elne. Those that had fewest were Besançon, which had only Belley for suffragan; and Mayence, who had no one to be archbishop to but himself.

While on the subject of French bishoprics, it may be well to notice one or two historical facts connected with that Church that bear on our subject.

The last time, probably, that an appeal was made to a French primate, was by the Sisters of Port-Royal, when condemned by the Archbishop of Paris, their Diocesan as well as Metropolitan: they appealed from him to the Archbishop of Lyons, as his Primate—of course without any effect.

The Council of Embrun, held in 1727, for the purpose of crushing poor Soanen, throws some light on the question we have in hand. The province of Embrun contained but six suffragan sees; of these, Soanen himself occupied one, namely, Senez; and another, Nice, was not in French territory. But as twelve bishops are required for the degradation of a bishop, the question was how to procure a sufficient number. The infamous Tencin, who was president, applied to his brother-metropolitans of Arles, Aix, Besançon, Lyons, and Vienne, and ten more bishops joined the synod from those provinces. On this, Soanen protested to the new comers that they had no right to sit as his judges, except in a national council; and that they had no voice in any provincial synod save their own. But, persecuted and unrighteously overborne as Soanen was, and monster of iniquity as was Tencin, we cannot think that in this instance his protest was valid. The fourteenth canon of the great Council of Antioch says expressly: 'If any bishop 'shall be judged concerning certain crimes, and it shall fall out, 'that the com-provincials disagree concerning him, some of 'them believing him innocent, some of them holding him 'guilty; it has seemed good to this holy Synod that, for the 'settlement of the difficulty, the metropolitans should convoke 'other judges from a neighbouring province who shall hear the 'cause; and by them and the provincial bishops together, that 'which is right shall be decreed.' It is true that this canon does not exactly touch the case in question, because here there was no dissension between the bishops, and only a want of the canonical number; but the spirit of one seems to justify the other. And perhaps the third and fourth canons of Sardica, the latter of which speaks of the deposition of a bishop by the judgment of those prelates who live in neighbouring places comes still nearer to the mark. If Soanen's argument were just, there was not one province in France of which the synod could have deposed an unworthy bishop, the highest number of

suffragans being, as we have seen, eleven—twelve, that is, in all, but then the accused bishop must have been one of the twelve. Another appeal of a rather earlier epoch is worth relating, as taken in connexion with the question of metropolitans.

It was that which gave rise to the four Gallican articles. One part of the regale of the kings of France was supposed to give them the appointment of those benefices in each diocese which were in the presentation of the bishop or other dignitaries of the Church, during the vacancy of the bishopric or of those dignities. But this right had never been recognised in Languedoc and the adjacent provinces; and in 1675, Louis XIV., then at about the zenith of his power, resolved to extend his rights over that part of his kingdom also. He accordingly nominated a beneficiary in the diocese of Aleth, and another in that of Pamiers, contrary to the rights of those Churches. At that time Pavillon, one of the holiest of the French bishops, and a very aged man, was in possession of the see of Aleth; Caulet, scarcely inferior to him, was bishop of Pamiers. Now observe the regular course of proceedings and appeals. When Caulet found that the same violence was to be perpetrated on his diocese that had already been exercised on his brother prelates (he was at Paris at the time) he returned to his see, convened his chapter, and addressed them in our Lord's question, 'Are ye able to drink 'of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the 'baptism that I am baptized with?' And with one voice they answered, 'We are able.' On this, after having prepared himself by public prayers and a fast, he commenced the proceedings, by excommunicating the beneficiary thus intruded, and all those who took any part in his institution. On this they appealed to the Cardinal de Bonzi, Archbishop of Narbonne, who annulled the excommunication. Act II., therefore, showed the regalists successful at its conclusion. But Caulet appealed from his Metropolitan to his Primate, namely, as we have seen just now, the Archbishop of Vienne. This prelate, the mere creature of the Court, as most of the French bishops were at that period, affirmed the Metropolitan's sentence. From the Primate the indefatigable Bishop again appealed to Rome, having taken all the intermediate steps which canonical discipline required, and not proceeding to the last appeal *per saltum*. Pavillon, for his part, had gone through the same steps; and both with the same result. The Metropolitan's decision was reversed; and the excommunication pronounced by the bishops sustained in its vigour. We are not concerned to continue the history of the struggle; nor how the Grand Vicars of Pamiers carried it on after the death of their Bishop; nor how it finally resulted in the famous assembly of 1682, which brought the Gallican Church

to the very verge of schism with the Roman. We merely quoted it as a good example of an appeal carried through the different stages of bishop, metropolitan, and primate.

Again: we may refer to the attempt of Dol to erect itself into the metropolis of Brittany, as another fact bearing on our subject. It was clearly prejudicial to the dukes of Bretagne, who were in the height of their power, kings in all but name, that their dukedom should be subject to a foreign metropolis; that of Tours. With all their might, then, they upheld the claims of Dol; and for more than a century that see, disregarding the censures of Rome, exercised metropolitical power over the province. In this very year Bretagne has at length been constituted a separate province; only Rennes, not Dol, is the seat of the metropolis. It happened to the writer of this paper to be in Brittany at the erection of Rennes to its new dignity; and also at Valladolid when the intelligence arrived that the Holy See had consented, at the request of the Spanish Government, to erect it into a metropolis. The contrast between the sensations occasioned in the two places was not a little curious. In Valladolid no one seemed to care about the change—not one decoration did we observe in any church, not one peal did we hear from any tower. But in Brittany it was perfect ecstasy: every parish sermon seemed to dwell on the happy event; the bells announced it perpetually; and, indeed, it almost rivalled Solferino in attracting public attention.

Again: that was a remarkable erection of metropoles which occurred just before the outbreak of the war which made the Seven United Provinces independent. The enormous extent of the sees of Utrecht, Liège, Osnabrück, Münster, and others in that part of Europe, had been the destruction of the Church. Warriors instead of prelates, secular instead of spiritual potentates, these bishops waged their own battles, made their own treaties, marched at the head of their armies, in all points as any margrave or Free Count might do. By one stroke of his pen, Pius IV. made three metropoles for the Netherlands: Utrecht, Cambray, Mechlin. The two former had been sees before; the latter was a new episcopate, but it was endowed with the primacy of the three, probably on account of Rome's old jealousy of Utrecht. If these new provinces and dioceses could not preserve Holland, they were at all events effectual to the saving of Belgium.

A rather curious creation of a metropolis was that of Funchal, in the island of Madeira. At the time when the Portuguese discoveries both in Brazil and India were raising that little kingdom to a high rank among the states of Europe, Funchal in Madeira was erected into a bishopric, and one Lobo

appointed to its incumbency. On his death, at the request of Dom João III., D. Martinho de Portugal was appointed by Paul III. Archbishop of Funchal and Metropolitan of All the Indies,—the Indies, be it observed, embracing Brazil as well as India. Such was the knowledge of geography at that time, that a little island, only four or five days' sail from Lisbon, had a province which embraced about one-half of the known world! The absurdity of this arrangement was soon discovered. D. Martinho, finding it, we suppose, impossible to look properly after his province, determined not to visit it at all; and accordingly never even took the trouble of going to Madeira. On his death, the primacy of the Indies was transferred to Goa; and Funchal obliged to content itself with its own diocesan rights. The bishop, however, has on certain solemn occasions a crozier borne before him instead of a pastoral staff, in remembrance of his short-lived metropolitical dignity, in the same way that the Bishop of Meath, alone of all simple prelates, terms himself Most Reverend.

We have said that in the West there is absolutely no difference between the titles of bishop and metropolitan. Every archbishop is a metropolitan; every metropolitan is an archbishop. But in the East the case is widely different. There an archbishop is merely a title of honour given to some prelates in order to distinguish them from the common herd, but not implying the existence of a province or the possession of any metropolitical rights. The reader may probably remember Mr. Curzon's account of the astonishment expressed by the Œcumenical Patriarch, when presented with letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury under that title, instead of the proper name of Metropolitan. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'a simple 'archbishop to have, as you tell me he has, authority over so 'many prelates and so vast a tract of country!' The adoption of the other name would have prevented all mistake. In point of fact, the first eighty-three prelates, reckoning in order of precedence from the protothronos of Cæsarea down to the metropolitan of Velessa in Thrace, who are subject to the see of Constantinople, are all metropolitans. Then come the archbishops; and there are only two, Lititza and Carpathus. In the Ionian Islands, again, there are three metropolitans and two archbishops. But in the dioceses of Alexandria and Antioch there are no archbishops at all; in that of Jerusalem there are six. In Russia, however, the case is very different. Here all the sees are divided into eparchies of the first, second, and third class. The eparchy of the first class consists of metropolitans only, in number four; but virtually only three: Kieff and Novgorod, which are at present united; Moscow; and S. Petersburg.

Eparchies of the second class are almost all archbishops, but with a few bishops intermixed. Eparchies of the third class consist of bishops with a few archbishops intermixed.

But when we speak of metropolitans throughout the Eastern Church, we must not imagine that now they have each their suffragans; or that their title, in most cases, is anything more than one of honour. Out of the whole number there are not more than fifteen or sixteen who have any bishops; and the greater number of these have but one or two. The greatest number of suffragans possessed by any metropolitan belongs to Thessalonica: here there are eight. Crete comes next, with six; then Larissa, with four; then Tirnova, Wallachia and Servia, with three each. Nor must it be imagined that the so-called bishops in Russia owe obedience to any metropolitan. Those who do so—and they are very few—are called vicar-bishops. Only one metropolitan, namely, he of Lithuania, has two of these: Brzezsch and Kovin.

Such being the case, a remarkable difficulty occurred at the political organization of the Roman Church—we mean as distinct from the now happily extinct Uniats in Russia. It was in the time of the Empress Catherine, and the circumstances are singular enough to merit relation. After almost endless negotiations, it was resolved by the Concordat that there should be five bishops, Vilna, Samogitia, Luceor, Camensk, and Minsk. These were placed under the Archbishop of Mohileff—and a most disreputable Archbishop he was, as the reader shall hear. There was, at that time, in the light cavalry of the Prussian army, a young Protestant officer of the noble Polish family of the Siestrenezevitch-Bohüsz. This man lost two fingers of the right hand in a sabre duel; was thereupon forced to leave the army; and happening to have picked up a smattering of Latin and Greek, he offered himself as tutor in a rich Roman Catholic family in Poland. When the youth whose education he superintended had grown up, the father, who had no other way of recompensing Bohüsz, offered, if he would embrace the Catholic faith, to present him to a living which he happened to possess. Bohüsz, who had never troubled himself much about forms of religion, consented. In the occupation of Poland by Russia, he made himself useful to the governing powers; and Catherine, who saw in him the able unscrupulous minister whom she loved, offered him the archbishopric of Mohileff. Then there arose a difficulty with respect to Rome. 'I will 'have the possessor of this see,' said the Empress, 'a metro-'politan as distinguished from an archbishop.' 'We have no 'such distinction,' Rome replied; 'an archbishop will have 'the authority you want, and it will be just the same thing.'

'I will have it my own way,' returned Catherine: 'he shall be 'a metropolitan and not an archbishop, or there shall be no see 'of Mohileff at all.' And so the Pope gave way. Paul further demanded that this metropolitan should wear the costume and receive the title of a cardinal; and this also was conceded. His province extends from Poland to the frontiers of China—certainly the largest in the Catholic world. With respect to Bohüsz himself, his life was a scandal to his flock. He had a brother who remained a Calvinist. This man he made superintendent of his finances, and married his daughter to a Greek priest. The archiepiscopal table was usually filled by the Calvinist brother, the orthodox son-in-law, and one Fessler, an apostate Capuchin, who had turned Lutheran, and was made nominal Bishop of the Lutherans in Russia. This amalgamation of religion gave unutterable offence in a country so scrupulous as that in which it occurred.

If we desire to see the grandest specimen which has ever been exhibited to the Church of the metropolitical system, we must turn our eyes to mediæval Asia. It is very difficult to realize what was the state of the Nestorian Church at the time of its glory, before Jenghis Khan commenced and Tamerlane finished its extirpation. Certainly, it presents the most marvellous history of any Church in the world. At the time of the First Crusade, the Nestorians formed a larger communion than the Eastern and Western Churches put together; and now they are reduced to a few hundred families, in an obscure corner of that continent which once they dominated. We are accustomed to marvel at the sudden fall of the African Church: in the time of S. Augustine, the most flourishing communion in the world; two centuries later, non-existent. Its disappearance we are accustomed to attribute to its failure in action as a missionary body; to its forgetfulness that the charter by which every Christian communion holds its life is aggressiveness; that as soon as it ceases to propagate, it ceases to exist. This cannot be laid to the charge of the Nestorian Church, whose missionaries went out into all parts of Asia; whose blood was poured forth by pailfuls on the steppes of Tartary, and amid the jungles of India. Here we have the mortal effects of heresy. What could it matter, a reasoner might ask, whether the Blessed Virgin were called Mother of God, or merely Mother of Christ; whether our Lord were in two Persons or in one? It mattered just this: that the one united body of the eleventh century has disappeared from the face of the earth, while the two, together not its equal, have gone on and increased, subjugating to themselves one whole continent, and the half of another, since that period.

However, let us attend now, not to the heresy, but to the

wonderful discipline, of the Nestorian Church. And first, think of its patriarch, seated at Mosul, with a province of his own, as any other archbishop; and with twenty-five metropolitans, each of them ruling over fifteen or twenty bishops, dependent on him. There in the rich country of Irâk, the paradise of Persia, is the metropolis of Gondisapor, Protothronus of all: then, further west, is Nisibis: there, ruling over Chuzistan, is the Bassora with which the 'Arabian Nights' familiarized us in the nursery: there is Arbela, with its remembrances of the overthrow of the Persian empire. Then, as we advance further into the continent, is Holwan: if we go west, we have Aleppo and Damascus: if we go to the Caspian, we have Raia, the Rages of Tobit: still farther, and among all the romance of Prester John and the Tataric Khans, we have Samarcand: pass into the Persian Ocean, the fertile island of Zocotra has its metropolitan: go south-east, there is the province of India: still pass eastward, and we come to China, which we now know to have had a flourishing Church in the year 780: and then returning west, Central Tatary and South Siberia had their own archbishop. This was a patriarchate indeed! scorning comparison as it did with the territory of even Constantinople or Rome! And then, for the most part, it was unbroken by schism, or any kind of division. In its western portion, indeed, the Jacobites were mingled among the Nestorians, but as an altogether inferior communion, and without any hostile feeling. Once every year, the nearest metropolitans (Nisibis, Seleucia, Gondisapor, Diarbekr, and the like) came up to pay their respects to the patriarch, and to receive his blessing. Once in three years, came those at a middle distance, such as ruled in Samarcand, Beloochistan, and Zocotra; and once in six years the distant and virtually autocephalous metropolitans of India and China crossed those intervening mountain ranges and trackless deserts, to give and to receive a realization of the feeling that the great Nestorian Communion was one Church. Nothing in the annals of Rome ever equalled this. The most distant prelates in mediæval times could make the journey to S. Peter's son in eight weeks: it took the Metropolitan of China eight months to reach Mosul; thus his sexennial visit involved a two years' absence from his diocese, including his rest at Mosul and the synod which he attended.

Let us now, in conclusion, see what lessons we can gather for ourselves from the facts that have been stated before.

In the first place, we may observe that, having four colonial metropolitans, we ought also, in the judgment of those who established them, to have at least a fifth. Canada, as the most enterprising and most thoroughly Anglo-Saxon dependency of the British Crown, ought to claim its own archbishop. His see

would, of course, lie in the civil metropolis of the kingdom; and the Archbishop of Ottawa would, for the present, have the metropolitical supervision of all British North America. As that enormous district continues to people—a district which may expect the finest future of any country in the world—more metropolitans will be needed. And another reason why that province more than any other stands in need of that supervision is to be found in the fact, that Canada, first of all the British possessions, has obtained a free election of her own bishops.

Then the next thing to be endeavoured after is the change of name. Those who are so nobly interesting themselves in the development of our Colonial Church, can scarcely consult her real interest more than by pressing this on the Government of the day at the next vacancy of Calcutta, Cape Town, Sydney, or New Zealand, that the next prelate should assume the title of archbishop. If in the life of the present incumbents, so much the better; but it stands to reason that this is exactly the one step in advance which those bishops themselves would be less willing to take. Men who will spend and be spent for their provinces, like the Bishops of New Zealand and Cape Town, whose one end and aim is the welfare of those infant Churches which will probably increase and multiply so vastly, would yet find it a difficult and delicate matter to propose the bestowal on themselves of the name of archbishop. It might have a look, in the eyes of those who are determined to suspect evil, of a desire of self-aggrandizement. They are too well acquainted with the real benefit of the title to refuse it when offered; it must be the part of their friends to press its offer on those who have the power of making it. If report is to be trusted, it was a very near point when Sydney was constituted a metropolitical see; probably a little more effort in this direction would gain the day.

Again: the patents of institution give the metropolitan the largest possible power over his suffragans, even to suspend them, if it shall seem necessary. Now the question is, how far this power may be, and when it is to be, exercised.

There are some cases inwhich the metropolitan may, no doubt, by his own individual act, reverse the judgment of his inferior; there are some in which he could scarcely venture to do so without the authority of the provincial synod. Let us take an example of each.

Imagine that a priest, accused of immoral life, is suspended by his diocesan. He forthwith appeals to the metropolitan, who re-hears the case, finds him innocent, and reverses the suspension. This is a mere matter of fact, on which no further appeal should be allowed.

But imagine, what we know unfortunately to be the case in one of the African dioceses, that the Bishop and the Diocesan Synod have ruled a point, which is abominable in the eyes of the minority. There, for instance, it has been ordered, that a candidate for Christian baptism, if married to more wives than one, need not put away all except one. Imagine that a chief in this condition offers himself for baptism, but declares his intention of retaining all his wives. The priest refuses to receive him as a catechumen. The chief complains to the bishop, who, for his part, admonishes the priest, and the latter remaining firm, suspends him. The priest appeals to the metropolitan. Now, a point of general discipline like this is one that the metropolitan could hardly rule on his own mere dictum. He would receive the appeal with a promise of laying it before the provincial synod as soon as it could be assembled: and in the meantime, the appeal having been received, and its reception notified to the original diocesan, the priest would continue his functions as usual till the case was heard and decided. And this kind of cases is most likely to occur in the first settlement of any heathen country.

An even more objectionable course was, if we remember right, proposed, if not carried, in New Zealand; namely, that a heathen wife and husband, if both converted, and desirous of having the Church's benediction on their marriage, should not be allowed to receive it unless they had lived apart for some time—we think it was thirty days—by way of penance, their former marriage being regarded as merely legalized adultery. Any priest might well feel indignant at, and resolved to oppose to the last, so cruel an enactment: and thus would have arisen a question for a provincial synod.

We have seen before, how desirable it would be that no suffragan should be allowed to cross the sea without the leave of his metropolitan: a canon which seems to have been universal in primitive times.

Again: another point which is likely to be invested with more importance as the rights of chapters become better known, is this: whether the metropolitan chapter possesses over the province the same right which the episcopal chapter has over the diocese.

It has always been held, that the bishop, *quâ* bishop of a certain diocese, forms one body with his diocesan chapter; does the metropolitan *quâ* metropolitan form one body with his chapter? This may be a point of the greatest importance, as it has been before now. For, as every one knows, a diocesan chapter, or its vicars, may perform, the see vacant, everything which a bishop may perform, those acts which require the episcop

character alone excepted. Can a metropolitical chapter claim the same rights with regard to a metropolitan? It has been held by the best canonists that they can.

Now, here are two most important acts which belong to the metropolitan.

In the first place, the designation of bishops to heathen countries beyond the British dominions. Many have been the services which the Bishop of Cape Town has rendered to the Church. This is the greatest benefit of which, under God, he has been the cause,and it will carry down his name to all future generations. Thanks to his indefatigable exertions, it has now been conceded by the law officers of the Crown, that no English law is broken if a colonial metropolitan, without applying for any leave or licence, consecrates a bishop for extra-British territory. In this way, the proposed mission to Central Africa may be headed by a bishop; in this way, the Metropolitan of Calcutta might supply prelates to Java, or Sumatra, or Celebes. Now, in this case, the metropolitan has the pure and simple right of choosing the bishop-designate; and—let this point also be marked—the metropolitical chapter, the see vacant, would have the same right of designating a missionary bishop, and requesting one of the suffragans to consecrate him. This is a right of inestimable value. For it might so happen, that he who was about to become, or was expected to be, the new metropolitan, might, through private feelings or prejudices, be unwilling to nominate for prelate him whom the chapter knew to be the best man; and, therefore, without waiting for his consecration and arrival, they designate him themselves.

Again, everything seems tending to this: that the prelates of colonial dioceses will be elected by the diocese, but nominated by the Crown. May we be permitted, leaving our own immediate subject for one moment, to say a word or two on this subject of election? It has been our duty to oppose, so far as we were able, the intrusion of the laity into offices to which they have no claim,—as, for example, into diocesan synods. We have always endeavoured to show that this is not a clerical question; that it is not a right which the clergy might concede to the laity if they so would, but one which by the institution of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself has been forbidden to the *Ecclesia discens*, and confined to the *Ecclesia docens*. So much the more bound are we to stand up for the rights of the laity when they really exist. And that one of these rights is a voice in the election of a bishop, as much their bishop as that of the clergy, it needs little knowledge of ecclesiastical antiquity to allow. Every communicant of age, and not under Church censure, has a voice: the only question which may admit of discus-

sion is, whether the laity and clergy should vote together, forming one majority, or whether they should be divided into two houses, and a majority in each be essential to election. What was the primitive custom is less easy to be certainly known; but the modern custom, which forms two houses, is surely by far the wisest; and, apparently, has been found to work well. Otherwise, when the clergy are very few, their influence would be entirely swamped by that of the lay communicants.

The election over, needs confirmation by the provincial synod. And in this another question arises: has the metropolitan merely his vote among the other bishops,—a casting vote if need require, and such influence as his station will necessarily give him,—or has he a vote external to, and independent of, that of the synod, so that after they have approved, he can veto? The primitive canons certainly seem to give him this; since they always mention the metropolitan as distinct from the com-provincials, and lay down that the elect must be approved by both.

One more question still remains to be discussed; namely, what authority of supervision the See of Canterbury has, and whether it ought to have any, over the colonial metropolitans. The terms of the act by which Calcutta was made a metropolis, and those of the patent which conferred the same dignity on Cape Town and Sydney, are not exactly the same, and are both very vague: the act, perhaps, seeming to attribute more to the English archbishop than the patent does. We have already seen that there is nothing contrary to mediæval practice, at least, in an appeal from Cape Town or Sydney to Canterbury. Regard the latter as primate of these sees, and he would then bear the same relation to them that Bourges did to Bourdeaux and Tours: Toledo to Seville and Tarragona, and the like. But then there is this vast difference: the distance that separates Canterbury from the Australian sees is so infinitely greater, even with all our increased facilities for locomotion, than was that which intervened between the primatist and other metropolitical sees of the Middle Ages. There seems no reasonable hope that we shall live to see New Zealand brought within less than five weeks of Canterbury; and at present, as every one knows, the distance is far greater. Let the distance, however, be shortened as much as steam can do it, there will always be the expense: and an appeal case, so important as to be taken half round the world, must almost always involve a considerable number of witnesses. Add to which, it is certain, if the present rate of possession increases, that Australia must, ere long, be divided into more metropoles

than one. One metropolitan for that island will in time be no less absurd than one metropolitan for Europe. Adelaide, no doubt, will have its own cluster of bishoprics: Victoria, the same: Perth, the same. Four metropolitans at least in that one island. How far more natural to make one of them primate of the others, than to attribute the primacy to a bishop thirteen thousand miles off! And there never can be such a thing, except in name, as a primate of primates: you get to a patriarch at once: and nothing but the authority of the Œcumenical Church can establish that dignity. It might not, perhaps, be an impossible, or even undesirable arrangement, supposing Ottawa to be the archbishopric of the Canadas, Barbados of the West Indies, Cape Town of South Africa, that Canterbury should have the primacy over these; but the time must come, and the sooner it comes the better, that all appeal from Australia to England should be done away with.

What then must be done in case of an appeal against one of these primates? The only authority which could adjudicate on such a case, would be a national council of the English Church, and those Churches which are in communion with it. True, such a body could not pretend to infallibility; but yet the united voice of at least a hundred and forty bishops ought to have no small weight. Though not infallible, it would be entitled to as much respect as such councils as those in Trullo, and of Sardica, and Trent, and Bethlehem.

And this brings us to one brief observation with which we will conclude. It is more to be desired than words can express that the American and Scotch Churches should submit themselves to metropolitical jurisdiction. What precedent have they for the aggregation of autocephalous bishops, owing no obedience except to a synod? None, but the example of Russia: and that example the invention of Peter the Great. The Scotch Church may, indeed, in some degree refer to the pattern of the African, where the chief bishop in each province was rather a primus than an archbishop. But surely the miserable fall and sudden extinction of that Church, notwithstanding its most glorious saints, Cyprian, Augustine, and Fulgentius, ought to make it a warning to, rather than a pattern for us. As to Scotland, in point of fact, the Church has its metropolitan: only at Lambeth, instead of S. Andrews. Since the removal of the penal acts, the ecclesiastical independence of Scotland has been a very sham affair. No one, we suppose, imagines that the episcopal synod would venture to propose or to veto any measure which was known to be disliked by or desired at Lambeth. Much, much better to lean on themselves: to nominate one see,—and why not S. Andrews again, unless Edinburgh

should seem more convenient for the metropolis? The objection would be, that in that case the presbyters of that one diocese would give a head to the Scotch Church. But surely, while the episcopal synod hold, and that very properly, a veto in their own hands, this objection is of small consequence. And truly, however objectionable is the system of translations, it is preferable to the anonymous condition of a Church without a metropolitan.

From the present state of affairs it follows that America and Scotland are governed by bodies which are neither councils nor yet committees; which must be without the promises divinely attached to the former, or the regularity by organization certain to attend the latter. 'I have heard,' said an eminent prelate to the writer, 'of the grace of God promised to an individual; I 'have also heard of its being promised to a council; but I never 'heard of its being promised to an episcopal committee.' And truly, judging from late occurrences in Scotland, we do not think that it is often found there.

ART. IX.—*Works of Abraham Cowley.* Tenth Edition. 3 Vols. 8vo. London: Tonson. 1707.

WE have before us an advertisement sheet of Tonson's, affixed to the tenth edition of Cowley's poems, which, post-dated by about thirty years, well represents the literature and literary society in which that poet was *facile princeps*. It is a regular obituary of departed literary reputations. The wits of Button's and Will's, the courtiers of Whitehall, and literateurs from Grub Street, satirists, playwrights, pseudo-travellers, divines, and the great blind bard himself, make this single leaf a page of history. There are Dryden, Milton, Waller, Denham, Suckling, Rochester, Etherege, Garth's Dispensary, Addison's Campaign, the fanatic tory L'Estrange, a 'Voyage to the Island of Love,' by Afra Behn, 'our envy, her own sex's pride,' as the moral Cowley calls her. The list is completed by congratulatory poems by Rowe, heavy booksellers' histories by Lawrence Echard, scandalous 'Memoires,' by S. Evremond, a semi-learned life of Pythagoras, by Madame Dacier, and, finally, various translations from the classics, the favourite reading of that lazy, spuriously scholarly era, and probably fully bearing out in letter, though not in spirit, Cowley's recommendation that men should not servilely copy the original. It is curious to look on a muster-roll of dreary battalions from the Dunciad mingled with giant names, and still more curious to think how many of these antitheses are even now in annihilation not divided. Some volumes are seen just trembling into fame, some already illustrious, though with the seeds of quick decay in them, others destined to shine forth unexpectedly, far beyond and above the rest, when these, their coevals, should have become mere names of history, curious as representatives of a very peculiar social epoch, but with no distinct literary lustre. There Waller shows his seventh edition, put forth in an age when the court and the bar were an author's public, and Denham his fourth; and there, where Milton has apparently not yet passed beyond his first impression, Cowley overtops them all with the glories of a tenth. Where now are those 'celebrated hands,' nay, those 'most eminent hands,' great in society and the coffee-houses, who joined in Dryden's translations? Where are the much belauded patrons of literature, those courtly men of letters and plagiarists of Horace, the Dorsets and Godolphins, the Rochesters and Sucklings?

Cowley has been, perhaps, the most unfortunate of all, as he was as their chieftain then far the most renowned. The rest deserved their fate. It is hard for us to put ourselves into the proper position for comprehending our ancestors' care for them; but in him are seen glimpses of glorious poetry, and a poetical, though not, it may be, a philosophical depth and truthfulness, which should have preserved him, as a politico-poetical vigour has saved Dryden. He could not, perhaps, be now a text-book; he deserves to be still a classic. Cowley is a kind of proverb for the instability of popularity. Each successive age has stolen away one of the ornaments of his chaplet, till the present scarcely comprehends why the infallible Doctor should have thought it worth his while to accumulate reasons why men do not study a bard whose very name they but seldom hear. We know well the contour and bulky air of the volumes of the *eminent*, the *most incomparable*, or as old Wood loves to call him, that *prince of poets, Mr. Abraham Cowley*. They lie dispersed in every old library, on each sequestered book-stall, like the beams and keels of wrecks, or the huge masses of drift-wood, which were once green trees shadowing the banks of the Mississippi. The larger fame and the central position in literary history of Dryden, give him the power still to put forth green branches from a decaying trunk and root amid the morasses of this great dismal swamp of departed celebrity. But there are, besides, and Cowley is one of the great types of the class, many noble logs of timber lurking beneath the waters, unseen and almost unsuspected, though students piloting their way through the history and literature of the times, suddenly strike upon them, and are startled at the bulky mass which rears itself up and confronts them. The whole surface of literature rests upon a basis of such submerged heaps, as Snowdon and Ben Nevis, and Mont Blanc itself, are only the highest peaks of gigantic chains and ridges. Some patience and resolution, however, are necessary before these relics of other systems can be properly appreciated, so thick a barrier of temporary prejudices has first to be surmounted. Of all of them, Cowley most needs forbearance; and requires perhaps the determination to discover something precious in him as compensation for wading through the deliberate eccentricity of his style and versification. At the same time, when one has bound oneself apprentice to his handicraft or put on his fetters, it is not difficult to discover how much harmony is consonant with art and stiffness, and what grace may be shown in dancing in shackles.

It is possible that not a little of what we think so forced, unnatural, and costly artificial in Cowley's poems, may be traced back to this precocious facility of versifying, which by out-

running his power of conception, tended to tempt him to look to novelty in manner for originality, and the realization of the great problem of his life—

'What shall I do to be for ever known?'

Probably, next to Chatterton, he is the most remarkable instance of success in the ambitious imitativeness of childhood, which sometimes developes into poetry, sometimes proves to be nothing but the effervescence of youth and passion. His 'Pyramus and Thisbe' was produced at the age of ten, 'Constantia and Philetus' at twelve, and 'Love's Riddle' shortly after. It would be too much to say that we can read these poems with pleasure, but at least, for rhythm and sentiment, they seldom offend the ear or judgment.

Cowley's poetical power was hardly hereditary, unless the narrow circumstances of his parents may be supposed to indicate that though bad grocers they were literary geniuses. His father was,—Dr. Johnson infers from the absence of any note of the poet's baptism in the register of his parish church, S. Dunstan's, —a dissenter; and Aubrey adds, a grocer. The latter statement, a reference observed by us in the Calendar of State Papers of the reign of James the First to a bond owing by a certain *Cowley, a grocer*, to two other citizens, would seem to corroborate. The son of an insolvent tradesman, born within the democratic city of London, beneath the shadow of Temple Bar, just where Chancery Lane strikes the end of Fleet Street, he did not start under very favourable auspices for winning the smiles and patronage of a Jermyn and a Buckingham. Mrs. Cowley, to whom was left the task of bringing up three sons, the poet being a posthumous child, was a tender mother, and gifted with the power of exciting an affection in her children which no years or fame could diminish. But his friends confess she knew no more about poetry than her neighbours, and possessed no larger stock of books. It so happened, however, that in her window, along with the whole of the family library, lay a volume, the most Italian and gracefully artificial of English classics, Spenser's 'Faëry Queen.' Amid its bright pictures, Cowley tells us, he basked and grew up into poetry, till the solicitations of Mrs. Cowley, and the interest excited with the head-master by some powerful patron, removed him to the great school at Westminster and the hard business of life in the shape of Latin grammar. It was the most aristocratic school of the day, and, from particular circumstances, the especial home of a political party; yet it does not seem that the boy was looked upon as an intruder, or exposed to unkindness from masters or scholars, on the score of his humble birth. His

name was long and proudly treasured up among them, and his boyish poems heralded in stately rhymes by eulogistic school-fellows.

Very quietly indeed did he vindicate his claims to consideration there, though juvenile fits of poetic rhapsody did not at first exactly harmonize with the quaint hexameters of the pre-Busbeian grammar. Sprat has recorded Cowley's natural and boyish aversion for hard technical rules in, it is true, a somewhat high-flown style, as a portentous token of his friend's genius. He has been rebuked by the greatest master of the art of putting down, and the paragraph treated as a bombastic intimation that Cowley was no better than other boys. It seems to us, we confess, though nothing out of the common way, on a par with Wordsworth's equal dislike for the same kind of learning. There was, doubtless, no lack in the days of James the First, any more than in our own more prosaic ones, of idle schoolboys or of rods, the maiden Queen's perennial benefaction from the royal forests, in the purlieus of the Grey Cloisters of Westminster. The poetical aspirant's prophecy of his own future glories, in a juvenile dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby,—

> 'The birch that whipt him then would prove a bay,'

intimates that he had scarcely as yet experienced the results of so agreeable a botanical eccentricity. But the disgust of the lad at those jingling prosodiacal barbarisms might well proceed from no want of application, or even of classical taste, but simply and strictly from the desire, fostered by his previous process of self-education, of grasping at the results without going through the stages of mastering details prepared for the use of more favourably trained minds. At all events, he speedily exhibited the very highest classical taste. An ear for Latin verse, in our opinion, decidedly inferior to Milton's in sweetness and delicacy, but stronger, and showing on the whole, greater freedom and greater power of thinking in the language, is sufficient testimony to his application at school. Hand in hand, as in his subsequent life, advanced his power over both English and classical diction. In that famous year, 1628, when the Parliament gained its first triumph over the King, and in those more advanced days of 1630, when the sovereign's violence was procrastinating and so increasing the mass of the growing passion for liberty, Cowley's muse burgeoned forth. His 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' and 'Constantia and Philetus,' poems composed in those years in an English dress, but with little else native about them, were, so envious contemporaries often whispered, superior to his mature works. His masters

were proud of him, and cherished the genius from which they expected yet riper fruits. One, Mr. Jordan, Cowley's gratitude, and not the necessities of a school exercise, led him to commemorate in an elegy for his kind sympathy.

It might have happened, had he remained exposed to the feelings and influences most powerful, both in his own home and his school, that the future professional, it is true, rather than impassioned Royalist might have developed into an associate of Milton and Andrew Marvel. Westminster itself was a hotbed of Parliamentarianism. In a seminary supervised by the great Dean Williams, once Lord Keeper, and successor of Bacon, now Bishop of Lincoln, Dean of Westminster, and Laud's rival, and taught by Osbaldeston, alias Osbolston, alias, and as Cowley writes it, Osbalston, the poet was indeed in the way of becoming imbued with the popular spirit. It looks strange to see the earliest preserved poem of the confidant of Lord St. Albans and satirist of Cromwell, dedicated to the schoolmaster, who, even then suspected, was no long time after sentenced, for an unpublished libel upon the Archbishop, to stand in the pillory at his own school-gate. It is placed near a general dedication and congratulatory verses to the Bishop of Lincoln himself, on his release from the Tower, to which he had been sent for his part in this very transaction. But a time was coming when all were to be compelled to take a side, when it was no longer possible to praise the private virtues of a statesman without denouncing his political adversaries. It was not simply Cowley's youth, or the circumstance of the general feeling among the undergraduates of the two Universities in favour of Charles, as opposed, at least at Cambridge, to a powerful party in the neighbourhood on the side of the Commons; but something also in Cowley's disposition, which developed his politics in a very different direction to what might have been anticipated from the pupil of Osbaldeston and extravagant eulogist of the late Lord Keeper. He belonged to that section which will always comprehend many men of literature in a time of popular commotions. Like Waller, like Selden, like Falkland, Cowley had a good deal of aversion for despotism, though scarcely with the fervour or judgment of the latter two. But he had with this a slowness in seizing on the salient points in the proposed changes, and a dread of the consequences. He could praise *excellent Brutus*, and flatter and co-operate with a mean-spirited Jermyn, without the least consciousness of inconsistency.

At Trinity, whither he proceeded in 1636, he had to fight his way without any regular patron. It is, however, probable, considering the incapacity of Mrs. Cowley to equip a son for

college, that he may have been aided while there by the Lord Dorchester, whom he commemorates, or the son of the Sir Everard of Guy Faux and Gunpowder-plot notoriety, the celebrated Sir Kenelm Digby, of whom the gossip-mongering Aubrey speaks as 'ever very kind' to our poet. For some reason unknown Cowley had failed to be elected to a scholarship on the Westminster foundation, but it would seem that the prestige of his school successes procured for him almost immediately an open one. He was soon distinguished favourably by the notice of the fellows of his college, especially the learned Mr. Fotherby, the uncle of his future friend, Matthew Clifford, and by the Master, Dr. Comber. But his chief friends and associates seem to have been William Hervey and the famous Crashaw, one of the sweetest of religious poets; though, like the rest, far too artificial. It is pleasant for us to have a glimpse into the academical life of the poet and his friend—how they were in the habit of taking long walks among the meadows and dykes of that green region, which should lie sullen all winter and autumn, to emerge amid floating lime-blossoms in spring-time and summer.

> 'Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
> Have ye not seen us walking every day?
> Was there a tree about which did not know
> The love between us two?'

In the same poem, written in honour of his friend's memory, he appeals to the reminiscences of long winter nights,—

> 'Spent not in toys, in lust or wine,
> But search of deep Philosophy,
> Wit, Eloquence, and Poetry;
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

His own assertion of his assiduity as a student can have been no vain boast. His continuous devotion to Latin scholarship was evinced by the production of a rough sort of play, 'Naufragium Joculare,' in the manner of Plautus and Terence, but with even less of rhythm. Besides this, he found time for the composition of the greater portion of that ponderous poem, the 'Davideis,' which, water-logged by the long tedium of generations of readers, has so hardly floated down the stream of time to us on the fame of its author. It was no doubt commenced in the boyish belief that it is the doom of all great poets to compose epics; but, we are sorry to say, however venial the original self-delusion, it was not regretted properly in after years by its author as waste of time. It is, of course, not devoid of grand lines and noble sentiments, or of bright, happy conceits; but, on the whole, is as heavy as its copy, Prior's 'Solomon,' which was probably designed, in emulation

of its repute, as at once a continuation and rival. More cannot be said against it. It is crowded with unblushing plagiarisms, such as 'So a strong oak,' and so on, *ad nauseam;* and these are not like Milton's imitations of the ancients, so beautified with new hues and shades playing over them, that we begin to compare Virgil's with his, rather than his with Virgil's. Sir John Denham could scarcely have perused the 'Davideis,' if he wrote of his friend seriously,—

> 'Horace's wit and Virgil's state
> He did not steal but emulate.'

Besides all this, there is a sad want of soul and spirit—plenty of sense, but none of the fire and energy to vivify the dead bones of rhymes in this ponderous epic. We miss, too, any power of imagining a scene. How vague is Cowley's description of Hell, in comparison with that in 'Paradise Lost'! The latter is intentionally vague and misty; but we feel with it, as men groping in the dark, that there is life, and that there lurk ghostly forms behind the veil, fashioned as exactly as the dæmons in Gothic cathedrals, though like them, meant to remain hidden. In the description of the same in the 'Davideis,' there is a veil with nothing to hide, or thrown on merely to cover the barrenness and baldness of the author's conception. Sometimes, but rarely, the guardian angel of English poesy, the spring-tide spirit of Chaucer, breathes through and animates the struggling verse. 'Uprose the Sun and Saul,' perhaps betrays even more than sympathy with the patriarch of our literature. Again, we have a few pleasant surprises in lines like these:—

> 'Queen of the flowers who made that orchard gay,
> The morning blushes of the Spring's new day;'

or we may chance to stumble on the racy vigour and earnestness which is never entirely wanting to political poetry; as, for instance, in the passage beginning,

> 'It is jest to tell a people they are free.'

But instances of natural feeling and power are few and far between. If the Bishop, his biographer, were not misled by friendship, or the wish to turn a sentence, the *dictum* that, 'with all the faults of the "Davideis," it is a better instance 'and beginning of a Divine Poem than he [Sprat] ever yet saw 'in any language.' We can only account for it on grounds injurious either to Sprat's reading, or to the religious feeling of epic bards. We may be excused, too, a slight wonderment how far the poet can have believed the result to have harmonised with his own lofty and most terse prelude of invective against 'the cold meats of the ancients' dragged into sacred

verse; or the 'turning of a story into rhyme, which so far from 'elevating Poesie is only abasing the Divinity.' It is somewhat equivocal sublimity, in this keen critic, to have pictured the Mars, Milton's war-demon, kingly Moloch, as a monster who—

'Still did eat
New-roasted babes, his dear delicious meat.'

In fact, as a version of Giant Fee, Fo, Fum.

Men's opinion respecting the volume when it subsequently appeared, as that of the Bard's friends at an earlier period, by no means accorded with ours. He was hailed as the coming poet by the University and his College, of which he proceeded major fellow in 1642. Neither did his open Royalism disqualify him, if it did not point him out as the proper person to be selected for planning a dramatic piece (then an University's customary way of showing honour) for the entertainment of the young Prince of Wales, when passing, the memorable year of 1640, through the University on his way to join the King at York. The result was, 'The Guardian,' a rough-drawn farce, he himself tells us, not written out, but learned by the *dramatis personæ* from his extempore dictation; and which he was only induced to publish, at a subsequent period, by the circumstance that during his exile an incorrect transcript had circulated in London.

But the progress of the troubles now brought evil days upon him. In 1643 he was, with his friend Crashaw, expelled from his fellowship and the University by the Parliamentary Commissioners, for delinquency in refusing the oath then tendered to all members of Cambridge. St. John's College, Oxford, the college successively of Archbishops Abbot and Laud, afforded him shelter, while the friendship of Lord Falkland gave him distinction with the courtiers assembled at Magdalen and Christchurch. He appears to have thus drifted into confirmed partisanship, with no very active zeal for party politics, and probably—though some of the links for proving this are wanting—from the influence of Sir Kenelm Digby, who had certainly long been his friend, or some other powerful patron. Poets and scholars in those days occupied a more dependent, though at the same time less laborious, condition than now. In the general revolution of political and social ideas they had naturally a commanding influence. The result was not fully attained till the reign of Queen Anne, when the golden age of literature became the golden age of literateurs. They were still part of the great man's household, and still looked to his purse and countenance for support as of right, but he began to use them for the political ends which were monopolising his

own energies; till, often, from the condition of retainers of his, they were transferred to that of retainers of the public. We do not mean to say that these men, such as Cowley, hired themselves out as party tools; but when, as literary men, they had been attracted within the sphere of some patron's orbit, and exposed to all the influences which surrounded him, it was but natural that, on his being converted into a statesman, their neutrality should be modified in accordance with the only theory on the subject with which they had had an opportunity of becoming imbued.

On the death, shortly after Cowley's migration to Oxford, of Francis Cary, Viscount Falkland, he appears to have betaken himself to the protection, not of the latter's chief friends, Hyde and Culpepper, but of the opposite faction, the following of Jermyn and the Queen. In that focus of partisanship, Oxford, his own speedily became confirmed; though, apparently, it was always more the partisanship of habit and the accident of association, than of passion. 'The Puritan and the Papist,' a virulent satire, delighted his companions, though it subsequently terrified himself. It was only at Dr. Johnson's earnest instance with the publishers that it was at length inserted in a complete edition of the Poet's works. But he chiefly devoted his time to the composition of a heroic poem on the civil wars. Much of it was compiled from his own note-book; for he seems to have attended the King on several of his expeditions, besides being employed in others as a confidential agent. It was continued down to the time of the second battle of Newbury, when the approach of the catastrophe of Royalist hopes became too apparent to admit even of a poet's favourable interpretation. When his locality and circumstances were different, the violence of the sentiments of the composition appalled himself, conscious as he was of a most uncavalier-like coolness in the matter, and the poem was carefully suppressed. Soon after this calamity which thus damped his political enthusiasm, the cause became so desperate, that, along with a throng of compromised courtiers, divines, and authors, he went over to Paris.

It was fortunate for him that he had gained the countenance of Jermyn, Lord St. Albans, for it was a matter of notoriety and scandal, that this nobleman alone of the refugees in France kept open house, living in comparative splendour, while the Prince of Wales was half destitute. Into his household, and consequently the Queen's, whose chamberlain and favourite Jermyn had long been, Cowley was admitted as a favoured servant. The prestige of his name which, though no remarkable work had proceeded from him, had long resounded throughout both the republican and royalist camps, as that of the coming poet, while L' Allegro,

and Il Penseroso, and Comus, were either too great an anticipation of the future dawn of greater poesy, or too much a reflex of the serene sunset of the Elizabethan era, to excite permanent observation, made him a welcome inmate. Indeed, Jermyn, with all his bad qualities, had, at least, sufficient taste to judge of literary power, even independently of selfish motives. The guest on his part appears to have used his advantages so kindly and benevolently, as to escape the envy so liberally dealt out to his host. By his help Crashaw, who had lost his fellowship at Cambridge at the same time and for the same reason, was kept from starving. Eventually, the latter, who in disgust had, when an exile in France, turned Roman Catholic, was despatched into Italy with such warm recommendations from Henrietta, procured by his friend's intervention, as to induce Pope Innocent X. to give him one of the richest benefices in Italy, a canonry at Loretto. Cowley himself found active employment as Jermyn's secretary, in the routine but confidential employment of cyphering and decyphering the correspondence between the King, now a captive, and the Queen, and other royalists. It may seem a practical refutation of the arguments for supporting poets and men of genius in public offices, that this employment of an illustrious writer was not merely the most commonplace drudgery, but so incessant, as to take up all his days and two nights every week. When so distinguished a copying clerk was no longer required, his services were put in requisition in various other ways; the intervals between political journeys being filled up with poetry and meditations over some far off halcyon refuge in the mastership of the Savoy, of which the reversion had been promised him both by Charles and his son. He still retained the post of private secretary to Lord St. Albans, and managed the correspondence between the little courts of Henrietta and her son, in his various removals to Bruges, Spa, and Cologne. Certain grave letters which have been preserved from Mr. Secretary Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington, one of Charles's favourite ministers, from April 1650, show that the poet readily became a serious man of business; disappointing as this may be to those who would have a bard's eye always in a fine frenzy rolling. The consideration which he, a man of no pretensions to nobility or wisdom in camp or council, enjoyed in the Queen-mother's court, is of itself a sufficient indication, not only of his poetical renown, but also of a somewhat dignified character always keeping its place. We are told, both by himself and Sprat, that he had peculiar opportunities for becoming conversant with courts and the splendour of palaces: that he was not, in short, merely one of the instruments for lending grace to royal establishment, but himself partook in the magnificence.

When not writing letters to Charles's councillors or spies in England, he was principally engaged in political missions to the young king from his mother. Whenever some plan required fuller exposition than was safe or possible through the medium of an ordinary council letter, the poet seems to have been despatched to communicate the opinion of the Queen and her chamberlain. We know, as a fact, that with this object he visited successively, Jersey, Scotland, Flanders, and Holland. No records, however, of the end of his journeys or the incidents to himself have been preserved, with one exception, consisting of an answer sent by him from the first-mentioned island, to a copy of verses addressed to him when there. In his epistle he endeavours to emulate *the Sweet Melody of Native Insular Rhymes, written by ——— Esq. the year of our Lord, sixteen hundred, thirty-three.* Perhaps enemies of his Pindaric verse may say, that it was in this expedition that finding himself, as he himself tells us, without any books but Pindar, he was induced to study that poet's dithyrambic poems, the result of which was, the introduction into the English Helicon of a rivulet of harshest Jersey-bred verse, appealing for aught like melody *ad misericordiam* of the kindly reader. While settled in France in the year 1647, he thought it his duty to show his conformity with the principles, though not the practice, of the cavaliers, by composing his 'Mistress.' It must have been the subject which so quickly made it popular, rather than the special beauty or special application of verses like these:—

'Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.'

It is interesting, too, to catch at times a turn or a tone which appears an anticipation of the poetical development, of which Tennyson is the chief representative; but the general impression on the modern reader, is one of systematic monotony. Cowley's own explanation of it is enough to reveal the causes of its barrenness. He declares it was written because no poet can be esteemed a freeman of his company till he has sacrificed to Venus. A capacity for concerting systematic, cold-blooded conspiracies, for winning the smiles of men, was the great taint on Cowley's poetical character. The initiatory line—

'What can I do to be for ever known,'

is an index to all his poetical cravings. He wrote the 'Davideis' as Haydon painted his finest pictures, because an Epic has the supremacy among poems, and Cowley must, therefore, put himself in a position to emulate Virgil, and Homer, and Tasso.

So he wrote the 'Mistress,' not because the subject, or the thoughts rising out of it, suited his tastes, but because the poet of the Jermyns and Wilmots must pretend to have analysed love; and because, finally, each master poet had shown himself a votary of Cupid. What can be expected from such a confessed theory? The whole subject is exhausted as to its topics, though not on one does he penetrate below the surface. He was, in fact, unwilling to leave room for pointing out a single defect in his treatment of it, or not to have occupied the whole ground, just as Spanish navigators were unwilling to sail away without planting their foot on every barren rock. It may be argued on the other side, that at least this predetermined and superficial completeness serves to vindicate the author's morality, and to show that the laxity which he was at so great pains to display existed in profession much more than in reality; no light offence this, however, and especially a reproach on the age, or at all events, the party of which grossness was so naturally the substratum, that it cropped up occasionally even in characters so respectable as Clarendon and Cowley.

A tradition preserved among Pope's sneering remarks upon his predecessors, says, that the lady who was meant to be overwhelmed by all these panegyrics, which any one would now esteem insults, was the Leonora of whom he speaks as his last and enduring love, in that sparkling, but scandalous 'Chronicle' of his flames, which seems to have taken Johnson's admiration by storm. Disappointment at having his addresses rejected by her in favour of the poet's future friend and biographer, the Bishop of Rochester, is said, on the same authority, to have soured his temper against the whole of woman-kind, and contributed mainly to his disgust at a court. It seems unlikely that this lady can have suggested some of the feelings of either poem; at all events, he had soon an opportunity of enjoying her society, for in 1566, the stagnation of the royalist counsels in France, and the little hopes of the speedy dissolution of the Protector's power at home, led to a sort of breaking up of the nucleus in Paris, and a disposition among the exiles to make compositions with the revolutionary government. Cowley had no estate to compound for; so it was supposed that he would have little difficulty in returning to England, and that while there, he might still be able, as opportunity served, to co-operate with his friends. It was not then thought dishonourable for a partisan to take to the profession of a spy (for such, it is said, was to be his position), or, in fact, to do anything, not even stopping short of murder, which might disturb the Usurper. It was esteemed a most innocent thing for Cowley, who hoped for nothing from Cromwell but to be overlooked,

to do what Evelyn, who was protected in his estate, thought perfectly becoming. It had been thought advisable that he should remain incognito; this indeed is the chief circumstance revealing that his duties were to consist in espionage. His own character would have led us to suppose he had meant now, to throw off all political obligations whatsoever, and live for literature and science; but, as it happened, almost immediately upon his landing he was seized as a returned refugee, by mistake for another, against whom the warrant lay. His real name quickly became known; and the famous court poet and confidant of the Queen and the detested Jermyn, whose plot to raise the troops against the Parliament had made the quarrel between Charles and the Commons irreconcileable, was looked upon as a prize. Several times was he examined before and menaced by the Protector and his council, but to no purpose. It nowhere appears, except from an obscure report of a saying of Clarendon's, that the enemies of Cowley hinted that he had betrayed any secrets to the Usurper, to whom they accused him of unworthily truckling in other ways. Perhaps he had no secrets to reveal. Notes of application by the exiled prince to every sovereign in Europe for a little ready money could scarcely have interested the mighty parvenu much. At length he was dismissed, but only on bail to the amount of 1,000*l.*, a sum which vastly raises our notion of the poet's political value. His surety was the celebrated Dr. Scarborough, of whose loyalty to the Protector there was no doubt, and whose resolute protestantism—so the scandal of June, 1688, whispered—was the reason for concealing from him, though royal physician, the accouchement of James the Second's queen.

Now at last the poet was free to make trial, if he chose, of some poetical realization of the hope breathed in the drawing-rooms of Paris:—

> 'Ah! yet, ere I descend into the grave,
> May I a small house and large garden have,
> And a few friends, and many friends, both true,
> Both wise, and yet delightful, too!'

He really did betake himself from town into Kent, to study botany and rival Virgil's Georgics. With the earnestness and covetousness after universality which distinguished his character, medical and natural science soon absorbed his attention, and he even sought for and, probably by the influence of Scarborough, obtained from the government a command to the University of Oxford to grant him the diploma of M.D. There was, probably, in his application for a degree in medicine, some desire of manifesting his determination to leave politics, and live quietly as a man of science. It was, however, thrown in

his teeth by some enemies as a species of apostasy. Whatever the motive, he really devoted himself to the pursuit, and the result was the poem on flowers and plants. In the same year, 1656, he brought out a complete edition of his poems. The measure was rendered necessary, as well by the unscrupulous abuse of his name by the English publishers to screen paltry rhymes, such as a collection called the 'Iron Age,' as by the numerous and defective editions both of his juvenile and his later poems. But the edition scandalised his friends, for it had a copy of verses to the Protector inserted in it by way of dedication. It is hard for us to judge properly on this matter. Certainly eulogiums addressed to his master's rival by a minister of the exiles, moreover by one with a commission to spy out the actions of the government, are suspicious. Our aversion to his conduct, however, is scarcely inflamed by the recollection that it was his clear interest to conciliate him they called Usurper, now that he was a kind of prisoner upon parol. It might be an apology for his conduct, that it was now his friend Scarborough's 1,000*l.* which he had to protect. We are sorry to say that the Bishop extenuates the obnoxious preface on the ground of the necessity under which the author was of allaying the fears of government, in order more fully to discover and betray its counsels to his employers. The subject of Sprat's theme had a better apology, even if such were the excuse for the biographer's own 'Pindaric Ode, dedicated to the happy memory of the most renowned Prince Oliver, Lord Protector,' wherein it was declared, rather equivocally if by way of compliment, that

> 'His fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
> Will of itself turn whiter too.'

Cowley's dedication brought him no profit; his bond still remained uncancelled; and the feeling of the Royalists against verses, which after all, only expressed admiration of that energy in the Protector's rule which had elevated the national character, was so violent that the poet was weak enough to suppress them after the Restoration. Altogether the visit was a failure; if he came to collect information, his detection and the suretyship of Scarborough effectually prevented his scheme. He had become an able botanist among the Kentish hop-gardens, and was recognised through the introduction of the friendly physician as a man of science, and the chief of English poets: but the *res angusta domi* and the cold looks of friends and foes embittered his life at this period. Such was his despondency that he even used to consult his friends on a migration to some of the American plantations, to study botany and medicine, and write poetry at leisure. His genius was of

a more practical turn than Coleridge's, it is true, and he was wise enough, while sighing for the society of red Indians, to include a good library in the list of necessaries for Virginia and Maryland. Still it was fortunate for the poet, wearied with the world, that he could never put his vision to the test.

As this fancy floated off his mind the disasters of the time made the distant vision of the Savoy less dream-like, and he accepted an invitation to resume his duties in Jermyn's household, at Paris. They do not seem to have been obtrusive, for there is no appearance of the poet having been mulcted for this new delinquency. At last came the joyful day of the Restoration, and, of all men, the poet and author of 'The Mistress' expected that in the 'cheerful fit of folly,' which was to do away with the remembrance of 'the twenty years of melancholy,' he should not be passed over. But so it was, that, on his application for the long-promised boon, his prayer was rejected. Wood declares this arose from some 'enemy of the Muses.' A mysterious assertion, which may refer to the dull George Monk, mis-named 'honest,' and the Royalists opposed to Jermyn, or even to the ultra Royalist cavaliers of the Queen Mother's household. The doubtful story of Charles's repulse to the poor bard, 'Mr. Cowley, your pardon is your reward,' is in favour of the latter supposition. He would have been scarcely a poet not to have exclaimed at such treatment. His lament was temperate and loyal, but the complaint and its author, 'Savoy-Seeking Cowley,' was ridiculed in Suckling's witty poem of the day on the choice of a laureat, as exhibiting a pitiful incapacity for proper indignation. As it was, he remained a dependant of Lord St. Albans, a poet by trade, and man of general science by taste. His professional character of M.D. had been thrown off after the publication of the poem on plants. In 1660, came out his 'Vision of Oliver Cromwell,' a majestic composition, in which one's indignation at the renegade-like vehemence of the revilings is tempered by the feeling that the praises which are there given as ironical, might have been the outburst of his admiration. Hume has, with scarce the change of a single word, borrowed them for a panegyric; they were probably, indeed, in substance identical with 'The Lament of the Death of that Great Sovereign,' a poem of which Wood records the existence, but which is no longer extant, except as now inserted in a setting of abuse. It is, indeed, a most noble laudation, and full of the fervour of a man exulting that his country had produced such a man, however much he might disapprove his actions. We know of few compositions in prose more perfectly akin to poetry. Interpolated, as it was, by the writer, it shone but poorly beside the concealed rich vein of

poetry in the prose. We do not think the cavaliers could have been at all satisfied with a work in which every epithet and reproach revealed such a sense of the gigantic in the deceased. The favourite phrases of scurrilous songsters and pamphleteers, the 'Red Nosed Noll,' 'Brewer's Son,' and such like, seemed to have evaporated amid the strong stream of the poet's execrations. By the side of the enumeration of the great national glories, won by the dead Protector, the flattery of the young King's locks—

'If gold might be compared with angel's hair,'

reads sufficiently tame and bald.

This composition elevated the poet to an undisputed supremacy among not only the Royalists, but the national poets: still it gained him no rich sinecure. He remained a follower of Lord St. Albans, though passing his time chiefly with men of literature and science. Round him gathered Evelyn, from Deptford; Boyle, the most modest and abstracted of philosophers; Sir Kenelm Digby, who frequented the society of the sages at Gresham College in a long mourning cloak, peaked hat, and oriental beard; Hobbes, in his selfish green old age; Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant; Lord Broghill; Denham, cherishing regrets for his beloved Cooper's Hill; Sprat, somewhat pompous, but a fervent and affectionate admirer; and Matthew Clifford, Master of the Charterhouse and man of taste. A little further off in this circle of his intimates might be seen men of fashion like Waller and Buckingham, and great John Dryden, and, tradition says, greater John Milton, were among his fervent admirers. His life is connected with the times before and the times after the troubles and their representatives; with Falkland at home, the Queen Mother in France, and Charles the Second, and the gossip of restored Whitehall; with the men of science and the court, the fashionable votaries of literature, and taste, and leisure, and the philosophers and divines. Besides all this, there were great domestic duties which the poet never neglected. His mother, probably still alive at the Restoration, and brothers, one at all events, in good repute, and living in King Street, at Westminster, shared in the advantages, such as they were, of his fame.

Though not one of the six or seven founders of the Royal Society, as he has been termed, Cowley was on the list of the men who were to be first asked to join. His general repute and his acuteness in experimental science, especially botany, made him a valuable acquisition in the sagacious designs the society had on its outset, when Bacon's method seemed to have opened the doors to unlimited repair of the miseries of the human race.

Doubtless the experiments of restoring youth by infusing the blood of the young into the old, as well as divers perplexing questions how they were to find zealots in the cause of science to act as good subjects, and other strange novelties in experiment, which justified the King's practical joke against them, found from his ready imagination perfect sympathy. Nor was it only his co-operation in that way which might be useful; the philosophers hoped from his social rank and pen to get fashion, and to be screened from the popular ridicule they met with, and which irritated even the serene philosophy of Evelyn. He acceded to the invitation of the latter to give them 'a divine song,' to vindicate them from the satire, and the songs of the drunkards, producing for them, in the year 1667, a poem which it is a shame on our age to have forgotten. What can be finer than those lines to Bacon, beginning,—

'Bacon, like Moses, led us on,'

and the apology for the great theorist's failure in practice; or, than the bitter retort on the men who were trying to laugh down science—

'The things which those proud men despise,
And call impertinent, and vain, and small;
Those smallest things of nature let me know,
Rather than all their greatest actions do!'

After verse like this it is hard to think that the blame of neglect is only Cowley's. Is it not partly our own reproach that we will not now give time or thought enough to understand him?

The praises of the Royal Society were indeed undertaken by him *con amore*, for the whole scheme of that Institution somewhat approached a design which he, in common with Milton, Evelyn, Boyle, Sir William Davenant, and the famous Sir William Petty, were always debating, viz., the erection of a philosophical college in accordance with the suggestions of Bacon, in the 'Advancement of Learning,' for the promotion of general, but especially experimental, knowledge. As might have been expected, Cowley's designs were not very practical; scarcely so much so as Evelyn's. The latter would, indeed, have been content with 400*l.* a year as a foundation; but then, apparently, each member was himself to furnish all the little ornaments and elegancies fit for philosophers, who were to bring their wines and hold medical soirées. Cowley's scheme required an annual expenditure of 4,000*l.*, but there is something much more tempting and pretty in Evelyn's description to Boyle, in 1659, of the hermit-like cells embosomed in fragrant gardens, and the monkish exercises inter-

spersed with, every Thursday evening, a re-union, than in the poet's more elaborate design. He proposed to erect two quadrangles, the second opening upon gardens and green lawns, together with no contemptible income for science in the shape of, for those days, the sumptuous appointments of 120*l.* a-year for each of the professors, and 20*l.* for each scholar, exclusive of incomes for travelling fellows to collect rarities. The plan was branched out into details respecting the division of the profits of new discoveries between the college and the inventors; the grammar school and boarding-house for rich pupils, whence gradually a foundation was to be accumulated for the maintenance of the poor men's sons, 'as plentiful as for the rich, there being nothing to be expected from a low, sordid, and hospital-like education.' In one point, indeed, the poet breaks out, as compared with a man of the world like Evelyn, when the former gravely lays down the rule for his seminary, that the professors should 'all keep inviolable and exemplary friendship with each other.' It is curious to observe the sympathy between the great men of the age as to the proper instruments of education. Greek and Latin, especially the latter, were to be taught, but Varro and Cato, Columella, Celsus, the Georgics, and Manilius were prescribed as the medium for carrying out the design that the students should learn things as well as words. Amid the convulsions of politics and society, myriads of Utopias of the same sort were being thrown up, all with the same negative results. While the Harringtons and Sydneys were constructing the Oceanas and perfect polities, the other theorists of the age, the men of science, were planning how to turn the political changes to the advantage of philosophy. They had all looked with unselfish greediness to the funds from sequestered bishoprics and royal domains, and Cromwell's proposed foundation of Durham was looked upon as but a mere instalment of future donations to learning. Even on the Restoration, in the crowd of eager individual claimants, the philosophers put forth their collective requisitions. So late as Queen Anne's reign, and in the acute mind of Swift, hope was harboured of persuading cunning ministers to make colleges for the improvement of the language, something on the plan of Petty's philosophic college, the nation's care. Each successive proposer, however, prudently settled down into the conviction of the impracticability of such projects.

While the mass of the public mind, as well as of its guides and instructors, was in this state of fermentation, about the same time (1665) with the composition of the panegyric on the Royal Society, we learn from the diaries of the time that Cowley and his friends had entertained a design akin to that of Boling-

broke and Swift, of improving the language, and generally directing attention to literary subjects. They used to walk through what were then pleasant fields to talk literature, at Gray's-Inn, probably. They thus, it seems, anticipated the Kit-Kat Club, which itself existed for purely literary purposes, under the great booksellers' auspices, long before it was taken up as a party organ. There were but few meetings, but they seem to have been continued at intervals during two or three years, being finally interrupted by the great plague, and above all, writes Evelyn, 'the death of the incomparable Mr. Cowley.' He was the centre of the whole, the most fashionable of poets, and esteemed then the greatest; nor was such reputation then so entirely without foundation, for it was prior to the appearance of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'

Besides all this, Cowley had a general repute like that which Dryden afterwards enjoyed, and an allowed supremacy, as a cotemporary writes, independent almost of the merit of his published works. Yet this must have been mainly based on his literary fame, for his biographer tells us that 'he did not surprise at first in his conversation,' and further, that none but his intimates would have discovered that he was a poet. There was nothing brilliant or showy to make up for this in his general demeanour. When his eulogist declares that he was possessed of perfect natural goodness, great integrity, and plainness of manners, though living in France; that there was 'nothing affected in habit, person, or gesture;' that 'he under-'stood the forms of good breeding enough to practise them 'without burdening himself;' finally, 'that he was modest and 'humble excessively even to appear dissimulation, unless for 'other equal virtues,' we have no great difficulty in representing to ourselves a person who was destitute, like Addison, of external graces, but without Addison's capability of warming into eloquence and fire with wine. It is not necessary to go so far as to believe in the truthfulness of his friend Denham's epigram—

> 'Had Cowley ne'er spoke, nor Killigrew writ,
> They'd both have made a very good wit.'

Perhaps it was this brilliancy of fame, as conjoined with such perfect unconsciousness of it, which charmed by its contrast with the affectation and pretentiousness of other literary men of the day. Davenant, for instance, in these pleasant congresses met men of various ranks, but all united by a like love of literature. There was the notorious Duke of Buckingham, constant to nothing but patronage of literature; there too was Waller, from whom the memory of friends betrayed to the hangman, and

an affectation of lamentable hypocrisy, had easily glided off, not only from his memory, but from that of friends and foes, whom his gentle wit at the age of eighty attracted; there too were politicians, who excused no variableness, except in themselves, like Clarendon; there were debauchees, who tolerated no one else if not a drunkard, like Wilmot and Rochester; there were men of honour and piety like Evelyn. With these was joined Sprat, the high Tory prelate, and Dryden, soon about to take up, as it were, Cowley's sceptre, and rule literature after him. Matthew Clifford was of the party—co-author with the Duke of Buckingham and Sprat of the 'Rehearsal,' and deemed worthy of the dedication of the life of Cowley, one of those anomalous men of literature who are admitted as honorary members into its guild, without performing any of its exercises, and who sometimes, as did this very connoisseur himself, with his coarse strictures on Dryden's fables, so miserably disappoint their friends when they have been flattered into authorship.

Cowley's popularity, like Dryden's, though general, had met with one or two rebuffs. While association with courtiers gave literature fashion, and taught literary men how to adopt the tone which would make their compositions popular with their patrons, not only did they sometimes find that '*ipse facit versus*,' and that the noble forgot the patron in the rival, but any deviation from the tone which the great man believed himself fully competent to prescribe, or any appearance of isolation in life and severer morals, exposed them to the chance of a persecution. The courtiers sympathized with his brother authors in degrading Dryden, by assuming a rivalry between him and Settle, and in cheering on Montague and Prior, subsequently, from a sort of jealousy of any literary dictatorship which obtained among the wits, whether professional or amateur. The attack on Cowley was more of a political or party character. In 1663, he had remodelled and produced upon the stage, 'the Cutter of Coleman Street,' a play originally represented before Charles, when Prince of Wales, at Cambridge, under the title of 'the Guardian.' It is a witty and well-managed comedy, with abundance of brisk action; and adapted, it seemed, to please the cavaliers by a great deal of illiberal caricaturing of the Puritans. To the horror and surprise of the poet it was hissed off the stage. That seemed to him the catastrophe, not only of his social, but his literary aspirations. He feelingly laments, in a preface to a library edition of it, that, 'for all he had ever written he had never received 'the least benefit or advantage, but on the contrary, had felt 'sometimes the effect of malice or misfortune. He himself 'ascribed the misfortune to an incongruous and predetermined 'consent of all parties against him. He was condemned,' he

writes, 'by a faction before hearing; of profaneness, for attacking hypocrisy; of disloyalty, for excusing disorder; by Royalists for showing up a few who had joined the party, and this 'in spite of his sufferings for ten years.' Besides the reasons grounded on some unexplained jealousy of the poet's fame (for his own character does not seem to have been of a sort likely to expose him to such assaults), it appears probable that the doom of the play was owing to the fact that it was an anachronism. It impliedly sought praise for the roystering qualities on which the cavaliers had, as a party, once prided themselves; and held up the Puritan sobriety and love of constitutional liberty, as the sentiments of canting rogues, putting personal loyalty in the place of all the virtues. But now already all sensible royalists were beginning to get disgusted with these qualities of their old associates, especially as backed by a tendency in those who held them, to promote despotism, and to make a boast of laughing at all religion.

The poet, though he had always been personally moderate, and averse to the extreme practice and doctrine of the cavaliers, had not been prepared any more than Clarendon, to discover that the radicalism of the beginning of the troubles was become the liberal conservatism of the conclusion of them. He had written *bonâ fide* according to the sentiments which he had always heard, and did not comprehend the ramifications of the court and country parties. This party spirit was merely personal. It seems probable that if he had been free to study the matter for himself, and then to take sides, he would have been against the cabal and such principles. He had assumed, without investigation, the folly of all but simple royalism, thinking only of the late troubles. As it was, he was thoroughly disheartened by his reception, though the play was subsequently, when a new cavalier party was reviving, acted with applause. Perhaps he was even conscious of having sinned against his conscience, by stretching his dislike to fanaticism and austerity to the appearance of a boon-companion's love for debauchery and riotousness, to please the courtiers; anyhow he discovered that what suited the atmosphere of Bruges or of Prince Rupert's camp, was out of place in the vicinity of S. Stephen's and the City of London. We are told by the sneering Dennis that Dryden expressed his surprise at Cowley's not bearing the news of the fall of his drama, when conveyed to him by himself and Sprat straight from the theatre, with anything like the philosophy to be expected from so great a man; as though, bitterly exclaims Johnson (who himself had experienced the same sensation once), they had a right to anticipate haughty tranquillity at such a reception of a piece produced in the hope of popular applause.

More vividly then than ever had recurred to the poet his intermittent longings for leisure to realize the old and earnest poetic plans of rearing woods and flowers, and search out the secrets of nature. He seems to have been unwilling to quit all hopes of advancement from the court, while unwilling to reside longer in town. With the view of adopting an intermediate course he had already, very soon after the Restoration, when his hopes of the Savoy were not yet blighted, taken up his abode successively for a short time at Deptford, where he had the pleasure of being the neighbour of the sympathetic Evelyn at Saye's Court, and at Battersea, then dignified by several noble mansions; more especially by the splendid inheritance of the S. John's. But these were only temporary residences, and afforded no scope for putting in execution regular schemes of rural retirement, till at last a glimpse of prosperity made his plan feasible. Yet even now it was not from the direct bounty of the King, whom and whose cause he had served so long and so faithfully, however calmly and without enthusiasm, but his preferment was due to the solicitations and influence of Buckingham, and Jermyn, Earl of S. Albans, his constant friends. Through them he was pensioned in the year signalized by the catastrophe of his comedy, with a lease for life of the Queen Mother's dower lands in the manor of Chertsey, on terms so favourable as, with prudent management, to secure him 300*l.* a year net income.

Aubrey gives the following pleasant account of the preliminary negotiation, by which the chief merit of the gift is attributed to Villiers, whose memory stands in woeful need of a few such kindly traditions. 'The Duke of Buckingham, hearing 'that at Chertsey was a good farm of about fifty pounds a year, 'belonging to the Queen Mother, goes to the Earl of S. Albans 'to take a lease of it. They answered that it was beneath his 'Grace to take a lease of them. That was all one, he would 'have it, paid for it, and had it, and freely and generously 'gave it to his dear and ingenious friend Mr. Abraham Cowley, 'for whom purposely he bought it.' Now at last he was free to exhibit the ideal of a poet and man of science, for in all his Utopian schemes he was sufficiently wise not to expect happiness from pursuits perfectly alien to those amid which he had spent his youth and manhood. It seems, however, not to have been till about 1665 that he finally quitted town. Previously he had been in the habit of resorting to London and the Court occasionally, and there indeed the failure of the 'Cutter of Coleman Street' had found him. Now he resolved to reside altogether in the country, though glad to admit the visits of old friends. It is not quite true, as Sprat relates it, that 'his house only

'complained, but never his mind,' or that 'he gave over thoughts 'of honour and riches when he might have gratified them;' nor, lastly, is it very probable that 'he refused many invitations (at least serious ones) to return to business.' Neither his character nor his talents were at all fitted for doing the work, or pleasing the capricious humours of that capricious Court. But we are ready to give all credence to the Bishop's assertion of his friend's disgust at a Court like Charles's, 'which sort of life, though his 'virtue had made innocuous to him, yet nothing could make it 'quiet.'

It is a pleasant picture which we have of his retirement on the banks of the Thames, with his thoughts not of the past but of the future, a few friends, many books, and a good conscience. That 'unaffected modesty and natural freedom, easy vigour, 'cheerful passions, and innocent mirth, which had found them-'selves under constraint in the miserable squabbles of the exiled 'Stuarts, could now display themselves in a life which admitted 'the cultivation of all such qualities.' Gardening was one of his staple employments; he writes to Evelyn from Barn Elms, acknowledging himself his reverent disciple, and full of gratitude for a gift of plants and seeds, and of curiosity respecting the success of some which he had already set. During this period the last two books of his didactic poem on plants were composed and published. They testified to the experience which he had gained in the rich soil of those low river meadows. A modest letter to Dr. Busby, chief of all schoolmasters that ever were, accompanying a presentation copy of his Latin poem, has been preserved by Nicholls, the antiquarian. Poetry, which he had never intended, in all his schemes for the future, to abandon, he now made, 'together with himself,' says his friend, 'an anchorite dedicated to drive evil spirits from the human heart.' His solitude continued to be crowded with silent aspirations after fame in literature. Then were produced those serene, delightful essays, which we can well believe to have been 'real characters of his thoughts on the point of his retirement,' though they appear to be fully as much designed to persuade himself as others of the delights of isolation. He had meant, though they were never sufficiently completed to admit of such an end, to dedicate them to his early patron Lord S. Albans, who appears, from what Sprat says, to have felt displeasure at the poet's retirement. Doubtless the 'eminent and celebrated 'Mr. Cowley was an ornament in those days of Mæcenases 'even to Jermyn's household, and the lease of the Crown farm 'may have been intended as a pledge and retainer rather than 'a reward for the past: prose and verse are happily preserved 'in these compositions.' There are none of those sketches of

society which so charm us in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*; none too of their wit and humour. But gardens with green pastures, and solitude, are described so prettily, and over all is spread such a clear transparent flow of sentiment, as even to have extorted the praises of an author of a far different school, a sort of anticipation of Addison and Steele.

Another large design, which at intervals occupied his attention, was a history of style, which Sprat and Clifford and others of his admirers had persuaded him to undertake. The religious hue of his meditations also led him spontaneously to attempt a general analysis and review of the original principles of the primitive Church, as they might be gathered from its records of the first four or five centuries, and with a view it seems both to satisfy his own mind, and that of his old companions in exile, of the truthfulness of Anglican doctrines, as well as to vindicate their sincerity in professing them, of which opposition to the Parliament and the connexion of many of them with Queen Henrietta had made them objects of suspicion. He probably formed a plan far too vast for his learning or leisure, for it was never prosecuted. In preparation for the history of style, some rough characters of ancient and modern authors were drawn up, but never fitted together. His mind and ambition appear to have been somewhat similar to those of Gray and Coleridge. They all three had the academical development of intellect arising from literary curiosity, uncorrected by the feeling of what is practicable. There is the same largeness of literary aspiration in their plans. The mere records of their schemes read like the catalogue of the labours of a literary society. Gaps for huge out-of-the-way histories are scattered up and down their conceptions like the craters of extinct volcanoes far within a chain of mountains. Great schemes of philosophy were to be constructed to join together sequestered settlements lately reclaimed from the backwoods of metaphysics. Wherever it seemed to them that the student would have to make researches for himself among a dozen works, or infer a principle from a hundred scattered instances, there a necessity appeared to be imposed upon them for composing a book which should contain dissertations on all those points, or give in a few pages the results of scores of chains of inductive reasoning. Cowley was not satisfied that a scholar should learn from Demosthenes and Cicero themselves the secret of their eloquence. In like manner Coleridge designed an epic on Titus's capture of Jerusalem, because it ought to be done; a score of dramas merely to fill up the void in Shakespeare's national scenes illustrative of English history; and for the same reason a ·rantic corpus of philosophy or register of every possible dogma

or shade of a dogma which could find birth in a German mind.

These literary cravings were not likely to diminish in the rural retirement of Cowley. But they were powerfully checked by the healthier cares of his farm, and his taste for natural philosophy. This latter was an abiding love, as compatible with his poetry as Akenside's pursuit of medicine, with his not so very dissimilar muse. Yet he did not find all the leisure for these studies which he had expected, though now just in the position relative to London, and especially Gresham College, which he had designed for his philosophical College. But farming was a more anxious pursuit than gardening, and making a living out of a leasehold estate, let at however low a rental, was not the same as having a foundation of 4,000*l.* a year to fall back upon. Sickness also interfered with his plans, though it did not destroy them, or make him miserable. We are told that probably in his disgust at the reception of his comedy, he was in too great haste to quit London.

Hence, he did not select his place of residence with sufficient caution, taking up his abode successively in three villages on the Thames, all more or less unhealthy from damp. Barn Elms, whither he removed from Battersea, was an old manor-house, once belonging, by the gift of King Athelstan, to the canons of S. Paul's; but leased, by compulsion, as was the custom then, by Queen Elizabeth. By her, it was assigned to her sagacious councillor, Francis Walsingham; and there he had the expensive honour of entertaining her and the court. From him it devolved upon the famous Earl of Essex, in right of his wife, Walsingham's daughter, and widow of Sir Philip Sydney. Old mulberry-trees, which love old country seats, still bear witness to the times of Walsingham, but the more modern traces of Cowley have long since disappeared. Rich meadows spread about it, and the river glistens near at hand, overshadowed by tall elms, whence the name. Beneath them was a fashionable promenade, where Pepys loved, on a summer's evening, as he often recounts, to display his newest and gayest plumage to the admiring and admired company. We fancy that Cowley must have often thus caught, not so unwillingly, an echo from the town he professed to have abandoned for ever, and gossip with his old associates on the reversion of the next rich post. 'Barn Elms 'no longer has,' says Lysons, 'the reputation of being damp and 'marshy.' In Cowley's time such appears to have been its state. He was prostrated there by a bad fever, from the effects of which his constitution never entirely recovered, though he soon resumed his old pursuits after it, and put the last touches to his poem on 'Plants.' Thence he removed to Chertsey, still

by the Thames, and in Surrey, but in a healthier situation. The park-house attached to his farm is still shown, with a verse from Pope's 'Windsor Forest,' slightly modified, inscribed over the door:—

'Here the last accents flowed from Cowley's tongue.'

It was just within the town, but surrounded with ample gardens, and skirted by a brook, with St. Anne's precipitous sides rising at a little distance over Fox's flowers and shrubberies. There he determined to make his final stay, and to settle himself and his plans of life for good. He very seldom, if ever, now visited town, but was always glad to receive his old friends, and speedily, it seems, made new ones among his neighbours. One especially, with the *soubriquet* of the 'Dean,' appears to have been a merry companion. The poet's love for society is a practical confutation of any vague notion we might have had of Cowley's being an active admirer of his model Pindar's taste, at least in one respect. Sir John Denham, the poet of Cooper's-hill, had long been his acquaintance.

Many interesting records of a true poet's life should we, no doubt, have discovered in letters passing between himself and his friends, had not Sprat's and Clifford's, for us, ill-timed scruples about the propriety of publishing compositions designed for those only to whom they were addressed, made them suppress the entire correspondence. Whether the letters were destroyed or only secreted, is still a curious question. The aversion to burn what contains precious information, though, in the opinion of the depositary, not adapted for publication, makes us hope they may yet be lying concealed among old family archives either of Sprat or Clifford. It might reward the investigations of some antiquarian to endeavour to clear up the problem. It has been the fashion to bewail or ridicule Cowley's resolution to retire from London, as though it had resulted only in disappointment. There is a sort of popular understanding that he became a hermit, or a ploughman, instead of indulging his passion for flowers, and inhabiting a cheerful villa within an easy journey from town. He has, indeed, now so long occupied the poet's reserved niche among the disappointed great, along with emperors reduced to merchants, schoolmasters, or market-gardeners, premiers made into graziers, and court beauties into lady abbesses, that it would be, in fact, rather perplexing to have to find another bard of fame for the vacant post, or a proper station, high enough, yet properly sequestered, from the necessity of finding readers for him, for the late occupant. As 'the melancholy Cowley,' he is always sufficiently before the eye of the literary public to satisfy the requisitions of his celebrity in his own age. He is dismissed with a well-turned phrase, and

people suppose they know all about him, without searching into his actual merit, in order to rank him suitably. It might be otherwise, if the conscience of the student were burdened with a 'celebrated,' a 'most incomparable' Mr. Cowley, and obliged to allow the epithets handed down from a former generation; while, confessedly, altogether ignorant about whom they thus praise on trust. Yet, certainly, we have but slight authority for asserting that he was a disappointed man. There are three trustworthy bodies of evidence as to him, and those three are, Sprat's Life, Evelyn's, and Pepys' invaluable Diaries. The Bishop says, 'his retirement suited his mind better than his body;' but surely this is scarcely to the purpose. Evelyn and Pepys speak of his fame as pre-eminent; and the former refers to his life with invariable respect, but nothing like pity. In that very doubtful authority, Spencer's amusing colloquies of Pope and his friends, a disappointment in love is mentioned, and consequent inclination to get, 'in each remove, further and further from town.' But neither is that to the point, whether true or not. In his own poems and essays do not appear any records of a feeling, that his cravings after rustic retirement had been premature. All the indications there, and even when he had now quitted the Court, are of a contrary sentiment. The one basis of the epithet, is the application of it to himself in the 'Complaint,' a poem with the one single design of reproaching the government for not rewarding his long fidelity; but certainly with no reference to a country life, on which, at least since the Restoration, he had not yet entered. On this, not to say slight support, with whatever supplementary corroboration it may be supposed to be furnished by the fact of his retirement having followed shortly on the expulsion from the stage of his play, Cowley has been converted into a proverb, and a warning to all who happen to think the charms of a villa in the country exceed those of a house in London, or Paris. One of his then extant letters, on personal matters, viz., that to Sprat in May, 1665, preserved by Peck, having been very appropriately communicated to him by William Cowper, Clerk of the Parliament, and familiar to the readers of any sketch of the poet, has been thought to confirm the report of his dejection in his suburban retreat. We do not see how this can be at all inferred. Surely, the catalogue of ills in this epistle must have been compiled by a very cheerful mind, and the sorrows of the amateur farmer over trespassing cattle, and the rest, appear to have had a remarkably great capacity for disappearing by the side of expectations of a ramble over the healthy slopes of S. Ann's Hill. The register of this accumulation of misfortune appears, we confess, rather to be meant in sport. With Sprat, a

frequent guest, and cheerful country neighbours, he could not have been so very woe-begone.

However this might be, he had not many years for carrying on his rustic schemes. His constitution had been impaired by the fever at Barn Elms, and this was succeeded, on his removal to Chertsey, by another illness of some months' duration. All these warnings he appears to have neglected, and to have continued his usual way of life; being, perhaps, tempted by his new situation and pursuits to increased ardour. We learn that he was in the habit of staying out late with his reapers, in the energy of his amateur farmer's character. Hence, a defluxion of rheum, and a stoppage in the breast and throat. This he refused to treat, spite of his medical training, as though it were no more than a cold. It was thus suffered to increase, till it resisted all medical aid, and resulted in his death, at the age of 49, after a fortnight's illness.

Pope's malignant memory retained a story of the occasion of Cowley's death of a different complexion, but of no particular authority. He declares that, with Sprat, then on a visit to him, he went to visit a convivial neighbour, who would not let them go till evening had come on. The two friends set out, bewildered by the country lanes and the claret, till they irrecoverably lost their way, and were compelled to pass the night in a ditch; whence the poet's cold and mortal disorder. We are told that the parish still talks of the 'drunken Dean Sprat.'

Perhaps this tale may have grown partly out of the *soubriquet* of some noisy friend of Cowley's, the same whom he names to Sprat in the letter to which we have alluded already. Pope, or his informant, would be unaware of this; and having heard that the poet died from complaint brought on by his accidentally having to spend the night in the open air, might suppose, and not so unreasonably, Sprat to have been the 'drunken Dean' (though not appointed to the deanery till 1683), and the poet's associate in intoxication, as well as in straying from the road.

Thus ended the life of the then acknowledged head of England's living poets, though later times have rescinded the verdict. It excited something like sorrow in the Court which had neglected him. The Duke of Buckingham reared his monument in Poet's Corner; Sprat composed his epitaph, and Denham his elegy. Nobles attended on his bier on its passage up the river to the Abbey,—

> 'Tears the river shed,
> When the sad pomp along its banks was led.'

And Charles's unaccustomed lips passed on him the well-known eulogium which sounds like a piece of irony, that 'Mr. Cowley

had not left a better man behind him in England.' It is strange to find how quietly his fame and authority had made their way. He had been passed over in the distribution of honours, and abused in the theatres; and yet it was assumed by all, when he was gone, that he had been and was at the head of cotemporary literature. Part of this, to us exaggerated, praise, may be ascribed to his serene, gentle disposition; which, as it prevented him generally from arrogating precedence, saved him from exposure to the first breath of envy. He was rather a centre for literary men to group themselves round than their captain of literature. The same spirit was discernible in his poems. He initiated new metres and novel kinds of rhythm; but still men, while their ear was caught by novelty of sound, heard nothing to excite their conservatism against him as an innovator. His biographer declares that 'his rough verse was his choice, not his fault,' that he affected variety to divert men's minds. It is no great merit in a poet to hunt after variety in this way. It is not to be got by an artificial turn of a verse, any more than the subtlety of a long train of demonstrative reasoning by an Alexandrian. But it helps and explains not merely his subsequent neglect, but also his favour with his cotemporaries, when taken in connexion with his general style. He allowed no affectation, the bishop tells us, in his language; that is to say, 'he neither went before nor came after the use of the age.' He forsook the conversation, but never the language, of the city and court. This was not the way of Milton any more than Shakespeare, though Sidney's it might be. It was not their mode of escaping from affectation. They discovered how to speak in the language of the nation, not of any section of it. *Good society* was not to them the nation as to language any more than as to life and manners. But in Cowley's time, as well from the aristocratic tone even then prevalent, as especially from the puritan assumption of indifference to such things, all the national taste for literature was completely absorbed within the narrow boundary of the court and aristocracy. They might have understood a poet speaking to the whole nation, of which they were a part; but they appreciated him with far greater zest, and he lost no readers or admirers, by addressing himself to their peculiar habits and sentiments in their own every day language. Thus Cowley appears antiquated to us, though not equally so with Waller, because his greatness and want of exclusive sympathy with his party and the court prevented his learning their ways alone. But this antiquated tone, such as it is, explains his popularity then as compared with his neglect now. It is not against this view that the great bards of our own age show no signs of losing their place among the

classics; that such, too, is not the case with Pope, fashionable poet as he is as contrasted with the classics for all ages, and classics such as Shakespeare and Milton. For, let alone the fact that Cowley preserved his place for a century, and that it is for a coming generation to discover whether the Coleridges and Wordsworths and Keatses will, as it is to be hoped they may, keep theirs so long; Cowley and Waller, and even Pope himself, little exclusive as he personally was, wrote, however designedly to attract a special class, yet at a time when there were class distinctions, but no caste isolations. It might be only a section of the people which would take the trouble to examine their writings, but all who did so could comprehend them without serving a tedious apprenticeship to the language of the theatres and Whitehall, and to habits of life and thought unlike their own, and for which they would have had almost to change their very being and individuality. The age from the Restoration to the accession of the Georges, (for Pope belongs to this latter era as a writer,) is one by itself. It was an age of literary tastes and development, but this did not extend, or hardly become a class; it is even termed, and with an appearance of plausibility, the golden age of literature. It might not be the very happiest time for literary men individually;—an epoch of patronage never, we believe, is. They might be liable to be insulted as a sort of miserable parasites, or to lose their personality in that of their benefactors. They might feast, it is true, with a Buckingham, but they were liable to the chance of being beaten, like Dryden, by the hireling gang of a Wilmot. Still it was a proud time for the men of literature as an abstraction, for they then floated above the heads of the nation along with their patrons. Rank and literature lorded it together, and were equally paramount, though it was only known to the band of authors themselves how galling many such a relationship became.

The qualities which made Cowley the fashion have proved a bar to his posthumous fame. He had attributes which must have otherwise secured him permanent favour. He whom Milton, spite of party hostilities, ranked with Spenser and Shakespeare, greatest of English poets, whom Rochester, chief of wits and courtiers, made the pure gold standard to try base poetry by, whom the jealousy of Pope allowed to be a poet in spite of all his faults, attempting to transfer in sign of approbation some of his peculiar traits to the lost Alcander of Rhodes, and whom Dryden reverenced,—a writer, lastly, whose works ran through ten editions in twenty years, must have had solid claims to admiration. Certainly he has no pathos, and little of the fulness of genius and power of conception fitted for the

wide canvas of an epic, and but an untuneable lyre; but in his verse we find ingenuity in conceiving, depth of thought, and an astonishing earnestness of intellectual fervour, coloured with passion. His variety is inexhaustible. An epic poet, whom his cotemporaries admired, though we cannot, he has naturally attained a high rank in the neighbouring class of solemn didactic bards. Thence he suddenly passes on to almost the splendour of his original Pindar, in narrative. What can be finer in his model than the tale of the infancy of Hercules? Now he soars upwards, high as ever poet went, in those noble elegies on Crashaw, Hervey, Lord Balcarres, and Vandyke; then again flutters off to the brisk vivacity of the 'Chronicle'! What can be more Anacreontic in Anacreon than the song, still a favourite, 'To a Grasshopper,' and that to drinking, ending, 'Come Man of Morals;' or what prettier, strained conceit in Waller, than the verses 'On a Lady tiring herself;' or lastly, what freer or more splendid gush of fancy than the poem 'On the Chair made from Drake's Ship at Deptford'? His translations of congenial passages are elegant and spirited; those from Pindar are often something more. When he met with a suitable material, as an epistle of Horace, he could all but outdo his original. His rendering of the little ode to Pyrrha seems to us superior to Milton's. But perhaps the neutral territory between poetry and philosophy, tinted with cross lights from fancy and reason, is more peculiarly his own. Bacon stands on the one side of the boundary line, Cowley on the other. Each seems to catch a glimpse of a light from the opposite shore, so that the Novum Organon appears to suggest the 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which in its verse tries to interpret in poetry thoughts which were verse disembodied in the mind of the great reformer of science. We should not attempt to raise Cowley to an equality with a mind like Wordsworth's. But, while the latter was more of a philosopher himself, the earlier poet had a faculty for enduing with verse grand philosophical ideas not his own discovery, or peculiarly and exceptionally his own. He is not so much a metaphysical or philosophical poet, as Akenside attempted to be, as the poet of science and philosophers. We have already referred to that famous 'Ode to the Royal Society,' which men when they hear seem to recognise, though they never read it—it rings through our literature. In those to Hobbes and Scarborough and Harvey, and the Hymn to Light, there are other lines equally grand, though rarer. They cry shame upon our neglect.

It is good now and then to travel up the stream of Time, to examine our list of celebrities, thus rendering an account of the reasons for their former fame and present obscurity. At first

we see all as through a veil of prejudices from time and circumstances. But gradually those lines and bars, with which our minds, dazzled, as it were, by the novelty of all about us, suffused the scene, dissolve away; and we begin to discover that the beauties which our forefathers saw in it were not wholly imaginary. It would be melancholy indeed to think that they were perfectly blind, for what guarantee should we then have for our correctness of judgment in appreciating the genius of the present day? We should endeavour to learn, while we feel in accordance with our own fashions of thought, to understand why they felt in sympathy with theirs. To perceive, in short, that greatness is an absolute quality, not relative to the fashion of an age; that the great are always great, though not always famous.

We began by wondering why his cotemporaries loved Cowley; we seem to end with wondering why we do not at least admire him. The renown of the leaders of literature is like a fire, smouldering now in Shenstone and such writers, now fitfully flickering in Waller and his compeers, now blazing more distinctly in Dryden and Pope, but never extinguished, always fed by the same fuel, the substratum of national feeling. There may be peculiar and more brilliant fires; but those, as in the case of Shakespeare and Milton, are off the road, beacons and lighthouses for all ages; they have not been kindled by popular feeling in its encampments, and left to the chance attention of passing travellers and temporary fashion.

ART. X.—*Enniancæ Poeseos Reliquiæ.* Recensuit JOANNES VAHLEN. Lipsiæ: sumptibus et formis B. G. Teubneri.

THERE can be no doubt that the greatest loss that Latin poetry has sustained is that of the works of Ennius. One can quite echo old Scaliger's wish: 'Would that we had kept Ennius, 'and had lost Statius, Silius Italicus, Lucan, *et tous ces garçons-là!*' But it is marvellous what German energy can do. The few fragments which we possess of the great work of Ennius, 'The Annals of the Roman History,' are such as are quoted by the grammarians for the illustration of some remarkable or archaic construction. We have two pieces, one of sixteen, the other of twenty lines; but by far the greater number are single lines or half-lines. Our editor's diligence has collected out of the eighteen books of Annals six hundred and fourteen lines; of these, he professes to place in the right position of the right book four hundred and forty-two; the rest he is compelled to call '*incertæ sedis fragmenta.*' Certainly, so happy a piece of mosaic work we have never before seen: it is perfectly marvellous how, tracing from Livy the subjects which must have occupied Ennius, and helping himself here and there by the very few places in which the grammarians have named the particular book from which their quotation is taken, he contrives to put together a very satisfactory whole. Let us take an example from the Third Book; and we will weave together the remarks of the editor in the Prolegomena with the fragments in the text of the work.

'The third Annal,' says he, 'comprehends the actions of the 'three last Roman kings, and the destruction of the kingdom. 'True, this cannot be proved from the fragments themselves, 'but an equal partition of the whole narration seems to demand 'it. From the fragments themselves, we may, in a sort of dim 'way, discover some particulars with respect to Tarquin,—his 'coming to Rome, and the omen which occurred to him on the 'way:—

'"Olim de cœlo lævum dedit inclytu' signum."

'And

'"Et densis aquila pinnis obnixa volabat
Vento quem perhibent Graium genus aerata lingua."

'The kingdom offered to him by the people after the death of 'Ancus:—

'"Postquam lumina sis oculis bonus Ancu' reliquit."

'And

'"Tarquinio dedit imperium simul et sola regni."

'It is probable that in our fifth fragment the confederation 'of the Latins against Tarquinius was described:—

'"Circum sos quæ sunt magnæ gentes opulentæ."

'In the sixth fragment, the poet would appear to tell of the 'complete subjugation of Etruria to Rome:—

'"Hac noctu filo pendebit Etruria tota."

'The seventh, I allow, might apply to other battles as well 'as this:—

'"Postquam defessi sunt stare et spargere sese
Hastis, ansatis concurrent undique telis."

'Then we have the funeral of Tarquin:—

'"Tarcuini corpus bona fœmina lavit et unxit."

'And

'"Prodinunt famuli: tum candida lumina lucent."

'Then we have two verses in connexion with Servius 'Tullus:—

'"Et qui Sextus erat Romæ regnare quadratæ."

'And, which seems to me to apply to the temple of Diana, built 'at the instigation of Servius by the Latins, in conjunction with 'the Romans, at Rome (compare Livy, i. 45):—

'"Inde sibi memorat unum superesse laborem."

'In the next fragment, the poet probably speaks of the cha- 'rioteer who, at the command of Tullia, drove over the dead 'body of Servius:—

'"Atque gubernator magnâ contorsit equos vi."

'The next is probably to be referred to the dream of Tarquin, 'concerning which we find him in the tragedy of Accius con- 'sulting the soothsayers:—

'"Somnia vera aliquot, verum omnia nænu necesse est."

'The two last appear to refer to the story of Sextus Tarquinius and Lucretia:—

'"Cœlum suspexit stellis fulgentibus aptum."

'And

'"Vosque lares tectum nomen qui funditu' curant."'

We have merely given the general meaning of the Prolegomena, leaving out all the quotations from other authors.

Now let the ordinary reader remember that all the absolute facts on which our editor had to go were these:—that the 3, 8, 10, 12, and 15 of the above fragments came from the Third Annal of Ennius; but what that Annal was about, or in what order the fragments came, or to what circumstance each applied, is a mere discovery of the editor—happily conjectured at first, and worked out with true German diligence. We take the Third Book because it is one of the shortest; but the same

diligence runs through the whole work. The fragments which we possess of the First Annal are by far the fullest. Here we have seventy-five; containing a hundred and twenty-two lines.

At the conclusion of the Annals we have, in like manner, the fragments which have been preserved from the Tragedies of Ennius, containing about 450 lines: then those from the Comedies, and the other poems, especially that strange one called *Heduphagetica*, on good eating.

On looking through these miserably tantalizing ruins of a great building, we make all allowances for such lines as—

'Cives Romani tunc facti sunt Campani.'

and

'Volturnalem Palatinalem Furrinalem.'

and that never-failing source of ridicule—

'O Tite tute Tati tibi tanta tyranne tulisti:'

but we come every now and then on a passage which shows how beautifully the poet could write. For example:—

'Olli respondit suavis sonus Egeriai.'

Or, again, that passage in the Alcmæon:—

'Incedunt, incedunt: adsunt adsunt adsunt: me expetunt.
Fer mi auxilium, pestem abige a me: flammiferam hanc vim quæ me excruciat:
Cæruleo incincti angui incedunt, circumstant cum ardentibu' tædis.'

Or, again, those noble anapæsts:—

'O Pater, O Patria, O Priami domu',
Septum altisono cardine templum!
Vidi ego te, astante ope barbaricâ
Tectis cælatis lacuatis,
Auro ebore instructum regifice.
Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,
Priamo vi vitam evitari
Jovis aram sanguine turpari.'

Or, yet again, those pleasant verses from the Eumenides:—

'Cœlum rubescere, arbores frondescere,
Vites lætiferæ pampinis pubescere,
Rami baccarum ubertate incurvescere,
Segetes largiri fruges, fluere omnia,
Fontes scatere, herbis prata convestirier.'

These last two fragments show how very nearly the earliest Latin poetry had, like its latest, that most glorious development of rhyme. In other respects, too, we are reminded often enough of the Neo-Latin school; for example, by the prevalence of iambic tetrameters, a metre unknown to the Greeks, also so common in Plautus, as here in Ennius:—

'O magna templa cœlitum, commixta stellis splendidis:'

It was afterwards broken up into two, to form the usual ecclesiastical stanza:—

'Nox et tenebræ et nubila,
Confusa mundi, et turbida,
Lux intrăt; albescit polus:
Christus venit; discedite.'

We may remark that another Ennian use is not unfrequent in the Mozarabic hymn—sos, sam, sis, for eos, se, or for the possessive pronoun:—

'In somnis vidit priu' quam *sam* discere cœpit.'

So in a quasi Sapphic Easter hymn:—

'Nam videt ore Salvatorem læto
Sum resurgentem.'

We must, however, make one remark more. Among the *Saturarum reliquiæ* our editor finds, in the words of Aulus Gellius, the amusing fable of the *Lark and her Young Ones*, which, that author tells us, Ennius related in trochaics, giving the two last. We throw the passage into a note.[1] It is marvellous that

[1] We break the passage up into lines to show how little we have altered it:—

'cassita in sementes forte congesserat
tempestiviores; propterea frumentis flavescentibus
pulli etiam tunc involucres erant. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum
pullis quæsitum, monet eos, ut, si quid ibi rei novæ
fieret dicereturve, animadverterent idque uti [1] sibi,
ubi redisset nuntiarent. Dominus postea segetum
illarum filium adulescentem vocat, et: "videsne," inquit, "hæc ematuruisse,
et manus iam postulare? ideireo die [2] crastini,
ubi primum diluculabit, fac amicos eas et roges,
veniant operamque mutuam dent et messim hanc nobis adiuvent."
Hæc ubi ille dixit, et [3] discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita,
pulli [4] tremibundi, trepiduli, circumstrepere orareque
matrem, ut iam statim properet inque alium locum sese
asportet, "nam dominus," inquiunt, "misit, qui amicos roget,
uti luce oriente veniant et metant."
Mater iubet eos otioso animo esse: "si enim
dominus," [5] inquit, "messim ad amicos reicit, crastino seges
non metetur neque necessum est, hodie uti vos auferam."
"Die," inquit, postero mater in pabulum volat.
Dominus, quos rogaverat, opperitur. Sol feruit et fit nihil;
it dies, et amici nulli erant. Tum ille rursum [6] ad filium:
"amici isti magnam partem," inquit, "cessatores sunt.
Quin potius imus et cognatos
adfinesque nostros oramus, ut adsint cras tempori
ad metendum?" [7] Ibidem hoc pulli pavefacti matri nuntiant.
Mater hortatur ut tum quoque sine metu ac sine cura sint,
cognatos adfinesque nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles

(1) Why this word, unless it were actually taken from a verse?
(2) Clearly an Ennian phrase.
(3) Notice the poetic force of the *et:* simply because the trochaic demanded it.
(4) A pure Ennian trochaic.
(5) Two trochaics together: and notice the *reicit*, manifestly occasioned by the metre.
(6) Why not *rursus*, except for the metre? (7) Another trochaic.

Dr. Vahlen should not have seen that Gellius quoted almost literally from the poet. Not only has the whole a trochaic run, but many of the actual lines remain without alteration: in one place two together. We will venture to throw it back into verse. The archaisms and quaint terms of expression are sufficient in themselves to show how literally Gellius was quoting. Most of the lines, it will be seen, only require the slightest touch; some none at all; only three or four need the least violence:—

'Cassita in sementes forte fortuna congesserat
Tempestiviores: ideo frumentis flaventibus
Pulli erant tunc etiam involucres. Dum igitur ipsa iret cibum
Eis quæsitum, monet eos ut, si quid ibi rei novæ
Fieret dicereturve, animadverterent id, uti sibi
Ubi redisset, nuntiarent. Dominus segetum postea
Filium vocat; et, "Videsne hæc ematuruisse," ait,
"Et manus jam postulare? Idcirco crastini die
Ubi primum diluculabit fac amicos eas, rogans
Veniant, operam mutuam dent, messim hanc nobis adjuvent."
Hæc ubi dixit, et discessit. Atque ubi rediit cassita[1]
Pulli tremebundi, trepiduli circumstrepere, orareque
Matrem ut jam confestim properet: inque alium sese locum
Asportet: nam "Dominus," aiunt, "misit, quĭ amicos roget
Ut diluculante luce segetes veniant et metant.
Mater animo jubet eos esse otioso: "fac enim
Dominus," inquit, "messim ad amicos reĭcit, crastino seges
Non metetur; neque necessum est hodie uti vos auferam."
Postera igitur luce, ut ante, in pabulum mater volat:
Quos rogârat, opperitur: fervit sol, et fit nihil.
It dies, et amici nulli. Tum ille rursum ad filium:
"Isti amici magnam partem," ait, "cessatores sunt mihi:
Quin potissimum rerum imus, et cognatos denuo
Adfinesque oramus nostros, ut cras adsint tempori

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ait, ut ad laborem capessendum nihil cunctentur et statim
dicto obediant: "vos modo," inquit, "advertite,
si modo quid denuo dicetur." Alia luce orta avis
in pastum profecta est. Cognati et adfines operam quam dare rogati sunt,
supersederunt. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio:
"valeant," inquit, "amici cum propinquis. Afferes primo[1] luci
falces duas: unam egomet mihi et tu tibi capies alteram
et frumentum nosmet ipsi manibus nostris cras metemus."
Id[2] ubi ex pullis dixisse dominum mater audivit,
"tempus," inquit, "est cedendi et abeundi: fiet nunc dubio procul,
quod futurum dixit. In ipso enim iam vertitur, cuia res
est, non in alio unde petitur." Atque ita cassita nidum
migravit, seges a domino demessa est.

Hoc erit tibi árgumentum sémper in promptŭ situm
Né quid expectes amicos quód tute agere póssies.

[1] Cassita is given, though without authority, as long. Its use through the whole fable seems to prove that Ennius, who has so many peculiar quantities, made it short.

(1) Manifestly an Ennian phrase. (2) All but two trochaics.

Ad metendum." Itidem hoc pavefacti pulli matri nuntiant.
Sos hortatur tum quoque ut sint et sine curâ et sine metu:
Cognatos adfines nullos ferme tam esse obsequibiles
Ait, ut ad talem laborem nil cunctentur, et statim
Dicto tam sint obedientes. "Vos modo," ait, "advertite
Si quid denuo dicetur." Aliâ luce oriente, avis
In pastum profecta est. Illi operam, quam dare rogaverat,
Eam supersedere. Ad postremum igitur dominus filio;
"Valeant," inquit, cum propinquis. Primo luci afferes
Falces binas: unam egomet mihi, tu tibi capies alteram
Et frumentum nosmet nostris manibus cras secabimus."
Ex pullis id ubi dixisse dominum mater audiit:
"Tempus," inquit, "est cedendi: fiet nunc dubio procul
Quod futurum dixit: in ipso enim jam versum est, cuja res
Est, non in alio, unde petitur." Atque ita nidum cassita
Commigravit, atque a domino demum demessa est seges.
Hoc erit tibi argumentum semper in promptu situm:
Ne quid expectes amicos quod tute agere possies.'

NOTICES.

A GOOD deal on the art of speaking and writing, as well as of delivering Sermons, may be learned from a book entitled the 'Speaker at Home' (Bell and Daldy), of which the title gives an inadequate notion of the contents. Preaching and writing are arts; not that any rules will give brains and matter, but the manner of preaching is to be learned, and the English clergy are perhaps the only ecclesiastics who, as a body, think that the maxim of what is worth doing at all is worth doing well need not be applied to sermons. In this work, which we owe to the united labours of Mr. Halcombe and Dr. Stone, and in another and a kindred publication, the 'Art of Extempore Speaking,' translated from the French of M. Beautain, the young preacher will find everything both as to the principles and practice of the homiletic art; and we should be glad to find the Professor of Pastoral Theology in Oxford making this a text-book for that branch of preparation for Holy Orders, in which we stand at a comparison so disadvantageous with every religious body in Christendom.

'Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer,' by Mr. Hercules Dickenson, a Dublin incumbent (Hodges, Smith and Co.), is a common-place compilation, common-place in information, and common-place in tone; but it is remarkable that it is on the whole pitched to so a fair key. Years ago, a chaplain of Archbishop Whately and a Dublin rector would have produced a much worse series of lectures on the Prayer-book. That he has taken the subject at all, and treated it so moderately, is all that we could expect, and, considering the quarter from which it issues, is a great gain.

A second edition of that most delightful and practical work, 'Thoughts during Sickness' (J. H. and J. Parker), calls us away from much which at the present moment is disheartening, and reminds us that, after all, a great work has been done, and while such deeply religious books are in use, assures us that the same work is going on.

In 'The Holy Child Jesus' (Masters) we find a manual of practical devotion, which seems to be well suited to the class for whom it is intended. It is warm, simple, and affectionate, without mere sentimentalism, and in an unpretending way it is fairly and suitably illustrated.

In the 'Oxford Lenten Sermons for 1859' (J. H. and J. Parker), we have the form and type of what a real revival should be. It is remarkable enough that in the present Irish revivals, we never hear of means except those of the most meagre and attenuated kind. Now it is an undeniable fact that sin displays itself in many aspects and shapes, and takes its form from every variety of character, age, and experience: it seems to follow, then, no single or solitary motive or exhortation can, if it proceeds upon either moral or intellectual grounds, suit the various facts of humanity. It is impossible, unless God acts without means, that any single topic or aspect, even of truth, can utterly rouse any existing moral state. A revival of religion, therefore, must be in practice long, varied, tentative,

The Society instituted some years ago, and more than once alluded to in this Review, for making known on the Continent the true character of the English Church, is pursuing its useful work in a series of documentary publications, which almost amount to the dignity of a library. We have received two recent instalments of the useful labours of the Society, and both due to the pains and skill of Dr. Godfray, who has translated Bishop Jebb's 'Treatise on the Church of England,' and Massingberd's 'History of the Reformation.' (J. H. and J. Parker.)

Mr. Galton, of Exeter, is by no means a systematic expositor; and we cannot pronounce that his 'Course of Lectures on the Book of Revelation' (Masters) is a success as a specimen of exegesis; but he exhibits very good principles, and a great hold of practical teaching. His object has been the more useful but less scientific one of using the Apocalypse of S. John as a medium for good pastoral instruction on the tendencies and facts of evil characteristic of the present stage of society.

Although Mr. Baron Bramwell has set the example of a Judge feeling it to be his duty not to attend the Assize Sermon, we trust that that eccentric gentleman will remain an exception to the learned Bench. It perhaps requires an occasional Bramwell to make us feel what reason we have to be proud of English judges. Justices Willes and Byles, it appears, were old-fashioned enough to go to church at the Oxford Summer Assizes, when they heard a very good sermon from Mr. Basil Jones, which has been printed under the title 'The Responsibility of Man to God,' (J. H. and J. Parker), in which the fallacy of Mr. Borwell, of the necessary and cyclical recurrence of crime, is successfully exposed.

The Additional Curates Society, under the auspices of its indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Cosens, is publishing a very satisfactory little Quarterly Paper, which almost assumes the dignity of a Magazine or Review, called the 'Home Mission Field' (Rivingtons). We can recommend it highly for parochial use.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Editor of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER *finds himself unable to answer individually the very many and always favourable replies which have been returned to a recent Circular. The object aimed at both by himself and his Correspondents can be at once attained by the* IMMEDIATE *fulfilment of the promises conveyed in the communications which he has received: and the most convenient form in which to embody those promises will be by taking additional copies of the Work to which the Circular alludes.*

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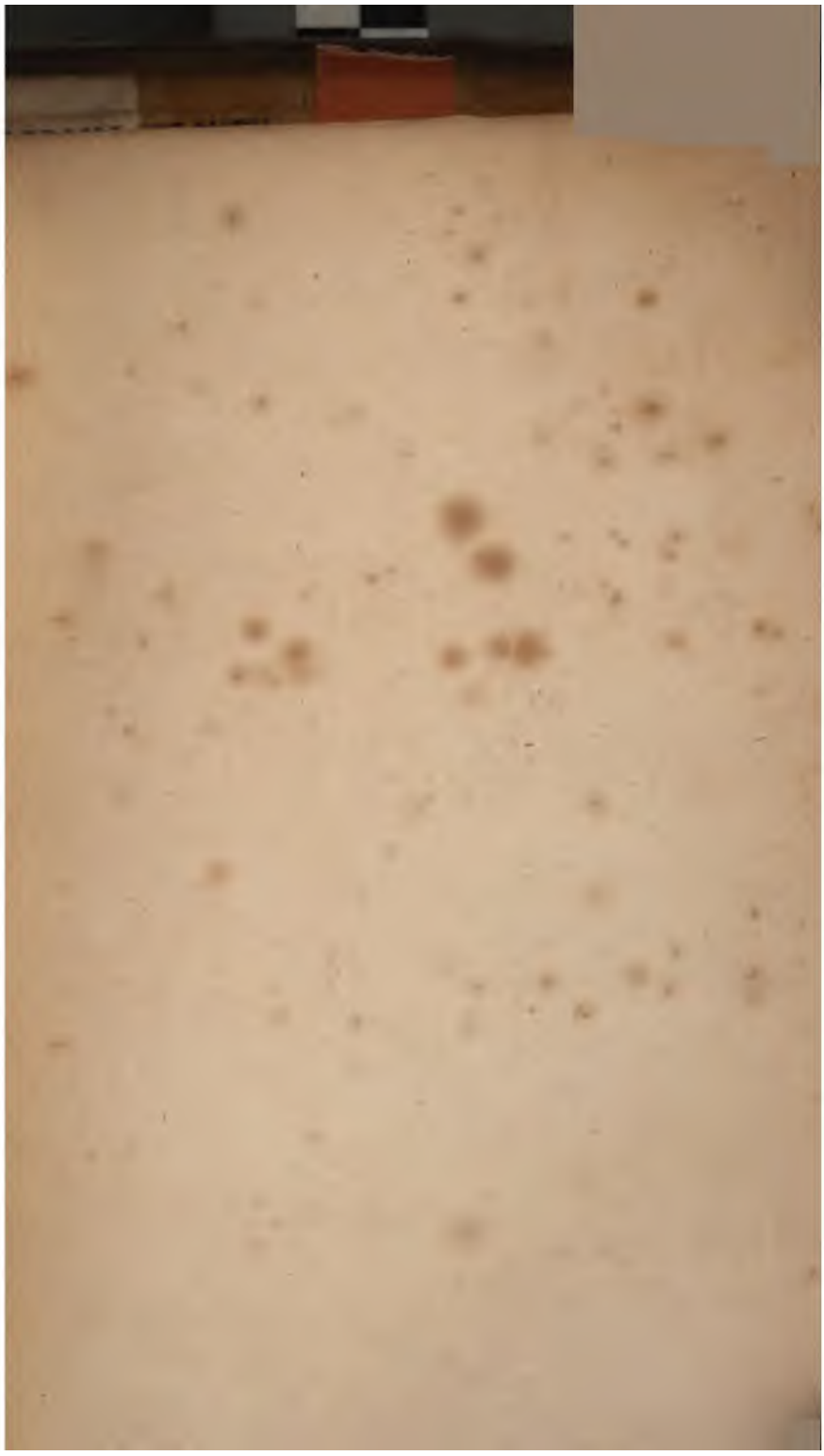

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